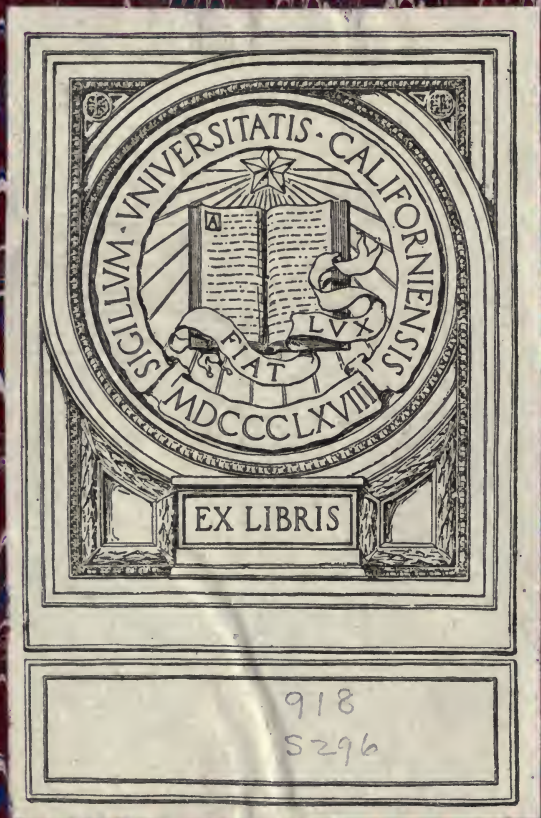


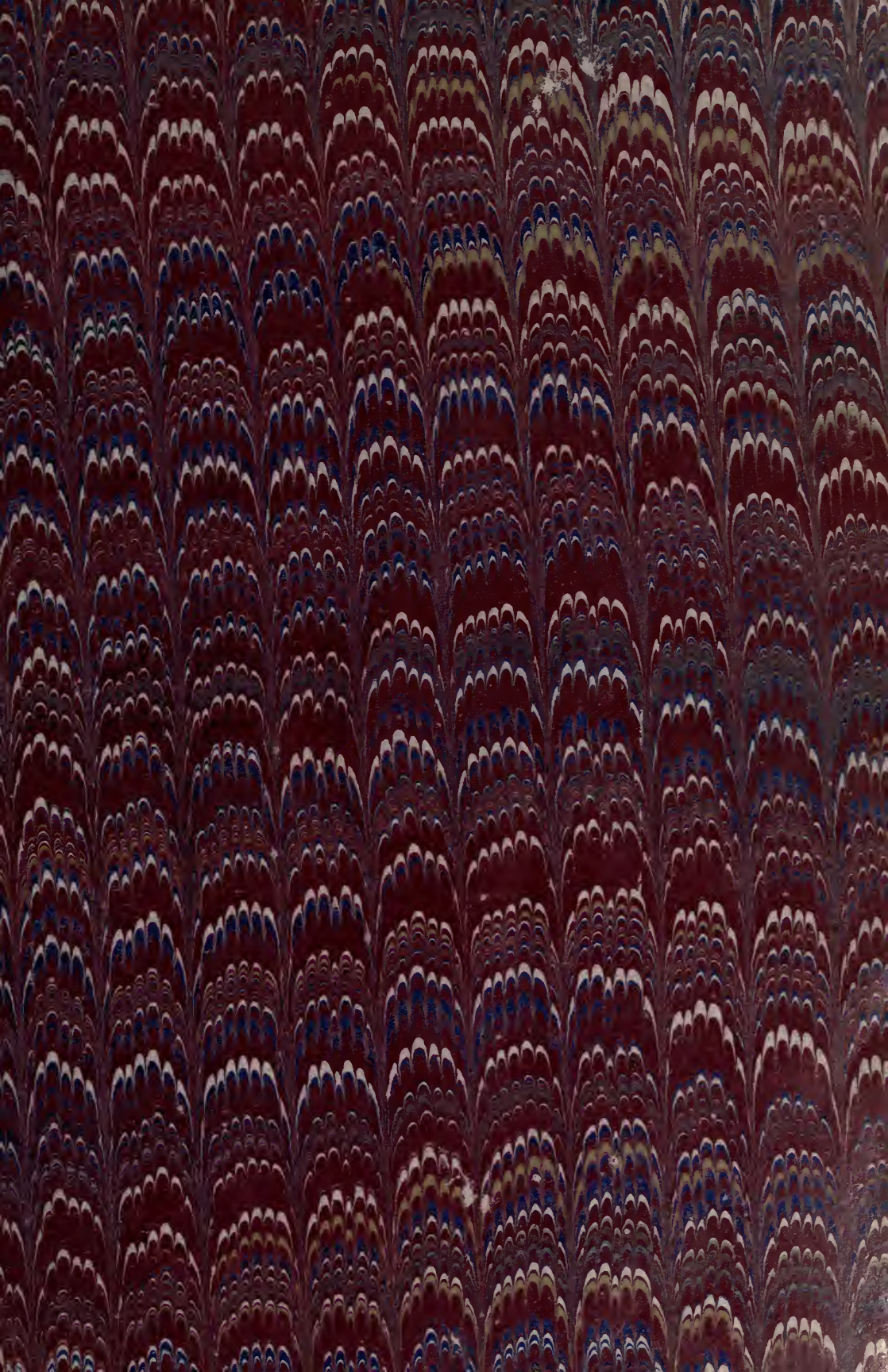
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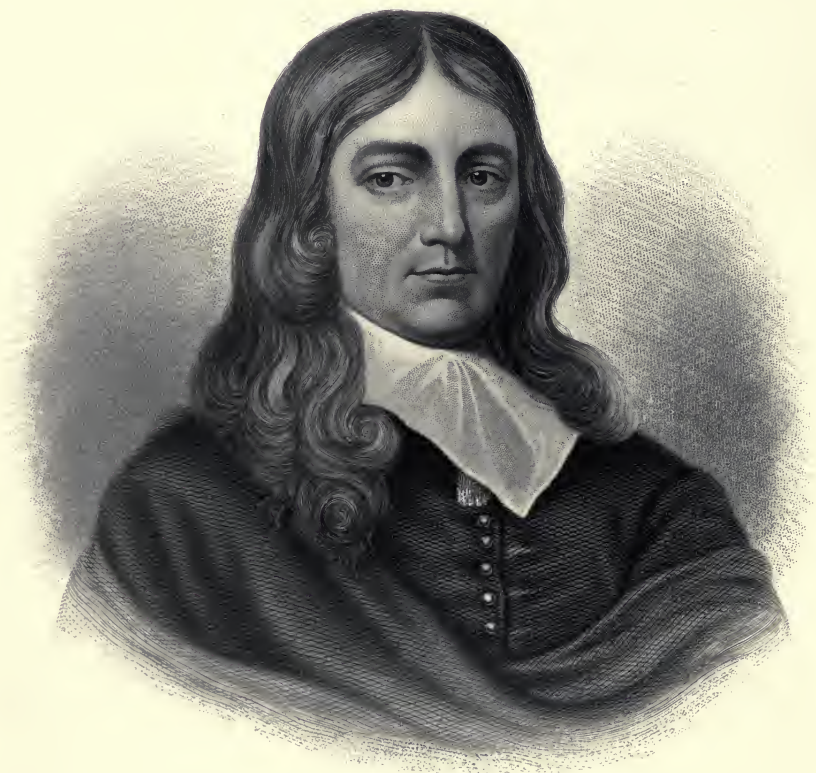
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TO THE
ANGLO-AMERICAN



W. H. B. & CO. N.Y.

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A
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A COLLECTION
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The Best Poems of all Ages and Tongues.

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY NOTES.

EDITED BY
PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D.
AND
ARTHUR GILMAN, M.A.

“ Blessings on them and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares ;
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of Truth and pure Delight by heavenly lays ! ”
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

With Illustrations.

NEW YORK :
DODD, MEAD, AND COMPANY.

1881.

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TO THE
AUTHORS

P R E F A C E.

RELIGIOUS poetry is the holy of holies of literature. In all ages poets have been the interpreters of the finer feelings of humanity, and the greatest have treated the loftiest themes that can employ the mind and the heart,—the relation of man to his Maker, and the duties and privileges which arise from it.

It has been the aim of the editors to make the present collection truly catholic. It embraces a body of representative poems of all ages, denominations, and countries. The authors are allowed the fullest liberty of uttering their sentiments in their own words.

While there are specimens of the poetry of almost all the masters of English composition, the minor poets have not been forgotten, nor has veneration for antiquity kept the editors from giving attention to the latest born of the great family of singers.

The editors have not relied upon their general acquaintance with the subject, but have made extensive studies throughout the entire range of the literature. They have had the valuable aid, also, of special students and of persons of cultivated taste, who have given much thought to many of the selections here presented from their favorite writers.

The arrangement will be found natural and convenient. The poet's personality has been kept prominent, for the words are his, though expressing the feelings of all. We have endeavored to make a book which the reader can take up in every frame of mind; which will inspire noble thoughts and deeds; which will comfort and cheer the lonely mourner; which the mother will read to her daughter, the father to his son; a book which the young and old will take pleasure in consulting whenever they desire communion with pure and noble minds, and the help that comes from contemplation of the better things of this world and the blessedness of the world to come.

Thanks are due to the living authors who have, without exception, cheerfully given permission to use their poems, as well as to the publishers controlling copyrights. Among the latter are Messrs. C. Kegan Paul and Company, publishers of Mr. Tennyson's works ; Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Company, publishers of the valuable translations from the German made by Miss Winkworth ; and Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, who have permitted the use of the poems of Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, and other poets. Some of the poets — including Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, Cardinal Newman, Bishop Coxe, and "the Author of John Halifax" — have kindly revised their poems submitted to them in proof. Some variations from the familiar text are due to this fact.

THE EDITORS.

OCTOBER, 1880.

CONTENTS.

LIST OF AUTHORS AND POEMS	xv
THE POET	I
Subjective Poems, in which the Poet writes of himself, his Mission, Companionships, and Hopes.	
THE POET AND NATURE	29
The Poet's Observations on Nature (Mountains, Flowers, Birds, the Stars, the Rainbow, the Sea) especially as the Work of God uttering his Praise.	
THE POET AS A NARRATOR	71
Narrative and Descriptive Poems, and Poems based upon Historical Characters and Events.	
IN HIS NAME	143
Narrative Poems regarding Labors done in the Name of Christ.	
THE POET SINGS OF COUNTRY	169
Poems of Patriotism, Home Missions.	
SCRIPTURAL PLACES, SCENES, AND CHARACTERS	191
Poems relating to Palestine and the East, and to Events in sacred History.	
THE POET CONTEMPLATES TIMES AND SEASONS	245
Poems on the Year, the New Year, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Harvest, Winter, Thanksgiving, Christmas, the Day, Morning, Noontide, Evening, Night.	
THE POET CONTEMPLATES LIFE AND EXPERIENCE	301
Life in general, Life a Pilgrimage, Duty, Sin, Penitence, Forgiveness, Conversion, Reason, Faith and Doubt, Hope, Peace, Love to God and Man, Humility, the Ministry, Missions, the Church Militant, Christian Fellowship, Thankfulness.	
THE DRAMATIST'S VIEW OF LIFE AND DUTY	393
Extracts indicating the Nature of the Moral Lessons to be derived from the Writings of Shakespeare.	
THE POET CONTEMPLATES THE FAMILY LIFE	407
The Family, Home, Love, Marriage, Motherhood, Childhood, Age.	
THE CHRISTIAN EPIC	443
Extracts from the several Books of "Paradise Lost," by which the story of the Poem is told.	

THE POET WITH GOD	463
Poems on the Holy Trinity, the Character of God the Father, and the Relations of Man to him.	
THE POET'S TRUSTING HEART	509
Poems expressing Trust and Resignation.	
GOD'S PRAISE	532
Songs of Praise and Thanksgiving to God.	
PRAYER	549
Poems which are Prayers, and Poems on the Nature of Prayer.	
THE LORD'S DAY	563
Poems on the Sabbath.	
THE LORD'S HOUSE	582
Poems on Subjects connected with the House of God.	
GOD'S WORD	591
Poems on the Bible as God's Revelation.	
THE POET CONTEMPLATES THE SAVIOUR	597
Hymns and Poems of Praise to Jesus.	
THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTH	709
Poems regarding John the Baptist, the Magians, and the Birth of Jesus.	
THE CRUCIFIXION	738
Passion Hymns and Poems.	
THE RESURRECTION AND THE ASCENSION	760
Easter and Ascension Hymns and Poems.	
THE EUCHARIST	791
Poems relating to the Lord's Supper.	
THE POET CONTEMPLATES THE HOLY SPIRIT	799
Poems on the Mission of the Comforter appropriate to Whitsunday.	
THE POET IN THE FACE OF TRIAL AND SORROW	817
Poems of Comfort in view of Sorrow and Trial.	
THE POET IN VIEW OF DEATH AND THE JUDGMENT	851
The Departure, the Funeral, the Resurrection, the Judgment.	
THE POET'S VISION OF HELL, PURGATORY, AND PARADISE	909
Extracts from Dante's "Divina Commedia."	
THE POET IN VIEW OF HEAVEN	931
Eternity, the Church Triumphant, Angels, Heaven the Home of the Blest.	
<hr/>	
INDEX OF FIRST LINES	989

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

Biographical items are to be found on the pages indicated by the numbers connected with the names of the authors.

	PAGE		PAGE
ABBOT, FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD	545	ALFORD, HENRY.	429
Birthday Prayer, A	545	Baptismal Hymn	429
Child's Picture, The	432	Doubt, A	352
Little Margaret	879	Easter Ode, An	772
ADAM OF ST. VICTOR	763	Harvest Home	253
Behold the Day the Lord hath made. "Salve dies dierum gloria?"	763	Henry Martyn at Shiraz	158
Four Evangelists, The. "Supra cœlos dum conscendit." (PLUMPTRE.)	654	Hymn for Family Worship, A	418
Still thy Sorrow, Magdalena. "Pone luctum, Magdalena." (WASHBURN.)	846	Master's Call, The	607
ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY	495	Peace	64
Psalm cxxxix.	495	That Day of Wrath. (THOMAS of Celano.)	899
ADAMS, SARAH FULLER FLOWER	508	Trust	521
Father, thy Will be done	521	ALFRED, KING. 849-901.	
Nearer to Thee	508	Of Tolerance. (BOETHIUS. FOX.)	829
ADDISON, JOSEPH	903	ALLEN, ELIZABETH A. C.	342
How shall I appear?	903	Bringing our Sheaves with us	342
Praise to God	541	ALLEN, JAMES	610
Psalm xix.	33	Worthy the Lamb	610
Psalm xxiii.	491	ALLEN, WILLIAM	773
Traveller's Hymn of Gratitude, The	541	Welcome, O Day!	773
ALBRECHT, MARGRAF VON BRANDEN- BURGH-CULMBACH	523	ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM	574
Whate'er God will. "Was mein Gott will." (FROTHINGHAM.)	523	Levavi oculos	834
ALDANA, FRANCISCO DE.		Sunday Bells	574
Image of God, The. (LONGFELLOW.)	475	AMBROSE, ST.	279, 609
ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY	431	Morning. "Splendor Paternæ gloriæ." (CHANDLER.)	279
Baby Bell	431	Thou Brightness of the Father's Ray. "Splendor Paternæ gloriæ." (Translator unknown)	609
ALEXANDER, CECIL FRANCES (HUM- PHRIES)	204	AMBROSIAN HYMNS. (CASWALL.)	
Burial of Moses, The	204	"Æterna cœli gloria"	280
Earth and Heaven	936	"Aurora jam spargit polum"	285
Prayer to Jesus	626	"Jesu Redemptor omnium"	262
Reason and Faith	349	"Nunc sancte nobis spiritus"	802
Whitsunday	800	"Rector potens, verax Deus"	287
ALEXANDER, JAMES WADDELL	867	"Rerum Deus tenax vigor"	287
Go forth, my Heart. (GERHARDT.)	21	"Te Deum laudamus." (Two versions.)	465
I leave thee not. (DESSLER.)	626	ANATOLIUS, ST.	651
Now the Crucible is breaking. (HARTMANN.)	867	Christ in the Tempest. Ζοφερὰς τρικυμίας. (NEALE.)	651
Passion Hymn. (GERHARDT and ST. BER- NARD.)	744	Evening Hymn. Την ἡμέραν διελθών. (NEALE.)	294
Name of Jesus, The. (ST. BERNARD.)	623	ANDREW OF CRETE	344
ALEXANDER, WILLIAM	64	Penitence. Πάθον ἀρξομαι θηρνεῖν. (NEALE.)	344
His Name	710	Triumph in Christ. Οὐ γὰρ βλέπεῖς τους ταρατ- τοντας. (NEALE.)	783
Jacob's Ladder	64	ANGELO, MICHAEL BUONAROTTI. On Dante. (TAYLOR.)	910
ALEXANDER, WILLIAM LINDSAY	28	Prayers I make, The. (WORDSWORTH.)	550
The Last Wish	28	ANGELUS, SILESIVS. (See SCHEFFLER, JOHANN.)	
		ANNA, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA. (See FINCH, ANNA.)	

ANSTICE, JOSEPH.	521	Easter Sunday	772
Casting our Care on God	521	Invitation	609
Christ's Kingdom and Judgment	606	Love to God	34
Evening	290	BARCLAY, JOHN	802
AQUINAS, THOMAS. 1227-1274.		Be filled with the Spirit	802
Communion Hymn. "Pange, lingua gloriosi." (NEALE.)	793	BARING-GOULD, SABINE	373
Feast, The. "O Esca viatorum." (PALMER.)	792	Christian Unity and Progress. (INGEMANN.)	373
Hymn for the Blessed Sacrament, The. "Lauda Sion salvatorem." (CRASHAW.)	797	City God hath made, The	950
ARNDT, ERNST MORITZ	670	Olive-Tree, The	75
I know in Whom I put my Trust. "Ich weiss an wen ich glaube." (WINKWORTH.)	670	Onward!	377
ARNOLD, EDWIN	848	BARTON, BERNARD	940
After Death in Arabia	848	At Evening there shall be Light	940
He and she	859	Bible, The	593
ARNOLD, JANE E.	801	Bishop Hubert	103
He shall testify of Me. (MALAN.)	801	Despise not thou the Chastening of the Almighty	834
ARNOLD, MATTHEW	610	Faith, Hope, and Charity	939
Good Shepherd with the Kid, The	610	On the Glory depicted round the Head of the Saviour	702
Litany for Deliverance	646	Pool of Bethesda	224
Monica's last Prayer	74	BARTON GREY	263
ASKEW, ANNE	355	Christmas Carol, A	263
The Fight of Faith	355	Easter Song, An	773
ASSCHENFELD, KARL JULIUS	601	Follow me!	608
Amid Life's wild Commotion. "Aus irdischem Getümmel."	601	In the Last Days	263
AUBER, HARRIET	801	BASKERVILLE, ALFRED. (Germany.)	
Comforter comes, The	801	Morning Hymn. (SEUME.)	280
Guiding Star, The	711	Morning Hymn. (KLOPSTOCK.)	282
AUSTIN, JOHN	32	Praise of the Godhead. (KLEIST.)	490
Nature's Praise	32	Prayer during Battle. (KÖRNER.)	186
BACON, FRANCIS. 1561-1626.		Prayer for Peace. (IMMERMANN.)	560
Upright Man, The	313	Resurrection, The. (KLOPSTOCK.)	774
What Life shall Man choose?	306	BATES, CHARLOTTE FISKE	380
BACON, LEONARD	189	Parable of the Apple-Blossoms	310
Hymn	189	Satisfied	281
BAHNMAIER, JONATHAN FRIEDRICH. 1774-1841.		Secret of Victory, The	380
The Diffusion of the Gospel. "Walte, walte nah und fern." (WINKWORTH.)	595	BATHURST, WILLIAM HILEY	607
BAIRD, CHARLES W.		For Grace to return	607
The Early Dead	880	Thy Kingdom come	606
BAKER, F. B. (Priest.)	986	BAXTER, RICHARD	519
A Song to the Tune of Diana	986	Psalm of Praise, A	542
BAKER, REV. SIR HENRY WILLIAMS	694	Resignation	519
God manifest in the Flesh. (PRUDENTIUS.)	694	BAYLY, THOMAS HAYNES	514
God's faithful Mercy	500	The Pilot	514
Heaven	940	BAYNES, ROBERT HALL	796
Lord Jesus, God and Man	609	The Last Supper	796
Marriage Hymn	410	BEATTIE, WILLIAM	47
Passion Hymn. (BERNARD and GERHARDT.)	746	Evening Hymn of the Alpine Shepherds	47
Prayer for Peace	559	BEAUMONT, SIR JOHN	722
BAKEWELL, JOHN	702	Of the Epiphany	722
Hail, thou once despised Jesus!	702	BEAUMONT, JOSEPH	295
BALL, WILLIAM	703	An Evening Hymn	295
Praise to Jesus	703	BEDDOME, BENJAMIN	374
BANCROFT, GEORGE	44	Communion of Saints	374
At Kandersteg	44	Glorious Gift of God, The	606
BANNERMAN, D. D.	610	Glory of the Scriptures, The	592
Salutation to Jesus Christ. (CALVIN.)	610	Jesus wept	666
BARBAULD, ANNA LETITIA	772	Worth of Prayer, The	559
Christian Friendship	374	BEDE, THE VENERABLE. 672-735.	
Death of the Virtuous, The	857	Hymn for the Holy Innocents. "Hymnus canentes martyrum." (NEALE.)	735
		Hymn of Glory let us sing, A. "Hymnum canamus gloriæ." (CHARLES.)	787
		BEMBO, PIETRO	350
		Turning to God	350
		BENEDICT, ERASTUS CORNELIUS	748
		"Stabat Mater." (JACOBUS DE BENEDIC- TIS)	748

With Terror Thou dost strike. "Gravi me terrore pulsas." (DAMIANI.)	897	Book of God, The	595
BENEDICTIS, JACOBUS DE	748	Everlasting Memorial, The	16
"Stabat mater dolorosa." (BENEDICT.)	748	Dropping down the River	866
"Stabat mater dolorosa." (MONSELL.)	748	Few more Years shall roll, A	892
BENNETT, G.		Graves of Ocean, The	893
The Time for Prayer	557	I lay my Sins on Jesus	605
BENNETT, LUCY A.	857	Let us go forth	325
Asleep, Asleep	857	Little While, A	864
BENNETT, MARY E.	441	Resignation	514
Graduated	441	Show us Jesus	678
BENNETT, WILLIAM COX	560	Supper of Thanksgiving, The	796
God is Love	483	BORTHWICK, JANE	515
Life is earnest	311	Believer's Dying Testament, The. (SCHMOLKE.)	873
Prayers, The	560	Brook, The (HEUSSER-SCHWEIZER.)	69
Song of Death, The	862	Christ the Comforter. (HEUSSER-SCHWEIZER.)	640
Thought, A	481	Here and There. (LANGE.)	935
BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX	622	Jesus, still lead on. (ZINZENDORF.)	884
Jesu, the very Thought of Thee. "Jesu, dulcis memoria." (CASWALL.)	622	Light in Darkness. (SPITTA.)	833
Jesus, thou Joy of Loving Hearts. "Jesu, dulcedo cordium." (PALMER.)	656	Mountains. (HEUSSER-SCHWEIZER.)	40
Name of Jesus, The. "Jesu, dulcis memoria." (ALEXANDER.)	623	O Sweet Home-echo (HEUSSER-SCHWEIZER.)	943
Passion Hymn. "Salve caput cruentatum." (ALEXANDER.)	744	Resignation. (SCHMOLKE.)	515
Passion Hymn. "Salve caput cruentatum." (JACKSON.)	745	Rest, Weary Soul	841
Passion Hymn. "Salve caput cruentatum." (BAKER.)	746	Song of the Sojourner. (GERHARDT.)	320
BERNARD OF CLUNY	981	Thus far the Lord hath led us on	326
Celestial Country, The. "Hora Novissima." (NEALE.)	981	BOTTA, ANNA C. LYNCH	738
BERRIDGE, JOHN	432	Christ betrayed	738
Childlike Simplicity. (WESLEY.)	432	Faith	356
Church Triumphant, The	957	BOUTELLE, MARY KEELY.	
BETHUNE, GEORGE WASHINGTON	297	Only a Word	840
He died for Me	752	BOWDLER, JOHN	604
Jesus all sufficient. (HARDENBERGH.)	605	Psalm cxxi.	494
Joy and Gladness	691	Sing to the Lord	604
Night Study	297	BOWLES, WILLIAM LISLE. 1762-1850.	
O Jesus, when I think of Thee	605	The Cell of the Missionary	680
BICKERSTETH, EDWARD HENRY	730	BOWRING, EDGAR ALFRED	
Prince of Peace, The	730	The Descent into Hell. (GOETHE.)	680
To my Sister on the Eve of her Marriage	411	BOWRING, SIR JOHN	625
Village Evening Hymn, The	291	Cross, The	738
BLACKIE, JOHN STUART	543	From the Recesses	22
Benedicite	543	God is Love	482
Sabbath Hymn on the Mountains	572	Night. (HERDER.)	295
BLAKE, WILLIAM	430	Noche Serena. (LUIS PONCE DE LEON.)	62
Holy Thursday	430	O Thou Eternal One. (DERZHAVIN.)	471
Lamb, The	432	Psalm cxxxiii. (BREDERODE.)	376
On Another's Sorrow	822	To the Incomprehensible God. (MELENDEZ.)	470
BLEW, WILLIAM JOHN	813	Watchman, tell us of the Night	625
Final Rest, The	864	While to Bethlem. (DO CEO.)	709
O Lord, thy Wing outspread	813	BRACKETT, ANNA C.	551
BOETHIUS, ANCIUS MANLIUS SEVERINUS. 470-524.		Denial	551
Imploring Divine Light. (JOHNSON.)	500	BRADFORD, SARAH H.	
Of Tolerance. (KING ALFRED. FOX.)	829	Resurrection	774
BODEN, JAMES	608	BRADDOCK, EMILY A.	
"Yet there is Room"	608	The Corn and the Lilies	48
BÖHMER, J. H.		BRADLEY, MARY E.	
Courage, my tempted Heart. "Brich durch, mein angefocht'nes Herz." (WINKWORTH.)	673	Returning	499
BONAR, HORATIUS	605	BRADY, NICHOLAS. (See TATE, NAHUM.)	317
Abide with us	611	BRAINARD, JOHN GARDNER CALKINS	68
Be True	311	Fall of Niagara, The	68
		Jerusalem	195
		BRAINERD, MARY G.	514
		God knoweth	514
		BRANCH, MARY BOLLES.	
		The Petrified Fern	937
		BRANDENBURG, LOUISA HENRIETTA, ELECTRESS OF	770
		Christ Risen. "Jesus, me'ne Zuversicht." (WINKWORTH.)	770

BREDERODE, GERBRAND	376	BROWNING, ROBERT	331
Psalm cxxxiii. (BOWRING.)	376	Boy and the Angel, The	108
BRETON, NICHOLAS	367	Epistle, An	231
The Priest	367	God's View of Service	331
BREVIARY, THE ROMAN.		Saul	217
Passion, The. "Sævo dolorum turbine." (CASWALL.)	757	Twins, The	137
Praise to the Lamb. "Ad regias Agni dapes." (CAMPBELL.)	794	BRUCE, MICHAEL	682
Wounds of Christ, The. "Salvete Christi vulnera." (CASWALL.)	757	Dying in the Lord	869
BREVIARY, THE PARIS.		Millennium, The	682
Helped by the Almighty's Arm. "Forti tengente brachia." (CHAMBERS.)	604	BRUN, SOPHIA FREDERICA CHRISTI- ANA (MÜNTER)	43
Sunday Praise. "Ad templa nos rursus vocat." (CASWALL.)	573	Chamouni at Sunrise	43
BRIGHT, JONATHAN HUNTINGTON	939	BRUNSWICK, ANTON ULRICH, DUKE OF. 1633-1714.	
Dying Flower, The	865	God's sure Help. (WINKWORTH.)	528
In cælo quies	939	BRYAN, JOSEPH.	
BRIDGES, MATTHEW	776	Psalm lxxv.	33
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise	776	BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN	831
Seraphs' Song, The	956	Blessed are they that mourn	831
BROOKS, CHARLES T.	296	Communion Hymn	793
Amen of the Stones, The. (KOSEGARTEN.)	101	Conqueror's Grave, The	891
Diabolus the Doubter	353	Hymn of the Waldenses	133
Faithful Monk, The	103	I will send them Prophets and Apostles	475
Good Night. (KÖRNER.)	296	Love of God, The. (RASCAS.)	464
Our Country	175	Mutual Kindness	373
Lost Church, The. (UHLAND.)	941	" No Man knoweth his Sepulchre "	202
BROWN, J. E. A.		Prayer for Home Missions	190
Advent. (GEROK.)	663	Region of Life and Light. (LUIS PONCE DE LEON.)	967
BROWN, PHŒBE HINSDALE	536	Thou hast put all Things under his Feet	624
I love to steal awhile away	536	BRYDGES, SIR SAMUEL EGERTON	901
BROWNE, FRANCES	897	Day of Judgment, The. "Dies iræ, dies illa." (THOMAS of Celano.)	901
Dying Poet's Hope, The	15	St. Francis Xavier	160
Flowers in the Sick-Room	841	BULFINCH, STEPHEN GREENLEAF	959
Hope of the Resurrection, The	897	Communion of Saints, The	959
BROWNE, SIMON	560	Testimony of Miracles	624
Prayer for Light and Guidance	560	BUONAROTTI, MICHAEL ANGELO. (See ANGELO.)	
Lord's Day, The	570	BURBIDGE, THOMAS	
BROWNE, SIR THOMAS	477	Daisy, The	48
A Colloquy with God	477	Hymn to the Holy Spirit	812
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT	430	BURLEIGH, WILLIAM HENRY	840
Adequacy	17	" Blessed are the Pure in Heart. "	364
Bereavement	834	Blessed are they that mourn	840
Cheerfulness Taught by Reason	350	Gifted for Giving	3
Child's Thought of God, A	430	Good in Ill	840
Comfort	625	Matins	280
Consecration	630	Needed Blessings	820
Consolation	830	Still will we trust	520
Cowper's Grave	12	BURNS, JAMES DRUMMOND	824
Cry of the Human, The	544	Chastening	824
De Profundis	822	Sunday	528
Exaggeration	818	BURNS, ROBERT	415
Grief	819	Cotter's Saturday Night, The	415
Look, The	753	Lines left at a Friend's House	409
Meaning of the Look, The	753	BURTON, JOHN	594
Memory and Hope	729	Holy Bible, Book Divine	594
My Doves	55	BURTON, JOHN	806
Patience taught by Nature	33	The Spirit asked for	806
Poet, The	2	BUTLER, WILLIAM ALLEN	123
Sabbath Morning at Sea, A	565	Work and Worship	123
Sleep, The	856	BUTTS, MRS. MARY F.	420
Substitution	624	Other Mothers	420
Tears	825	BYRD, WILLIAM. 1540?-1623?	
Two Sayings	754	My Minde to me a Kingdom is. (DYER.)	363
Victoria's Tears	185	BYROM, JOHN	724
Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus, The	727	Hymn for Christmas, A	724
Work	336	Soul's Tendency towards its True Centre, The	624
Work and Contemplation	334		
Young Queen, The	184		

BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD	213	Christmas Day. "Jesu, Redemptor omnium." (Ambrosian.)	262
By the Rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept	213	Christmas Day. "Adeste fideles."	262
Destruction of Sennacherib, The	213	Dedication of a Church. "Cœlistis Urbs Jerusalem."	585
Oh, weep for those	213	Evening Hymn. "Rerum Deus tenax vigor." (Ambrosian.)	287
CALDERON DE LA BARCA, PEDRO	476	Evensong. "Sol præceps rapitur."	290
Cross, The. (TRENCH.)	755	Funeral Hymn. "Jam mœsta quiesce quærela." (PRUDENTIUS.)	872
Holy Eucharist, The. (TRENCH.)	791	Hymn of St. Francis Xavier	517
Thou art of all created Things	476	Hymn to the Holy Spirit. "Veni, Creator spiritus." (CHARLEMAGNE?)	808
CALLANAN, JEREMIAH JOSEPH	229	Hymn to the Holy Spirit. "Nunc sancte nobis Spiritus." (Ambrosian.)	802
Mary Magdalen	229	Hymn to the Spirit. "Veni, Sancte Spiritus." (ROBERT II.)	810
CALVIN, JOHN	610	Jesus hath vanished. "Erumpe tandem juste dolor."	774
Salutation to Jesus Christ. "Je te salue, mon certain Rédempteur!"	610	Jesu, the very Thought of Thee. "Jesu dulcis memoria." (BERNARD of Clairvaux.)	622
CAMBRIDGE, ADA. (See CROSS, ADA CAMBRIDGE.)		Life above the, Life on high, The. "Vivo sin vivir en mi." (St. TERESA.)	946
CAMERON, WILLIAM	958	Light of the Soul. "Lux alma Jesu mentium."	623
How bright these Glorious Spirits shine! (WATTS.)	958	Morning Hymn. "Æterna cœli gloria." (Ambrosian.)	280
CAMPBELL, ROBERT	794	Morning Hymn. "Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra." (GREGORY THE GREAT.)	286
Praise to the Lamb. (Breviary.)	794	Morning Hymn. "Aurora jam spargit polum." (Ambrosian.)	285
CAMPBELL, THOMAS	731	Noble Army of Martyrs, The. "Sanctorum meritis inclyta gaudia."	960
Hallowed Ground	183	Noontide Hymn. "Rector potens, verax Deus." (Ambrosian.)	287
Last Man, The.	319	Passion, The. "Sævo dolore turbine." (Breviary.)	757
Nativity, The	731	Pastor, The. "Pastor animarum."	691
Rainbow, The	65	Sing, my Tongue, the Saviour's Battle. "Pange, lingua, gloriosi." (FORTUNATUS.)	621
CAREY, HENRY. 1663-1743.	171	Sleep, Holy Babe	731
God save the King	171	Sunday Praise. "Ad templa nos rursus vocat." (Breviary.)	573
CARLYLE, JOSEPH DACRE	545	"Te Deum laudamus." (Ambrosian.)	465
A Broken and a Contrite Heart	545	Wounds of Christ, The. "Salvete Christi vulnera." (Breviary.)	758
CARLYLE, THOMAS	510	CAWOOD, JOHN	715
Luther's Hymn	510	Hark! what mean those Holy Voices?	715
Mason-Lodge. (GOETHE.)	322	CELANO, THOMAS OF, Thirteenth century.	
CARY, ALICE	430	"Dies iræ, dies illa" (BRVDGES.)	902
Blind Traveller, The	107	"Dies iræ, dies illa." (COLLYER.)	903
Faith and Works	354	"Dies iræ, dies illa." (CRASHAW.)	902
Fire by the Sea, The	235	"Dies iræ, dies illa." (IRONS.)	900
God is Love	483	"Dies iræ, dies illa." (MADAN. WESLEY.)	904
Hints	72	"Dies iræ, dies illa." (ROSCOMMON.)	902
Lost Lilies	520	"Dies iræ, dies illa." (SCOTT.)	901
My Creed	373	CENNICK, JOHN	600
Open Secrets	312	Jesus the Way	600
Short Sermon, A	430	Rejoicing in Hope	326
Sunday Morning	564	The Judgment (MADAN. WESLEY.)	904
Sure Witness, The	56	CEO, VIOLANTE DO	709
Thorns	515	While to Bethlem. (BOWRING.)	709
Two Travellers	106	CHAMBERS, JOHN DAVID	604
CARY, HENRY FRANCIS	911	Helped by the Almighty's Arm. (Breviary.)	604
The Poet's Vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. (DANTE.)	911	CHANDLER, JOHN	736
CARY, PHŒBE	25	Christian Love. "O quam juvat patres, Deus." (SANATOLIUS.)	374
Christmas	261	Christ the Corner-Stone. "Angulare fundamentum."	600
Christmas Sheaf, The	276	Hail, Infant Martyrs. "Salvete, flores martyrum!" (PRUDENTIUS.)	736
Field Preaching	57	Morning. "Splendor paternæ gloriæ." (AMBROSE.)	279
Human and Divine	309	On Jordan's Brink. "Jordanis oras prævia vox ecce Baptistæ quatit." (COFFIN.)	225
Leak in the Dike, The	135		
Little Gottlieb	274		
Monkish Legend, A	100		
Nearer Home	25		
Our Pattern	104		
Over-payment	516		
Poor Margaret	111		
St. Bernard of Clairvaux	135		
Unbelief	351		
Via crucis, via lucis	839		
CASIMIR. (See SARBIEVIUS.)			
CASWALL, EDWARD	710		
Bethlehem! of Noblest Cities. "O sola magnarum urbium." (PRUDENTIUS.)	710		

CHANNING, WILLIAM ELLERY	6	COLLYER, WILLIAM BENGO	345
A Poet's Hope	6	Backslider, The	345
Sleepy Hollow	890	Haste, Traveller, haste!	324
CHARLEMAGNE, EMPEROR	808	Judgment, The. (RINGWALDT.)	903
"Veni, Creator Spiritus." (CASWALL.)	808	CONDER, JOSIAH	621
"Veni, Creator Spiritus." (DRYDEN.)	809	Lord is King, The	499
"Veni, Creator Spiritus." (HAMMOND.)	809	See the ransomed Millions	956
"Veni, Creator Spiritus." (WILLIAMS.)	804	Trust in Jesus	621
"Veni, Creator Spiritus." (WITHER.)	811	COOKE, ROSE TERRY	41
CHARLES, ELIZABETH RUNDLE	33	It is more blessed	389
Alpine Gentian, The	47	Two Villages, The	888
Child on the Judgment Seat, The	111	Wood Worship	41
Cross, the Crown, The	743	CORNEILLE, PIERRE. 1606-1684.	
Cruse that faileth not, The	841	A Cry of the Soul. "O Dieu de vérité pour qui seul je soupire!"	499
Day of Life, The	908	COSMAS, THE MELODIST	269
Heaven's Glories. (DAMIANI.)	980	Canon for Christmas-Day. Χριστός γεννάται· δεξάσατε. (NEALE.)	269
Hymn of Glory, let us sing, A. (BEDA.)	787	God of our Fathers. Οἱ παῖδες εὐσεβεία. (NEALE.)	722
Nature, no self-acting Instrument	33	The Transfiguration. Χωρὸς Ἰσραὴλ. (NEALE.)	788
On a Baptism	429	COSTELLO, LOUISA STUART	872
Pathways of the Holy Land, The	194	On the Death of Marguerite's Brother, Fran- cis I. (MARGUERITE of Valois.)	872
Poet's Food, The	5	COTTA, GIOVANNI BATTISTA	480
To One at Rest	881	Evidences of God's Existence	480
Veiled Angels	835	COVERDALE, MILES	813
CHATFIELD, ALLEN W.	469	Come, Holy Spirit. "Komm, Heiliger Geist, Herre Gott." (LUTHER.)	813
To God. Ὁ πάντων ἐπέκεινα. (GREGORY NAZIANZEN.)	469	Prayer to the Holy Ghost. (LUTHER.)	814
CHATTERTON, THOMAS	261	COWLEY, ABRAHAM	750
A Hymn for Christmas-Day	261	Christ's Passion	750
CHAUCER, GEOFFREY	313	Destroying Angel, The	201
Gentillesse	313	Ode on the Shortness of Life	854
Soothfastness	368	Reason, the Use of it in Divine Matters	350
CHORLEY, HENRY FOTHERGILL	187	Tree of Knowledge, The	314
Prayer for Peace	187	COWPER, WILLIAM	562
CHURTON, EDWARD	63	Bible, The	596
Starry Night, The. (LUIS PONCE DE LEON.)	63	Cross, The	830
CLARKE, JAMES FREEMAN	48	Exhortation to Prayer	502
Answer, The. (DSCHELADEDDIN.)	87	Fountain opened, The	620
Children's Church, The. (GEROK.)	428	Future Peace and Glory of the Church, The	589
Christ's Presence in the House	408	Jesus, my Salvation	620
Grass and Roses (SAADI.)	48	Joy and Peace in Believing	526
Prayer of Mary, Queen of Scots	534	Light shining out of Darkness	498
Way and the Life, The. (DE WETTE.)	603	Lovest thou me?	619
CLARKE, WILLIS GAYLORD	438	Peace after a Storm	66
Euthanasia	438	Place of Prayer, The	586
CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA	602	Retirement	42
Earliest Christian Hymn, The. (PLUMPTRE.)	655	Soul that loves God finds him everywhere, The	479
Offices of Christ, The. Στόμιον πόλων ἀδωών. (DEXTER.)	602	Trust in God	519
CLEMMER, MARY	972	Walking with God	327
Something beyond	972	COX, FRANCES ELIZABETH	702
CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH	531	Christ our Light. (FOUQUÉ.)	702
Hope evermore and believe	531	Christian to his Soul, The. (ZIHN.)	518
Song of Lamech, The	199	Earth has Nothing Sweet or Fair. (SCHEFF- FLER.)	619
What went ye out for to see?	621	Jesus lives! (GELLERT.)	775
COBBE, FRANCES POWER	846	O Holy Ghost! (LAVATER.)	814
Rich in the Lord	846	One Thing's Needful. (SCHRÖDER.)	618
COFFIN, CHARLES	225	Voice at Midnight, The "Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme!" (NIKOLAI.)	899
"Jordanis oras prævia." (CHANDLER.)	225	We sing to Thee, Emmanuel! (GERHARDT.)	678
COLERIDGE, HARTLEY	579	COXE, ARTHUR CLEVELAND	685
Death-bed Reflections of Michel Angelo	856	Chimes of England, The	183
Prayer	561	Desire of all Nations, The	619
Prayer	562	Easter Hymn. (GOETHE.)	765
Sabbath-day's Child, The	579	Heart's Song, The	663
She loved Much	229	Hymn for Whitsunday	815
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR	260	Hymn in Holy Week, A	752
Christmas Carol, A	260	Hymn to the Redeemer	685
Human Life	307	Sacrament, The	793
Hymn before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamouni	42		
My Baptismal Birthday	429		

CRABBE, REV. GEORGE	319	The Diviners	913
The Pilgrim	319	Lucifer discovered	913
CRAIK, DINAH MARIA MULOCH	259	Earth's Centre passed	914
Christmas Carol, A	259	Satan's Fall	914
Day by Day	277	PURGATORY	914
Faithful in Vanity-Fair	112	The steep Ascent	914
First Waits, The	259	The Effect of Prayer	915
Fishermen — not of Galilee	617	Virtue not hereditary	915
Hymn for Christmas Morning, A	260	The Serpent Tempter	915
Lancashire Doxology, A	498	The Gate of St. Peter	915
Little Jew, The	86	The Entrance by the Gate	916
Marriage Table, A	410	Scenes in Purgatory	916
Michael the Archangel	966	Penitents for Pride	917
Philip, my King	427	Prayer of the Penitents for Pride	918
Psalm for New Year's Eve, A	247	The Passage through the Smoke of the Third Terrace	918
St. Christopher	78	Free-Will	918
St. Elizabeth of Bohemia	126	On the Fifth Terrace	918
Sunday Morning Bells	574	The Hymn	919
Word in Season, A	569	The Tree of Temptation	919
CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER PEARSE	18	Temperance	919
By the Shore of the River	18	The Purifying Fire	919
Compensation	936	Happiness	920
Evening Primrose, The	53	The Terrestrial Paradise	921
I in Thee, and Thou in Me	498	Light and Music	921
Mountain Path, The	46	Beatrice descends to take the place of Virgil	921
CRASHAW, RICHARD	713	PARADISE	922
Hymn for the Blessed Sacrament, The	797	Beatrice and Dante gaze at the Sun	922
Hymn of the Nativity, sung by the Shep- herds, A	713	Man's Tendency to God	922
In Meditation of the Day of Judgment. "Dies iras." (THOMAS of Celano)	902	Content in Paradise	923
On a Prayer-Book sent to Mrs. M. R.	537	The Abode of the Blessed	923
To the Name above every Name	615	The Redemption by Christ	923
Widow's Mites, The	388	The Saints after the Resurrection	925
CREWDSON, JANE FOX	833	No Salvation without Christ	926
At all Times	546	The Triumph of Christ	926
Prayer for Peace, A	833	Dante's Creed	927
Whose Heart the Lord opened	815	Dante's Hope	927
CROLY, GEORGE. 1780-1860.		Dante's Love	927
Death and Resurrection	894	The Primum Mobile	928
CROSS, ADA CAMBRIDGE	882	Why Angels were created	928
Requiem for a Young Mother, The	882	The Fallen Angels	928
Tombs of the Bishops, The	951	The Tenth Heaven	929
CROSS, MARIAN EVANS	17	The Glorified Saints	929
Oh, may I join the Choir Invisible	17	The Triune God	930
CROSSMAN, SAMUEL	26	DAVIES, SIR JOHN	308
Heaven	934	Dignity of Man, The	308
Hope in Death	26	Worth of the Soul, The	308
CROSWELL, WILLIAM	53	DAVIS, JOHN	173
Song of Faith	53	The Pilgrim Fathers	173
The World, the Flesh, and the Devil	658	DAVIS, THOMAS	336
CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN	409	God is Love	482
Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie	409	Holy Habits	336
DACH, SIMON	869	DAWES, RUFUS	142
Blessed are the Dead. (LONGFELLOW.)	869	Mozart's Requiem	142
DAMASCENUS, JOHN. (See JOHN OF DA- MASCUS.)		DECK, JAMES GEORGE	615
DAMIANI, PETER	897	Faith and Communion	615
Heaven's Glories. "Ad perennis vitæ fon- tem." (CHARLES.)	980	DE FLEURY, MARIA	948
With terror Thou dost strike. "Gravi me terrore pulsas." (BENEDICT.)	897	Jesus passing over Kedron	740
DANTE, DEGLI ALIGHIERI	911	Panting for Heaven	948
The Celestial Pilot. (LONGFELLOW.)	628	DEMAREST, MRS. MARY LEE.	
The Poet's Vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. (CARY.)		My ain Countrie	972
HELL	911	Pathway o' the Sea, The	884
Virgil appears	911	DENISON, ELIZABETH WORTHINGTON.	
The Pilgrimage proposed	912	The Law of Life	306
Inscription over Hell's Gate	912	DERZHAVIN, GABRIEL ROMANOVITCH	471
Wailings in Ante-Hell	912	O thou Eternal One! (BOWRING.)	471
		DESSLER, WOLFGANG CHRISTOPH. 1660-1722.	
		I leave Thee not. "Ich lass dich nicht, du musst mein Jesus bleiben." (ALEXANDER.)	626
		Christ the Priest forever. "Mein Jesu, dem die Seraphinen." (WINKWORTH.)	701

DE VERE, AUBREY	590	DRUMMOND, WILLIAM	61
All-Hallows; or, the Monk's Dream	188	Apples of Sodom	61
Christian Poetess, A	12	Ascension, The	783
Consecration of a New House	418	Dedication of a Church	584
Dark Angel, The	838	John the Baptist	709
Ecclesia Dei	590	Shepherds, The	714
Ode to Jerusalem	195	DRYDEN, JOHN	809
Promise, The	587	Hymn to the Holy Spirit. (CHARLEMAGNE?)	809
Religious Hypochondria	839	DSCHELADEDDEIN	
Vastness of the Gospel lost in its Simplicity, The	591	The Answer. (CLARKE.)	87
Via Intelligentia	849	DUNN, ROBINSON POTTER	612
DE VERE, SIR AUBREY	193	Jesus, Jesus, visit me. (ANGELUS.)	612
Amen	562	No, no it is not Dying. (MALAN.)	873
Sacred and Profane Writers	193	DWIGHT, JOHN SULLIVAN	175
Universal Prayer	374	Our Country	175
DE WETTE, WILHELM MARTIN LEB- RECHT	603	DWIGHT, TIMOTHY	588
Way and the Life, The. (CLARKE.)	603	Love to the Church	588
DEXTER, HENRY MARTYN	602	DYER, SIR EDMUND. 1540-1607. My Minde to me a Kingdom is. (BYRD.)	363
The Offices of Christ. (CLEMENT of Alex- andria.)	602	EDELING, CHRISTIAN LUDWIG	633
DICKINSON, MARY LOWE	278	Trust in Christ. "Christen erwarten in Al- lerlei fallen." (FROTHINGHAM.)	633
Edelweiss	138	EDMESTON, JAMES. 1791-1867. Evening Hymn	293
If we had but a Day	278	Prayer to the Trinity	467
DILLON, WENTWORTH. See ROSCOMMON.		Real Occurrence in a Circle of Friends, A	871
DIX, WILLIAM CHATTERTON	842	Sunday	581
Carol, A	259	EDWARDS, MATILDA BARBARA BE- THAM	740
Church which is his Bride, The	589	Gethsemane	740
I thirst	842	EGGLESTON, EDWARD	507
Pearl of Great Price, The	86	God-Service	507
Praise to Jesus	614	ELLIOTT, CHARLOTTE	637
DOANE, GEORGE WASHINGTON	57	Allez à Christ	637
Evening Contemplation	291	Christmas Hymn, A	732
Robin Redbreast	57	Hour of Prayer, The	556
Voice of Rama, The	737	Hymn for the New Year	248
DODDRIDGE, PHILIP	685	Just as I am	637
Amazing, beautiful Change	64	Prayer to Christ, A	637
Christ's Mission	685	Prayer to the Saviour	634
Evening Hymn	292	Sunday Evening	579
Happy Day	614	Thy Will be done	518
Lovest thou Me?	614	ELLIOTT, EBENEZER	45
Mark the soft-falling Snow	546	A Poet's Prayer	6
Vanity of Worldly Schemes, The	313	The Wonders of the Lane	45
Watch!	378	ELLIOTT, EMILY S.	
DOMINIS, LILIA KAMACHA	177	There came a little Child to Earth	720
Hawaiian National Hymn. (SHELDON.)	177	ELLIOTT, JULIA ANN	571
DOMMETT, ALFRED	255	Sunday	571
Christmas Hymn	255	ELVEN, CORNELIUS	636
DONNE, JOHN	613	Mercy besought	636
God	476	EMERSON, RALPH WALDO	858
Hymn to Christ at the Author's last Going into Germany, A	613	Dirge	858
Hymn to God the Father, A	476	The Rhodora	50
Resurrection	776	EVANS, JONATHAN	742
Self-Dedication	386	It's finished	742
To Death	864	EVANS, MARIAN. (GEORGE ELIOT.) See CROSS, M. E.	17
Valediction forbidding Mourning, A	831	EVERETT, WILLIAM	360
DORR, JULIA C. R.	341	Prayer against Conceit	360
Not mine	341	FABER, FREDERICK WILLIAM	636
DOWDEN, EDWARD	602	Conversion	347
The Gift	602	Delight in the Love of God	481
DOWNTON, HENRY	613	Dryness in Prayer	832
Hymn to Jesus. (VINET.)	613	Hymn to my Guardian Angel	966
DRAYTON, MICHAEL	314	Jesus, Child and Lord	733
Virtue not hereditary	314		
DREWES			
A Prayer in Mental Conflict. (WINK- WORTH.)	821		

Jesus, my God and my All	636	FOX, WILLIAM JOHNSON	384
Lord is my Light, The	635	The Martyr's Hymn. (LUTHER.)	384
Low Spirits	821	FOXCROFT, FRANK	890
Paradise	974	Epitaph in an old Churchyard	890
Pilgrims of the Night, The	23	Jericho	206
Shadow of the Rock, The	830	FRANCES EASTWOOD. (See KNEVELS,	
Will of God, The	485	MARY F. V. W.)	
World, The	611	FRANCIS, BENJAMIN	742
FABRICIUS, JACOB. 1598-1654.		It is finished. (EVANS.)	742
The Battle-Song of Gustavus Adolphus.		Not ashamed of Christ. (GRIGG.)	633
"Versage nicht, du Häufflein kle'n."	186	(WINKWORTH.)	
FAWCETT, EDGAR. 1847-		FRANCIS D'ASSISI, ST. 1182-1226.	
German Cradle-Song	422	"Cantica." (ROSSETTI.)	658
My Little One	423	FRANK, JOHANN	696
FAWCETT, JOHN	376	Communion Hymn. "Schmücke dich, O liebe	
Brotherly Love	376	Seele." (WINKWORTH.)	798
Cast down, yet hoping in God	524	Peace and Joy in Jesus Christ. "Jesu, mein	
Prayer of Mary, Queen of Scots	535	Freude." (MASSIE.)	696
FELICE, G. DE.		Source of Good, whose Power controls.	
Le Colporteur Vaudois. (WHITTIER.) . .	134	(MASSIE.)	682
FIELDS, JAMES THOMAS	418	FRANZÉN, FRANZ MICHAEL. 1772-1847.	
Our Fireside Evening Hymn	418	The Horizon. (HOWITT.)	937
FINCH, ANNA, COUNTESS OF WIN-		FREILIGRATH, FERDINAND	203
CHELSEA	31	Mount Nebo. (GOSTICK.)	203
Nature's Praise	31	FRENCH, JAMES, AND TURNER, DANIEL	
FINDLATER, SARAH (BORTHWICK).	868	The Saviour.	634
Anticipation. (LANGBECKER.)	868	FROTHINGHAM, NATHANIEL LANG-	
God calling yet. (TERSTEEGEN.)	662	DON	594
My Father is the Mighty Lord. (LANGE.)	513	Christ is risen! (STURM.)	767
O Happy House! (SPITTA.)	415	Church, The	369
Rejoice. (LAURENTIL.)	829	Praise the Almighty. (NEANDER.)	540
FLEMMING, PAUL. 1609-1640.		Quatrains in the Persian Manner. (RUCK-	
On a long and perilous Journey. "In allen		ERT.)	367
meinen Thaten." (WINKWORTH.)	527	Solomon and the Sower. (RÜCKERT.) . . .	223
FLAVEL, JOHN	484	Strength	863
God's Husbandry	484	Trust in Christ. (EDELING.)	633
FLETCHER, GILES	784	Whate'er God will. (ALBERT of Branden-	
Christ's Triumph after Death	784	burg.)	523
Redemption	693	With a Bible on a Wedding-Day	594
FLETCHER, PHINEAS	495	FURNESS, WILLIAM HENRY	343
Psalm cxxx.	495	Penitential	343
FLINT, JAMES	189	GABIROL, SALOMON BEN JEHUDA	
Celebration of American Independence . .	189	ABEN	303
FLORENCE PERCY. (See ALLEN, MRS		Almighty! what is Man? (LAZARUS.) . . .	303
E. A. C.)	342	GANNETT, WILLIAM CHANNING	50
FORD, CHARLES LAWRENCE	502	Consider the Lilies how they grow	50
Marah	824	GARRISON, WILLIAM LLOYD	316
Revelation	502	Free Mind, The	316
FORD, JAMES.		On leaving my Native Land for England . .	171
Midday	286	GASCOIGNE, GEORGE	533
FORTUNATUS, VENANTIUS HONORIUS		De Profundis	533
CLEMENTIANUS	621	GEORGE ELIOT. (See Cross, M. E.)	
Banners of the King, The. "Vexilla Regis		GERHARDT, PAUL	510
prodeunt." (KEBLE.)	747	Go forth, my Heart. "Geh aus, mein Herz."	
Hail, Day of Days! "Salve, festa dies!"		(ALEXANDER.)	21
(W. J. C.)	766	Holy Ghost, dispel our Sadness. "O du	
Royal Banners forward go, The. "Vexilla		allersüßste Freude." (TOPLADY.)	811
Regis prodeunt." (NEALE.)	747	Joy after Sorrow. (WINKWORTH.)	847
Sing, my Tongue, the Saviour's Battle.		Passion Hymn. "O Haupt voll Blut und	
"Pange, lingua, gloriosi praelium certami-		Wunden." (ALEXANDER.)	744
nis." (CASWALL.)	621	Passion Hymn. "O Haupt voll Blut und	
FOUQUÉ, FRIEDRICH FREIHERR, DE		Wunden." (BAKER.)	746
LA MOTTE	702	Passion Hymn. "O Haupt voll Blut und	
Christ our Light. "Was du vor tausend		Wunden." (JACKSON.)	745
Jahren." (COX.)	702	Song of the Sojourner. "Ich bin ein Gast	
FOX, SAMUEL	829	auf Erden." (BORTHWICK)	320
Of Tolerance. (BOETHIUS.)	829	Summer Song. "Geh aus, mein Herz."	
		(MASSIE.)	249

- Trusting Heart, The. "Befiehl du deine Wege." (COX.) 510
- Trusting Heart, The. "Befiehl du deine Wege." (WESLEY.) 511
- Under a heavy private Cross. "Ach treuer Gott, barmherzigs Herz." (WINKWORTH.) 837
- We sing to Thee, Emmanuel. "Wir singen Dir, Immanuel." (COX.) 678
- GELLERT, CHRISTIAN FURCHTEGOTT. 775
- Jesus lives "Jesus lebt, mit Ihm auch ich." (COX.) 775
- GEROK, KARL 663
- Advent. (BROWN.) 663
- Children's Church, The (CLARKE.) 428
- GIBBONS, THOMAS 953
- Angels, roll the Rock away. (SCOTT.) 761
- Dawn of Heaven, The 953
- GIFFORD, HUMFREY 954
- Complaint of a Sinner, The 343
- Lamentation, A 345
- Life of Man, The 327
- Means and Ends 954
- GILDER, RICHARD WATSON 826
- The Sower 826
- GILL, THOMAS HORNBLOWER 607
- Better Land, The 952
- Glory of the latter Days, The 814
- Holy, Holy, Holy Lord 468
- Most Hidden and most Manifest 479
- Our Double Kindred to Emmanuel 607
- True Servant, The 6
- GILMAN, CAROLINE HOWARD 880
- Beyond the Sabbath 580
- God our Father 479
- Household Woman, The 412
- Mother, what is Death? 880
- GISBORNE, THOMAS. 1758-1846.
- The Christian Soldier 380
- GLADDEN, WASHINGTON 845
- Awakening 935
- In Him we live 612
- Pastor's Reverie, The 845
- Ultima Veritas 26
- GODESCALCUS 706
- Alliuiatic Sequence. "Cantemus cuncti melodium." (NEALE.) 706
- GODWIN, ELIZABETH AYTON ETHERIDGE 849
- Cross, The 849
- Save, Lord, or I perish! 634
- GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON. 1749-1832.
- Christ is arisen! "Christ ist erstanden." (COXE.) 765
- Descent into Hell, The. (BOWRING.) 680
- Easter Hymn. "Die Sonne tönt nach aller Weise." (TAYLOR.) 476
- Faust's Easter Meditation. (TAYLOR.) 764
- Haste not, Rest not. "Ohne Hast, ohne Rast." 322
- Mason Lodge. "Die Zukunft decket." (CARLYLE.) 322
- Peace. "Der du von dem Himmel bist." (LONGFELLOW.) 366
- Rest 366
- GOODRICH, SAMUEL GRISWOLD 68
- Lake Superior 68
- GOSTICK, J.
- Mount Nebo. (FREILIGRATH.) 203
- GOULD, HANNAH FLAGG. 1789-1865.
- Name in the Sand, A 61
- Snow-Flake The 65
- GRACE GREENWOOD. (See LIPPINCOTT, SARA J.)
- GRACE RAYMOND. (See STILLMAN, A. R.)
- GRAETER, F.
- Sunday Morning. (HEREL.) 563
- GRAHAME, JAMES 583
- Autumn Sabbath Walk, An 577
- Church Worship 583
- Summer Sabbath Walk, A 576
- Winter Sabbath Walk, A 578
- GRANT, SIR ROBERT 647
- Aged Pilgrim, The 440
- In Trial 824
- Litany, A 647
- Majesty and Mercy of God, The 485
- Written Word, The 595
- GRAY, DAVID 828
- In the Shadows 828
- GRAY, GEORGE ZABRISKIE 314
- It might have been 314
- GREENWELL, DORA 268
- Christmas Carol, A 268
- Consolation 842
- Faint yet pursuing 378
- Vespers 290
- GREGOR, CHRISTIAN. 1723-1801.
- Jesus, my Lord. "Ach, mein Herr, Jesu, Dein Nahesein." (REYNOLDS.) 660
- GREGORY, NAZIANZEN 469
- To God. (CHATFIELD.) 469
- GREGORY THE GREAT 286
- Morning Hymn. "Ecce jam noctis, tenuatur umbri." (CASWALL.) 286
- GRIFFIN, GERALD JOSEPH 387
- The Sister of Charity 387
- GRIGG, JOSEPH 663
- Christ at the Door 665
- Not ashamed of Christ. (FRANCIS.) 633
- GRINFIELD, THOMAS 792
- Celebration at Emmaus, The 792
- Day of Rest, The 569
- GRUNDTVIG, NICOLAI FREDERIK SEVERIN 564
- Sabbath Morn. (TAIT.) 564
- GURNEY, JOHN HAMPDEN 633
- Earth to Earth 886
- Harvest Hymn 252
- Thy Will be done 633
- GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS 186
- The Battle-Song. (FABRICIUS.) 186
- GUYON, MADAME JEANNE MARIE BOUVIER DE LA MOTTE 479
- Adoration 474
- Grand Dieu, pour ton plaisir. (UPHAM.) 7
- Soul that loves God finds him everywhere, A. (COWPER.) 479
- HABINGTON, WILLIAM 501
- Not unto us, O Lord! 501
- HAGENBACH, KARL RUDOLPH 525
- Resting in God 525

HALE, MARY WHITWELL	474	HEBEL, JOHANN PETER	563
Invocation	474	Sunday Morning. (GRAETER.)	563
"Life has no Charm for me"	20	HEBER, REGINALD	791
HALL, CHRISTOPHER NEWMAN	524	Before the Sacrament	791
His Way is best	530	Christ a Pattern for Children	425
My Times are in thy Hand	524	Epiphany	720
HALL, HARRIET WARE.		For a Funeral	886
A Parable for Happy Hearts	516	From Greenland's Icy Mountains	370
HALL, JOHN	52	Hosanna	694
The Mignonette and the Oak	52	In Danger	328
HAMMOND, WILLIAM	809	Judgment, The	894
Awake, and sing the Song	625	Refuge in the Sanctuary	582
Creator, come. (CHARLEMAGNE ?)	809	Thou art gone to the Grave	885
HARBAUGH, HENRY	771	Thrice Holy	467
The Lord of Life is risen! "Der Herr ist auferstanden!" (LANGE.)	771	Whitsunday	807
HARDENBERGH, FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD VON	605	Who follows in his Train?	168
Jesus all Sufficient. "Wenn ich Ihn nur habe." (BETHUNE.)	605	HEDGE, FREDERIC HENRY	765
HARMS, CLAUD	939	Crucifixion, The	740
The Fatherland. "Kennst du das Land?" (MILLS.)	939	Easter Hymn. (GOETHE.)	765
HART, JOSEPH	808	Luther's Hymn	384
Come, and welcome, to Jesus	641	Morning Star, The	285
Come, Holy Spirit	808	Song of the Angels. (GOETHE.)	963
HARTMANN, FRIEDRICH	867	HEINE, HEINRICH	692
Now the Crucible is breaking. "Endlich bricht der heisse Tiegel." (ALEXANDER.)	867	Belshazzar. (LELAND.)	223
HASTINGS, THOMAS	641	Peace. "Hoch am Himmel stand die Sonne." (LELAND.)	692
Exhortation	641	HEMANS, FELICIA DOROTHEA	50
In Sorrow	820	Attractions of the East	192
Latter Day, The	953	Children whom Jesus blessed, The	425
Sepulchre on Sabbath Morning, The	758	Evening Song of the Weary	294
Sowing and Reaping	335	Hour of Death, The	862
HAVEN, ALICE BRADLEY	867	Hour of Prayer, The	557
Bear out the Dead	881	Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, The	173
In the Valley	867	Lilies of the Field, The	50
HAVERGAL, FRANCES RIDLEY	365	Old Church in an English Park	178
Behold your King	746	On Watching the Flight of a Skylark	55
Faith's Question	640	Prayer of Affection, A	497
Hidden in Light	35	Swiss Song on the Anniversary of an Ancient Battle	186
I gave my Life for Thee	757	To a Family Bible	592
Not Lost	365	HENRYSON, ROBERT. -1508.	
Peace	639	The Abbey Walk	335
One Reality, The	354	HERBERT, GEORGE	572
HAWEIS, THOMAS	747	Aaron	205
Come, and Welcome.	747	Constancy	339
Remember Me!	639	Elixir, The	547
HAWKER, ROBERT STEPHEN	856	Employment	333
Cornish Carol, A	269	Life	305
Silent Tower of Bottreaux, The	104	Man	305
Sunset	856	Peace	368
Thought, A	470	Pulley, The	367
HAY, JOHN	236	Sin	343
Religion and Doctrine	236	Son, The	639
HAYN, HENRIETTA LOUISA VON	436	Sunday	572
Jesus, the Shepherd. "Weil ich Jesu schief- lein bin." (WINKWORTH.)	436	Virtue	365
HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON	580	HERDER, JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON	202
At Last	898	Legendary Ballad, A. (HOWITT.)	227
Christian Exaltation	381	Moses and the Worm	202
Patience	391	Night. (BOWRING.)	295
Summer Hymn	249	HERRICK, ROBERT	268
Sunday Christmas, A	580	Christian Militant	377
HEATH, GEORGE.		Christmas Carol, A	268
Perseverance	385	Eternity	933
		Grace for a Child	424
		Litany to the Holy Spirit	816
		My Home	391
		Star-Song, The	712
		To Find God	477
		To God	480
		HEUSSER-SCHWEIZER, MRS. META	69
		Brook, The. (BORTHWICK.)	69
		Christ the Comforter. "Herz, du hast viel geweinnet." (BORTHWICK.)	640

Easter Hymn for Children, An. "Willkommen, lieber Ostertag." (MILLS.) . . .	764	HOWE, WILLIAM WALSHAM . . .	664
Mountains. (BORTHWICK.) . . .	40	Behold, I stand at the Door and knock . . .	664
O Lamb, the once Crucified. "Lamm das gelitten." (PORTER.) . . .	755	Fellowship of all the Saints, The . . .	960
O sweet Home Echo. "Wir werden bei dem Herrn sein allezeit." (BORTHWICK.) . . .	943	Looking upon the Cross . . .	752
HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH . . .	486	Soldiers of the Cross, arise . . .	381
The Mystery of God . . .	486	Word, The . . .	594
HILDEBERT DE LAVARDIN . . .	467	HOWELL, ELIZABETH LLOYD . . .	10
Alpha and Omega, Magne Deus! (KYNASTON.) . . .	467	Milton's Prayer of Patience . . .	10
HILDEGARDE, ST. . . .	804	HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN . . .	93
O Fire of God, the Comforter! "O Ignis Spiritus Paracliti!" (LITLEDALE.) . . .	804	Louis Lebau's Conversion . . .	93
HILL, ROWLAND . . .	961	Thanksgiving, A . . .	390
Glory of the Saints . . .	961	HOWITT, MARY . . .	227
We sing his Love who once was slain . . .	704	Horizon, The. (FRANZÉN.) . . .	937
HILL, THOMAS . . .	297	Legendary Ballad, A. (HERDER.) . . .	227
Antiope . . .	297	HUGHES, J. . . .	
Memorial Hall . . .	177	Christmas Vesper Hymn . . .	271
HILLHOUSE, AUGUSTUS LUCAS . . .	344	HUGO, VICTOR MARIE, VICOMTE . . .	546
Forgiveness of Sins a Joy unknown to Angels . . .	344	Prayer for all Men . . .	546
HINDS, SAMUEL . . .	424	HUNT, JAMES HENRY LEIGH . . .	79
The Sleeping Babe . . .	424	Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel . . .	79
HINSDALE, MRS. GRACE WEBSTER . . .	639	HUNT, JOHN . . .	500
Christ knocking at the Heart . . .	664	Let all the World rejoice! . . .	500
Madonna and Child, The . . .	734	HUNTINGDON, SELINA, COUNTESS. (See SHIRLEY, SELINA.) . . .	
My Heavenly Friend . . .	639	HUNTINGTON, WILLIAM R. . . .	382
HOBART, MRS. CHARLES. . . .		Athanasius contra Mundum . . .	382
The Changed Cross . . .	844	HURLBUT, WILLIAM HENRY . . .	540
HOGG, JAMES . . .	853	Faith . . .	540
The Covenanters' Scaffold Song . . .	853	HUSS, JOHN. 1376?-1415. . . .	
HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT . . .	336	Easter. (LUTHER. MASSIE.) . . .	760
Christmas Carol, A . . .	268	IMMERMANN, KARL LEBERECHE . . .	560
Gradatim . . .	336	Prayer for Peace. "Du hoher Gott im Himmel." (BASKERVILLE.) . . .	560
Palmer's Vision, The . . .	79	INGELOW, JEAN . . .	558
Reflection, A . . .	309	Fisherman's Prayer, The . . .	114
Song of Doubt, A . . .	351	Lamentation . . .	558
Song of Faith, A . . .	351	Snow Mountain, A . . .	39
Thanksgiving . . .	34	Song for the Night of Christ's Resurrection . . .	778
We greet thee, Father . . .	475	INGEMANN, BERNHARDT SEVERIN . . .	373
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL . . .	171	Christian Unity and Progress. "Igjennem Nat og Trængsel." (BARING-GOULD.) . . .	373
Army Hymn . . .	170	Morning. (TAIT.) . . .	282
Chambered Nautilus, The . . .	328	IRONS, GENEVIEVE M. J. . . .	
Hymn of Trust, A . . .	513	Easter . . .	767
Living Temple, The . . .	304	IRONS, WILLIAM JOSIAH . . .	632
Our Father's Land . . .	177	Day of Wrath. (THOMAS of Celano.) . . .	900
Promise, The . . .	310	Sursum Corda . . .	632
Robinson of Leyden . . .	171	IRVING, EDWARD . . .	441
Sunday Hymn, A . . .	565	To the Memory of my venerable Grandfather-in-Law . . .	441
HOLT, HENRY DOBBS . . .	24	JACKSON, E. DUDLEY. . . .	
Am I nearer Heaven to-night? . . .	24	Miriam . . .	204
Departing Believer, The . . .	870	JACKSON, HELEN (FISKE) . . .	420
HOOD, THOMAS . . .	208	Abbot Paphnutius, The . . .	165
Ruth . . .	208	Best . . .	420
HOPE, HENRY . . .	638	Bread on the Waters . . .	388
Now have I found a Friend . . .	638	Christmas Night in St. Peter's . . .	265
HOPPER, EDWARD. 1818- . . .		Christmas Symphony, A . . .	266
Wreck and Rescue . . .	835	He remembereth . . .	559
HOUGHTON, LORD . . .	389	My Legacy . . .	105
Almsgiving . . .	389	Not as I will . . .	523
Anima Mundi . . .	473	Our Angels . . .	964
On the Grave of Bishop Ken, at Frome, Somersetshire . . .	891	Pilgrim Forefathers, The . . .	172
Voices of History, The . . .	8	Spinning . . .	509
HOWE, JULIA WARD . . .	175	Transplanted . . .	866
Battle-Hymn of the Republic . . .	175	When the Baby died . . .	876

JACKSON, SAMUEL MACAULAY	745	Religion and Business	337
Passion Hymn. (GERHARDT.)	745	Rest in Faith	355
JACOBI, JOHN CHRISTIAN	810	Rest in Resignation	522
Come, Holy Ghost. "Komm, Heiliger Geist, Herre Gott." (LUTHER.)	810	Waiting	60
Holy Ghost, dispel our Sadness. (TOPLADY.)	811	Who runs may read	59
Sleep well, my Dear. (LUTHER.)	434	KEITH, GEORGE	700
JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS. (See BENE- DICTIS.)		Exceeding Great and Precious Promises	700
JANVIER, FRANCIS DE HAES	783	KELLY, THOMAS	324
Who deems the Saviour dead?	783	Christ the Lamb Enthroned	704
JOHN OF DAMASCUS	887, 976	Departing Missionaries, The	370
Arise and shine. Φωτίζου, φωτίζου. (NEALE.)	976	Good Tidings to Zion	378
Easter. Αὔτη ἡ κλητή. (NEALE.)	763	Humiliation and Glory of Christ, The	703
Easter. Ὁρθώσωμεν ὄρθρον βαθεῶς. (NEALE.)	763	Lo, He comes!	721
Easter Hymn. Δεῦτε τόμα πῶμεν. (NEALE.)	763	On the Way to God	324
Glorious Hymn of Victory. Ἀναστασεως ἡμέρα. (NEALE.)	764	KEMPENFELT, RICHARD	898
St. Thomas's Sunday. Ἄσωμεν πάντες λαοί. (NEALE.)	770	Alarm, The	898
Stichera of the Last Kiss. Δεῦτε τελευταίον ἀσπασμον δώμεν. (NEALE.)	887	Rapture, The	805
Turn my Lips in their Defilement. (BROWN- ING.)	630	KEN, THOMAS	284
JOHNSON, MRS. H. K.	167	Evening Hymn, An	292
The Voice in the Twilight	167	Heaven	970
JOHNSON, SAMUEL	500	Midnight Hymn, A	297
Imploring Divine Light. (BOETHIUS.)	500	Morning Hymn, A	284
JOHNSON, SAMUEL	242	KENEALY, E.	
Paul	242	There comes a Galley laden. "Es kommt ein Schiff geladen." (TAULER.)	603
JONES, EDMUND	632	KERN, GOTTLIEB CHRISTIAN. -1835. Oh, how could I forget Him? "Wie könnt ich Sein vergessen?" (WINKWORTH.)	690
The Successful Resolve	632	KETHE, WILLIAM	533
JONSON, BEN	732	Oh, be joyful in the Lord!	533
Hymn on the Nativity of my Saviour, A	732	KIMBALL, HARRIET MCEWEN	484
Hymn to God the Father, An	496	Blessed Task, The	631
To Heaven	970	Feast-Time of the Year, The	253
To the Holy Trinity	466	God's Silence	484
JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM	385	Guest, The	795
And wilt thou pardon, Lord? Τῶν ἀμαρτιῶν μου τὴν πληθύν. (NEALE.)	346	Immanuel	725
Burial Hymn. Τα τῆς γῆς ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς. (NEALE.)	887	Jesus, the Ladder of my Faith!	631
Prodigal Son, The. Βυθὸς ἀμαρτημάτων. (NEALE.)	345	Little Christmas Sermon, A	264
Return Home, The. Τῶν ἱερῶν ἀλοφώρων. (NEALE.)	932	Mary, Mother	729
JUDSON, EMILY CHUBBUCK	434	Morning Chamber, The	285
My Bird	434	Peace, troubled Soul	842
KALAKAUA, KING DAVID	178	KING, HENRY. 1591-1669. The Dirge	855
Kamehameha's Hymn. (SHELDON.)	178	KINGO, THOMAS	771
KEBLE, JOHN	522	Arise, my Soul, awake from Sleep. (TAIT.)	77
Banners of the King, The. (FORTUNATUS)	747	Grace before Meat. (TAIT.)	391
Christian Brotherhood	375	Grace after Meat. (TAIT.)	391
Christmas Day	205	KINGSLEY, CHARLES	904
Christ's Ascension	780	Christmas Carol, A	255
Consider the Lilies	49	Crusader Chorus	159
Conversion of St. Paul, The	242	Day of the Lord, The	904
Dove on the Cross, The	743	Dead Church, The	377
Easter Day	768	Elizabeth's Song	733
Evening	293	Farewell, A	433
Harvest	252	Parable from Liebig, A	142
Holy Matrimony	412	KINNEY, ELIZABETH CLEMENTINE	718
Holy Matrimony	412	Advent, The	718
Innocents' Day, The	737	God's Providence over All	500
Light	632	Hymn to the Alps	44
Love Bashful	358	Ode on Heaven	977
May-Day Song for the Hursley Children	249	Which shall go?	426
Morning	283	KLEIST, EDWARD CHRISTIAN VON	490
Ordination	584	Praise of the Godhead. "Tausend Stern- heere loben meines Schöpfers Pracht und Stärke." (BASKERVILLE.)	490
New Body, The	439	KLOPSTOCK, FREDERIC GOTTLIEB	282
Nightingale, The	54	Morning Hymn. "Morgenlied." (BASKER- VILLE.)	282
Prayer for Charity	357	Resurrection, The. "Die Auferstehung." (BASKERVILLE.)	774

KNAPP, ALBERT	437	LA TROBE, JOHN ANTES	693
More than All. "Eines wünsch ich mir vor allen andern. (PORTER.)	707	The Peace of Christ	693
Prayer for a Babe. "O Vaterherz, das Erd' und Himmel schuf." (WINKWORTH.)	437	LAURENTIUS LAURENTII	829
KNEVELS, MARY LOUISA VAN WAGE- NEN	76	Rejoice! "Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen." (FINDLATER.)	829
For his Sake	164	LAVATER, JOHANN CASPAR	814
Legend of St. Christopher, The	76	O Holy Ghost! "O Geist des Herrn, nur deine Kraft." (COX.)	814
KNOX, WILLIAM	849	LAZARUS, EMMA	332
Oh, why should the Spirit of Mortal be proud?	849	Almighty, what is Man? (DR. SACHS.)	303
KNOWLES, HERBERT	239	Remember	332
The Three Tabernacles	239	LEGGETT, WILLIAM	884
KÖRNER, KARL THEODOR	186	Meeting above	884
Good Night. "Gute Nacht." (BROOKS.)	296	LEIFCHILD, JOHN	806
Prayer during Battle. "Vater, ich rufe dich." (BASKERVILLE.)	186	For a Blessing on Preaching	806
KOITSCH, CHRISTIAN JACOB	630	LELAND, CHARLES GODFREY	692
O Fountain of Eternal Life	630	Belshazzar. (HEINE.)	223
KOSEGARTEN, LUDWIG THEOBUL	101	Peace. (HEINE.)	692
The Amen of the Stones. (BROOKS.)	101	LEON, LUIS PONCE DE	62
KRUGER, JOHN.		Noche Serena. (BOWRING.)	62
Repentance on the Cross. (WESLEY.)	754	Noche Serena. (CHURTON.)	63
KYNASTON, HERBERT	664	Region of Life and Light. (BRYANT.)	967
Morning Watch, The	664	LIEBICH, EHRENFRIED	512
Silence in Heaven	958	Here is my Heart	512
To the Everlasting Father. (HILDEBERT DE LAVARDIN.)	467	LIPPINCOTT, SARA JANE CLARKE	4
LAMB, CHARLES	732	The Poet of To-day	4
Cave of Adullam	216	LITLEDALE, RICHARD FREDERICK	215
Lines	732	Christ our Sun on us arose	629
Sabbath Bells, The	573	O Fire of God the Comforter. (ST. HILDE- GARDE.)	804
To my Mother	420	Well of Bethlehem, The	215
LANGBECKER, EMANUEL CHRISTIAN GOTTLIEB	868	LITTLEWOOD, W. E.	
Anticipation. "Wie wird mir sein?" (FIND- LATER.)	868	The Wedding Feast	947
LANGE, JOHANN PETER	513	LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH	235
My Father is the Mighty Lord. "Mein Vater ist der grosse Herr der Welt." (FIND- LATER.)	513	Angel and the Child, The. (REBOUL.)	433
The Lord of Life is risen. "Der Herr ist auferstanden." (HARBAUGH.)	771	Blessed are the Dead. (DACH.)	869
Here and There. "Was kein Auge hat gesehen." (BORTHWICK.)	935	Blind Bartimeus	235
LANGFORD, JOHN	696	Celestial Pilot, The. (DANTE.)	628
Now begin the Heavenly Theme. (MADAN.)	696	Chamber over the Gate, The	212
LANGHORNE, RICHARD	854	Divina Commedia	911, 914, 922
Affections of my Soul	854	Good Shepherd, The. (LOPE DE VEGA.)	692
LARCOM, LUCY	941	Image of God, The. (FRANCISCO DE AL- DANA.)	475
"As Strangers and Pilgrims" At the Beautiful Gate	321	King Robert of Sicily	124
Hand in Hand with Angels	941	Ladder of St. Augustine, The	137
More Life	965	Legend of the Cross-Bill, The. (MOSEN.)	143
Mountaineer's Prayer	973	Marriage in Cana, The	225
Nature and the Book	40	Martin Luther	138
Our Christ	58	Peace. (GOETHE.)	366
Our Prayers	630	Sand of the Desert in an Hour-Glass	73
Thanksgiving, A	559	Santa Filomena	90
White Sunday, A	575	St. John	243
Year in Heaven, A	978	St. John's, Cambridge	587
LA TROBE, C. IGNATIUS	642	Sifting of Peter, The	239
My Lord and God	642	To-morrow. (LOPE DE VEGA.)	667
		Vox Clamantis	224
		LONGFELLOW, MARIAN. (See MORRIS, MARIAN L.)	
		LORENZO DE MEDICI. (See MEDICI, LORENZO DE.)	
		LOWE, MARTHA A. PERRY	629
		Hallowed forever be that Twilight Hour	629
		LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL	92
		Ambrose	80
		Godminster Chimes	92
		Vision of Sir Launfal, The	161
		LOWELL, MARIA WHITE	835
		The Alpine Sheep	835

LUKE, JEMIMA THOMPSON	433	MACDUFF, JOHN ROSS	648
Of such is the Kingdom of God	433	Christ	648
LUTHER, MARTIN	510	MACKAY, CHARLES	952
Christmas Eve (WINKWORTH.)	716	Day breaks	276
Come, Holy Ghost. "Komm, Heiliger Geist, Herre Gott." (JACOBI.)	810	Poor Man's Sunday Walk, The	574
Come, Holy Spirit. "Komm, Heiliger Geist, Herre Gott." (COVERDALE)	813	Tell me, ye winged Winds	952
Easter. "Jesus Christus unser Heiland, der den Tod." (MASSIE.)	760	MACKAY, MARGARET	683
Luther's Hymn. "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott." (CARLYLE.)	510	Asleep in Jesus	683
Luther's Hymn. "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott." (HEDGE.)	384	MACKELLAR, THOMAS	684
Martyrs' Hymn, The. (FOX.)	384	Jesus First and Jesus Last	684
Praise to Jesus. "Gelobet seist du, Jesu Christ." (MASSIE.)	646	Working in the Vineyard	330
Sleep well, my Dear. (JACOBI.)	434	MACLEOD, NORMAN	380
Thou Holy Spirit, we pray to Thee. "Nun bitten wir den Heiligen Geist." (COVER- DALE.)	814	Battle-Cry, A	380
LYNCH, THOMAS TOKE	803	Trust in God and do the Right	338
Discontent	310	McMILLAN, HUGH.	67
Invocation to the Holy Spirit	803	A Waterfall	67
LYONS, JAMES GILBORNE.		MADAN, MARTIN	696
Heroine Martyr of Monterey, The	89	Judgment, The. (CENNICK. WESLEY.)	904
Images of God	475	Redeeming Love. (LANGFORD.)	696
LYTE, HENRY FRANCIS	599, 802	MALAN, CÉSAR HENRI ABRAHAM	801
Abide with Me	599	He shall testify of Me. (ARNOLD.)	801
Autumnal Hymn	251	No, no, it is not dying! "Non ce n'est pas mourir." (DUNN.)	873
David's three Mighty Ones	214	MAITLAND, FANNY FULLER.	
Declining Days	23	Onward!	378
Delight in God's House	582	MANT, RICHARD	866
Far from Home	802	Glory of the Lord, The	705
Flowers	48	Litany to the Saviour, A	647
Grace Darling's Death-Bed	116	Prayer on the Death of Friends	866
My Beloved is mine and I am his	627	MARGUERITE, QUEEN OF NAVARRE	872
Pilgrim's Song, The	321	On the Death of Francis I. (COSTELLO.)	872
Poet's Plea, The	4	MARRIOT, JOHN	468
Prayer for Humility	361	Litany to the Trinity	468
Praise to God	540	MARVELL, ANDREW	68
Sea Changes	66	Drop of Dew, A	68
Secret Place, The	515	Emigrants' Sacred Song, The	97
Wall-Flower, The	362	MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. 1542-1587.	
We have left All	628	O Domine Deus. (CLARKE.)	534
LYTTON, EDWARD, LORD	570	O Domine Deus. (FAWCETT.)	535
Last Crusader, The	156	MASON, JOHN	812
Longing, The. (SCHILLER.)	330	General Song of Praise to Almighty God, A	532
Sabbath, The	570	Song of Praise for Joy in the Holy Ghost, A	812
LYTTON, EDWARD ROBERT BULWER, LORD. (OWEN MEREDITH.)	627	MASSEREENE AND FERRARD, LORD VISCOUNT. (See SKEFFINGTON, JOHN.)	
He is risen	777	MASSEY, GERALD	759
Prayer, A	627	Going to Sunday School	564
MACANDREW, MRS. BARBARA MILLER	649	His Banner over Me	686
Coming	649	Jerusalem the Golden	973
King Eternal, The	697	Little Willie	882
Savonarola	127	Kingliest Kings, The	759
MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON	180	MASSIE, RICHARD	682
Battle of Ivry, The	180	Easter. (HUSS and LUTHER.)	760
Naseby	182	Fulness of Christ, The. (SPITTA.)	645
MACCARTHY, DENIS FLORENCE	497	Peace and Joy in Jesus Christ. (FRANK.)	696
Devotion	497	Praise to Jesus. (LUTHER.)	646
MACDONALD, GEORGE	650	Source of Good, whose Power controls. (FRANK.)	682
Blind Bartimeus	235	Still on thy Loving Heart. (SPITTA.)	695
Children's Heaven, The	427	Summer Song. (GERHARDT.)	249
Come unto Me	650	What shall we be? (SPITTA.)	948
Dorcas	230	MAUBURNE, JEAN	734
Hymn for a Sick Girl	827	The Child Jesus	734
Hymn for the Mother	419	MAY, CAROLINE	782
Marriage Song	410	The Soul ascending with Christ	782
Prayer	555	MEDICI, LORENZO DE'	677
Rest	943	Crazione. (ROSCOE.)	504
		Stanzas	677

- MEDLEY, SAMUEL 725
 The Incarnation of Christ 725
- MEEK, ALEXANDER BEAUFORT 176
 Columbia 176
- MELENDEZ-VALDEZ, JOHN 470
 To the Incomprehensible God. (BOWRING.) 470
- MERCER, MARGARET 556
 Exhortation to Prayer 556
- MEYFART, JOHANN MATTHÆUS 988
 Jerusalem, High Tower. "Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt." WHITTINGHAM.) . 988
- MICHAEL ANGELO. (See ANGELO.)
- MILES, JAMES WARLEY 34
 Lyre restrung, The 946
 Nature and Man 34
- MILES, SARAH ELIZABETH APPLETON 642
 Looking unto Jesus 642
- MILLARD, JAMES ELWIN 683
 Te Deum Laudamus 683
- MILLER, BARBARA. (See MACANDREW, Mrs. B. M.)
- MILLS, HENRY.
 Easter Hymn for Children, An. HEUSSER-SCHWEIZER.) 764
 Fatherland, The. (HARMS.) 939
- MILMAN, HENRY HART 756
 Angels 964
 Burial Anthem, The 883
 Good Friday 742
 He hath born our Griefs 756
 Hebrew Wedding 410
 Judgment, The 908
 Jewish Hymn in Jerusalem 539
 Ride on, ride on in Majesty! 648
- MILNES, RICHARD MONCKTON. (See HOUGHTON, LORD.)
- MILTON, JOHN 445
 At a Solemn Music 947
 On his Blindness 27
 On the Death of a fair Infant, dying of a Cough 878
 On the late Massacre in Piedmont 133
 On the Morning of Christ's Nativity 256
 To Cyriac Skinner 11
 To Sir Henry Vane, the Younger 126
 To the Lord General Cromwell 126
- PARADISE LOST :
 The Subject of the Poem proposed 445
 Satan to the Army of Fallen Angels 446
 Satan's first view of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Paradise 447
 Adam and Eve converse 448
 Morning in Paradise 449
 The Dream of Eve 449
 Adam comforts Eve 450
 The Morn'ng Worship of God 450
 God sends an Angel to warn Adam of Satan 451
 Adam's second Warning 451
 The Origin of Satan's Rebellion 452
 Messiah's Offer 452
 Messiah addresses his Angels 453
 Messiah's Victory 453
 Adam's third Warning by Raphael 454
 The Temptation :
 Satan discovers Eve alone 454
 Eve's Beauty causes Satan to falter in his Resolution 454
 Satan commends the Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge 455
 Eve eats of the Forbidden Fruit 455
 Adam, after long Waiting, finds Eve at the Tree 456
 Eve induces Adam to partake of the Fruit 457
- Adam's Reflections and Lamentations 457
 Eve's Lamentation 459
 The Son intercedes for Adam and Eve 459
 The Mission of Michael the Archangel :
 Michael announces that Adam and Eve must leave Paradise 460
 Lamentations of Adam and Eve 460
 Comforting Assurance of the Archangel 461
 Leaving Paradise 461
- MONOD, THEODORE 604
 The Altered Motto 604
- MONSELL, JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY 426
 Advent, The 719
 Birds have their quiet Nest 645
 His Ways 489
 Hush, hush thee, my Baby 425
 Lullaby, A 426
 Soon and forever 942
 Spring-tide Hour, The 249
 Stabat Mater. (JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS.) 748
 Yes, I do feel, my God, that I am thine 532
- MONTAGUE, ANNA.
 Waiting 340
- MONTGOMERY, JAMES 644; 704
 At Home in Heaven 944
 Choosing the Heritage of God's People 386
 Christ our Example in Suffering 756
 Christian Soldier, The 379
 Communion of Saints, The 958
 Field of the World, The 371
 Glory to God in the Highest! 715
 Hallelujah! 704
 Issues of Life and Death, The 863
 Parting Words 442
 Psalm xci. 493
 Reign of Christ, The 644
 Song of the one hundred and forty and four thousand, The 956
 Stranger and his Friend, The 159
 This do in Remembrance of Me 794
 Three Mountains, The 742
 Thrice Holy 470
 Visit to Bethlehem in Spirit, A 227
 What is Prayer? 556
- MOON, GEORGE WASHINGTON 762
 Who shall roll away the Stone? 762
- MOORE, THOMAS 205
 Come, ye Disconsolate 846
 God the only Comforter 845
 Lord, who shall bear that Day? 907
 Miriam's Song 205
 Song of the Dove 525
 There is a Bleak Desert 316
 This World is all a fleeting Show 317
 Thou art, O God! 487
 Weep not for those 860
- MORE, HANNAH 723
 Ode to Charity 336
 Oh, how wondrous is the Story! 753
 Song of Triumph 216
- MORE, HENRY 496
 Charity and Humility 361
 Devotion 557
 Philosopher's Devotion, The 496
- MORRIS, GEORGE PERKINS 593
 Funeral Hymn 885
 My Mother's Bible 593
 The Hour of Death. (TAIT.) 862
 Rock of the Pilgrims, The 172
 Thy Will be Done! 526
- MORRIS, MARIAN LONGFELLOW 337
 Francis Coster's Story 157
 He knows 516

Litany	647	Prodigal Son, The. (JOSEPH of the Studium.)	345
My Onward Path	337	Resurgam	771
Nearer my Rest	25	Return Home, The	932
New-born Babe, The	421	Royal Banners forward go, The. (FORTUNATUS.)	747
MOSEN, JULIUS	143	St. Thomas's Sunday. (JOHN of Damascus.)	770
Legend of the Cross-Bill. (LONGFELLOW.)	143	Stichera of the Last Kiss, The. JOHN of Damascus.)	887
MOULTRIE, GERARD	709	Sweetest Jesus. (THEOCISTUS.)	698
Descent into Hell, The	679	Transfiguration, The. (COSMAS.)	788
Harvest Carol	253	Triumph in Christ. (ANDREW of Crete.)	783
Hymn for Bedtime	294	Veni, veni, Emmanuel	717
Lazarus	230	NEANDER, JOACHIM	540
Man of Sorrows, The	795	Praise the Almighty. "Lobe den Herrn, den mächtigen König der Ehren." (FROTHINGHAM.)	540
Midnight Hymn of the Eastern Church	710	Work of the Holy Spirit, The. "Komm, O komm, du Geist des Lebens." (WINKWORTH.)	807
Nativity of St. John the Baptist	709	NELSON, EARL	719
St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo	78	Advent Anthems	719
Shadow of the Star, The	643	Saints' Days	962
MOULTRIE, JOHN	695	NEUMARK, GEORG	528
Hymn for Easter Eve, A	760	Trust. "Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten." (WINKWORTH.)	528
Joy in Christ	695	NEVIN, EDWIN H.	979
MOULTRIE, MARY DUNLOP	269	O Heaven, sweet Heaven!	979
Christmas Carol. (UHLAND.)	269	NEWELL, WILLIAM	889
MUHLENBERG, WILLIAM AUGUSTUS	967	Consecration of Cambridge Cemetery	889
Blessed Name Jesus, The	643	Seek those Things which are above	781
Heaven's Magnificence	967	Serve God and be cheerful	334
I would not live always	21	NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY	966
Like Noah's weary Dove	384	Angelic Guidance	966
Shout the Glad Tidings	726	Call of David, The	211
To a little Daughter	425	Elements, The	329
NAIRNE, LADY CAROLINE	971	Flowers without Fruit	342
The Land o' the Leal	971	Hidden Ones, The	589
NAUR, ELIAS ELKILDSEN	862	James and John	953
The Hour of Death. "Naar min Tunge ikke mere." (TAIT.)	862	Pillar and the Cloud, The	19
NEALE, JOHN MASON	750	Semita Justorum	11
Adam's Complaint. (THEOPHANES.)	198	Snadragon	51
Alleluia Sequence. (GODESCALCUS.)	706	Solitude	37
And wilt thou pardon, Lord? (JOSEPH of the Studium.)	346	Thanksgiving, A	392
Arise and shine. (JOHN of Damascus.)	976	Valentine to a Little Girl	954
Behold the Man	750	Watchman, The	385
Burial Hymn. (JOSEPH of the Studium.)	887	Zeal and Patience	362
Canon for Christmas Day. (ST. COSMAS.)	269	NEWTON, JOHN	968
Celestial Country, The. (BERNARD of Cluny.)	981	Art thou also his Disciple?	351
Christ has risen	769	Bartimews	236
Christ in the Tempest. (ANATOLIUS.)	651	Child, The	555
Christ's Ascension	788	Come, my Soul, thy Suit prepare	652
Christ's Suffering	749	Effort, The	652
Come unto Me. (STEPHEN the Sabaite.)	698	Friend that sticketh closer than a Brother, A	651
Communion Hymn. "Sancti, benite, Corpus Christi sumite."	793	Importunate Widow, The	229
Communion Hymn. "Pange lingua gloriosi." (AQUINAS.)	793	Looking at the Cross	753
Easter. (JOHN of Damascus.)	763	Name of Jesus, The	652
Easter. (JOHN of Damascus.)	763	Now may He who from the Dead	782
Easter Hymn. (JOHN of Damascus.)	763	Prayer for a Revival	372
Evening Hymn. (ANATOLIUS.)	294	Saturday Evening	563
Glorious Hymn of Victory. (JOHN of Damascus.)	764	Time how swift	300
God made manifest in the Flesh. (PRUDENTIUS.)	694	Walking by Faith	354
God of our Fathers. (COSMAS.)	722	Why should I fear?	860
Hymn for the Holy Innocents. (BEDE.)	735	Zion, or the City of God	968
Judgment, The. (THEODORE of the Studium.)	905	NICOLL, ROBERT	15
Judgment, The	906	Arouse thee, Soul!	15
Let our Choir new Anthems raise. (JOSEPH of the Studium.)	385	Death	865
Lovely Land, The. (CASIMIR.)	979	God is everywhere	486
Name of Jesus, The. "Gloriosi Salvatoris."	651	Ha' Bible, The	592
Oh, what Blessedness! "O quam glorificum solum sedere!"	478	People's Anthem, The	178
Passion, The	739	Thoughts of Heaven	969
Penitence. (ANDREW of Crete.)	344	NIKOLAI, PHILIP	899
Pilgrim's Song. "Audi nos, rex Christus."	323	Final Joy, The. "Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme." (WINKWORTH.)	893
Praise of the City above	976	Voice at Midnight, The. "Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme." (COX.)	899
Processional Hymn. (THEODULPH.)	705		

NOEL, BAPTIST WRVOTHESLEY	503	PERRONET, EDWARD	781
God's Care for All	503	On the Resurrection	781
NOEL, GERARD THOMAS	650	PIATT, JOHN JAMES	165
Grateful and Tender Remembrance	650	The Monk's Vision of Christ	165
NORRIS, JOHN	16	PIATT, SARAH MORGAN BRYAN	838
Aspiration, The	16	A Dream's Awakening	838
Hymn upon the Transfiguration, A	787	PIERPONT, FOLLIOTT SANDFORD.	
NORTON, ANDREWS	338	The Sister of Mercy	91
Fortitude	338	PIERPONT, JOHN	792
NOVALIS. (See HARDENBERG, FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD VON.)		Garden of Gethsemane, The	739
NYBERG, LORENZ THORSTANSEN. 1720-1792.		George Washington	176
Holy Trinity	466	Hymn of the Last Supper	792
OAKELEY, FREDERICK	712	Passing Away	874
"Adeste Fideles."	712	Pilgrim Fathers, The	174
OCKUM, SAMSON	348	PIERSON, ELIZA O.	806
The New Birth	348	Ripe Wheat	806
OEHLENSCHLAEGER, ADAM GOTTLÖB	31	PLUMPTRE, EDWARD HAYES	654
Aspirations. (TAIT.)	31	Earliest Christian Hymn, The. (CLEMMENT of Alexandria.)	655
OGILVIE, JOHN	38	Four Evangelists, The. (ADAM of St. Vic- tor.)	654
Hymn from Psalm cxlvii.	38	St. John. (From the Latin.)	244
OLIVERS, THOMAS	653	Two Churches, The	588
The God of Abraham praise	653	POPE, ALEXANDER	853
ONDERDONK, HENRY USTICK	190	Dying Christian to his Soul, The	853
Home Missions	190	Messiah	654
I will rejoice in the Lord	525	Universal Prayer, The	593
Spirit's Whisper, The	808	PORTER, THOMAS C.	755
OWEN MEREDITH. (See LYTTON, ROBERT, LORD.)		Advent, The. (RÜCKERT.)	724
PALFREY, SARAH HAMMOND. (E. FOX- TON.)		Bethlehem and Golgotha. (RÜCKERT.)	241
Child's Plea, The	545	Lamb, the once Crucified! (HEUSSER- SCHWEIZER.)	755
Pilgrim, The	320	More than All. (KNAPP.)	797
Sir Paven and St. Paven	143	PRAY, LOUIS GLOVER	858
PALGRAVE, FRANCIS TURNER	434	Monody upon the Death of Israel Alden Put- nam	858
Daystar, The	657	PRENTICE, GEORGE DENISON	578
Little Child's Hymn, A	434	Sabbath Evening	578
PALMER, RAY	810	PRENTISS, ELIZABETH PAYSON	699
Christ loved unseen	656	Alone with God	477
Chorus of All Saints, The	958	More Love to Christ	699
Come, Holy Ghost. (ROBERT II.)	810	My Nursery	422
Feast, The. (AQUINAS?)	792	Mystery of Life in Christ, The	708
I give my Heart to Thee. "Cor meum tibi dedo, Jesu dulcissime."	657	School, The	335
Jesus, thou Joy of Loving Hearts. (BERNARD of Clairvaux.)	656	PRESTON, MARGARET JUNKIN	73
Looking to Jesus	657	Baby's Message, The	877
PARKER, THEODORE	7	Bird's Ministry, A	73
Higher Good, The	7	Brahmin's Test, The	74
Jesus	600	Consummatum est	102
Saviour's Gospel, The	656	God's Patience	487
Way, the Truth, the Life, The	603	Kingsley	115
PARMELEE, HELEN I.	684	Myrrh-Bearers	751
Comfort in Sorrow	684	Prophets of Doubt	353
Hinder me not	953	Resting-Place, The	567
That City	975	To the Uttermost	526
PARNELL, THOMAS	363	Whatsoever	561
Hymn to Contentment, A	363	PRIEST, NANCY A. W. (See WAKEFIELD, N. A. W. P.)	
Morning	282	PRIME, SAMUEL IRENÆUS	946
PATMORE, COVENTRY KEARSEY DIGH- TON	413	The Way to the City	946
A Wedding Sermon	413	ROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE	517
PEABODY, WILLIAM BOURNE OLIVER	38	Chant, A	875
Hymn of Nature	38	Confido et Conquiesco	526
Autumn Evening, The	252	Give Me thy Heart	109
		Legend, A	101
		Links with Heaven	940
		Our Daily Bread	791
		Peace of God, The	518

Per Pacem ad Lucem	20	ROBBINS, SAMUEL DOWSE	323
Sacred Heart, The	607	Baca	323
Storm, The	839	Compass, The	488
Thankfulness	517	ROBERT II. OF FRANCE	810
PRUDENTIUS, CLEMENS AURELIUS	694	Come, Holy Ghost. "Veni, Sancte Spiritus." (PALMER.)	810
Bethlehem! of Noblest Cities. "O'sola mag- narum urbium." (CASWALL.)	710	Come, Holy Ghost. "Veni, Sancte Spiritus." (JACOBI.)	810
Funeral Hymn. "Jam moesta quiesce querela." (CASWALL.)	872	Come, Holy Spirit. "Veni, Sancte Spiritus." (COVERDALE.)	813
Hail, Infant Martyrs! "Salvete, flores mar- tyrum." (CHANDLER.)	736	Hymn to the Spirit. "Veni, Sancte Spiritus." (CASWALL.)	810
God manifest in the Flesh. "Corde natus ex Parentis." (BAKER and NEALE.)	694	ROBERTS, FRANCIS	532
QUARLES, FRANCIS	349	Singing must be Cordial as well as Vocal	532
Conversion	349	ROBINSON, GEORGE.	
Delight in God only	504	One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism	960
Divine Ejaculation	555	ROBINSON, ROBERT. 1735-1790.	
Glorying in the Cross	753	Hymn of Praise	659
RAFFLES, THOMAS	961	RODIGAST, SAMUEL	528
The Saints in Glory	961	The Quiet, Hoping Heart. "Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan." (WINKWORTH.)	528
RALEIGH, SIR WALTER	323	ROSCOE, WILLIAM	504
Lines written before the Night of his Execu- tion	440	Orazione. (LORENZO DE' MEDICI.)	504
My Pilgrimage	323	ROSCOE, WILLIAM STANLEY	254
RANDOLPH, ANSON D. F.	880	To the Harvest Moon	254
Little Bessie	880	ROSCOMMON, WENTWORTH DILLON, EARL OF	902
RANDS, WILLIAM BRIGHTY	359	On the Day of Judgment. "Dies iræ." (THOMAS of Celano.)	902
Little Christel	359	ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA	876
RASCAS, BERNARD	464	Love of Christ which passeth Knowledge, The	737
The Love of God. (BRYANT.)	464	Lowest Place, The	360
READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN	722	Portrait, A	876
Celestial Army, The	393	Symbols	366
Nativity, The	722	Three Enemies, The	658
REBOUL, JEAN. 1796-1864.		Up-hill	800
The Angel and the Child. (LONGFELLOW.)	433	Wearry in Well-Doing	869
REDDEN, LAURA C. (HOWARD GLYN- DON.)	270	ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL	6 8
Christmas-Eve Chant of the Breton Peasants.	270	Burden of Nineveh, The	209
REED, ANDREW	660	Cantica. (ST. FRANCIS D'ASSISI.)	658
Bear the Tidings round	660	RÜCKERT, FRIEDRICH	223
REINCKE, ABRAHAM	877	Advent, The. "Dein König kommt in nie- dern Hüllen." (PORTER.)	724
Moravian Hymn. (TRENCH.)	877	Bethlehem and Golgotha. "Er ist in Beth- lehem geboren." (PORTER.)	241
REYNOLDS, EDWARD.		Quatrains. (FROTHINGHAM.)	367
Jesus, my Lord. (GREGOR.)	660	Solomon and the Sower. (FROTHINGHAM.)	223
RICHARDS, WILLIAM C.	825	Tree of Life, The. (TRENCH.)	82
Christmas Chant, A	270	RYLAND, JOHN	523
Last with Thee	20	My Times are in thy Hand	523
Under the Cross	825	SAADI, MUSLIH-UD-DIN SAADI	48
RICHARDSON, CHARLES FRANCIS	555	Grass and Roses. (CLARKE.)	48
Child's Hymn at Nightfall	659	Spilt Pearls, The. (TRENCH.)	82
Imitation	659	SALIS, JOHANN GAUDENZ VON	981
Love	707	The Silent Land. "Das stille Laud." (LONG- FELLOW.)	981
Peace	366	SANBORN, FRANKLIN BENJAMIN	889
Prayer	555	Ode on the Consecration of Sleepy-Hollow Cemetery	889
Temperance	342	SANDYS, GEORGE	212
RICHTER, CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH. 1676-1711.		Lamentation of David over Saul and Jona- than	212
Lord, open my Eyes. "Hüter! wird die Nacht der Sünden." (WINKWORTH.)	672	Psalms xxix.	492
RINGWALDT, BARTHOLOMEW	903	Psalms xlii.	492
The Judgment. "Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit." (COLLYER.)	903	SANGSTER, MARGARET E. MUNSON	289
RIPPON, JOHN	505	Sea-Fog, A	328
The Omnipresence and Omniscience of God	505	Vesper Song, A	289
ROBBINS, CHANDLER	288, 666		
Evening Hymn. Close of Worship	288		
Speak, Lord, for thy Servant heareth	666		

SANTOLIUS, VICTORINUS	374	SEWARD, ANNA	281
Christian Love. "O quam juvat fratres, Deus!" (CHANDLER.)	374	December Morning	281
SARBIEVIUS, MATTHIAS CASIMIR	979	SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM	395
The Lovely Land. "Urit me Patriæ decor." (NEALE)	979	Use of Talents, The	394
SASS, GEORGE HERBERT. (See BARTON GREY.)		Shakespearian Extracts	395
SAVONAROLA, GIROLAMO	662	God's Sovereignty	395
Christ's Call to the Soul	662	The Saviour	395
SAXBY, JANE EUPHEMIA	441	God's Ways	395
The Border-Lands	441	Judgment warped by Sin	395
SAXE HOLM.		God's Hand in Man's Affairs	395
Angel of Pain, The	837	The Strength of a Good Conscience	396
Gospel of Mystery, The	370	The Dignity of Good Actions	396
Hymn, A	553	The Lesson of Wolsey's Fall	396
Love of God, The	482	The True Wife	396
SCHEFER, GOTTLIEB LEOPOLD IM- MANUEL	353	Mercy	396
Diabolus the Doubter. (BROOKS.)	353	Avarice	397
SCHEFFLER, JOHANN	13, 619	Opportunity	397
Earth has Nothing sweet or fair. "Keine Schönheit hat die Welt." (COX.)	619	Self-Indulgence	398
From the Cherubic Pilgrim. (SCHERB.)	13	Truth Perverted	398
Jesus, Jesus, visit me. (DUNN.)	612	Hypocrisy and Deceit	398
O Love, who formedst Me. "Liebe, die Du mich zum Bilde." (WINKWORTH.)	671	Charitable Judgments	399
SCHILLER, FRIEDRICH	330	Calumny	400
The Longing. "Ach, auch dieses Thales Gründen." (LYTTON)	330	Thankfulness	400
SCHMOLKE, BENJAMIN	515	True and False Prayer	400
Believer's Dying Testament, The. "Ich habe Lust zu scheiden." (BORTHWICK.)	873	Glory Vain	401
Heavier the Cross, the nearer Heaven. "Je größer Kreuz, je näher Himmel."	758	Adversity Improved	401
Resignation. "Mein Jesu, wie Du willst." (BORTHWICK.)	515	Resignation	402
Whitsunday. "Schmückt das Fest mit Maien." (WINKWORTH.)	803	Despair	403
SCHRÖDER, JOHANN HEINRICH. 1666-1699. "Eins ist noth: ach Herr, diess Eine." (COX.)	618	Remorse	403
SCOTT, SIR WALTER	901	The Unrest of a Guilty Conscience	405
Hymn to the Virgin	731	Suicide	405
Judgment, The. (THOMAS of Celano.)	901	Peaceful Death	405
Rebecca's Hymn	241	Hope in Death	406
SCOTT, THOMAS	761	SHELDON, H. L.	178
Angels, roll the Rock away. (GIBBONS.)	761	Hawaiian National Anthem. (DOMINIS)	177
SCUDDER, ELIZA	69	Kanehamaha's Hymn. (KING KALAKAUA.)	178
Epitaph on an Old Maid	892	SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE	289
Grant us Thy Peace	539	A Vesper Prayer	289
Love of God, The	482	SHEPHERD, ANNA HOULDITCH	957
No more Sea	60	Around the Throne of God in Heaven	957
Out of the Shadow	887	SHIPLEY, MARY E.	
Vesper Hymn	289	The Christian Poet's Grave	12
Whither shall I go?	488	SHIPLEY'S "LYRA MESSIANICA." Behold the Day the Lord hath made. (ADAM of St. Victor.)	763
Whom but Thee?	661	SHIPTON, ANNA	228
SEAGRAVE, ROBERT	322	The First Missionary	228
The Pilgrim's Song	322	SHIRLEY, JAMES	864
SEARS, EDMUND HAMILTON	272	Death's Final Conquest	864
Above the Storms	554	SHIRLEY, SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON	678
Angels' Song, The	714	Comforts of God's Love	661
Christmas Song	272	Prayer for Pardon	678
SEAVER, EMILY. 1835-		SHIRLEY, WALTER	754
How shall we keep this Holy Day of Gladness?	762	Contemplation of the Cross	754
Rose of Jericho, The	51	Lord, dismiss us	861
SEUME, JOHANN GOTTFRIED. 1763-1810. Morning Hymn. "Gott, unter deiner Vaterhut." (BASKERVILLE)	280	SHRUBSOLE, WILLIAM	331
		Daily Duties	331
		SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP	491
		Psalm i.	491
		Psalm xxiii.	491
		Psalm xcvi.	494
		Psalm cxxxix.	495
		SIGOURNEY, LYDIA HUNTLEY	371
		Death of an Infant	879
		Library, The	11
		Lost Day, The	278
		Missions	371
		Valley of Jehoshaphat, The	240

SILESIOUS, ANGELUS. (See SCHEFFLER, JOHANN.)		Desiring the Presence of God	554
SIMMS, WILLIAM GILMORE	875	Intercession of Christ, The	668
The Lost Pleiad	875	Longing Souls invited	667
SKEAT, WALTER WILLIAM	668	STENNETT, SAMUEL	587
The Light of the World	668	Majestic Sweetness	667
SKEFFINGTON, JOHN, LORD VISCOUNT MASSEREENE AND FERRARD	827	Pleasures of Worship, The	587
In the Time of Dearth	827	Promised Land, The	955
SKELTON, PHILIP	537	STEPHEN, THE SABAITE	698
A Song of Praise	537	Come unto Me. <i>Κόποντε και κάματον.</i> (NEALE.)	698
SMITH, CAROLINE SPRAGUE.		STERLING, JOHN	487
The Final Struggle	850	A World without God	487
SMITH, ELIZABETH L.		STILLMAN, ANNIE R.	317
To the Invisible. (UHLAND.)	474	After many Days	317
SMITH, MAY RILEY	315	Birth	421
His Name shall be in their Foreheads	948	STONE, HARRIETT MULFORD. (MARGARET SIDNEY.)	
In Prison	315	The Little Brown Seed	52
Sometime	305	STONE, MARY KENT ADAMS	254
SMITH, SAMUEL FRANCIS	175	My Sparrows	55
Gethsemane	756	October Reveries	254
National Hymn	175	Weariness	561
Success of the Gospel	372	STONE, SAMUEL JOHN.	
SOUTHEY, CAROLINE ANNE BOWLES	329	Christ the Corner-Stone	601
Mariner's Hymn, The	329	STORY, WILLIAM WETMORE	666
Pauper's Death-Bed, The	871	A Song of Israel	666
SOUTHEY, ROBERT	117	STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER	97
Babylon	208	Charmer, The	661
Brough Bells	117	Knocking, Knocking, ever Knocking	665
Greenwood Shrift, The	113	Mystery of Life, The	306
Prayer, A	549	Old Psalm-Tune, The	97
SOUTHWELL, ROBERT	735	Other World, The	937
Burning Babe, The	736	Secret	531
Losse in Delays	339	Still with Thee	283
New Prince, New Pomp	735	Summer Studies	251
Preparative to Prayer	553	STOWELL, HUGH	553
Scorn not the Least	341	The Mercy-Seat	553
SPEED, SAMUEL	861	STRICKLAND, AGNES	198
Of Death	861	Lilies of Jerusalem	198
SPENSER, EDMUND	566	STURM, CHRISTOPH CHRISTIAN	767
Hymne of Heavenly Love, An	687	Christ is risen. "Aufstanden, Aufstanden!" (FROTHINGHAM.)	767
Sunday	566	SUMNER, SAMUEL BARRETT	419
SPERVOGEL.	814	The Family Altar	419
Prayer to the Holy Ghost. "Nun bitten wir." (COVERDALE.)	814	SURREY, HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF	330
SPITTA, KARL JOHANN PHILIPP	695	Psalm lxxiii.	330
Angel of Patience, The	836	SUSAN COOLIDGE.	
Fulness of Christ, The. "Wo ist Göttliches Erbarmen?" (MASSIE.)	695	Commissioned	340
Light in Darkness. (BORTHWICK.)	833	He that believeth shall not make haste	315
O Happy House. "O selig Haus, wo man Dich aufgenommen." (FINDLATER.)	415	Last Hour, The	19
Still on thy Loving Heart. "Still an Deinem liebevollen Herzen." (MASSIE.)	695	November	254
What shall we be? "Wie wird uns sein, wenn endlich nach dem Schweren?" (MASSIE.)	948	SWAIN, JOSEPH	375
SPRAGUE, CHARLES	54	The Golden Chain	375
The Winged Worshipers	54	SYLVESTER, JOSHUA	860
STANLEY, ARTHUR PENRHYN	789	Mors Mortis	860
Ascension, The	789	SYRUS, EPHREM	720
Who shall be the last Great Seer?	27	A Star shines forth	720
STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE	879	TAIT, GILBERT.	
Discoverer, The	879	Arise, my Soul, awake from Sleep. (KINGO.)	771
Undiscovered Country, The	938	Aspirations. (OEHELSCHLAEGER.)	31
STEELE, ANNE	349	Grace before Meat. (KINGO.)	391
Absence from God	349	Grace after Meat. (KINGO.)	391
Christ the Life of the Soul	668	Hour of Death, The. (NAUR.)	862
		Morning. (INGEMANN.)	282
		Sabbath Morn. (GRUNDTVIG.)	504
		TAPPAN, WILLIAM BINGHAM	369
		Heavenly Rest, The	945
		Missionaries	369

TATE, NAHUM, AND BRADY, NICHOLAS	317	THOMSON, JAMES	61
Encouragement to love and trust God	317	Hymn, A	506
Song of the Angels	715	Wind in an Æolian Harp, The	61
TAULER, JOHANN	131, 603	THOREAU, HENRY DAVID	3
There comes a Galley laden. "Es kommt ein Schiff geladen." (KENEALY.)	603	Inspiration	3
TAYLOR, JAMES BAYARD	196	THORPE, ROSE HARTWICK	118
Creation, The. (GOETHE.)	476	Curfew must not ring to-night	118
Faust's Easter Meditation. (GOETHE.)	764	THRING, GODFREY	699
Jerusalem	196	Christ's Coming	699
Quaker Widow, The	98	THRUPP, DOROTHY ANN	669
TAYLOR, JANE	700	The Good Shepherd	669
Guidance through Life	700	TIMROD, HENRY	424
Squire's Pew, The	119	A Mother's Wail	424
TAYLOR, JEREMY	712	TOKE, EMMA	789
Christ's Coming to Jerusalem in Triumph	223	Who is gone into Heaven?	789
Hymn for Christmas Day, A	272	TONNA, CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH (BROWNE)	806
Hymn for Christmas Day, A	712	Prayer for a Minister	806
Meditation of Heaven, A	947	TOPLADY, AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE	287
Prayer, The	551	Chamber Hymn, A	287
Wise Men coming to worship Jesus, The	718	Countless Throng, A	955
TAYLOR, JOHN EDWARD.		Holy Ghost, dispel our Sadness. (GERHARDT.)	811
On Dante	910	In Sickness	826
TAYLOR, JOSIAH RICE	250	Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World, A	669
The Winter is past	250	To the Soul	945
TENNYSON, ALFRED	971	Weak Believers Encouraged	858
Doubt	352	TOWNSHEND, CHAUNCY HARE	848
Foolish Virgins, The	855	Joy in Sorrow	848
Golden Year, The	246	TRENCH, RICHARD CHENEVIX	552
In Grief	820	Affliction	826
Larger Hope, The	352	Couplets	847
Lazarus	231	Cross, The. (CALDERON.)	755
New Year's Eve	247	Day of Death, The	861
St. Agnes	971	Effects of Prayer, The	552
TERESA, ST.	946	Holy Eucharist, The. (CALDERON.)	791
The Life above, the Life on high. "Vivo sin vivir en mi." (CASWALL.)	946	Kingdom of God, The	489
TERSTEEGEN, GERHARD	662	Lent Jewels, The	79
God calling yet. "Gott rufet noch." (EINLATER.)	662	Life through Death	895
Lo, God is here! "Gott ist gegenwärtig! lasset uns anbeten!" (WESLEY.)	582	Lines suggested by a Picture of the Adoration of the Magians	716
THAXTER, CELIA	775	Lines written after hearing some Beautiful Singing in a Convent Church at Rome	334
A Song of Easter	775	Love	686
THEOCISTUS OF THE STUDIUM	698	Moravian Hymn. (REINCKE.)	877
Sweetest Jesus. Ἰησοῦ γλυκύτατε. (NEALE.)	698	Prayer	552
THEODORE OF THE STUDIUM	905	Some murmur when their Sky is clear	819
The Judgment. Τὴν ἡμέραν τὴν φρικτὴν. (NEALE.)	905	Spilt Pearls, The. (SAADI.)	82
THEODULPH, ST.	705	Suppliant, The	552
Processional Hymn. "Gloria, laus, et honor." (NEALE.)	705	Tree of Life, The. (From the Latin.)	81
THEOPHANES	198	Tree of Life, The. (RÜCKERT.)	82
Adam's Complaint. (NEALE.)	198	This did not once so trouble Me	358
THOMAS OF CELANO	899	To Poetry	9
Day of Judgment, The. "Dies iræ, dies illa." (BRYDGES.)	901	Unanswered Prayer	551
Day of Wrath. "Dies iræ, dies illa." (IRONS.)	900	With God	477
Judgment, The. "Dies iræ, dies illa." (RINGWALDT.)	903	TREND, HENRY	571
Judgment, The. "Dies iræ, dies illa." (SCOTT.)	901	Hail, Day of Joyous Rest!	571
In Meditation of the Day of Judgment. "Dies iræ, dies illa." (CRASHAW.)	902	TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND	130
On the Day of Judgment. "Dies iræ, dies illa." (ROSCOMMON.)	902	The Blossomed Staff	130
That Day of Wrath. "Dies iræ, dies illa." (ALFORD.)	899	TÜCKER, MARY F.	389
		Cometh a Blessing down	389
		TUPPER, ELLEN ISABELLE	735
		Listen to the Wondrous Story	735
		TUPPER, MARTIN FARQUHAR	473
		A Hymn for all Nations	473
		TURNER, CHARLES TENNYSON	539
		Forest Glade, The	57
		Lattice at Sunrise, The	277
		Silent Praise	539

TURNER, DANIEL, AND FRENCH, JAMES. The Saviour	634	WARTON, THOMAS	155
TURNER, ELIZA SPROAT. An Angel's Visit	107	The Crusade	155
TUSSER, THOMAS	488	WASHBURN, EDWARD ABIEL	846
Of the Omnipotency of God and Debility of Man	488	Still thy Sorrow, Magdalena. (ADAM of St. Victor?)	846
Posies for thine own Bed-Chamber	513	WASTELL, SIMON	855
UHLAND, JOHANN LUDWIG	269	Man's Mortality	855
Christmas Carol. (MOULTRIE.)	269	WATERSTON, ROBERT CASSIE	643
Heaven	969	Looking unto Christ	643
Lost Church, The. (BROOKS.)	941	Mortal and Immortal	302
To the Invisible. (SMITH.)	474	WATTS, ISAAC	708
ULRICH, ANTON, DUKE OF BRUNS- WICK. 1633-1714. God's Sure Help in Sorrow. (WINKWORTH.)	528	Christ's Kingdom	708
UPHAM, THOMAS COGSWELL	174	Crucifixion to the World	759
A Little Bird I am. (MADAME GUYON.)	7	Divine Protection. Psalm cxxi.	494
Song of the Pilgrims	174	Emmanuel's Land	638
VAUGHAN, HENRY	298	For the Lord's Day	566
Cock-Crowing	281	General Providence and Special Grace. Psalm xxvi.	492
Early Rising and Prayer	550	God praised for his Goodness and Truth. Psalm cxlvi.	535
Happy are the Dead	870	God's Word and Works	594
Night, The	298	Gospel Times	699
Peace	972	Hebrew Bard, The	211
Sundays	568	Holy Fortitude	379
World, The	933	Hosanna for the Lord's Day, An. Psalm cxviii.	567
World of Light, The	950	House of God, The	585
VAUX, THOMAS, LORD	439	Immanuel	683
Gray Hairs	439	Love of God, The	481
VEGA, LOPE FELIX DE LA VEGA CAR- PIO	692	Lullaby	435
Good Shepherd, The. (LONGFELLOW.)	692	Man Frail and God Eternal. Psalm xc.	493
To-morrow. "¿Que tengo yo, que mi anistad prosuras?" (LONGFELLOW.)	667	Pleasures of Public Worship, The. Psalm lxxxiv.	583
VERY, JONES	52	Praise to the Redeemer	677
Coming of the Lord, The	707	Redeemed in Glory, The. (CAMERON.)	958
Life	306	Saviour's Praise, The	675
New Birth, The	348	WEALE, W. R. The Light of the World	676
Prayer, The	550	WEISS, JOHN	721
Presence, The	490	Epiphany	721
Violet, The	52	WEISSE, MICHAEL	769
VICTORINUS, SANTOLIUS	374	Resurrection Hymn. "Christus ist erstan- den." (WINKWORTH.)	769
Christian Love. "O quam juvat fratres, Deus!" (CHANDLER.)	374	WEISSEL, GEORGE	671
VINET, ALEXANDER RODOLPHE	613	Lift up your Heads! "Macht hoch die Thür." (WINKWORTH.)	671
Hymn to Jesus. (DOWNTON.)	613	WESLEY, CHARLES	342
VOKE, MRS.	190	Childlike Simplicity. (BERRIDGE.)	432
The Christian Herald	190	Death and Judgment Anticipated	440
WAKEFIELD, NANCY AMELIA WOOD- BURY PRIEST	17	Deprecating the Withdrawal of the Spirit	815
Over the River	17	Divine Love	480
WALLACE, WILLIAM ROSS. Jerusalem	197	For Christmas Day	272
WALLER, EDMUND	547	For Easter Day	766
Some Reflections upon the several Petitions in the Lord's Prayer	547	For one retired into the Country	70
WARE, HENRY, JR.	762	For the Anniversary of one's Conversion	347
Resurrection of Christ	762	For the Youngest	435
Seasons of Prayer	548	In Temptation	612
WARING, ANNA LETITIA. God in the Heart	473	Jubilee Proclaimed, The	706
Supplication	529	Judgment, The. (CENNICK. MADAN.)	904
Thanksgiving	248	Longing to love	676
Thy Love	691	Lord's Charge, The	342
		Morning Hymn, A	280
		Repentance at the Cross. (KRUGER.)	754
		Trinity Invoked, The	468
		Trusting Heart, The. (GERHARDT.)	511
		Whole Armor, The	383
		Wrestling Jacob	200
		WESLEY, JOHN	582
		Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness. (ZIN- ZENDORF.)	690
		Lo, God is here. (TERSTEEGEN.)	582

WHITE, HENRY KIRKE	288	WILLSON, BYRON FORCEYTHE	586
Christian's Progress, The	327	The Church	586
Evening	288	WILSON, JOHN	288
In Heaven we shall be purified	677	Evening Cloud, The	288
Onward!	378	Magdalen's Hymn	132
Star of Bethlehem, The	711	WINCHELSEA, ANNA, COUNTESS OF. (See FINCH, ANNA.)	
Survey of the Heavens in the Morn'g b. fore Daybreak, A	41	WINKWORTH, CATHERINE. 1829-1878. Battle-Song of Gustavus Adolphus, The. (FABRICIUS.)	186
WHITE, HUGH. With Tearful Eyes I look around	836	Christ, the Priest forever. (DESSLER.)	701
WHITE, JOSEPH BLANCO	299	Christmas Eve. (LUTHER.)	716
Night and Death	299	Communion Hymn. (FRANK.)	798
WHITING, WILLIAM	834	Courage, my Tempted Heart. (BÜHMER.)	673
For Those in Peril	834	Diffusion of the Gospel, The. (BAHNMAIER.)	595
WHITNEY, ADELINE D. TRAIN	273	Eternity. (WULFFER.)	934
Christmas	273	Final Joy, The. (NIKOLAI.)	893
Sunlight and Starlight	278	For a Christian Child. (VON HAYN.)	436
WHITNEY, FREDERICK AUGUSTUS	369	God's Sure Help in Sorrow. (ANTON UL- RICH, Duke of Brunswick.)	528
Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the Harvest	369	Jesus, my Redeemer, lives. (LOUISA of Brandenburg.)	770
WHITNEY, GEOFFREY	597	I am the Rose of Sharon	672
Glory to God alone	597	I know in Whom I put my Trust. (ARNDT.)	670
WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF	187	Joy after Sorrow. (GERHARDT.)	847
Angels of Buena Vista, The	88	Lift up your Heads. (WEISSEL.)	671
Book, The	591	Lord, open my Eyes. (RICHTER.)	672
Call of the Christian, The	386	O how could I forget Him! (KERN.)	690
Child-Songs	436	O Love, who formedst me. (SCHEFFLER.)	671
Christmas Carmen, A	273	On a Long and Perilous Journey. (FLEMMING.)	527
Crucifixion, The	741	Prayer for a Babe. (KNAPP.)	437
Cypress-Tree of Ceylon, The	141	Prayer in Mental Conflict, A. (DREWES.)	821
Disarmament	187	Quiet, Hoping Heart, The. (RODIGAST.)	528
Female Martyr, The	89	Resurrection Hymn. (WEISS.)	769
First-Day Thoughts	566	Trust. (NEUMARK.)	528
Knight of St. John, The	122	Under a heavy private Cross. (GERHARDT.)	837
My Psalm	530	Way Opened, The. (ZWICK.)	790
Our Master	674	Whitsunday. (SCHMOLKE.)	803
Over-Heart, The	489	Work of the Holy Spirit, The. (NEANDER.)	807
Palestine	193	WITHER, GEORGE. 1588-1667. Christmas Day	274
Prayer of Agassiz, The	100	Lemuel's Song	413
Reformer, The	121	Lord's Prayer, The	561
Reformers of England, The	120	Marriage	413
Rock in El Ghor, The	201	Nunc Dimittis	28
Tauler	131	Rocking Hymn, A	437
Thy Will be done!	529	Soldier, The	381
Trinitas	110	Thanksgiving for Settled Health	390
Two Rabbis, The	85	Veni, Creator Spiritus. (CHARLEMAGNE?)	811
Vaudois Teacher, The	134	WITHINGTON, LEONARD	427
Word, The	591	A Parent's Prayer	427
Worship	535	WOODWORTH, SAMUEL	741
WHITTINGHAM, WILLIAM ROLLINSON	987	The Crucifixion	741
Jerusalem, High Tower. (MEYFART.)	988	WORDSWORTH, CHRISTOPHER	620
WHYTEHEAD, THOMAS	567	Giving to God	388
Second Day of Creation, The	39	Holy, Holy, Holy Lord	469
Seventh Day of Creation, The	567	Lord's Day, A	568
WILLARD, SAMUEL	291	Ship in the Midst of the Sea, The	620
Evening Hymn	291	WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM	35
WILLIAMS, HELEN MARIA	536	Canute	75
While Thee I seek	536	Force of Prayer, The	549
WILLIAMS, ISAAC	673	Glad Tidings, The	670
Away with Sorrow's Sigh. "Jam desinant suspiria."	673	Holiness of Childhood, The	438
Heavenly Jerusalem. "Cœlestis, O Jerusa- lem!"	986	Hymn for the Boatmen as they approach the Rapids at Heidelberg	670
WILLIAMS, JOHN	804	Intimations of Immortality	35
Creator, Spirit, come! (CHARLEMAGNE?)	804	Longest Day, The	278
WILLIAMS, WILLIAM	502	Milton	444
The Christian Pilgrim's Hymn	502	Ode to Duty	332
WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER	237	Prayers I make, The. (MICHAEL ANGELO.)	560
Hagar in the Wilderness	207	Translation of the Bible	591
Leper, The	237	Vaudois, The	133
		Wiclif	120

WOTTON, SIR HENRY	308	Daily Work	333
The Happy Life	308	Dumb Child, The	105
WULFFER, DANIEL. 1617-1685.		Edwin and Paulinus	102
Eternity! "O Ewigkeit, O Ewigkeit!"		Egypt left behind	325
(WINKWORTH.)	934	Fairest Lord Jesus. "Schönster Herr	
WYETH, MARY E. CHAMBERLAIN	27	Jesu."	598
The Poet's Crown	27	Forgiveness of Sins	346
XAVIER, ST. FRANCIS	517	Gate of Heaven, The	949
O Deus, ego amo Te. (CASWALL.)	517	German Night-Watchman's Song, The	299
YOUNG, WALLACE. -1757.		Good Samaritan, The	238
Happy Death	868	God and Heaven	895
My God and my All	478	Hast thou within a Care so deep?	551
Rock of Ages, The	588	Heaven	968
ZIHN, JOHANN FRIEDRICH	518	Light's Abode, Celestial Salem. "Jerusalem	
Gott lebet noch! (COX.)	518	luminosa."	987
ZINZENDORF, NICOLAUS LUDWIG	884	Living Waters	83
Jesus, still lead on. "Jesu, geh voran." (BORTHWICK.)	884	Love	726
O Bottomless Depths of God's Infinite Love	481	Meditation upon the Frailty of this Life, A	307
Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness. "Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit." (WESLEY.)	690	Mercy's Reply	83
ZWICK, JOHANNES	790	Motherhood	421
The Way Opened. "Auf diesen Tag bedenken wir." (WINKWORTH.)	790	Music of the Spheres, The	30
AUTHOR UNKNOWN.		My Lambs	422
Answer, The	938	My Vesper Song	599
Ave Maris Stella	730	No Cross, no Crown	383
Child's Evening Hymn	438	Not as the World giveth	669
Come, labor on!	333	Our Own	419
		Sages and the Shepherds, The	84
		Sayings of Rabia, The	84
		Sea-Bird, The	366
		Sorrow	819
		Weissenbrunn Hymn, The	505
		William Wykeman and his Works	178
		Work	331
		View of Mad Stream, Loch Scavaig, Isle of Skye, The	67





THE POET.



THE POET OF TO-DAY.

MRS. SARAH JANE CLARKE LIPPINCOTT was born Sept. 28, 1823, at Pompey, N. Y., and in 1853 married Leander K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia. She is known as a graceful writer

MORE than the soul of ancient song is given
To thee, O poet of to-day! — thy dower
Comes from a higher than Olympian heaven,
In holier beauty and in larger power.

To thee Humanity, her woes revealing,
Would all her griefs and ancient wrongs
rehearse;
Would make thy song the voice of her appeal-
ing,
And sob her mighty sorrows through thy
verse.

While in her season of great darkness sharing,
Hail thou the coming of each promise-star
Which climbs the midnight of her long de-
spairing,
And watch for morning o'er the hills afar.

Wherever Truth her holy warfare wages,
Or Freedom pines, there let thy voice be
heard;
Sound like a prophet-warning down the ages
The human utterance of God's living word.

But bring not thou the battle's stormy chorus,
The tramp of armies, and the roar of fight,
Not war's hot smoke to taint the sweet morn-
o'er us,
Nor blaze of pillage, reddening up the night.

Oh, let thy lays prolong that angel singing,
Girdling with music the Redeemer's star,
And breathe God's peace, to earth "glad, tid-
ings" bringing
From the near heavens, of old so dim and
far!

SARAH J. LIPPINCOTT (GRACE GREENWOOD).

THE POET'S PLEA.

DEAL gently with the poet. Think that he
Is made of finer clay than other men,
And ill can bear rough handling; and while we,
Of sturdier natures, laughed at laugh again,
And self-complacently shake off
The world's unmerited contempt and scoff
As easily as from his scaly side
Leviathan shakes off the drippings of the
tide,

Not so the poet. On his keener sense
Light harms smite often with an edge intense.
A stony look, a lip of scorn, may crush
His young aspirings, chill the stir and flush
Of waking inspiration, and control
Down into commonplace the darings of his
soul.

Lightly his spirit touch!
The lyre is delicate; the chords are fine;
And fine must be the finger that from such
Wins melody divine.
The strings, that gentler skill to music wakes,
A clash impetuous breaks.
And images, that in the musing mind,
As in a placid lake, lie mirrored and defined,
If ruffling winds along the surface stray,
Scattered and broken, pass like rack away.
Stored thoughts and treasured feelings, that
in turn
Were ready to leap forth, and breathe, and burn
In verse, as fancy called them, once dispersed,
Bide, like the Sibyl's leaves, unscanned and
unrehearsed.

Gifts that have had their birth
Beyond the everlasting hills on high,
Sent down to dwell awhile in hearts on earth,
Should still tend upward to their native sky.

Husks, that the swine do eat,
Earth's bursting bubbles, must not thee de-
light,

With Heaven's own manna falling at thy feet,
And Canaan's promised glories full in sight.

No! be it thine to rise
In noble scorn of every meaner thing,
Self-buoyant, like the bird of paradise
That sleeps and wakes forever on the wing.
The vestal fire must not be left to wane,
Nor lightly desecrate to use profane.
Thou walk'st this earth the delegate of
Heaven;
And much shall be required where much is
given.

Not that the tone need always be sublime;
The light and graceful have their place and
time.

But for the loose, the impious, or the base,
Exists no privilege of time or place.
Oh, scorn them, scorn them! To thyself be
true!

Breathe not a thought thou e'er shalt wish un-
said;

Nought that may haunt and sadden life's re-
view,

Or cast a shadow o'er thy dying bed.
Thine is a lofty mission. Nothing less
Than God to glorify, and man to bless;

To raise poor grovelling Nature from the mire,
To give her wings, and teach her to aspire;
To nurse heroic moods; meek worth to cheer;
To dry on Sorrow's cheek the trembling tear;
And still be ready, let who will deride,
To take the lists on injured Virtue's side.

This is thy calling. Tasks like these
Claim and repay the soul's best energies.
Nor need'st thou fear, while thus employed,
That life should seem a burthen or a void.
Joys shall be thine, man makes not, nor un-
makes;

Cheer, which the fickle world nor gives nor
takes;
Unhoped-for streams that in the desert rise,
And sunshine bursting through the cloudiest
skies!

From light to light thy steps shall tend,
Thy prospects ever brightening to the end;
Thy soul acquiring as it goes
The tone and feelings that befit the close.
Such path, O gifted one, be thine to tread!

And when the Judge of quick and dead
To each his sentence shall assign,
"Well done, thou faithful servant!" shall be
thine!

And thou shalt rise the tasks of heaven to
share,
Join the blest choir, and feel no stranger there.
And "power and honor to the Lamb" shall
seem

To thee no new and uncongenial theme.
The strains to which thy earthly powers were
given

Shall be renewed and perfected in heaven;
And more than e'er blest poet's dream, shall be
The poet's portion there throughout eternity!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE (abridged).

ROME, March, 1847.

THE POET'S FOOD.

THE poet does not dwell apart, enshrined in
golden beams;
He is not mailed from time's rude blows in a
panoply of dreams.

No Pegasus bears him aloft in pathways mid
the clouds;
But he must tread the common earth mingling
in common crowds.

He dwells not in fair solitudes a still and lone
recluse;
But he must handle common tools to his di-
viner use.

He doth not list in magic caves the music of
life's ocean;
Borne freely on its winds and waves, he feels
their every motion.

The glory which around him shines is no fic-
titious ray;
It is the sun which shines on all, the light of
common day.

But he has won an open eye to see things as
they are,
A glory in God's meanest works which pass-
eth fiction far.

His ear is open to discern stirrings of angel
wings,
And angel whispers come to him from mute
and common things.

And Nature, ever meeting him with the same
radiant face,
And filling still her daily round with the old
quiet grace,

Is fresh and glorious as at first, and mightier
far to bless,
His youth's strong passion growing ripe in
deep home-tenderness.

And truths to which his childhood clung, like
songs repeated often
By the sweet voice of one we love, do but the
surer soften.

One thing he scorns with bitter scorn, the
lived or spoken lie,
Yet knowing what a labyrinth life, how dim
the inward eye,

Is slow to brand his fellow-man as false, or
base, or mean,
Or aught which hath fed human hearts as
common or unclean.

Nature prepares no royal food for this her
royal guest;
No special banquet is for him at life's full
table dressed.

But all life's honest impulses, home joys, and
cares, and tears,
The shower of cordial laughter which the
clouded bosom cheers,

All earnest voices of his kind, calm thoughts
of solitude,
All of the world that is not husks, this is the
poet's food.

God's living poem speaks to him God-like in every line ;
Not all man's hackneyed renderings can make it less divine.

MRS. ELIZABETH (RUNDLE) CHARLES.

—◆—
A POET'S PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY Father ! let thy lowly child,
Strong in his love of truth, be wisely bold, —
A patriot bard by sycophants reviled,
Let him live usefully, and not die old !
Let poor men's children, pleased to read his lays,
Love for his sake the scenes where he hath been,
And when he ends his pilgrimage of days,
Let him be buried where the grass is green.
Where daisies, blooming earliest, linger late
To hear the bee his busy note prolong,
There let him slumber, and in peace await
The dawning morn, far from the sensual throng,
Who scorn the wind-flower's blush, the red-breast's lovely song.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

—◆—
A POET'S HOPE.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, a nephew of the celebrated Unitarian minister of the same name, was born in Boston, June 10, 1818. He has pursued a literary life. Several volumes of his prose have been published, besides "Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist."

LADY, there is a hope that all men have,
Some mercy for their faults, a grassy place
To rest in, and a flower-strewn, gentle grave ;
Another hope which purifies our race,
That when that fearful bourn forever past,
They may find rest, — and rest *so* long to last.

I seek it not, I ask no rest forever,
My path is onward to the farthest shores, —
Upbear me in your arms, unceasing river,
That from the soul's clear fountain swiftly pours,
Motionless not, until the end is won,
Which now I feel hath scarcely felt the sun.

To feel, to know, to soar unlimited,
Mid throngs of light-winged angels sweeping far,
And pore upon the realms unvisited,
That tessellate the unseen, unthought star,

To be the thing that now I feebly dream
Flashing within my faintest, deepest gleam.

Ah, caverns of my soul ! how thick your shade,

Where flows that life by which I faintly see, —
Wave your bright torches, for I need your aid,
Golden-eyed demons of my ancestry !
Your son, though blinded, hath a light within,
A heavenly fire which ye from suns did win.

O Time ! O Death ! I clasp you in my arms,
For I can soothe an infinite cold sorrow,
And gaze contented on your icy charms,
And that wild snow-pile which we call to-morrow ;

Sweep on, O soft and azure-lidded sky,
Earth's waters to your gentle gaze reply.

I am not earth-born, though I here delay ;
Hope's child, I summon infiniter powers,
And laugh to see the mild and sunny day
Smile on the shrunk and thin autumnal hours :
I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me ;
If my bark sinks, 't is to another sea.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

—◆—
THE TRUE SERVANT.

"O Lord, truly I am thy servant."

Ps. cxvi. 16.

OH, not to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred ;
Oh, give me a diviner name :
Call me thy servant, Lord !

Sweet title that delighteth me, —
Rank earnestly implored ;
Oh, what can reach the dignity
Of thy true servants, Lord ?

No longer would my soul be known
As self-sustained and free :
Oh, not mine own ! Oh, not mine own !
Lord, I belong to Thee !

In each aspiring burst of prayer
Sweet leave my soul would ask
Thine every burden, Lord, to bear,
To do thine every task.

Forever, Lord, thy servant choose, —
Nought of thy claim abate !
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.

In life, in death, on earth, in heaven
 No other name for me!
 The same sweet style and title given
 Through all eternity.

THOMAS HORNBLLOWER GILL.

◆

THE HIGHER GOOD.

THEODORE PARKER, an influential liberal theologian, was born at Lexington, Mass., Aug. 24, 1810, and died at Florence, Italy, May 10, 1860. He was a Unitarian minister, but a change came over his religious views and he resigned his charge. In 1864 he became pastor of an independent society, and preached in the Music Hall, Boston, to a large congregation as long as his health permitted. He was an enthusiastic and eloquent friend of freedom and of every movement for moral reform.

FATHER, I will not ask for wealth or fame,
 Though once they would have joyed my carnal sense:
 I shudder not to bear a hated name,
 Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defence.
 But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth;
 A seeing sense that knows the eternal right;
 A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;
 A manly faith that makes all darkness light:
 Give me the power to labor for mankind;
 Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;
 Eyes let me be to groping men, and blind;
 A conscience to the base; and to the weak
 Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish,
 mind;
 And lead still further on such as thy kingdom
 seek.

THEODORE PARKER.

1849.

◆

GRAND DIEU, POUR TON PLAISIR.

WRITTEN DURING TEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT IN THE
 BASTILLE.

GRAND Dieu, pour ton plaisir
 Je suis dans une cage;
 Ecoute mon ramage;
 C'est-là mon seul désir:
 J'aime mon esclavage,
 Grand Dieu, pour ton plaisir.

Je chante tout le jour,
 Seigneur, c'est pour te plaire;
 Mon extrême misère
 Augmente mon amour:
 N'ayant point d'autre affaire,
 Je chante tout le jour.

Tu l'entends, mon Seigneur,
 Cet amoureux langage,

Ignoré du faux sage,
 Goûté du chaste cœur,
 L'amour a son ramage:
 Tu l'entends, mon Seigneur.

Je vis en liberté,
 Quoique dans l'esclavage:
 L'Amour Pur met au large
 Le cœur, la volonté:
 Dans ma petite cage
 Je vis en liberté.

Divine volonté,
 Que j'adore et que j'aime!
 Plus ma peine est extrême,
 Plus j'ai de liberté.
 Tous biens sont en toi-même,
 Divine volonté.

De ton petit oiseau
 Reçois, je te conjure,
 Le gazouillant murmure,
 Plus tendre qu'il n'est beau;
 Et sois la nourriture
 De ton petit oiseau.

MADAME GUYON.

◆

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

A FREE TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING POEM.

A LITTLE bird I am,
 Shut from the fields of air,
 And in my cage I sit and sing
 To him who placed me there;
 Well pleased a prisoner to be,
 Because, my God, it pleases thee!

Naught have I else to do,
 I sing the whole day long;
 And he whom most I love to please
 Doth listen to my song;
 He caught and bound my wandering wing,
 But still he bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
 A heart to love and bless;
 And, though my notes were e'er so rude,
 Thou wouldst not hear the less;
 Because thou knowest, as they fall,
 That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round:
 Abroad I cannot fly;

But, though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty;
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh, it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above,
To him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love :
And in thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom, of the mind!

MADAME GUYON.
Translated by PROF. T. C. UPHAM.

THE VOICES OF HISTORY.

THE poet in his vigil hears
Time flowing through the night, —
A mighty stream, absorbing tears,
And bearing down delight :
There resting on his bank of thought
He listens, till his soul
The voices of the waves has caught, —
The meaning of their roll.

First, wild and wildering as the strife
Of earthly winds and seas,
Resounds the long historic life
Of warring dynasties : —
Uncertain right and certain wrong
In onward conflict driven,
The threats and trampling of the strong
Beneath a brazen heaven.

The cavernous unsounded East
Outpours an evil tide,
Drowning the hymn of patriarch priest,
The chant of shepherd bride.
How can we catch the angel-word,
How mark the prophet-sound,
Mid thunders like Niagara's heard
An hundred miles around?

From two small springs that rise and blend,
And leave their Latin home,
The waters east and west extend, —
The ocean-power of Rome :
Voices of victories ever won,
Of pride that will not stay,
Billows that burst and perish on
The shores they wear away.

Till, in a race of fierce delight
Tumultuous battle forth,

The snows amassed on many a height,
The cataracts of the North :
What can we hear beside the roar,
What see beneath the foam, —
What but the wrecks that strew the shore.
And cries of falling Rome ?

Nor when a purer faith had traced
Safe channels for the tide,
Did streams with Eden-lilies graced
In Eden sweetness glide ;
While the deluded gaze admires
The smooth and shining flow,
Vile interests and insane desires
Gurgle and rage below.

If History has no other sounds,
Why should we listen more?
Spirit! despise terrestrial bounds,
And seek a happier shore ;
Yet pause! for on thine inner ear
A mystic music grows, —
And mortal man shall never hear
That diapason's close.

Nature awakes! a rapturous tone,
Still different, still the same, —
Eternal effluence from the throne
Of Him without a name ;
A symphony of worlds begun,
Ere sin the glory mars,
The cymbals of the new-born sun,
The trumpets of the stars.

Then Beauty all her subtlest chords
Dissolves and knits again,
And Law composes jarring words
In one harmonious chain,
And Loyalty's enchanting notes
Outswelling fade away,
While Knowledge, from ten thousand throats,
Proclaims a graver sway. —

Well, if, by senses unfooled,
Attentive souls may scan
These great ideas that have ruled
The total mind of man ;
Yet there is music deeper still,
Of fine and holy woof, —
Comfort and joy to all who will
Keep ruder noise aloof :

A music simple as the sky,
Monotonous as the sea,
Recurrent as the flowers that die
And rise again in glee :

A melody that childhood sings
Without a thought of art,
Drawn from a few familiar strings,
The fibres of the heart.

Through tent and cot and proud saloon
This audible delight
Of nightingales that love the noon,
Of larks that court the night, —
We feel it all, — the hopes and fears
That language faintly tells,
The spreading smiles, the passing tears,
The meetings and farewells.

These harmonies that all can share,
When chronicled by one,
Enclose us like the living air,
Unending, unbegun ; —
Poet, esteem thy noble part !
Still listen, still record,
Sacred historian of the heart,
And moral nature's Lord !

LORD HOUGHTON (RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES).

1850.

— ◆ —

TO POETRY.

IN my life's youth, while yet the deeper
needs

Of the inmost spirit unawakened were,
Thou couldst recount of high heroic deeds,
Couldst add a glory unto earth and air, —
A crowning glory, making fair more fair, —
So that my soul was pleased and satisfied,
Which had as yet no higher, deeper care,
And said that thou shouldst evermore
abide

With me, and make my bliss, and be my
spirit's bride.

But years went on, and thoughts which slept
before,

Over the horizon of my soul arose, —
Thoughts which perplexed me ever more
and more ;

As though a Sphinx should meet one, and
propose

Enigmas hard, and which whoso not knows
To interpret, must her prey and victim be ;
And I, round whom thick darkness seemed
to close,

Knew only this one thing, that misery
Remained, if none could solve this riddle unto
me.

Then I remembered that from thy lips fell
Large words of promise, how thou couldst
succeed

All darkest mysteries of life to spell ;
Therefore I pleaded with thee now to read
The riddle that was baffling me, with speed
To yield some answer to the questioning.
Something thou spak'st, but nothing to my
need,

So that I counted thee an idle thing,
Who, having promised much, couldst no true
succor bring.

And I turned from thee, and I left thee
quite,

And of thy name to hear had little care ;
For I was only seeking if by flight
I might shun *her*, who else would rend and
tear

Me, who could not her riddle dark de-
clare ; —

This toil, the anguish of this flight, was
mine,

Until at last, inquiring everywhere,
I won an answer from another shrine,
A holier oracle, a temple more divine.

But when no longer without hope I mourned,
When peace and joy revived in me anew,
Even from that moment my old love re-
turned, —

My former love, yet wiser and more true,
As seeing what for us thy power can do,
And what thy skill can make us under-
stand

And know, — and where that skill attained
not to ;

How far thou canst sustain us by thy hand,
And what things shall in us a holier care de-
mand —

My love of thee and thine ; for earth and
air,

And every common sight of sea and plain,
Then put new robes of glory on, and wear
The same till now ; and things which dead
had lain

Revived, as flowers that smell the dew and
rain :

I was a man again of hopes and fears,
The fountains of my heart flowed forth
again,

Whose sources had seemed dry for many
years,
And there was given me back the sacred gift
of tears.

And that old hope which never quite had
perished,
A longing which had stirred me from a
boy,
And which in darkest seasons I had cher-
ished,
Which nothing could quite vanquish or
destroy, —
This with all other things of life and joy
Revived within me, and I too would seek
The power, that moved my own heart, to
employ
On others, who perchance would hear me
speak,
If but the tones were true, although the voice
were weak.

Though now there seems one only worthy
aim
For poet, — that my strength were as my
will! —
And which renounce he cannot without
blame, —
To make men feel the presence by his skill
Of an eternal loveliness, until
All souls are faint with longing for their
home,
Yet the same while are strengthened to
fulfil
Their work on earth, that they may surely
come
Unto the land of life, who here as exiles roam.

And what though loftiest fancies are not
mine,
Nor words of chiefest power, yet unto me
Some voices reach out of the inner shrine,
Heard in mine heart of hearts, and I can
see
At times some glimpses of the majesty,
Some prints and footsteps of the glory trace,
Which have been left on earth, that we
might be
By them led forward to the secret place,
Where we perchance might see that glory face
to face.

If in this quest, O power of sacred song,
Thou canst assist, oh, never take thy flight!
If thou canst make us gladder or more
strong,
If thou canst fling glimpses of glorious light
Upon life's deepest depth and highest
height,
Or pour upon its low and level plain

A gleam of mellow gladness, — if this
might
Thou hast (and it is thine), then not in vain
Are we henceforth prepared to follow in thy
train.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D.,
Archbishop of Dublin.

MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE.

The following lines, sometimes attributed to Milton, and once included in an Oxford edition as a newly found poem by him, were written by MISS ELIZABETH LLOYD, a member of the Society of Friends, of Philadelphia. She afterwards became the wife and widow of Mr. Robert Howell, of the same city.

I AM old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme! to thee.

All-merciful One!
When men are furthest, then art thou most
near;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me; and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place, —
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown:
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, — thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh, I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath
been,
Wrapped in that radiance from the sinless
land,
Which eye hath never seen!

Visions come and go:
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me
through;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless
eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture, — waves of
thought
Roll in upon my spirit, — strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine :
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

ELIZABETH LLOYD HOWELL.

THE LIBRARY.

THOU, whom the world with heartless inter-
course

Hath wearied, and thy spirit's hoarded gold
Coldly impoverished, and with husks repaid,
Turn hither. 'Tis a quiet resting-place,
Silent, yet peopled well. Here mayst thou
hold

Communion eloquent, and undismayed,
Even with the greatest of the ancient earth,
Sages, and sires of science. These shall gird
And sublimate thy soul, until it soar
Above the elements, and view with scorn
The thralldom of an hour.

Doth thy heart bleed,
And is there none to heal, — no comforter ?
Turn to the mighty dead. They shall unlock
Full springs of sympathy, and with cool hand
Compress thy fevered brow. The poet's sigh
From buried ages on thine ear shall steal,
Like that sweet harp which soothed the mood
of Saul.

The cloistered hero and the throneless king
In stately sadness shall admonish thee
How hope hath dealt with man. A map of woe
The martyr shall unfold, till in his pangs
Pity doth merge all memory of thine own.
Perchance unceasing care or thankless toil
Doth vex thy spirit, and sharp thorns press deep
Into the naked nerve. Still, hither come,
And close thy door upon the clamoring
crowd,
Though for a moment. Grave and glorious
shades
Rise up and gather round thee. Plato's brow
Doth blend rebuke with its benignity,

That trifles thus should move thee ; Seneca
Spreads to thy mind his richly reasoning page,
While Socrates a cordial, half divine,
Pours o'er thy drooping spirit.

But hath Heaven
Unveiled thy nature's deep infirmity,
And shown the spots that darken all we call
Perfection here ? All lore of lettered pride,
Philosophy, and science then are vain :
They yield no help. Haste to the book of
God !

Yea, come to Jesus, — author of our faith,
And finisher ! — doubt not his word shall be
A tree of life to feed thy fainting soul,
Till thou arise where knowledge hath no
bound,

And dwell a tireless student of the skies.

MRS LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

SEMITA JUSTORUM.

THE WAY OF THE JUST.

WHEN I look back upon my former race,
Seasons I see at which the Inward Ray
More brightly burned, or guided some new
way ;

Truth, in its wealthier scene and nobler space,
Given for my eye to range, and feet to trace.

And next, I mark, 't was trial did convey,
Or grief, or pain, or strange eventful day,
To my tormented soul such larger grace.
So now, whene'er, in journeying on, I feel
The shadow of the Providential Hand,
Deep breathless stirrings shoot across my
breast,

Searching to know what he will now reveal,
What sin uncloak, what stricter rule command,
And girding me to work his full behest.

1833.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, this three years day these eyes,
though clear

To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a
jot

Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou
ask ?

The conscience, friend, to have lost them
overplied

In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the
world's vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

JOHN MILTON.

A CHRISTIAN POETESS.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

SHE stooped o'er earth's poor brink, light as
a breeze

That bathes, enraptured, in clear morning seas,
And round her, like that wandering minstrel,
sent

Twofold delight,—music with freshness blent:
Erelong in night her snowy wings she furl'd,
Waiting the sunrise of a happier world,
And God's new song. O spirit crystalline,
What lips shall better waft it on than thine?

AUBREY DE VÈRE.

THE CHRISTIAN POET'S GRAVE.

The following lines, on the grave, at Nice, of the poet
Lyte, author of "Abide with Me!" are from a newly pub-
lished volume of poems by MARY E. SHIPLEY.

THERE is a spot by the deep blue sea,
 'Neath the golden southern skies,
Where, at rest after life's long restlessness,
 A Christian poet lies;
And the ripple of many a tiny wave
Makes a ceaseless music near the grave.

Twine, twine, ye roses above his head!
 Sing his requiem soft, thou sea!
It is sacred ground, where he sleeps in Christ,
 Who gave us "Abide with Me!"
And the plaintive strain of that sad sweet hymn
Sounds low in my heart as I muse on Him.

For the thought that comes, as I stand and gaze
 By this Christian poet's grave,
Is the thought of a love that changeth not—
 Of a power supreme to save,
Of a godly life, and a death all peace,
And the joys of heaven which shall not cease.

The world may give in its pomp and pride
 A tablet of marble cold,
And keep in memory holy lives
 By letters cut deep in gold;
But the murmuring soft of the tideless sea,
And the flowers twining the grave, for me!

COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the
heart's decaying.

It is a place where happy saints may weep amid
their praying:

Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as
silence languish!

Earth surely now may give her calm to whom
she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured
the deathless singing!

O Christians! at your cross of hope, a hope-
less hand was clinging!

O men! this man in brotherhood your weary
paths beguiling,

Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and
died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through
dimming tears his story,

How discord on the music fell, and darkness
on the glory,

And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and
wandering lights departed,

He wore no less a loving face because so
broken-hearted;

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high
vocation,

And bow the meekest Christian down in
meeker adoration;

Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or
good forsaken;

Named softly as the household name of one
whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to
think upon him,

With meekness that is gratefulness to God
whose heaven hath won him,—

Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His
own love to blind him;

But gently led the blind along where breath
and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain such
quick poetic senses

As hills have language for, and stars, harmo-
nious influences!

The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his
within its number;

And silent shadows from the trees refreshed
him like a slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to
share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan
tendernesses :

The very world, by God's constraint, from
falsehood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him,
true and loving.

But though in blindness he remained uncon-
scious of that guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet
sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy
desolated, —
Nor man nor nature satisfy whom only God
created !

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother
while she blesses
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness
of her kisses ;
That turns his fevered eyes around — " My
mother ! where's my mother ? " —
As if such tender words and deeds could come
from any other ! —

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees
her bending o'er him ;
Her face all pale from watchful love, the un-
weary love she bore him ! —
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's
long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes, which
closed in death to save him !

Thus ? oh, not *thus* ! no type of earth can
image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of ser-
aphs, round him breaking,
Of felt the new immortal throb of soul from
body parted ;
But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew " *My
Saviour ! not deserted !* "

Deserted ! who hath dreamt that when the
cross in darkness rested
Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was
manifested ?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the
atonement drops averted,
What tears have washed them from the soul,
that *one* should be deserted ?

Deserted ! God could separate from his own
essence rather :
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the
righteous Son and Father ;

Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his uni-
verse hath shaken —
It went up single, echoless, " My God, I am
forsaken ! "

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost
creation,
That, of the lost, no son should use those
words of desolation ;
That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope,
should mar not hope's fruition,
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rap-
ture in a vision !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

FROM "THE CHERUBIC PILGRIM."

JOHANNES SCHEFFLER, the Mystic poet, was born at Bres-
lau, in Silesia, in 1624, and died there in the Jesuit Convent
of St. Matthew in 1677. At first a Lutheran, he became a
Roman Catholic. His thoughts are expressed in concise and
transparent forms.

The Dew and the Rose.

GOD'S Spirit falls on me as dew drops on a
rose,
If I but like a rose to him my heart unclose.

The Tabernacle.

The soul wherein God dwells — what church
can holier be ? —
Becomes a walking tent of heavenly majesty.

The Holy Night.

Lo ! in the silent night a child to God is born,
And all is brought again that e'er was lost or
lorn.
Could but thy soul, O man, become a silent
night,
God would be born in thee and set all things
aright.

The Difference.

Ye know God but as Lord, hence Lord his
name with ye,
I feel him but as love, and Love his name
with me.

How far from here to Heaven ?

How far from here to heaven ? Not very far,
my friend,
A single hearty step will all thy journey end.

Christ must be born in Thee.

Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem
be born,
If he's not born in thee, thy soul is still for-
lorn.

The Outward profiteth not.

The cross on Golgotha will never save thy soul,
The cross in thine own heart alone can make
thee whole.

Rise, Thyself, from the Dead!

Christ rose not from the dead, Christ still is
in the grave,
If thou for whom he died, art still of sin the
slave.

Heaven within Thee.

Hold there! where runnest thou? Know
heaven is in thee.
Seek'st thou for God elsewhere, his face
thou'lt never see.

The only Want's in Thee.

Ah, would thy heart but be a manger for the
birth,
God would once more become a child upon
this earth.

The Heart encloses God.

Immeasurable is the Highest,— who but
knows it?
And yet a human heart can perfectly enclose it.

The Loveliest Tone.

In all eternity, no tone can be so sweet
As where man's heart with God in unison
doth beat.

Love's Transubstantiation.

Whate'er thou lovest, man, that, too, become
thou must:
God—if thou lovest God; dust—if thou
lovest dust.

The Rich Poor.

The old man swims in gold, yet talks of pov-
erty.
He speaks but what is true,— no poorer
wretch than he.

There lives no Sinner.

There lives no sinner. "How? Is not this
man a sinner?"
A sinner he may be, but he *lives* not, as sinner.

Without a Why.

The rose knows of no why. It blows because
it bloweth,
And careless of itself, to all its beauties show-
eth.

The Noblest is the Commonest.

The nobler is a thing, the commoner it will be.
The sun, the heavens, and God, what com-
moner than these three?

The Shortest Way to God.

To bring thee to thy God, love takes the
shortest route;
The way which knowledge leads is but a
roundabout.

It is here.

Why travel over seas to find what is so near?
Love is the only good; love and be blessed
here.

Neither without the Other.

It must be done by both; God never without
me,
I never without God, myself from death can
free.

Life in Death.

In God alone is life, without God is but death.
An endless godless life were but a life in death.

Faith without Love.

Faith without love aye makes the greatest roar
and din:
The cask sounds loudest then when there is
naught within.

No Law for Love.

The lover needs no law: he 'd love God quite
as well
Were there no heaven's reward, no punishment
of hell.

The Valley and the Rain.

Let but thy heart, O man! become a valley low,
And God will rain on it till it will overflow.

How can we see God?

God dwelleth in a light far out of human ken.
Become thyself that light, and thou wilt see
him then.

True Philanthropy.

I love, but love not men. Ye ask, "What
lovest then?"
It is Humanity alone I love in men.

To the Reader.

Let, Reader, this suffice. But shouldst thou
wish for more,
Then read in thine own heart a page of mys-
tic lore.

JOHANNES SCHEFFLER (ANGELUS SILESISUS).
Translated by E. VITALIS SCHERR.

AROUSE THEE, SOUL!

The North British Review of November, 1851, said that ROBERT NICOLL was the pupil and successor of Burns, and, though a lesser poet, was a greater man, for he kept his purity of heart and wholeness of head to the last. After his death, Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn-Law Rhymmer," said that Burns at the same age had done "nothing like him." The same writer said also, "Unstained and pure, at the age of twenty-three, died Scotland's second Burns; happy in this, that without having been a 'blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious,' he chose, like Paul, the right path; and when the terrible angel said to his youth, 'Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?'—he could and did answer, 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' . . . Robert Nicoll is another victim added to the hundreds of thousands who 'are not dead, but gone before,' to bear true witness against the merciless."

Nicoll was born January 7, 1814, of God-fearing parents, in Auchtergaven, Perthshire. He attended the parish school at the age of six, and paid the fee for his winter tuition by "herding" in summer. He was a voracious reader, and an early admirer of the Waverley Novels. At the age of thirteen he began to put his thoughts into verse, and he had always a definite purpose, namely, to "raise the many." In 1835 he was enabled to open a circulating library in Dundee, but was not successful in the enterprise. He wrote much for the press, and in 1836 became editor of the Leeds Times, at a salary of one hundred pounds a year. The circulation of the journal rapidly increased. He, however, tasked his strength too severely, and died from the effects of his public labors in 1837. He was a friend of William and Mary Howitt, and of other persons capable of appreciating genius.

AROUSE thee, Soul!

God made not thee to sleep
Thy hour of earth, in doing nought, away;
He gave thee power to keep.
Oh, use it for his glory while you may!

AROUSE thee, Soul!

AROUSE thee, Soul!
Oh, there is much to do
For thee, if thou wouldst work for humankind!
The misty future through
A greatness looms,—'tis mind, awakened mind!

AROUSE thee, Soul!

AROUSE thee, Soul!
Shake off thy sluggishness,
As shakes the lark the dew-drop from its wing;
Make but *one* error less,—
One truth, thine offering to mind's altar, bring!

AROUSE thee, Soul!

AROUSE thee, Soul!
Be what thou surely art,
An emanation from the Deity,—
A flutter of that heart
Which fills all nature, sea and earth and sky!

AROUSE thee, Soul!

AROUSE thee, Soul!
And let the body do
Some worthy deed for human happiness

To join, when life is through,
Unto thy name, that angels both may bless:
AROUSE thee, Soul!

AROUSE thee, Soul!
Leave nothings of the earth;—
And, if the body be not strong to dare,
To blessed thoughts give birth,
High as yon heaven, pure as heaven's air!
AROUSE thee, Soul!

AROUSE thee, Soul!
Or sleep forevermore,
And be what all nonentities have been,—
Crawl on till life is o'er:
If to be aught but this thou e'er dost mean,
AROUSE thee, Soul!

ROBERT NICOLL.

THE DYING POET'S HOPE.

It is well known that the messenger who brought the intelligence that the laureate crown had been decreed to Tasso found him dying in a convent.

COLD on Torquato's silence fell
The shadow of the tomb,
When sounds of triumph reached his cell,
Amid the cloister's gloom:
"Awake! the crown awaits thee now;
Come, bind the laurel to thy brow.

"Haste where the peerless capitol
Two thousand years hath shone;
Arise! for Rome and glory call
Thee to their ancient throne;
And they had but one name of old,—
Be thine with Petrarch's fame enrolled!"

"Vain voice! thou comest," said the bard,
"When hope itself is o'er;
But now my spirit's depths are stirred
By dreams of earth no more.
For who would deem the mirage true,
With living waters in his view?"

"Yet I have loved the praise of men
As none will e'er avow;
How prized had been thy tidings then!
How worthless are they now!
Sore was the travail, and the gain
Is found indeed,—but found in vain!

"Why came it not when o'er my life
A cloud of darkness hung?
And years were lost in fruitless strife,
But still my heart was young!
How hath the shower forgot the spring,
And fallen in autumn's withering!

" Long in mine eyes the golden sand
Of life shone false and fair ;
Like him who saw the promised land,
But might not enter there.
The dimness of my soul hath past,
I see a better land at last, —

" A land where blight hath never been,
Where laurels never fade,
But keep the heart, too, ever green
In their immortal shade ;
Unlike the proudest palms of earth,
Which shadow but the desert's dearth.

" Yet still it lives — my first, last dream —
Unchanged by time or fate ;
Woe for the blight that early came,
The dew that fell so late !
Woe for the hope whose joy departs, —
For the lost love of many hearts !

" But to the power of hope and faith
Eternity is given :
And all that love hath lost on earth
May yet be found in heaven !
Go, cast your dying laurels down,
For Tasso wins a brighter crown ! "

FRANCES BROWN.

THE ASPIRATION.

JOHN NORRIS, a Mystic philosopher of the school of Henry More, was born in 1657, and died in 1711. He was rector of Bemerton (once the living of Herbert, the prince of Parsons). His most popular volume is a collection of miscellanies, poems, essays, etc., issued in 1687.

How long, great God, how long must I
Immured in this dark prison lie : —
My soul must watch to have intelligence
Here at the grates and avenues of sense,
Where but faint gleams of thee salute my sight,
Like doubtful moonshine in a cloudy night ?
When shall I leave this magic sphere,
And be all mind, all eye, all ear ?

How cold this clime ! And yet my sense
Perceives even here thy influence.
Even here thy strong magnetic charms I feel,
And pant and tremble like the amorous steel.
To lower good, and beauties less divine,
Sometimes my erroneous needle does decline,
But yet, so strong the sympathy,
It turns, and points again to thee.

I long to see this excellence
Which at such distance strikes my sense.
My impatient soul struggles to disengage
Her wings from the confinement of her cage.

Wouldst thou, great Love, this prisoner once
set free,

How would she hasten to be linked to thee !
She 'd for no angels' conduct stay,
But fly, and love on all the way.

JOHN NORRIS.

THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

UP and away like the dew of the morning,
That soars from the earth to its home in the
sun,

So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name and my place and my tomb all for-
gotten,

The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won,
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as evening comes
on ;

So be my life, — a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness
When the flowers that it came from are
closed up and gone,
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers
Only remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its summer and autumn move silently on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its
season ;

I shall still be remembered by what I have
done.

Needs there the praise of love-written record,
The name, and the epitaph graved on the
stone ?

The things we have lived for, — let them be
our story ;

We ourselves but remembered by what we
have done.

I need not be missed if another succeed me,
To reap down the fields which in spring I
have sown ;

He who ploughed and sowed is not missed by
the reaper,

He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
 Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
 Shall pass on to ages, — all about me forgotten,
 Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, — so be my dying ;
 So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown,
 Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered, —
 Yes, but remembered by what I have done.

HORATIO BONAR.

OH, MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR IN-VISIBLE.

MARIAN EVANS CROSS, the well-known author, "George Eliot," was born in Warwickshire, England, about 1820. She was in early life adopted by a wealthy clergyman. Her education was carefully attended to, and she was a pupil of Herbert Spencer. She is well informed in literature, languages, music, art, metaphysics, and in other subjects that have sometimes not been considered studies of women. Her writings are among the most widely read of the century. She married, in 1880, John Walter Cross, of London.

OH, may I join the choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence ; live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 Of miserable aims that end with self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
 And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
 To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:

To make undying music in the world,
 Breathing a beauteous order, that controls
 With growing sway the growing life of man.
 So we inherit that sweet purity
 For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
 With widening retrospect that bred despair.
 Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
 A vicious parent shaming still its child,
 Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved :
 Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
 Die in the large and charitable air.
 And all our rarer, better, truer self,
 That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
 That watched to ease the burden of the world,
 Laboriously tracing what must be,
 And what may yet be better, — saw within
 A worthier image for the sanctuary,
 And shaped it forth before the multitude,

Divinely human, raising worship so
 To higher reverence more mixed with love, —
 That better self shall live till human Time
 Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
 Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
 Unread forever.

This is life to come,
 Which martyred men have made more glorious
 For us, who strive to follow.

May I reach
 That purest heaven, — be to other souls
 The cup of strength in some great agony,
 Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
 Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
 And in diffusion ever more intense !
 So shall I join the choir invisible,
 Whose music is the gladness of the world.

MARIAN EVANS CROSS.

ADEQUACY.

Now by the verdure on thy thousand hills,
 Beloved England, — doth the earth appear
 Quite good enough for men to overbear
 The will of God in, with rebellious wills !
 We cannot say the morning sun fulfils
 Ingloriously its course ; nor that the clear
 Strong stars without significance insphere
 Our habitation. We, meantime, our ills
 Heap up against this good ; and lift a cry
 Against this work-day world, this ill-spread
 feast,
 As if ourselves were better certainly
 Than what we come to. Maker and High
 Priest,
 I ask thee not my joys to multiply, —
 Only make me worthier of the least.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

OVER THE RIVER.

NANCY AMELIA WOODBURY PRIEST WAKEFIELD, daughter of Francis D. Priest and Hannah Woodbury, was born at Royalston, Vt., Dec. 7, 1836. The family removed to Winchendon, Mass., which was thereafter considered the family home, though there were several removals to and from Hinsdale, N. H. At about the age of nineteen, when she was an operative in a factory at Hinsdale, Miss Priest wrote the following well-known lines. At the age of twenty-two she returned to Winchendon, and seven years later, in 1865, married Lieutenant A. C. Wakefield, an officer in a Vermont regiment during the war. She died September 20, 1870.

OVER the river they beckon to me, —
 Loved ones who've crossed to the farther
 side ;
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,

But their voices are drowned in the rushing
tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own
blue ;

He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there ;
The gates of the city we could not see ;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me !

Over the river, the boatman pale
Carried another, — the household pet ;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale —
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be ;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and
pale ;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail, —
And lo ! they have passed from our yearning
heart ;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye ;
We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of
day.

We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar ;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping
sail ;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman
pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land ;
I shall know the loved who have gone be-
fore, —

And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

NANCY A. W. P. WAKEFIELD.

BY THE SHORE OF THE RIVER.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH, a son of the distinguished Chief Justice of the United States Circuit Court, William Cranch, LL. D., was born at Alexandria, Va., March 8, 1813, and after graduation at Columbian College, Washington, studied divinity, but eventually became a poet and an artist. He lives in Cambridge, Mass., and is a frequent contributor to the best current periodicals.

THROUGH the gray willows the bleak winds
are raving

Here on the shore with its driftwood and
sands.

Over the river the lilies are waving,
Bathed in the sunshine of Orient lands.

Over the river, the wide, dark river,
Spring-time and summer are blooming
forever.

Here all alone on the rocks I am sitting,
Sitting and waiting, — my comrades all
gone, —

Shadows of mystery drearily flitting
Over the surf with its sorrowful moan, —
Over the river, the strange, cold river,
Ah, must I wait for the boatman forever ?

Wife and children and friends were around
me ;

Labor and rest were as wings to my soul ;
Honor and love were the laurels that crowned
me ;

Little I recked how the dark waters roll.
But the deep river, the gray misty river,
All that I lived for has taken forever.

Silently came a black boat o'er the billows ;
Stealthily grated the keel on the sand ;
Rustling footsteps were heard through the
willows ;

There the dark boatman stood waving his
hand,

Whispering, " I come, — from the shad-
owy river ;

She who is dearest must leave thee for-
ever ! "

Suns that were brightest and skies that were
bluest

Darkened and paled in the message he bore.
Year after year went the fondest, the truest,

Following that beckoning hand to the shore.
Down to the river, the cold, grim river,

Over whose waters they vanished forever.

Yet not in visions of grief have I wandered ;
Still have I toiled, though my ardors have
flown.

Labor is manhood ; and life is but squandered

Dreaming vague dreams of the future
alone.

Yet from the tides of the mystical river
Voices of spirits are whispering ever.

Lonely and old, in the dusk I am waiting,
Till the dark boatman with soft muffled oar
Glides o'er the waves, and I hear the keel
grating, —

See the dim beckoning hand on the shore,
Wafting me over the welcoming river
To gardens and homes that are shining
forever!

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

THE LAST HOUR.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and
sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey
through,
What should I do ?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone ;
But rise and move, and love and smile and pray
For one more day.

And lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within thy
keeping,
How should I fear ?
And when to-morrow brings thee nearer still,
Do thou thy will."

I might not sleep for awe ; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long ; and when the morning
splendor
Flushed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile, — could calmly say,
"It is his day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder
Held out a scroll,
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clew,
What should I do ?

What *could* I do, O blessed Guide and Master,
Other than this :

Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss

The road, although so very long it be,
While led by thee ?

Step after step, feeling thee close beside me,
Although unseen,

Through thorns, through flowers, whether the
tempest hide thee,
Or heavens serene,

Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know, my God, no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise ;

Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,
No voice replies

To all my questioning thought, the time to tell,
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,

Through a long century's ripening fruition,
Or a short day's ;

Thou canst not come too soon ; and I can wait,
If thou come late.

1872.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE PILLAR AND THE CLOUD.

This hymn was written twelve years before the author became a Roman Catholic, when he was on a voyage on the Mediterranean. He had just been overtaken by illness, and his soul was passing through remarkable experiences whilst he watched with deep interest the religious movements going on in England

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
Lead thou me on ;

Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years !

So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel-faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

AT SEA, June 16, 1833.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;

I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;

I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—

Though strength should falter, and though
heart should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;

Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;

Better in darkness just to feel thy hand
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night:

Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

LAST WITH THEE.

LET me be last with thee, with thee, my God,
When the night shrouds me with its sombre
wing;

Whatever devious paths my feet have trod,
This day, aside from thee, my soul's sweet
spring,—

Back from my broken cisterns, back to thee,—
While the deep night-glooms gather, I would
flee!

Let me be last in suppliance at thy feet,
Whatever pleases my heart has urged to-day
For other joys, since these are no more sweet,
If their access has thrust my God away.
O vain delights! O swift dissolving charms!
Withhold me not from his encircling arms!

Let me be last in tears before the cross,
What grief soe'er has wrung my heart till
now;

For sorrow's sharp refinement is but dross,
If the hot fires with earth-born passions glow:

To thy dear, bleeding feet, O Christ, I pray,
Draw down my tenderest tears at close of day!

Let me be last in love with thee, dear Lord,
Though my fond heart to idols this day
leaned;

'Twas my weak sense that less than thee adored,
And sought a harvest where I should have
gleaned:

The sheaves I got were tears instead of grain,—
And, empty, turns my heart to thee again!

Let me be last in all, with thee, my God,—
Last words, last hopes, last longings of the
day;

Sweet be my sleep, beside thy staff and rod,
And sure my rest, though dangers choke the
way.

And, last with thee, safe folded through the
night,

With thee I shall be first at morning light!

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

"LIFE HAS NO CHARM FOR ME."

HAS life no charm for thee?
Are there no visions of the joyous past,
Like holy spells around thy pathway cast?
Canst thou no blessings see
To cheer thee in thy loneliness of heart,
And to thy soul their gracious aid impart?

Oh! art thou all unblest?
Come there no glorious hopes thy heart to
cheer?

Is there no hand to wipe the starting tear?
No thought of that calm rest,
Which the meek child of God alone may share,
Where comes no withering grief, no anxious
care?

Where is the soul's deep love,
Resting on God in pure, unchanging trust?
Where is that faith which, from the earth and
dust,

Can point the eye above,
To purer, nobler mansions in the sky,
Where its freed energies can never die?

Oh! let thy soul rejoice;
Life has a charm, though dark to thee it seem.
What though may blighted be thy heart's
bright dream,

There is a gentle voice,
Bidding thy heart, amid this deep despair,
On God repose the burden of its care.

And death shall bring no gloom :
It is the pathway which thy soul must tread,
As to thy Father's mansions thou art led.
Beyond the silent tomb,
When to that heaven thy spirit wings its flight,
Thy God shall be thine everlasting light.

MARY WHITWELL HALE.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

This beautiful lyric was written in 1824, and, in an abridged and somewhat altered form, commencing, "I would not live away, I ask not to stay" (verse 2), it was adopted, without the agency of the author, by a Commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church to prepare an Appendix of Hymns to the Book of Common Prayer. From this it passed into many collections, and has justly become one of the most popular hymns in all American churches. We give it here as finally revised by the author in 1859, although the abridged form of the Book of Common Prayer will probably always retain its hold upon the Christian public. It was not written on an occasion of private grief.

I WOULD not live away — live away below !
Oh no, I 'll not linger when bidden to go :
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer :

Would I shrink from the path which the
prophets of God,
Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod ?
Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would I
roam,
While brethren and friends are all hastening
home ?

I would not live away — I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way ;

Where seeking for rest we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is
found ;

Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in
the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of
despair,

And Joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him
away.

I would not live away — thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within ;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory is mine, ere I'm captive
again ;

E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
fears,

And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
tears :

The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live away — no, welcome the tomb !
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom ;

Where he deigned to sleep, I 'll too bow my
head,

All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed.
Then the glorious daybreak, to follow that
night,

The orient gleam of the angels of light,
With their clarion call for the sleepers to rise
And chant forth their matins, away to the skies.

Who, who would live away — away from his
God,

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet,

While the songs of salvation exultingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul ?

That heavenly music ! what is it I hear ?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in mine ear !
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold,
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold !
Oh give me, oh give me the wings of a dove,
To adore him, be near him, enrapt with
his love ;

I but wait for the summons, I list for the
word —

Alleluia — Amen — evermore with the Lord.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MÜHLENBERG.

1859.

GO FORTH, MY HEART !

"Geh' aus, mein Herz, und suche Freud."

Go forth, my heart, and seek for praise,
On these delightful summer days,
In what thy God bestows !
How rich the garden's beauties be,
How lavishly for me and thee
It doth its charms disclose !

The forest stands in leafy pride,
The earth is veiled on every side
With garb of freshest green ;
The tulip and narcissus here
More wondrous in their pomp appear
Than Solomon was seen.

The lark floats high before the breeze,
The dove toward the forest-trees
From covert speeds along ;

The song-enriched nightingale,
In ecstasy, fills hill and dale
And mount and plain with song.

The hen her tiny flock enfolds,
The stork his dwelling builds and holds,
The swallow feeds her brood ;
The lightsome stag, the bounding roe,
Skipping from upland refuge, go
To depths of grassy food.

The brawling brook adown the plain
Lines its fair margin fresh again
With myrtle-shadows deep ;
The meadows green relieve the eye,
And echo with the glad some cry
Of shepherds and their sheep.

The never-weary tribe of bees
Now here, now there, in blossoming trees
Find booty far and near ;
The sturdy juices of the vine
For sweetness and for strength combine
The pilgrim's toil to cheer.

The wheat lifts rank its ears of gold
To fill with joy both young and old,
Who learn the name to praise
Of him who doth incessant pour
From heavenly love a matchless store
Upon our sinful race.

And shall I, can I, dumb remain ?
No, every power shall sing again
To God, who loves us best.
Come, let me sing ! All nature sings,
And all within me tribute brings
Streaming from out my breast.

Methinks, if here thou art so fair,
And sufferest a love so rare
To poor earth's sons be given,
What gladness shall hereafter rise
In rich pavilion of the skies,
And golden tower of heaven !

What lofty pleasure, glory bright,
In Jesus' garden shall delight !
How shall the chorus ring,
When thousand thousand seraphim
With one consenting voice and hymn
Their Alleluia sing !

Oh, were I there ! Oh that, thine own,
I stood, dear God, before thy throne,
Bearing the victor's palm !
There would I like the angel-choir
Still sound thy worthy praises higher,
With many a glorious psalm.

But while I bear life's burden still,
With cheerful mind and voice I will
No longer hide thy grace.
My heart shall ever more and more
Thy goodness and thy love adore
Here and in every place.

Help now, and on my spirit pour
Thy heavenly blessing evermore,
That, like a flower, to thee
I may, through summer of thy grace,
In my soul's garden all my days
The holy fruitage bear.

Choose me to bloom in Paradise,
And, till in death I close my eyes,
Let soul and body thrive ;
Being to thee and to thy praise,
To thee alone, my life-long days,
In earth and heaven, alive.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1651. Translated from the German by
JAMES WADDELL ALEXANDER, D. D., 1849.

FROM THE RECESSES.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends : O Father ! hear it.
Upsoaring on the wings of fear and meekness,
Forgive its weakness.

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before thee :
What can I offer in thy presence holy,
But sin and folly ?

For in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest ;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour, our lips repeat
them,
Our hearts forget them.

We see thy hand, — it leads us, it supports us ;
We hear thy voice, — it counsels and it courts
us ;
And then we turn away, — and still thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

And still thy rain descends, thy sun is glowing,
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us
blowing,
And, as if man were some deserving creature,
Joy covers nature.

Oh, how long-suffering, Lord ! but thou de-
lightest
To win with love the wandering ; thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing
 To every generous thought and grateful feel-
 ing, —
 That voice paternal, whispering, watching
 ever, —
 My bosom? — never.

Father and Saviour! plant within this bosom
 The seeds of holiness; and bid them blossom
 In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
 And spring eternal!

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
 Where angels walk, and seraphs are the war-
 dens;

Where every flower that climbs through
 death's dark portal
 Becomes immortal.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

HARK! hark! my soul! Angelic songs are
 swelling

O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-
 beat shore;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are
 telling

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Darker than night life's shadows fall around
 us,

And, like benighted men, we miss our mark;
 God hides himself, and grace hath scarcely
 found us,

Ere death finds out his victims in the dark!

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you
 come!"

And through the dark, its echoes sweetly
 ringing,

The music of the gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls, by thousands meekly steal-
 ing,

Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to
 thee.

Rest comes at length; though life be long
 and dreary,

The day must dawn and darksome night be
 past;

All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will
 come at last.

Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly
 glisten

Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
 And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
 To those brave songs which angels mean
 for thee.

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keep-
 ing;

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
 While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with
 weeping,

Till life's long night shall break in endless
 love.

1840.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

DECLINING DAYS.

WHY do I sigh to find
 Life's evening shadows gathering round my
 way?

The keen eye dimming, and the buoyant mind
 Unhinging day by day?

Is it the natural dread
 Of that stern lot, which all who live must see?
 The worm, the clay, the dark and narrow
 bed, —

Have these such awe for me?

Can I not summon pride
 To fold my decent mantle round my breast,
 And lay me down, at nature's eventide,
 Calm to my dreamless rest?

As nears my soul the verge
 Of this dim continent of woe and crime,
 Shrinks she to hear eternity's long surge
 Break on the shores of time?

Asks she how she shall fare
 When conscience stands before the Judge's
 throne,

And gives her record in, and all shall there
 Know as they all are known?

A solemn scene and time, —
 And well may nature quail to feel them near, —
 But grace in feeble breasts can work sublime,
 And faith o'er-master fear.

Hark! from that throne comes down
 A voice which strength to sinking souls can
 give:

That voice all judgment's thunders cannot
 drown;

"Believe," it cries, "and live!"

Weak, sinful as I am,
That still small voice forbids me to despond;
Faith clings for refuge to the bleeding Lamb,
Nor dreads the gloom beyond.

'T is not then earth's delights
From which my spirit feels so loath to part;
Nor the dim future's solemn sounds or sights
That press so on my heart.

No! 'tis the thought that I —
My lamp so low, my sun so nearly set,
Have lived so useless, so unmiss'd should
die:
'T is this I now regret.

I would not be the wave
That swells and ripples up to yonder shore;
That drives impulsive on, the wild wind's
slave,
And breaks, and is no more!

I would not be the breeze,
That murmurs by me in its viewless play,
Bends the light grass, and flutters in the trees,
And sighs and flits away.

No! not like wave or wind
Be my career across the earthly scene;
To come and go, and leave no trace behind
To say that I have been.

I want not vulgar fame, —
I seek not to survive in brass or stone;
Hearts may not kindle when they hear my
name,
Nor tears my value own.

But might I leave behind
Some blessing for my fellows, some fair trust
To guide, to cheer, to elevate my kind
When I was in the dust!

Within my narrow bed
Might I not wholly mute or useless be;
But hope that they, who trampled o'er my
head,
Drew still some good from me!

Might my poor lyre but give
Some simple strain, some spirit-moving lay;
Some sparklet of the soul, that still might live
When I was passed to clay!

Might verse of mine inspire
One virtuous aim, one high resolve impart;
Light in one drooping soul a hallowed fire,
Or bind one broken heart!

Death would be sweeter then,
More calm my slumber 'neath the silent sod;
Might I thus live to bless my fellow-men,
Or glorify my God!

Why do we ever lose,
As judgment ripens, our diviner powers?
Why do we only learn our gifts to use
When they no more are ours?

O thou! whose touch can lend
Life to the dead, thy quickening grace sup-
ply,
And grant me, swanlike, my last breath to
spend
In song that may not die!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

1847.

AM I NEARER HEAVEN TO- NIGHT?

HENRY DOBBS HOLT was born in New York City, Feb. 20, 1814, and graduated from the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York in 1847. Dr. Holt was engaged in editorial labors at different times from 1835 to 1864, and in the practice of his profession. He is the author of a volume of verses printed for private circulation in 1874.

SINKS the sun and fades the light,
Evening darkens into night,
Deeper shadows gather fast,
And another day is past,
And another record made
Nevermore to change or fade
Till the Book shall be unsealed,
When the judgment is revealed.
Ere I give myself to rest
Let me make this solemn quest:
Have the hours that winged their flight
Since the dawning of the day,
Sped me on my homeward way, —
Am I nearer heaven to-night?

Have I since the opening morn
Faithfully my burden borne?
Has my strength on God been stayed?
Have I watched and have I prayed,
Seeking with a steadfast heart
Zealously the better part?
Have I run the Christian race
With a swift and tireless pace?
Have I conquered in the strife
Which besets my hourly life?
Have I kept my armor bright, —
Am I nearer heaven to-night?

Has my vision clearer grown
Of the things to faith made known,

And the heavenly and the true
Shone the world's illusions through?
Have I sought my thoughts to raise,
Redolent of grateful praise,
As I constantly have found
Every hour with mercies crowned,
And his kindness all-abounding
Evermore my path surrounding?
Have I loved with love unfeigned?
In my heart has Jesus reigned?
Spite of every adverse chance
Have I made a day's advance,
Gained some new celestial height, —
Am I nearer heaven to-night?

Have I learned to feel how near
Draws that day of hope and fear
When, the book of doom unsealed,
Every thought shall be revealed,
And the Judge upon his throne
Shall my destiny make known?

Tell me, oh, my anxious soul,
When that record shall unroll,
Shall I with the ransomed stand
Worshipping at God's right hand?
Shall I see the perfect light
In the land that knows no night?

HENRY DOBBS HOLT.

JERSEY CITY, JUNE, 1877.

NEARER HOME.

PHÆBE CARY was born on a farm eight miles north of Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 4, 1824. She wrote the following lines on Sunday after church service. She was more robust than her sister Alice, was self-reliant, and endowed with more humor. In 1852 she joined her sister in creating the home in New York, that was a pleasant resort for literary persons for a score of years. The sisters were Universalists, but their hymns have been adopted by people of all creeds.

The humming of the tune to which the following lines are sung, in a gambling-den in China, is said to have been the means, by reviving home associations, of saving one man from the dissipation of the card-table.

Phæbe Cary died at Newport, R. I., July 31, 1871, in consequence of grief and exhaustion caused by the death of her sister a few months before.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm;
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrim.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!

1852.

PHÆBE CARY

NEARER MY REST.

NEARER my rest with each succeeding day
That bears me still mine own allotted task!
Nearer my rest! the clouds roll swift away,
And nought remains, O Lord, for me to ask.

If I but bear unflinchingly life's pain,
And humbly lay it at thy feet divine,
Then shall I see each loss a hidden gain,
And thy sweet mercy through the darkness
shine!

Nearer my rest! the long, long weary hours
Had well-nigh gained the victory o'er my
soul;
Thy mercy, falling soft like summer showers,
Upheld me, fainting near the victor's goal.

Nearer my rest! and as I journey on,
Grant me, dear Lord (my angel-guides to be,
To keep and help me ere that rest be won),
Patience, and Faith, and blessed Purity!

Patience, — that I may never sink dismayed,
However dark and drear may seem the road;
Patience, — through doubt, through every
cross that's laid
Upon my heart, — nor sink beneath the load.

Faith,— that e'en though to mortal eyes be hidden

The reason *why* this life be oft opprest,
I only do, with childlike trust, as bidden,
And leave to Thee, confidingly, the rest!

And Purity, — O Godlike attribute!
Be thou my standard, shield, and armor
bright;
Without thee no tree beareth worthy fruit, —
These three, O Lord! to lead me through the
night!

MARIAN LONGFELLOW.

April 1, 1875.

HOPE IN DEATH.

SAMUEL CROSSMAN was born in 1624, and died Feb. 4, 1683. He was prebendary of Bristol and a writer of considerable prose. His poetry is not generally of a high order. His piece on Heaven is considered the best he wrote.

My life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline;
My Lord is life, he'll raise
My dust again, e'en mine.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day,
I wake from my long sleep
And leave my bed of clay.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

My Lord his angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound,
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

I said sometimes with tears,
"Ah me! I'm loath to die!"
Lord, silence thou these fears:
My life's with thee on high.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

What means my trembling heart,
To be thus shy of death?

My life and I sha'n't part,
Though I resign my breath.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

Then welcome, harmless grave:
By thee to heaven I'll go:
My Lord his death shall save
Me from the flames below.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

SAMUEL CROSSMAN.

ULTIMA VERITAS.

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt, —

When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail:

I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy;

I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;

That the rulers must obey;
That the givers shall increase;
That Duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace; —

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt;

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side;

And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
Is a Love that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars
I shall see Him, and I will wait.

1879.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

WHO SHALL BE THE LAST GREAT SEER ?

A HYMN FOR ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S DAY.

WHO shall be the last great Seer
That the world goes forth to hear?
What shall be his warning cry
When the day of doom draws nigh?
Whence shall come the magic power
That in man's supremest hour
Smooths the rough and rugged road
For the highway of our God?

Few and short the words he speaks;
Plain and straight the goal he seeks;
Round his path shall never shine
Festal pomp nor wondrous sign:
Lonely course and hopeless fight,
Rising doubt and dwindling light, —
Such the lot of him whose name
Burns with more than prophet's flame.

"Change the heart and soul and mind,
Dark for bright and hard for kind;
Wash you clean from stains of earth,
Leap into a second birth;
People, soldier, scribe, and priest,
Each from thrall of self released,
Live a life sincere and true,
For your King is close in view."

Thus appeared the Heaven-sent man;
Foremost in the battle's van,
Herald of an unseen light,
Martyr for the simple right.
May we learn, on this his day,
That in duty's homely way,
Bravely, firmly, humbly trod,
Man can best prepare for God.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

1879.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more
 best
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not
 need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best

Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his
 state

Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN MILTON.

THE POET'S CROWN.

MARY E. CHAMBERLAIN, NOW MRS. M. E. C. WYETH, was born at Salem, Mass., Dec. 1, 1832, but as her parents removed to St. Louis, Mo., in 1833, her life has been identified with that city. Her first volume of poems was issued in 1850, under the name "Ethel Grey," which she had used previously, and continued to use until 1867. Mrs. Wyeth has written largely in prose, one of her stories, entitled "The Victor of Cross Road Mission," having been highly commended on its appearance in the *New York Independent*. A volume of her stories, collected from the columns of the *Christian Weekly*, has been published by the American Tract Society, New York. Mrs. Wyeth is a great recluse.

ONCE, echoing down the shores of time
My spirit heard the immortals' chime,
Beneath the silent, priestly palms.
It thrilled my soul like martyrs' psalms:

"O fields and flowers immortal,
From realms of upper air,
Give to the poet mortal
 The buds ye well can spare.
Give laurels green and shining,
The myrtle boughs, the rose
And lily intertwining
 With fragrant heather-blows.
Give passion-flowers for sorrow,
And palms for victory's gain;
And something let us borrow,
Type of the poet's pain."

Then came from far-off flowery slope,
Fragrant with purpling heliotrope,
Voices that sounded most like knells
Ringing from Eden's asphodels:

"O poet love! O poet story!
O poet life, and poet glory!
Alas! Alas!"

Here take Love's myrtle, bind his brow,
So much that 's sweet and fair allow;
But take, entwined with myrtle leaf,
Willows for grief, willows for grief.
Roses for beauty, — lilies, too,
For purity, — and violets blue
For friendship, — and the passion-flower
For love's self-abnegating hour;
Yet, ere the wreath his brow adorns,
Bind on his head the crown of thorns

This shall remain, this shall remain,
 Forever type of poet's pain.
*For he who souls of men may touch
 Must in himself have suffered much.*

“O poet life! O poet story!
 O poet love, and poet glory!
 Alas! Alas!”

Fell then a hush of holy calms —
 Yet echoing 'neath the priestly palms,
 The immortals' chime the mortal warns;
 For poets' crowns are crowns of thorns.

MARY E. C. WYETH.

ST. LOUIS, 1880.

THE LAST WISH.

The eminent author of the following poem is a minister of the Congregational Church of Scotland. He was born at Leith, Aug. 24, 1808, and is now pastor of the Augustine Church, Edinburgh, and Professor of Divinity. He edited the third edition of Kitto's "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature."

No more, no more of the cares of time!
 Speak to me now of that happy clime
 Where the ear never lists to the sufferer's
 moan,

And sorrow and care are all unknown:
 Now, when my pulse beats faint and slow,
 And my moments are numbered here below,
 With thy soft, sweet voice, my sister, tell
 Of that land where my spirit longs to dwell.

Oh yes, let me hear of its blissful bowers,
 And its trees of life, and its fadeless flowers;
 Of its crystal streets and its radiant throng,
 With their harps of gold and their endless
 song;
 Of its glorious palms and its raiment white,

And its streamlets all lucid with living light;
 And its emerald plains, where the ransomed
 stray,
 Mid the bloom and the bliss of a changeless
 day.

And tell me of those who are resting there,
 Far from sorrow, and free from care, —
 The loved of my soul, who passed away
 In the roseate bloom of their early day;
 Oh, are they not bending around me now,
 Light in each eye, and joy on each brow,
 Waiting until my spirit fly,
 To herald me home to my rest on high?

Thus, thus, sweet sister, let me hear
 Thy loved voice fall on my listening ear,
 Like the murmur of streams in that happy
 grove

That circles the home of our early love;
 And so let my spirit calmly rise
 From the loved upon earth to the blest in the
 skies,
 And lose the sweet tones I have loved so long,
 In the glorious burst of the heavenly song.

WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D. D.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

GRANT now in peace (that by thy leave)
 I may depart, O Lord!
 For thy salvation seen I have,
 According to thy word:
 That which prepared was by thee,
 Before all people's sight,
 Thy Israel's renown to be,
 And to the gentiles light.

1623.

GEORGE WITHER.





THE POET AND NATURE.



THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

HAST thou not heard it, the universal music,
The throbbing harmony, the old eternal rhyme,
 In the wild billows roaring,
 In the mad torrent pouring,
And keeping with the stars its beat and march sublime?
Hast thou not heard it when the night was silent,
And nothing stirred but winds amid the trees,
And the star-orbits, strings of harps celestial,
Seemed quivering to the rush of melodies?

If in thy soul there pulse not some faint responsive echo
Of that supernal everlasting hymn,
 Thou 'rt of the low earth, lowly,
 Or livest life unholy,
Or dullest spiritual sense by carnal grossness dim.
Hear it, O poet, hear it! O preacher, give it welcome!
O loving heart, receive it, deep in thine inmost core,
The harmony of angels, — glory, forever glory,
Glory and peace and joy, and love forevermore!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE POET AND NATURE.

ASPIRATIONS.

ADAM GOTTLÖB OEHLenschLAEGER, the greatest of Danish poets, was born at Copenhagen, Nov. 14, 1779, and died at the same place, Jan. 20, 1850. His first collected poems were published in 1803 and 1805, though he had written verse at the age of ten. Influenced by Henrich Steffens, he studied the philosophy of Schelling, and in 1805, on a visit to Germany, became acquainted with Fichte, Schleiermacher, Wieland, Jean Paul, and Goethe, by whom he was cordially received. In 1809 he became Professor of Æsthetics in the University of Copenhagen, and the remainder of his life was that of a quiet scholar. His great and almost universal genius was expressed in a style of considerable adornment. His death caused public mourning.

OH, teach me, thou forest, to testify glad,
As in autumn the gloom of thy yellowing
leaf,
That my spring cometh back after winter the
sad,
That my tree gleameth green after mourn-
fulness brief.
The roots of my tree stand strong, deep, and
divine
In eternity's summer; oh, why then repine?
Bird of passage, thou frail little thing, oh, teach
me
To fly with bold wing and with spirit as bold,
To lands undiscovered far over the sea.
When all here is stormy and cloudy and cold,
Throws wide open its gates, a sweet paradise
there;
Let me haste to its sunshine, its odorous air.
Oh, teach me, oh, teach me, thou butterfly
bright,
To shatter the chrysalis dungeon and chain,
Which rob me of freedom, of joy, and of
light:
I grovel, a worm, in this desert of pain;
But soon, ah! sublimely transfigured, I fly,
With wings valiant, of purple and gold, in the
sky.

From thy throne in the clouds, thou, Lord,
smilest to me.

My Christ, my loved Jesus, thou mighty to
save,
Oh, help me to conquer all sorrow, like thee.
Hope's green banner, Redeemer, victorious
wave;
How bitter thy cross amid Calvary's gloom!
Thy triumph how wondrous, how grand, o'er
the tomb!

Translated from the Danish of OEHLenschLAEGER.
By GILBERT TAIT, 1868.

NATURE'S PRAISE.

ANNA FINCH, daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, of South-
ampton, England, and wife of Heneage, Earl of Winchelsea,
is the poet whose "delightful pictures" of external nature
Wordsworth singled out as the only ones, except a passage or
two in Pope's "Windsor Forest," worthy of note between
"Paradise Lost" and "The Seasons." Her poems were first
published in 1731, the best known of them being entitled "The
Atheist and the Acorn." Lady Winchelsea died in 1720.

To the Almighty, on his radiant throne,
Let endless hallelujahs rise!
Praise Him, ye wondrous heights to us un-
known,
Praise Him, ye heavens unreached by mortal
eyes,
Praise Him, in your degree, ye sublunary skies!
Praise Him, ye angels that before him bow,
Yon creatures of celestial frame,
Our guests of old, our wakeful guardians now;
Praise Him, and with like zeal our hearts in-
flame,
Transporting then our praise to seats from
whence you came!
Praise Him, thou sun in thy meridian force!
Exalt Him, all ye stars and light!
Praise Him, thou moon in thy revolving course;

Praise Him, thou gentler guide of silent night,
Which dost to solemn praise and serious
thoughts invite!

Praise Him, ye humid vapors, which remain
Unfrozen by the sharper air ;
Praise Him, as you return in showers again,
To bless the earth and make her pastures fair !
Praise Him, ye climbing fires, the emblems of
our prayer !

Praise Him, ye waters petrified above,
Ye shredded clouds that fall in snow,
Praise Him, for that you so divided move ;
Ye hailstones, that you do not larger grow,
Nor, in one solid mass, oppress the world below !

Praise Him, ye soaring fowls, still as you fly,
And on gay plumes your bodies raise !
You insects, which in dark recesses lie,
Although the extremest distances you try,
Be reconciled in this, to offer mutual praise !

Praise Him, thou earth, with thy unbounded
store ;
Ye depths which to the centre tend !
Praise Him, ye beasts which in the forests roar !
Praise Him, ye serpents, though you down-
wards bend,
Who made your bruised head our ladder to
ascend !

Praise Him, ye men whom youthful vigor
warms ;
Ye children, hastening to your prime ;
Praise Him, ye virgins of unsullied charms,
With beauteous lips becoming sacred rime ;
Ye aged, give Him praise for your increase of
time !

Praise Him, ye monarchs in supreme com-
mand,
By anthems, like the Hebrew kings ;
Then with enlarged zeal throughout the land,
Reform the numbers and reclaim the strings,
Converting to his praise the most harmonious
things !

Ye senators, presiding by our choice,
And you, hereditary peers,
Praise Him, by union both in heart and voice ;
Praise Him, who your agreeing council steers,
Producing sweeter sounds than the according
spheres !

Praise Him, ye native altars of the earth,
Ye mountains of stupendous size !
Praise Him, ye trees and fruits which there
have birth !

Praise Him, ye flames that from their bowels
rise,
All fitted for the use of grateful sacrifice !

He spake the word ; and from the chaos rose
The forms and species of each kind :
He spake the word, which did their law com-
pose,
And all with never-ceasing order joined,
Till ruffled for our sins by his chastising wind.

But now, you storms, that have your fury
spent,
As you his dictates did obey,
Let now your loud and threatening notes relent,
Tune all your murmurs to a softer key,
And bless that gracious hand, that did your
progress stay.

From my contemned retreat, obscure and low,
As grots from whence the winds disperse,
May this his praise as far extended flow ;
And if that future time shall read my verse,
Though worthless in itself, let them his praise
rehearse.

ANNA, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

1700.

NATURE'S PRAISE.

JOHN AUSTIN was born of good family at Walpole, Nor-
folk, England, and was educated at Cambridge. He be-
came a Catholic, and died, in 1669, a triumphant death.
He condemned persecution for religion in a pamphlet en-
titled "The Christian Moderator."

HARK, my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King ;
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.

Nature's chief and sweetest choir
Him with cheerful notes admire ;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be,
Streams have too their melody ;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring ;
If Heaven bless them, thankful, they
Smell more sweet and look more gay.

Only we can scarce afford
This short office to our Lord ;
We, on whom his bounty flows,
All things gives, and nothing owes.

Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part ;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.

Call whole nature to thy aid,
Since 't was he whole nature made ;
Join in one eternal song,
Who to one God all belong.

Live forever, glorious Lord !
Live, by all thy works adored !
One in Three, and Three in One,
Thrice we bow to Thee alone !

1668.

JOHN AUSTIN.

NATURE NO SELF-ACTING INSTRUMENT.

MRS. CHARLES, the author of the Schönberg-Cotta Family, is daughter of a member of the British Parliament, the late John Rundle. She was born about 1826, and is widow of Andrew Paton Charles, of London. She has written much prose, and her "Voice of Christian Life in Song" consists of renderings of ancient hymns. She has also written original poems.

So soberly and softly
The seasons tread their round,
So surely seeds of autumn
In spring-time clothe the ground,
Amid their measured music
What watchful ear can hear
God's voice amidst the garden ?
Yet, hush ! for he is here !

No mere machine is nature,
Wound up and left to play,
No wind-harp swept at random
By airs that idly stray ;
A spirit sways the music,
A hand is on the chords,
Oh, bow thy head and listen,—
That hand, it is the Lord's !

MRS. ELIZABETH (RUNDLE) CHARLES.

PATIENCE TAUGHT BY NATURE.

"O DREARY life!" we cry, "O dreary life!"
And still the generations of the birds
Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds
Serenely live while we are keeping strife
With Heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife
Against which we may struggle. Ocean girds
Unslackened the dry land : savanna-swards
Unweary sweep : hills watch, unworn ; and rife

Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest-trees,
To show above the unwasted stars that pass
In their old glory. O thou God of old !
Grant me some smaller grace than comes to
these ;—

But so much patience as a blade of grass
Grows by contented through the heat and cold.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM LXV.

DWELLERS beyond Thule's bands,
In fair lands,
At thy signs shall be affrighted.
Morn's bright gate, and ruddy west,
By their guest
Are with light and heat delighted.
Furrows else ploughed, sowed in vain,
By thy rain
Are with blades and ears maintained.
Thou sendest rain into thy dales,
And the vales,
Pranking them with curious flowers ;
And the stiffened earth mak'st soft
With thy oft
Sweet and soft descending showers.
Thou dost speed the seedman's hand,
In the land
His dead-seeming seed reviving ;
And the tender bud, unless
Thou didst bless,
Blasts and frosts would keep from thriving.
There thy gracious showers still
Fall, and fill
With thy blessing barren places ;
And the lesser hills are seen,
Fresh and green,
Decked with Flora's various graces.

JOSEPH BRYAN.

PSALM XIX.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What, though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1712.

LOVE TO GOD.

The scriptural reference in the following hymn is to Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:

All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;—

Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

MRS. A. L. BARBAULD.

1772.

THANKSGIVING.

FOR summer's bloom and autumn's blight,
For bending wheat and blasted maize,
For health and sickness, Lord of light,
And Lord of darkness, hear our praise!

We trace to thee our joys and woes,—
To thee of causes still the cause,—
We thank thee that thy hand bestows;
We bless thee that thy love withdraws.

We bring no sorrows to thy throne;
We come to thee with no complaint.
In providence thy will is done,
And that is sacred to the saint.

Here, on this blest Thanksgiving night,
We raise to thee our grateful voice;
For what thou doest, Lord, is right;
And, thus believing, we rejoice.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

NATURE AND MAN.

JAMES WARLEY MILES, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was born in South Carolina in 1818, and died in Charleston, August, 1875. For some time he was Professor of the History of Philosophy and Greek Literature in the College of Charleston, and he was also attached for a few years to Bishop Southgate's Mission to the Eastern Christians at Constantinople, but was obliged to return from abroad on account of ill-health. He thereafter devoted himself to the study of philology, preaching occasionally. He was at the time of his death in temporary charge of Grace Church, Charleston. His hymns were written to be read in connection with his sermons. Some of them have, however, been printed.

BEHOLD how nature is with teaching rife!—
Man threads the wild, mysterious desert,
where,
Midst seeming boundless space, come here
and there
Flitting inhabitants, awakening life
But for a moment round some palm-fringed
well,
Then vanishing like a dream, leaving all drear
And suddenly desolate, as though the spell
Of silence never had been broken. Here
Earth's scenic shifting flees, and only God is
near.

Man climbs the marvellous mountain, with its
 deep,
 Rich-foliaged gorges, and its ever steep
 And steeper rising precipices dread,
 Until o'erhead,
 In still, ethereal solitude, appears
 Its granite peak, which awfully uprears
 Its inaccessible form, as bearing meet
 Kindred to stars that proudly still retreat.
 The stars look down on the vain mountain's
 love,
 And man, o'er mount and stars, soars up to
 God above.

On some vast stream man floats in silent night,
 Hearing in awful hush
 The river's mighty rush,
 And marking how the rays from heaven's
 gemmed light
 Are in the sweeping flood absorbed and broken;
 And there he knows the token
 That all his shattered aims, his hopes bewept,
 Are in God's counsels deep and fathomless
 onswept.

Ocean! great image of eternity,
 And yet of fleeting time, of change, unrest,
 Thou vast and wondrous realm of mystery,
 Of thy great teachings too is man possessed.
 Type of God's boundless might, the here and
 there
 Uniting, thou dost with a righteous fear
 Man's heart ennoble, awe, and purify,
 As in thy mighty, multitudinous tones echoes
 of God roll by.

Before the dread volcano's fiery might,
 Over the earthquake's dizzy surge, man cowers
 With conscious helplessness and feeble fright.
 But still through all the fear and gloom that
 lowers
 He knows that God is there,
 That love divine is near,
 And though the world dissolve in flame, in
 foam,
 He has in God a friend, a father, and a home.

JAMES W. MILES.

HIDDEN IN LIGHT.

WHEN first the sun dispels the cloudy night,
 The glad hills catch the radiance from afar,
 And smile for joy. We say, "How fair they
 are,
 Tree, rock, and heather-bloom, so clear and
 bright!"

But when the sun draws near in westering
 might,
 Infolding all in one transcendent blaze
 Of sunset glow, we trace them not, but gaze
 And wonder at the glorious, holy light.
 Come nearer, Sun of Righteousness! that we,
 Whose swift short hours of day so swiftly
 run,
 So overflowed with love and light may be,
 So lost in glory of the nearing Sun,
 That not our light, but thine, the world may
 see,
 New praise to thee through our poor lives
 be won.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the English poet, was born in
 1770, and graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in
 1791. He published two brief poems the next year, with re-
 luctance, and continued to write during the remainder of his
 life. His efforts were met with ridicule at first, but he has
 since been recognized as the foremost poet of nature and
 human life of his generation. He was poet-laureate after the
 death of Southey, and died on the anniversary of the death
 of Shakespeare, April 23, 1850.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and
 stream,
 The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparelled in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see
 no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the rose;
 The moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare;
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath passed away a glory from
 the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief:
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong.

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep :
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;
 I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay ;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday ; —
 Thou child of joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
 happy shepherd boy !

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.
 O evil day ! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May morning,
 And the children are culling,
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm : —
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
 — But there's a tree, of many, one,
 A single field which I have looked upon, —
 Both of them speak of something that is gone ;
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat.
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
 From God, who is our home :
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy ;
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows, —
 He sees it in his joy.
 The youth who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man
 Forget the glories he hath known.
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years' darling of a pygmy size !
 See, where mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes !
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human
 life,
 Shaped by himself with newly learned art, —
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral, —
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song :
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little actor cons another part ;
 Filling from time to time his humorous stage
 With all the persons, down to palsied age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity ;
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage ; thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted forever by the eternal mind, —
 Mighty prophet ! Seer blest !
 On whom those truths do rest
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
 Thou, over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by ;
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
breast:—

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings,

Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,

High instincts before which our mortal nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our day,

Are yet a master light of all our seeing;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,

To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,

Nor man nor boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence, in a season of calm weather,

Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither;

Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then, sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous
song!

And let the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound!

We, in thought, will join your throng,

Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts to-day

Feel the gladness of the May!

What, though the radiance which was once so
bright

Be now forever taken from my sight;

Though nothing can bring back the hour

Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;

We will grieve not, rather find

Strength in what remains behind;

In the primal sympathy

Which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and
groves,

Forebode not any severing of our loves!

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;

I only have relinquished one delight,

To live beneath your more habitual sway.

I love the brooks which down their channels
fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;

The innocent brightness of a new-born day

Is lovely yet;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun

Do take a sober coloring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;

Another race hath been, and other palms are
won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,

To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SOLITUDE.

THERE is in stillness oft a magic power
To calm the breast, when struggling passions
lower;

Touched by its influence, in the soul arise
Diviner feelings, kindred with the skies.

By this the Arab's kindling thoughts expand,

When circling skies enclose the desert sand;

For this the hermit seeks the thickest grove,

To catch the inspiring glow of heavenly love.

It is not solely in the freedom given

To purify and fix the heart on heaven;

There is a spirit singing aye in air

That lifts us high above all mortal care.

No mortal measure swells that mystic sound.

No mortal minstrel breathes such tones
around,—

The angels' hymn,—the sovereign harmony

That guides the rolling orbs along the sky,—

And hence perchance the tales of saints who
viewed

And heard angelic choirs in solitude.

By most unheard,—because the earthly din

Of toil or mirth has charms their ears to win,

Alas for man! he knows not of the bliss,

The heaven that brightens such a life as this.

OXFORD, 1818.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

HYMN OF NATURE.

WILLIAM BOURNE OLIVER PEABODY, twin-brother of Oliver William Bourne Peabody, was born at Exeter, N. H., July 9, 1799, and after his graduation at the Cambridge Divinity School, was pastor of a church at Springfield, Mass., until his death, May 28, 1847.

God of the earth's extended plains !

The dark, green fields contented lie ;
The mountains rise like holy towers.

Where man might commune with the sky ;
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That towers upon the vale below,
When shaded fountains send their streams
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep !

The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summoned up their thundering bands.
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calmed by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade !

The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee ;
But more majestic far they stand,
When side by side their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air !

How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings !
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above !

Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light ;
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world ! the hour must come,

And nature's self to dust return ;
Her crumbling altars must decay ;
Her incense-fires shall cease to burn :

But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow ;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

HYMN.—FROM PSALM CXLVIII.

JOHN OGILVIE was the minister of Midmar, Scotland, and was born in 1733. He died in 1814. His poems were published in 1758 and 1769.

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty's name ;
Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, célestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair !
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,—
Tell how he formed your shining frame,
And breathed the fluid air !

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound ;
While all the adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing :
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string !

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid ;
Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,
Thou moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade !

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who called yon worlds from night !
"Ye shades, dispel !" the Eternal said ;
At once the involving darkness fled,
And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow ;
Ye dragons, sound his awful name
To heaven aloud ; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below !

Let every element rejoice ;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul !

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow ;
 Ye towering mountains, bending low,
 Your great Creator own !
 Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
 How Sinai kindled at his look,
 And trembled at his frown !

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
 Ye insects fluttering on the gale,
 In mutual concourse rise ;
 Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
 And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
 In incense to the skies !

Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing ;
 Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To Him who shaped your finer mould,
 Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
 And tuned your voice to praise !

Let man — by nobler passions swayed —
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heavenly praise employ ;
 Spread his tremendous name around,
 Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The general burst of joy !

Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please,
 Nursed on the downy lap of ease,
 Fall prostrate at his throne ;
 Ye princes, rulers, all, adore, —
 Praise him, ye kings, who makes your power
 An image of his own !

Ye fair, by nature formed to move,
 Oh, praise the eternal source of love,
 With youth's enlivening fire ;
 Let age take up the tuneful lay,
 Sigh his blest name, — then soar away,
 And ask an angel's lyre !

1769.

JOHN OGILVIE.

A SNOW MOUNTAIN.

CAN I make white enough my thought for
 thee,
 Or wash my words in light ? Thou hast no
 mate,
 To sit aloft in the silence silently
 And twine those matchless heights undese-
 crate,
 Reverend as Lear, when, lorn of shelter, he
 Stood, with his old white head surprised at
 fate :
 Alone as Galileo, when, set free,
 Before the stars he mused, disconsolate.

Ay, and remote as the dead lords of song ;
 Great masters, who have made us what we
 are ;

For thou and they have taught us how to long,
 And feel a sacred want of the fair and far :
 Reign, and keep life in this our deep desire : —
 Our only greatness is that we aspire.

JEAN INGELOW.

THE SECOND DAY OF CREATION.

THIS world I deem
 But a beautiful dream
 Of shadows that are not what they seem,
 Where visions rise,
 Giving dim surmise
 Of the things that shall meet our waking eyes.

Arm of the Lord !
 Creating Word !
 Whose glory the silent skies record
 Where stands thy name
 In scrolls of flame
 On the firmament's high-shadowing frame.

I gaze o'erhead,
 Where thy hand hath spread
 For the waters of heaven that crystal bed,
 And stored the dew
 In its deeps of blue,
 Which the fires of the sun come tempered
 through.

Soft they shine
 Through that pure shrine,
 As beneath the veil of thy flesh divine
 Beams forth the light
 That were else too bright
 For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

I gaze aloof
 On the tissued roof,
 Where time and space are the warp and woof,
 Which the King of kings
 As a curtain flings
 O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things, —

A tapestried tent,
 To shade us meant
 From the bare everlasting firmament ;
 Where the blaze of the skies
 Comes soft to our eyes
 Through a veil of mystical imageries.

But could I see,
 As in truth they be,
 The glories of heaven that encompass me,

I should lightly hold
The tissued fold
Of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

Soon the whole
Like a parched scroll
Shall before my amazed sight uproll,
And without a screen
At one burst be seen
The Presence wherein I have ever been.

Oh, who shall bear
The blinding glare
Of the Majesty that shall meet us there?
What eye may gaze
On the unveiled blaze
Of the light-girdled throne of the Ancient of
Days?
Christ us aid!
Himself be our shade,
That in that dread day we be not dismayed.

T. WHYTEHEAD.

MOUNTAINS.

"THE everlasting hills!" how calm they rise,
Bold witnesses to an Almighty hand!
We gaze with longing heart and eager eyes,
And feel as if short pathway might suffice
From those pure regions to the heavenly
land.

At early dawn, when the first rays of light
Play like a rose-wreath on the peaks of snow;
And late, when half the valley seems in night,
Yet still around each pale majestic height
The sun's last smile has left a crimson
glow,—

Then the heart longs, — it calls for wings to
fly,—
Above all lower scenes of earth to soar,
Where yonder golden clouds arrested lie,
Where granite cliffs and glaciers gleam on
high
As with reflected light from heaven's own
door.

Whence this strange spell, by thoughtful souls
confest

Ever in shadow of the mountains found?
'T is the deep voice within our human breast,
Which bids us seek a refuge and a rest
Above, beyond what meets us here around!

Ever to men of God the hills are dear,
Since on the slopes of Ararat the dove

Plucked the wet olive-pledge of hope and
cheer;
Or Israel stood entranced in silent fear,
While God on Sinai thundered from above.

And once on Tabor was a vision given
Sublime as that which Israel feared to view,
When the transfigured Lord of earth and
heaven,
Mortality's dim curtain lifted, riven,
Revealed his glory to his chosen few.

On mountain heights of Galilee he prayed
While others slept and all beneath was
still;
From Olivet's recess of awful shade
Thrice was that agonized petition made,
"Oh that this cup might pass, if such thy
will!"

And on Mount Zion, in the better land,
Past every danger of the pilgrim-way,
At our Redeemer's feet we hope to stand
And learn the meanings of his guiding hand
Through all the changes' of our earthly day.

Then hail, calm sentinels of heaven, again!
Proclaim your message, as in ages past!
Tell us that pilgrims shall not toil in vain,
That Zion's mount we surely shall attain,
Where all home longings find a home at
last.

From the German of MRS. META HEUSSER-SCHWEIZER.
Translated by MISS JANE BORTHWICK.
1874.

MOUNTAINEER'S PRAYER.

GIRD me with the strength of thy steadfast
hills!

The speed of thy streams give me!
In the spirit that calms, with the life that
thrills,

I would stand or run for thee.
Let me be thy voice, or thy silent power,—
As the cataract or the peak,—
An eternal thought, in my earthly hour,
Of the living God to speak.

Clothe me in the rose-tints of thy skies
Upon morning summits laid;
Robe me in the purple and gold that flies
Through thy shuttles of light and shade;
Let me rise and rejoice in thy smile aright,
As mountains and forests do;
Let me welcome thy twilight and thy night,
And wait for thy dawn anew!

Give me of the brook's faith, joyously sung
Under clank of its icy chain!
Give me of the patience that hides among
Thy hill-tops in mist and rain!
Lift me up from the clod; let me breathe thy
breath;
Thy beauty and strength give me!
Let me lose both the name and the meaning
of death
In the life that I share with thee!

LUCY LARCOM.

1879.

A SURVEY OF THE HEAVENS

IN THE MORNING, BEFORE DAYBREAK.

YE many twinkling stars, who yet do hold
Your brilliant places in the sable vault
Of night's dominions! — planets, and central
orbs

Of other systems! — big as the burning sun
Which lights this nether globe, — yet to our
eye

Small as the glowworm's lamp! — to you I
raise

My lowly orisons, while, all bewildered,
My vision strays o'er your ethereal hosts;
Too vast, too boundless for our narrow mind,
Warped with low prejudices, to unfold,
And sagely comprehend. Thence higher
soaring,

Through ye I raise my solemn thoughts to
him,

The mighty founder of this wondrous maze,
The great Creator! him, who now sublime,
Wrapt in the solitary amplitude
Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres
Sits on his silent throne and meditates.

The angelic hosts, in their inferior heaven,
Hymn to the golden harps his praise sublime,
Repeating loud, "The Lord our God is great,"
In varied harmonies. The glorious sounds
Roll o'er the air serene, — the æolian spheres,
Harping along their viewless boundaries,
Catch the full note, and cry, "The Lord is
great,"

Responding to the seraphim. O'er all,
From orb to orb, to the remotest verge
Of the created world, the sound is borne,
Till the whole universe is full of him.

Oh, 't is this heavenly harmony which now
In fancy strikes upon my listening ear,
And thrills my inmost soul! It bids me smile
On the vain world, and all its bustling
cares,

And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss.

Oh, what is man, when at ambition's
height!

What even are kings, when balanced in the
scale

Of these stupendous worlds! Almighty God!
Thou, the dread author of these wondrous
works!

Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing worm,
One look of kind benevolence? Thou canst:
For thou art full of universal love,
And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart
Thy beams as well to me as to the proud,
The pageant insects of a glittering hour.

Oh, when reflecting on these truths sublime,
How insignificant do all the joys,
The gauds, and honors of the world, appear!
How vain ambition! Why has my wakeful
lamp

Outwatched the slow-paced night! Why on
the page,

The schoolman's labored page, have I em-
ployed

The hours devoted by the world to rest,
And needful to recruit exhausted nature?

Say, can the voice of narrow fame repay
The loss of health? or can the hope of glory
Lend a new throb unto my languid heart,
Cool, even now, my feverish, aching brow,
Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye,
Or paint new colors on this pallid cheek?

Say, foolish one, can that unbodied fame,
For which thou barterest health and hap-
piness, —

Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the grave,
Give a new zest to bliss, or chase the pangs
Of everlasting punishment condign?

Alas, how vain are mortal man's desires!
How fruitless his pursuits! Eternal God!
Guide thou my footsteps in the way of truth,
And oh, assist me so to live on earth,
That I may die in peace, and claim a place
In thy high dwelling! All but this is folly,
In the vain illusions of deceitful life.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

WOOD WORSHIP.

MRS. ROSE TERRY COOKE was born in West Hartford, Conn., Feb. 17, 1827, and has contributed prose and verse to the best periodicals of the day. Her poems have been published in a volume.

HERE, in the silent forest solitudes,

Deep in the quiet of these lonely shades,
The angelic peace of heaven forever broods,
And his own presence fills the solemn glades.

Cease, my weak soul, the courts of men to tread,

Leave the tumultuous heavings of thy kind,
And, by the soul of grateful nature led,
Seek the still woods, and there thy Sabbath find.

Shall worship only live in pillared domes, —
The organ's pealing notes sole anthems raise, —

While every wind that through the forest roams,
Draws from its whispering boughs a chant of praise?

Here the thick leaves that scent the tremulous air

Let the bright sunshine pass with softened light,
And lips unwonted breathe instinctive prayer,
In these cool arches filled with verdurous night.

There needs no bending knee, no costly shrine,
No fluctuant crowd to hail divinity ;
Here the heart kneels, and owns the love divine,
That made for man the earth so fair and free.

Dear is the choral hymn, the murmuring sound
Of mutual prayer, and words of holy power ;
But give to me the forest's awe profound,
Æolian hymns, and sermons from a flower !

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

RETIREMENT.

This hymn is said to have been written during a Sabbath in the country, after a season of depression, when the poet had enjoyed the services of God's house in an unusual degree.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace and joy and love
She communes with her God !

There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine.

What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

1772.

WILLIAM COWPER.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

Mr. De Quincey pointed out a remarkable similarity between some of the lines and images in the following poem and another and briefer one on the same subject by the poetess Frederica (Münter) Brun. A translation of the German poem by the Rev. Charles T. Brooks, taken from a volume of his poems, published in 1842, is appended.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steepcourse? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc !
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful Form !
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently ! Around thee and above
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass. Methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge ! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity !
O dread and silent Mount ! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced
in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the mean while, wert blending with my
thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy ;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing, there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven !

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise
Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! Awake,
Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart,
awake !
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale !
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they
sink, —

Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald, — wake, oh, wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter
death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and
your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's
brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain, —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full-moon? Who bade the
sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living
flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your
feet? —
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome
voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like
sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements,
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-
pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure
serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast, —
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low

In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with
tears,

Solemnly seemest like a vapory cloud
To rise before me. — Rise, oh, ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thoudread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

CHAMOUNI AT SUNRISE.

SOPHIA CHRISTIANA FREDERICA (MÜNTER) BRUN was born near Gotha, Germany, June 3, 1765, and died at Copenhagen, March 25, 1835. She was a friend of Sismondi, Madame de Staël, and other literary persons. Madame Brun was an extensive traveller, and wrote much prose and verse, mostly in German.

FROM the deep shadow of the silent fir-grove
I lift my eyes, and trembling look on thee,
Brow of eternity, thou dazzling peak,
From whose calm height my dreaming spirit
mounts
And soars away into the infinite!

Who sank the pillar in the lap of earth,
Down deep, the pillar of eternal rock,
On which thy mass stands firm, and firm hath
stood
While centuries on centuries rolled along?
Who reared, up-towering through the vaulted
blue,
Mighty and bold, thy radiant countenance?

Who poured you from on high with thunder-
sound,
Down from old winter's everlasting realm,
O jagged streams, o'er rock and through ravine?
And whose almighty voice commanded loud,
"Here shall the stiffening billows rest awhile!"
Whose finger points yon morning-star his
course?
Who fringed with blossom-wreaths the eternal
frost?
Whose name, O wild Arveiron, does thy din
Of waves sound out in dreadful harmonies?

"Jehovah!" crashes in the bursting ice;
Down through the gorge the rolling avalanche
Carries the word in thunder to the vales.
"Jehovah!" murmurs in the morning breeze,
Along the trembling tree-tops; down below
It whispers in the purling, silvery brooks.

FREDERICA BRUN.

AT KANDERSTEG.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian of the United States, was born at Worcester, Mass., Oct. 3, 1800. He studied at Harvard College and in Europe, and on returning to his native country occupied stations of public importance, from which he retired in 1849. His poems were published in a small volume in 1823, and the first volume of his life work, the "History of the United States," in 1834. In 1867 Mr. Bancroft was sent abroad as Minister to the Court of Berlin, and during his occupancy of the post rendered important services to his country. He now resides at Washington.

FATHER in heaven! while friendless and alone
I gaze on nature's face in alpine wild,
I would approach thee nearer. Wilt thou own
The solitary pilgrim for thy child?

When on the hill's majestic height I trod,
And thy creation smiling round me lay,
The soul reclaimed its likeness unto God,
And spurned its union with the baser clay.

The stream of thought flowed purely, like
the air

That from untrodden snows passed coolly by;
Base passion died within me; low born care
Fled, and reflection raised my soul on high.

Then wast thou with me, and didst sweetly
pour

Serene delight into my wounded breast;
The mantle of thy love hung gently o'er
The lonely wanderer, and my heart had rest.

I gazed on thy creation. Oh, 't is fair!
The vales are clothed in beauty, and the hills
In their deep bosom icy oceans bear,
To feed the mighty floods and bubbling rills.

I marvel not at Nature. She is thine;
Thy cherished daughter, whom thou lov'st
to bless;

Through thee her hills in glistening whiteness
shine;

Through thee her valleys laugh in loveliness.

'T is thou, when o'er my path beams cheerful
day,

That smiling guid'st me through the stran-
ger's land;
And when mild winds around my temples play,
On my hot brow I feel thy lenient hand.

And shall I fear thee?—wherefore fear thy
wrath,

When life and hope and youth from thee
descend?

Oh, be my guide in life's uncertain path,
The pilgrim's guardian, counsellor, and
friend!

GEORGE BANCROFT.

HYMN TO THE ALPS.

ETERNAL pyramids, built not with hands,
From linked foundations that deep-hidden
lie,

Ye rise apart, and each a wonder stands!

Your marble peaks, which pierce the clouds
so high,

Seem holding up the curtain of the sky:

And there, sublime and solemn, have ye stood,
While crumbling Time, o'erawed, passed
reverent by,

Since Nature's resurrection from the flood,
Since Earth, new born, again received God's
plaudit, "Good!"

Vast as mysterious, beautiful as grand!

Forever looking into Heaven's clear face,

Types of sublimest faith, unmoved ye stand
While tortured torrents rave along your base;
Silence yourselves, while, loosed from its
high place,

Headlong the avalanche loud thundering leaps!

Like a foul spirit, maddened by disgrace,
That in its fall the souls of thousands sweeps
Into perdition's gulf, down ruin's slippery
steps.

When rose before me your transcendent
heights,

Tipped from the orient with refulgent gold,
While on your slopes were blended shades
and lights,

As morn's pale mist away, like drapery, rolled,
My soul, entranced, forgot its earthly hold,
Upborne to purer realms, on morning's wing;

Yet felt serene, as ye are calm and cold,
A joy that sublimated everything,
That hushed all save the heart's profoundest,
loftiest string.

But when against the evening's solemn sky
Your white peaks through the spectral
moonlight peered,

Ye were Titanic spirits to my eye,
Awing the soul until itself it feared!

Oh, how sublimely awful ye appeared,
Silent as death in your cold solitude;

Appalling the lone traveller, as he neared
Some sacred spot, where none might dare
intrude

With sanded foot, base thought or word, or
action rude!

Imagination gives you endless forms:

Now ye seem giant sentinels, that wait
To watch from your calm heights a world of
storms.

Reporting, each in turn, at heaven's far
gate,
The world's advances, and man's brief es-
tate :

How many races have ye seen descend
Into Time's grave, the lowly with the great ;
How many kingdoms seen asunder rend,
How many empires fall, how many centuries
end !

Dread monuments of your Creator's power !
When Egypt's pyramids shall mouldering
fall,

In undiminished glory ye shall tower,
And still the reverent heart to worship call, —
Yourselves a hymn of praise perpetual :
And if at last, when rent is Law's great chain,
Ye with material things must perish all,
Thoughts which ye have inspired, not born in
vain,
In immaterial minds for aye shall live again.

MRS. ELIZABETH CLEMENTINE KINNY.

THE WONDERS OF THE LAKE.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, known as the "Corn-Law Rhymer,"
was born March 17, 1781, and, though not liberally edu-
cated, produced poetry that is commended on account of
its expression of sympathy with the poor. He died Dec. 1,
1849.

STRONG climber of the mountain side,
Though thou the vale disdawn,
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane.
High o'er the rushy springs of Don
The stormy gloom is rolled ;
The moorland hath not yet put on
His purple, green, and gold.
But here the titling spreads his wing,
Where dewy daisies gleam ;
And here the sunflower of the spring
Burns bright in morning's beam.

To mountain winds the famished fox
Complains that Sol is slow
O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
His royal robe to throw.
But here the lizard seeks the sun,
Here coils in light the snake ;
And here the fire-tuft hath begun
Its beauteous nest to make.

Oh, then, while hums the earliest bee
Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
The glories of the lane !

For, oh, I love these banks of rock,
This roof of sky and tree,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,
And wakes the earliest bee !

As spirits from eternal day
Look down on earth secure,
Gaze thou, and wonder, and survey
A world in miniature !
A world not scorned by Him who made
Even weakness by his might ;
But solemn in his depth of shade,
And splendid in his light.

Light! not alone on clouds afar
O'er storm-loved mountains spread,
Or widely teaching sun and star,
Thy glorious thoughts are read ;
Oh, no! thou art a wondrous book,
To sky, and sea, and land, —
A page on which the angels look,
Which insects understand !

And here, O light! minutely fair,
Divinely plain and clear,
Like splinters of a crystal hair,
Thy bright small hand is here.
Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,
Is Huron, girt with wood ;
This driplet feeds Missouri's tide, —
And that, Niagara's flood.

What tidings from the Andes brings
Yon line of liquid light,
That down from heaven in madness flings
The blind foam of its might ?
Do I not hear his thunder roll, —
The roar that ne'er is still ?
'T is mute as death ! But in my soul
It roars, and ever will.

What forests tall of tiniest moss
Clothe every little stone !
What pygmy oaks their foliage toss
O'er pygmy valleys lone !
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
Ambitious of the sky,
Thy feather o'er the steepest edge
Of mountains mushroom high.

O God of marvels ! who can tell
What myriad living things
On these gray stones unseen may dwell, —
What nations, with their kings !
I feel no shock, I hear no groan,
While fate perchance o'erwhelms
Empires on this subverted stone, —
A hundred ruined realms !

Lo! in that dot, some mite, like me,
 Impelled by woe or whim,
 May crawl some atom cliffs to see, —
 A tiny world to him!
 Lo! while he pauses, and admires
 The works of nature's might,
 Spurned by my foot, his world expires,
 And all to him is night!

O God of terrors! what are we? —
 Poor insects, sparked with thought!
 Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee
 Could smite us into nought!
 But shouldst thou wreck our fatherland,
 And mix it with the deep,
 Safe in the hollow of thine hand
 Thy little ones would sleep.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

FAR, far above
 This easy slope I gained, a mountain shines
 And darkens skyward with its crags and pines;
 And upward slow I move,

Because I know
 There is no level where I can pause, and say,
 "This is sure gain." It is too steep a way
 For mortal foot to go.

There is no end
 Of things to learn, and books to cram the
 brain;
 They who know all, still hunger to attain.
 What boots it that they spend

Long toiling years
 To gain horizons dim and limitless?
 The higher up, the more the soul's distress
 In alien atmospheres.

All is the same.
 What profit hath the scholar more than I?
 Let bookworms crawl. Better to leap or fly
 With some small earnest aim.

What is the good
 Of heaping pile on pile of musty lore?
 Nor paper promises nor uncoined ore
 Can buy the spirit's food.

Even the flame
 Of morning burning o'er yon cedar heights
 Is dull, unless an inward morn delights.
 All sunshine is the same.

Our skill and wit
 Snare us in useless labor and routine.
 The more we search, the more retires unseen
 Nature the infinite,

The same in all.
 And telescope and microscope but teach
 One mystery, far above, below our reach.
 There is no great or small,

No grand or mean;
 No end, and no beginning. For we float
 In being, and learn all our creeds by rote,
 Nor see through heaven's screen.

This, mainly this,
 We cling to, — hope that as we upward climb,
 Some essence of the juices of the time,
 Some light we cannot miss,

Gives toil its worth;
 Secretes and feeds and builds up strong and
 fair
 The young recipient being with food and air
 Of mingled heaven and earth.

Only what creeps
 As sap from trunk to tree, from branch to
 flower,
 Fills with the quiet plenitude of power
 The oak's unconscious deeps;

While south-winds sift,
 Rain falls and sunlight sparkles through the
 leaves,
 And the gnarled regent of the woods receives
 The heaven's benignant gift.

What the soul needs,
 It takes to itself, — aromas, sounds, and sights,
 Beliefs and hopes; finds star-tracks through
 the night,
 And miracles in weeds;

Grows unawares
 To greatness, through small help and accidents,
 Puzzling the pedagogue routine, whose tents
 It leaves for manlier cares.

And by the light
 Of some great law that shines on passing facts,
 Some nobler purpose blending with our acts,
 We read our tasks aright,

And gain the trust
 That knowledge is best wealth. So shall the
 ends
 Crown the beginnings. He who wisely spends,
 Gathers the stars as dust.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

EVENING HYMN OF THE ALPINE
SHEPHERDS.

DR. WILLIAM BEATTIE was born at Dalton, Dumfriesshire, about 1797, and was educated partly at the University of Edinburgh and partly abroad. In 1830 he took up his abode in London, where he was physician to the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., and an industrious writer of prose and verse. He was literary executor of the poet Campbell, and a friend of Rogers. In a note to the following verses he says: "Every evening, at sunset, 'Ye shepherds, praise the Lord,' was sung and repeated from cliff to cliff, until every voice joined in the chorus." Dr. Beattie died in 1875.

BROTHERS, the day declines ;
Above, the glacier brightens ;
Through hills of waving pines
The " vesper halo " lightens !
Now wake the welcome chorus
To him our sires adored ;
To him who watcheth o'er us, —
Ye shepherds, praise the Lord !

From each tower's embattled crest,
The vesper-bell has tolled ;
'Tis the hour that bringeth rest
To the shepherd and his fold :
From hamlet, rock, and chalet
Let our evening song be poured ;
Till mountain, rock, and valley
Re-echo, — Praise the Lord !

Praise the Lord, who made and gave us
Our glorious mountain-land !
Who deigned to shield, and save us
From the despot's iron hand :
With the bread of life he feeds us ;
Enlightened by his word,
Through pastures green he leads us, —
Ye shepherds, praise the Lord !

And hark ! below, aloft,
From cliffs that pierce the cloud,
From blue lakes, calm and soft
As a virgin in her shroud ;
New strength our anthem gathers,
From Alp to Alp 'tis poured ;
So sang our sainted fathers, —
Ye shepherds, praise the Lord !

Praise the Lord ! from flood and fell
Let the voice of old and young —
All the strength of Appenzel,
True of heart, and sweet of tongue —
The grateful theme prolong
With souls in soft accord,
Till yon stars take up our song, —
Hallelujah to the Lord !

WILLIAM BEATTIE.

1866.

THE ALPINE GENTIAN.

SHE mid ice mountains vast
Long had lain sleeping,
When she looked forth at last
Timidly peeping.

Trembling she gazed around,
All round her slept ;
O'er the dead icy ground
Cold shadows crept.

Wide fields of silent snow,
Still, frozen seas, —
What could her young life do
Mid such as these ?

Not a voice came to her,
Not a warm breath ;
What hope lay there for her
Living midst death ?

Mournfully pondering
Gazed she on high :
White clouds were wandering
Through the blue sky.

There smiled the kindly sun,
Gentle beams kissed her :
On her the mild moon shone
Like a saint sister.

There twinkled many a star,
Danced in sweet mirth ;
The warm heavens seemed nearer far
Than the cold earth.

So she gazed steadfastly
Loving on high ;
Till she grew heavenly,
Blue as the sky.

And the cold icicles
Near which she grew,
Thawed in her skyey bells,
Fed her with dew.

And the tired traveller,
Gazing abroad,
Fixing his eyes on her,
Thinking of God,

Thinks how, mid life's cold snow,
Hearts to God given
Breathe out, where'er they go,
Summer and heaven.

MRS. ELIZABETH (RUNDLE) CHARLES.

GRASS AND ROSES.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, an eminent clergyman, was born in Hanover, N. H., April 4, 1810, and graduated at Harvard College in 1829. With the exception of three years he has been the pastor of the Church of the Disciples, Boston, since 1841. He has been a prominent literary man, and besides publishing a number of volumes has contributed constantly to the best periodicals, and has written a number of hymns. His original compilation, entitled "Service Book," was published in 1844, and was the first introduction to Americans of "Nearer, my God, to thee," and other favorite hymns of Sarah Flower Adams.

SAADI MUSLIH-UD-DIN SAADI, of Shiraz, the Persian poet who next to Hafiz enjoys the greatest reputation, was born about 1175, and died in 1275. His *Gulistan*, or "Rose Garden," is a collection of moral stories in prose and verse. It was published with an English translation, in Calcutta, in 1806, and in London in 1808.

I LOOKED where the roses were blooming,
They stood among grasses and weeds ;
I said, "Where such beauties are growing,
Why suffer these paltry weeds?"

Weeping, the poor things faltered :
"We have neither beauty nor bloom,
We are grass in the roses' garden,
But the Master gives us room.

"Slaves of a generous master,
Born from a world above,
We came to this place in his wisdom,
We stay to this hour from his love.

"We have fed his humblest creatures,
We have served him truly and long ;
He gave no grace to our features,
We have neither color nor song.

"Yet he who has made the flowers
Placed *us* on the self-same sod ;
He knows our reason for being, —
We are grass in the garden of God."

From the *Gulistan* of SAADI.
Translated by JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D. D.

THE DAISY.

EACH hath its place in the eternal plan :
Heaven whispers wisdom to the wayside
flower,
Bidding it use its own peculiar dower,
And bloom its best within its little span.
We must each do, not what we will, but
can ;
Nor have we duty to exceed our power.
To all things are marked out their place and
hour :
The child must be a child, the man a man.

And surely He who metes as we should mete
Could we his insight use, shall most approve,
Not that which fills most space in earthly eyes,
But what — though Time scarce note it as he
flies —

Fills, like this little daisy at my feet,
Its function best of diligence in love.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

THE CORN AND THE LILIES.

SAID the corn to the lilies :
"Press not near my feet.
You are only idlers,
Neither corn nor wheat.
Does one earn a living
Just by being sweet?"

Naught answered the lilies,
Neither yea nor nay,
Only they grew sweeter
All the livelong day.
And at last the Teacher
Chanced to come that way.

While his tired disciples
Rested at his feet,
And the proud corn rustled,
Bidding them to eat,
"Children," said the Teacher,
"The life is more than meat.

"Consider the lilies,
How beautiful they grow !
Never king had such glory,
Yet no toil they know."
Oh, happy were the lilies
That he loved them so !

1879.

EMILY A. BRADDOCK.

FLOWERS.

CHILDREN of dew and sunshine, balmy flowers !
Ye seem like creatures of a heavenly mould
That linger in this fallen earth of ours,
Fair relics of her Paradise of old.

Amidst her tombs and ruins, gentle things,
Ye smile and glitter in celestial bloom ;
Like radiant feathers dropped from angel wings,
Or tiny rainbows of a world of gloom.

Yes; there is heaven about you: in your breath
And hues it dwells. The stars of heaven
ye shine ;
Bright strangers in a land of sin and death,
That talk of God, and point to realms divine

I love your earliest beauties, and your last :
 Come when you may, you still are welcome
 here ;
 Flinging your sweets on autumn's dying blast,
 Or weaving chaplets for the infant year.

I love your gentle eyes and smiling faces,
 Bright with the sun, or wet with balmy
 showers ;
 Your looks and language in all times and places,
 In lordly gardens, or in woodland bowers.

But most, sweet flowers, I love you, when ye
 talk
 As Jesus taught you when he o'er you trod ;
 And, mingling smiles and morals, bid us walk
 Content o'er earth to glory and to God.

O mutely eloquent ! the heart may read
 In books like you, in tinted leaf or wing,
 Fragrance and music, lessons that exceed
 The formal lore that graver pages bring.

Ye speak of frail humanity : ye tell
 How man, like you, shall flourish and shall
 fall.

But, ah ! ye speak of heavenly love as well,
 And say, the God of flowers is God of all.

While Faith in you her Maker's goodness
 views
 Beyond her utmost need, her boldest claim,
 She catches something of your smiles and
 hues,
 Forgets her fears, and glows and smiles the
 same.

Childhood and you are playmates ; matching
 well
 Your sunny cheeks, and mingling fragrant
 breath.
 Ye help young Love his faltering tale to tell ;
 Ye scatter sweetness o'er the bed of Death.

Sweet flowers, sweet flowers, be mine to dwell
 with you !
 Ye talk of song and sunshine, hope and
 love :
 Ye breathe of all bright things, and lead us
 through
 The best of earth to better still above.

Sweet flowers, sweet flowers ! the rich exu-
 berance
 Of Nature's heart in her propitious hours :
 When glad emotions in her bosom dance,
 She vents her happiness in laughing flowers.

I love you, when along the fields in spring
 Your dewy eyes look countless from the turf ;
 I love you, when from summer boughs you
 swing,
 As light and silvery as the ocean surf.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
 Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
 What more than magic in you lies
 To fill the heart's fond view !
 In childhood's sports companions gay ;
 In sorrow, on life's downward way,
 How soothing ! in our last decay,
 Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
 As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
 As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
 Of happy wanderers there.
 Fallen all beside, — the world of life,
 How is it stained with fear and strife !
 In reason's world what storms are rife,
 What passions rage and glare !

But cheerful, and unchanged the while,
 Your first and perfect form ye show,
 The same that won Eve's matron smile
 In the world's opening glow.
 The stars of heaven a course are taught,
 Too high above our human thought ; —
 Ye may be found, if ye are sought,
 And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
 Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
 And guilty man, where'er he roams,
 Your innocent mirth may borrow.
 The birds of air before us fleet,
 They cannot brook our shame to meet, —
 But we may taste your solace sweet,
 And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide ;
 Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
 Your silent lessons, undescried
 By all but lowly eyes ;
 For ye could draw the admiring gaze
 Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys ;
 Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
 He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
 As when he paused, and owned you good ;
 His blessing on earth's primal bower,
 Ye felt it all renewed.

What care ye now, if winter's storm
Sweep restless o'er each silken form?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,
That daily court you, and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness!
"Live for to-day!" to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight.
Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless.

JOHN KEBLE.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE HEMANS was born at Liverpool, Sept. 25, 1794, and died at Dublin, May 12, 1835. She lived in early youth amid the romantic scenery of North Wales, which exerted an influence in stimulating her poetic power. She increased in religious sentiment as years passed over her. Her shorter pieces are her best.

FLOWERS! when the Saviour's calm benignant
eye
Fell on your gentle beauty, — when from you
That heavenly lesson from all hearts he
drew,
Eternal, universal, as the sky, —
Then, in the bosom of your purity,
A voice he set, as in a temple shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass
you by,
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.
And though too oft its low, celestial sound
By the harsh notes of work-day care is drowned,
And the loud steps of vain unlistening haste,
Yet the great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hushed
hour,
Than yours, ye lilies! chosen thus and graced.

FELICIA HEMANS.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES, HOW THEY GROW."

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT was born in Boston, March 13, 1840. He graduated at Harvard College in 1860, and at the Theological School in 1868. He was for a time pastor of a church at Milwaukee, and has since 1870 lived chiefly in Boston. He has contributed to the magazines and papers various sermons, lectures, and addresses; and has also written some very fine hymns and other poems.

HE hides within the lily
A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory of the air;

He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
With him who bent the knee,
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens
And quickens into new,
As brightening down the ages
God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the man!
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel-plan.
The flower-horizons open!
The blossom vaster shows!
We hear thy wide world's echo, —
See how the lily grows.

Shy yearnings of the savage,
Unfolding thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought;
The races rise and cluster,
Transfigurations fall,
Man's chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all!

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT.

THE RHODORA.

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook;
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to
cool,

And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! If the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them that if eyes were made for
seeing,

Then beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same power that brought me there
brought you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

AND was it not enough that, meekly growing,
In lack of all things wherein plants delight,
Cool dews, rich soil, and gentle showers re-
freshing,

It yet could blossom into beauty bright ?

In the hot desert, in the rocky crevice,
By dusty waysides, on the rubbish heap,
Where'er the Lord appoints, it smiles, believing
That where he planteth, he will surely keep !

Nay, this is not enough, the fierce sirocco
Must root it up, and sweep it from its home,
And bear it miles away, across the desert,
Then fling it, ruthless, on the white sea-foam.

Do they thus end, those lives of patient duty,
That grow, through every grief and pain,
more fair, —

Are they thus cast aside, at length, forgotten ?
Ah no ! my story is not ended there.

Those roots upon the waves of ocean floating,
That in their desert homes no moisture knew,
Now, at the fount their life-long thirst are
quenching,

Whence rise the gentle showers, the nightly
dew.

They drink the quickening streams through
every fibre

Until with hidden life each seed shall swell ;
Then come the winds of God, his word ful-
filling,

And bear them back, where he shall please,
to dwell.

Thus live meek spirits, duly schooled to
duty, —

The whirlwind storm may sweep them from
their place ;

What matter if by that affliction driven
Straight to their God, the fountain of all
grace ?

And when, at length, the final trial cometh,
Though hurled to unknown worlds, they
shall not die ;

Borne not by winds of wrath, but God's own
angels,

They feed upon his love and dwell beneath
his eye,

Till by the angel of the resurrection

One awful blast through heaven and earth
be blown ;

Then soul and body, met no more to sunder,
That all God's ways are true and just shall
own !

EMILY SEAVER.

SNAPDRAGON.

A RIDDLE FOR A FLOWER-BOOK.

I AM rooted in the wall
Of buttressed tower or ancient hall ;
Prisoned in an art-wrought bed,
Cased in mortar, cramped with lead ;
Of a living stock alone
Brother of the lifeless stone.

Else unprized, I have my worth
On the spot that gives me birth ;
Nature's vast and varied field
Braver flowers than me will yield,
Bold in form and rich in hue,
Children of a purer dew ;
Smiling lips and winning eyes
Meet for earthly paradise.

Choice are such, — and yet thou knowest
Highest he whose lot is lowest.
They, proud hearts, a home reject
Framed by human architect ;
Humble — I can bear to dwell
Near the pale recluse's cell,
And I spread my crimson bloom,
Mingled with the cloister's gloom.

Life's gay gifts and honors rare,
Flowers of favor, win and wear !
Rose of beauty, be the queen
In pleasure's ring and festive scene.
Ivy, climb and cluster, where
Lordly oaks vouchsafe a stair.
Vaunt, fair lily, stately dame,
Pride of birth and pomp of name.
Miser crocus, starved with cold,
Hide in earth thy timid gold.
Travelled dahlia, freely boast
Knowledge brought from foreign coast.

Pleasure, wealth, birth, knowledge, power,
These have each an emblem flower ;
So for me alone remains
Lowly thought and cheerful pains.
Be it mine to set restraint
On roving wish and selfish plaint ;
And for man's drear haunts to leave
Dewy morn and balmy eve.
Be it mine the barren stone
To deck with green life not its own,
So to soften and to grace
Of human works the rugged face ;
Mine, the Unseen to display
In the crowded public way,
Where life's busy arts combine
To shut out the Hand Divine.

Ah! no more a scentless flower,
 By approving Heaven's high power,
 Suddenly my leaves exhale
 Fragrance of the Syrian gale.
 Ah, 't is timely comfort given
 By the answering breath of heaven!
 May it be! then well might I
 In college cloister live and die.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

ULCOMBE, Oct. 2, 1827.

THE LITTLE BROWN SEED.

"I'm of no use," said a little brown seed;
 "Where shall I go and hide?
 I'm little and brown, with nobody's love,
 And ugly beside."

So she rolled, and she rolled very quickly away,
 And tumbled on the ground;
 The rain came in torrents, and fell upon her
 And all things around.

And she felt herself sinking in darkness be-
 neath,
 Poor little faithless seed!
 Where never an eye could see her sad fate,
 Oh, she was hidden indeed!

The little brown seed lay still in the earth,
 To herself still sighing,
 Till at last with an effort she roused up, and
 cried,
 "I'll begin by *trying*."

"I'll try and stop fretting, for 't is of no use,
 And if I've nobody's love,
 I'll look up in hope, for there is one who will
 see,
 The dear God above."

Oh, would you believe it! straightway the dark
 ground
 Began to tremble and shake,
 And make way for the little seed, hopeful now,
 Her upward way to take!

Up, up she went, till at last she saw
 The lovely, bright blue sky;
 Oh, the beautiful spirit had found release,
 And the summer time was nigh!

The brightness and beauty that grew upon her,
 I cannot begin to speak;
 Crowned with flowers she stood, beloved by all,
 So lovely, — yet so meek.

MARGARET SIDNEY.

THE VIOLET.

JONES VERY, a clergyman without charge, was born in Salem, Mass., Aug. 28, 1813, and was educated at Harvard College, graduating there in 1836. His life was spent in Salem in literary pursuits. His sonnets are highly prized. He died May 8, 1880.

THOU tellest truths unspoken yet by man,
 By this thy lonely home and modest look;
 For he has not the eyes such truths to scan,
 Nor learns to read from such a lowly book.
 With him it is not life firm-fixed to grow
 Beneath the outspreading oaks and rising pines,
 Content this humble lot of thine to know,
 The nearest neighbor of the creeping vines;
 Without fixed root he cannot trust like thee
 The rain will know the appointed hour to fall,
 But fears lest sun or shower may hurtful be,
 And would delay or speed them with his call;
 Nor trust like thee, when wintry winds blow
 cold,
 Whose shrinking form the withered leaves
 infold.

JONES VERY.

THE MIGNONETTE AND THE OAK.

JOHN HALL, pastor of one of the most prominent Presbyterian churches of New York City, was born in the county of Armagh, Ireland, July 31, 1829, and was educated at Belfast College. He was licensed to preach in 1849, and subsequently was pastor of churches in Armagh and Dublin. He was installed over his present charge in 1867. The following lines were written when the author was in his teens.

I MARKED a child, — a pretty child,
 A gentle, blue-eyed thing;
 She sowed the scented mignonette
 One sunny day in spring;
 And while the tiny grains she sowed,
 The stream of thought thus sweetly flowed:

"On this dear bed the dew shall fall,
 And yon bright sun shall shine, —
 'T will spring and grow and blossom then;
 And it will all be mine!"
 And the fair thing laughed in childish glee,
 To think what a harvest hers should be.

I saw a man an acorn plant
 Upon the hillside bare, —
 No spreading branch, no shading rock,
 Lent friendly shelter there;
 And thus, as o'er the spot he bowed,
 I heard him, — for he thought aloud:

"Frail thing! ere glossy leaf shall grace
 Thy wide and sturdy bough,

I may be laid amid the dead
 As low as thou art now :
 Yet wilt thou rise in rugged strength,
 And crown this barren height at length."

Each had a hope : the childish heart
 Looked to a summer's joy ;
 The manly thought — strong and mature —
 Looks to futurity.

Each trusts to nature's genial power, —
He wants a forest; *she*, a flower.

Who sows the seed of heavenly truth,
 And doubts Almighty power ?
 Will years less surely bring the oak,
 Than months the summer flower ?
Then sow, although no fruit you see ;
 God, "in due time," will raise the tree.

JOHN HALL.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

"WHAT are you looking at?" the farmer said ;
 "That's nothing but a yellow-flowering
 weed."

We turned, and saw our neighbor's grizzled
 head
 Above the fence, but took of him no heed.

There stood the simple man, and wondered
 much
 At us, who wondered at the twilight flowers
 Bursting to life, as if a spirit's touch
 Awoke their slumbering souls to answer ours.

"It grows all o'er the island, wild," said he.
 "There's plenty in my field. I root 'em
 out ;
 But, for my life, it puzzles me to see
 What you make such a wonderment about."

The good man turned, and to his supper went ;
 While kneeling on the grass, with mute
 delight,
 Or whispered words, around the plant we bent
 To watch the opening buds that love the
 night.

Slowly the rosy dusk of eve departed,
 And one by one the pale stars bloomed on
 high ;
 And one by one each folded calyx started,
 And bared its golden petals to the sky.

One throb from star to flower seemed pulsing
 through
 The night ; one living spirit blending all

In beauty and in mystery ever new ;
 One harmony divine through great and
 small.

E'en our plain neighbor, as he sips his tea,
 I doubt not through his window feels the sky
 Of evening bring a sweet and tender plea
 That links him even to dreamers such as I.

So through the symbol alphabet that glows
 Through all creation, higher still and higher
 The spirit builds its faith, and ever grows
 Beyond the rude forms of its first desire.

O boundless Beauty and Beneficence !
 O deathless Soul that breathest in the weeds,
 And in a starlit sky ! E'en through the rents
 Of accident thou serv'st all human needs,

Nor stoopest idly to our petty cares ;
 Nor knowest great or small, since, folded in
 By Universal Love, all being shares
 The life that ever shall be or hath been.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

SONG OF FAITH.

WILLIAM CROSWELL was born at Hudson, N. Y., Nov. 7,
 1804, and died in Boston, where he had been the founder,
 and for seven years the rector, of the Church of the Advent.

THE lilled fields behold ;
 What king in his array
 Of purple pall and cloth of gold
 Shines gorgeously as they ?
 Their pomp, however gay,
 Is brief, alas ! as bright ;
 It lives but for a summer's day,
 And withers in a night.

If God so clothe the soil,
 And glorify the dust,
 Why should the slave of daily toil
 His providence distrust ?
 Will he, whose love has nursed
 The sparrow's brood, do less
 For those who seek his kingdom first,
 And with it righteousness ?

The birds fly forth at will ;
 They neither plough nor sow :
 Yet theirs the sheaves that crown the hill,
 Or glad the vale below.
 While through the realms of air
 He guides their trackless way,
 Will man, in faithlessness, despair ?
 Is he worth less than they ?

WILLIAM CROSWELL.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

"They shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses." — ISA. xliiv. 4.

LESSONS sweet of spring returning,
 Welcome to the thoughtful heart!
 May I call ye sense or learning,
 Instinct pure, or Heaven-taught art?
 Be your title what it may,
 Sweet the lengthening April day,
 While with you the soul is free,
 Ranging wild o'er hill and lea.

Soft as Memnon's harp at morning,
 To the inward ear devout,
 Touched by light, with heavenly warning
 Your transporting chords ring out.
 Every leaf in every nook,
 Every wave in every brook,
 Chanting with a solemn voice,
 Minds us of our better choice.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,
 Winding shore or deepening glen,
 Where the landscape in its glory
 Teaches truth to wandering men:
 Give true hearts but earth and sky,
 And some flowers to bloom and die, —
 Homely scenes and simple views
 Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

See the soft green willow springing
 Where the waters gently pass,
 Every way her free arms flinging
 O'er the moist and reedy grass.
 Long ere winter blasts are fled,
 See her tipped with vernal red,
 And her kindly flower displayed
 Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
 Patiently she droops awhile,
 But when showers and breezes hail her,
 Wears again her willing smile.
 Thus I learn Contentment's power
 From the slighted willow bower,
 Ready to give thanks and live
 On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,
 Up the stony vale I wind,
 Haply half in fancy grieving
 For the shades I leave behind,
 By the dusty wayside drear,
 Nightingales with joyous cheer
 Sing, my sadness to reprove,
 Gladlier than in cultured grove.

Where the thickest boughs are twining
 Of the greenest, darkest tree,
 There they plunge, the light declining, —
 All may hear, but none may see.
 Fearless of the passing hoof,
 Hardly will they fleet aloof;
 So they live in modest ways,
 Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.

JOHN KEEBLE.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

ADDRESSED TO TWO SWALLOWS THAT FLEW INTO CHAUNCY PLACE CHURCH DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

CHARLES SPRAGUE, a banker-poet, was born in Boston, Oct. 25, 1791, and died in the same city, Jan. 14, 1875. He was for forty years cashier of the Globe Bank, but for many years devoted his time successfully to the study of classical English writers, and wrote for publication both prose and verse.

GAY, guiltless pair,
 What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
 Ye have no need of prayer,
 Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
 Where mortals to their Maker bend?
 Can your pure spirits fear
 The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
 The crimes for which we come to weep.
 Penance is not for you,
 Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given
 To make sweet Nature's untaught lays;
 Beneath the arch of heaven
 To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing
 Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
 And join the choirs that sing
 In that blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
 To note the consecrated hour,
 Teach me the airy way,
 And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd
 On upward wings could I but fly,
 I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
 And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'T were heaven indeed
 Through fields of trackless light to soar,
 On Nature's charms to feed,
 And Nature's own great God adore.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

ON WATCHING THE FLIGHT OF
A SKYLARK.

UPWARD and upward still! — in pearly light
The clouds are steeped; the vernal spirit sighs
With bliss in every wind, and crystal skies
Woo thee, O bird, to thy celestial height;
Bird piercing heaven with music! thy free
flight

Hath meaning for all bosoms; most of all
For those wherein the rapture and the might
Of poesy lie deep, and strive, and burn,
For their high place: O heirs of genius, learn
From the sky's bird your way! — No joy may
fill

Your hearts, no gift of holy strength be won
To bless your songs, ye children of the sun,
Save by the unswerving flight, — upward and
upward still!

FELICIA HEMANS.

MY SPARROWS.

Jesus said, "Fear not . . . ye are of more value than many
sparrows." — MATT. X. 31.

O LITTLE birds,
That sit upon the wintry boughs, —
The shortened daylight done, —
Up in your tree-top home
Blithely you twitter your good-nights
Towards the sun!

Here in my home
I sit, and from my window watch
You hopping to and fro;
And count you two and two,
As choosing each his nightly twig,
To rest you go.

You nestle down,
Hiding your heads with childlike trust,
In feathery content, —
With poet song-bird sure
The sunrise never failed us yet,
Though night be sent.

Little ye ken
That just this side my window-pane
There lurks a wary foe,
Who with her longing gaze
Follows each birdling of the flock
Loath to forego!

No anxious thought
Waste ye on would-be ills and foes;
December's day is spent,

Gathered its kindly crumbs;
And with a chirp of thanks ye take
What Heaven has sent.

But ye are safe!
Safe as God's own, round whom is thrown
His blessed shield of light;
Within whose crystal wall
No hidden power of ill may come,
No darkness blight.

Father, thy love,
A presence-pillar, rises calm
'Twixt me and all my sin;
While veiled scarce from sight
Home shineth fair, and Jesus waits
To let us in!

The sunset lights
Fade from behind the sombre tower
Of wooded Auburn's hill:
And on my pine-tree bough
The chipperings are hushed to rest,
The sparrows still!

MARY KENT ADAMS STONE.

MY DOVES.

My little doves have left a nest
Upon an Indian tree,
Whose leaves fantastic take their rest
Or motion from the sea:
Forever there the sea-winds go
With sunlit paces, to and fro.

The tropic flowers looked up to it,
The tropic stars looked down:
And there my little doves did sit
With feathers softly brown,
And glittering eyes that showed their right
To general Nature's deep delight.

And God them taught at every close
Of water far, and wind
And lifted leaf, to interpose
Their chanting voices kind;
Interpreting that love must be
The meaning of the earth and sea.

My little doves were borne away
From that glad nest of theirs;
Across an ocean foaming aye,
And tempest-clouded airs.
My little doves! who lately knew
The sky and wave by warmth and blue!

And now within the city prison,
 In mist and chillness pent,
 With sudden upward look they listen
 For sounds of past content, —
 For lapse of water, swell of breeze,
 Or nut-fruit falling from the trees.

The stir, without the glow of passion,
 The triumph of the mart, —
 The gold and silver's dreary clashing
 With man's metallic heart, —
 The wheeled pomp, the pauper tread,
 These only sounds are heard instead.

Yet still, as on my human hand
 Their fearless heads they lean,
 And almost seem to understand
 What human musings mean, —
 With such a plaintive gaze, their eyne
 Are fastened upwardly to mine.

Their chant is soft as on the nest
 Beneath the sunny sky,
 For love that stirred it in their breast
 Remains undyingly,
 And 'neath the city's shade can keep
 The well of music clear and deep.

And love, that keeps the music, fills
 With pastoral memories ;
 All echoings from out the hills,
 All droppings from the skies,
 All flowings from the wave, and wind,
 Remembered in their chant I find.

So teach ye me the wisest part,
 My little doves ! to move
 Along the city ways with heart
 Assured by holy love,
 And vocal with such songs as own
 A fountain to the world unknown.

'T was hard to sing by Babel's stream,
 More hard in Babel's street !
 But, if the soulless creatures deem
 Their music not unmeet
 For sunless walls, let us begin,
 Who wear immortal wings within !

To me fair memories belong
 Of scenes that erst did bless ;
 For no regret — but present song —
 And lasting thankfulness, —
 And very soon to break away
 Like types, in purer things than they !

I will have hopes that cannot fade,
 For flowers the valley yields ;

I will have humble thoughts instead
 Of silent dewy fields !
 My spirit and my God shall be
 My seaward hill, my boundless sea.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE SURE WITNESS.

THE solemn wood had spread
 Shadows around my head —
 "Curtains they are," I said,
 "Hung dim and still about the house of
 prayer ;"
 Softly among the limbs,
 I hear the winds, and ask if God were there.
 No voice replied, but while I listening stood,
 Sweet peace made holy hushes through the
 wood.

With ruddy, open hand,
 I saw the wild rose stand
 Beside the green gate of the summer hills,
 And pulling at her dress,
 I cried, " Sweet hermitess,
 Hast thou beheld him who the dew distils ?"
 No voice replied, but while I listening bent,
 Her gracious beauty made my heart content.

The moon in splendor shone, —
 " She walketh heaven alone,
 And seeth all things," to myself I mused :
 " Hast thou beheld him, then,
 Who hides himself from men,
 In that great power through nature interfused ?"
 No speech made answer, and no sign appeared,
 But in the silence I was soothed and cheered.

Waking one time, strange awe
 Thrilling my soul, I saw
 A kingly splendor round about the night ;
 Such cunning work the hand
 Of spinner never planned, —
 The finest wool may not be washed so white.
 " Hast thou come out of heaven ?"
 I asked ; and lo !
 The snow was all the answer of the snow.

Then my heart said, Give o'er ;
 Question no more, no more !
 The wind, the snow-storm, the wild hermit
 flower,
 The illuminated air,
 The pleasure after prayer,
 Proclaim the unoriginated power !
 The mystery that hides him here and there
 Bears the sure witness he is everywhere.

ALICE CARY.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, for twenty-seven years Bishop of New Jersey, was born at Trenton, May 27, 1799, and was educated at Union College. He published a volume of poems and several works on theology. He died April 27, 1859.

SWEET Robin, I have heard them say
That thou wert there upon the day
That Christ was crowned in cruel scorn,
And bore away one bleeding thorn ;
That so the blush upon thy breast
In shameful sorrow was imprest,
And thence thy genial sympathy
With our redeemed humanity.

Sweet Robin, would that I might be
Bathed in my Saviour's blood, like thee ;
Bear in my breast, whate'er the loss,
The bleeding blazon of the cross ;
Live ever, with thy loving mind,
In fellowship with human kind ;
And take my pattern still from thee,
In gentleness and constancy.

BISHOP DOANE.

THE FOREST GLADE.

As one dark morn I trod a forest glade,
A sunbeam entered at the further end,
And ran to meet me through the yielding
shade, —

As one who in the distance sees a friend,
And, smiling, hurries to him ; but mine eyes,
Bewildered by the change from dark to bright,
Received the greeting with a quick surprise
At first, and then with tears of pure delight ;
For sad my thoughts had been, — the tempest's
wrath

Had gloomed the night, and made the morrow
gray ;

That heavenly guidance humble sorrow hath,
Had turned my feet into that forest-way,
Just when His morning-light came down the
path,

Among the lonely woods at early day.

CHARLES TURNER.

FIELD PREACHING.

I HAVE been out to-day in field and wood,
Listening to praises sweet and counsel good
Such as a little child had understood,
That, in its tender youth,
Discerns the simple eloquence of truth.

The modest blossoms, crowding round my way,
Though they had nothing great or grand to
say,

Gave out their fragrance to the wind all day ;
Because his loving breath,
With soft persistence, won them back from
death.

And the right royal lily, putting on
Her robes, more rich than those of Solomon,
Opened her gorgeous missal in the sun,
And thanked him soft and low,
Whose gracious, liberal hand had clothed
her so.

When wearied, on the meadow-grass I sank ;
So narrow was the rill from which I drank,
An infant might have stepped from bank to
bank ;
And the tall rushes near,
Lapping together, hid its waters clear.

Yet to the ocean joyously it went,
And, rippling in the fulness of content,
Watered the pretty flowers that o'er it leant ;
For all the banks were spread
With delicate flowers that on its bounty fed.

The stately maize, a fair and goodly sight,
With serried spear-points bristling sharp and
bright,
Shook out his yellow tresses, for delight,
To all their tawny length,
Like Samson, glorying in his lusty strength.

And every little bird upon the tree,
Ruffling his plumage bright, for ecstasy,
Sang in the wild insanity of glee ;
And seemed, in the same lays,
Calling his mate and uttering songs of praise.

The golden grasshopper did chirp and sing ;
The plain bee, busy with her housekeeping,
Kept humming cheerfully upon the wing,
As if she understood
That, with contentment, labor was a good.

I saw each creature, in his own best place,
To the Creator lift a smiling face,
Praising continually his wondrous grace ;
As if the best of all
Life's countless blessings was to live at all !

So with a book of sermons, plain and true,
Hid in my heart, where I might turn them
through,
I went home softly, through the falling dew,
Still listening, rapt and calm,
To Nature giving out her evening psalm.

While, far along the west, mine eyes discerned,
Where, lit by God, the fires of sunset burned,
The tree-tops, unconsumed, to flame were turned ;

And I, in that great hush,
Talked with his angels in each burning bush !

PHEBE CARY.

NATURE AND THE BOOK.

I HEARD one say but now : " Shut up the book ;
For Nature tells the story better still.

The fingered pages have a musty look ;
The wide green margin of the mountain rill,
The running notes of ripples on the beach,
The open scroll of the blue firmament,
In loftier language the same lesson teach.

Will not the broader truth thy mind content ?
The cover of thy book may be a door
To shut the elder gospel out of sight.

It tells thee only that which was before ;
God said, ere it was writ, ' Let there be
light !'

And light is everywhere, — around, within ;
Earth luminous with heaven : what more
wilt ask ?

The eternal effluence is thy next of kin ;
Lay clogs aside, and in full freedom bask."

The book lay open on the window-sill,
And morning-glories leaned across the leaf
Whereon is written " Whosoever will " :

Also that story which hath lightened grief,
And dried within its source the mourner's tear ;
The story of a city built of light

Transmitted through all precious lustres clear,
Within whose gem-walled streets shall be
no night !

The morning-glories let the sunrise through,
Shedding a various glow upon the word :
With sumptuous lines of purple, red, and blue,
Familiar promises were underscored.

I read and mused until my heart spoke out :
" Nature saith ' is,' but addeth not ' shall be,'
Which God hath written here past any doubt ;
The words that human eyes ached long to
see.

We might have guessed it. Some, the saintly-
strong

And clear of insight, know that unto life,
Which is of him, his endless years belong.
And are at rest from inward questioning
strife.

" But few live on the mountain-peaks of
thought,

And fewer still keep holy instinct pure :
To sin, as unto weakness, hath he brought
This lamp, to make the homeward pathway
sure.

Shall we blow out our torch, because the sun
Shone yesterday, and will to-morrow shine ?
Too much of work remaineth to be done,
And every gleam we toil by is divine.

" Wherefore should he permit these flowers
to bloom,

That rays from earth's great luminary break ?
Because to us its dazzling blaze were gloom :
Of ravelled rainbows beauty's web we make.
Jewel and blossom, shaded leaf and star,
Give no full revelation of the light.

Colors but letters of an alphabet are,
Pointing us backward to the primitive white.
The common eye needs every tint and tone ;
The soul of man, much more, God's faint-
est word.

His glory through our mortal thought hath
shone ;

When saint or prophet speaks, he still is
heard :

And in the revelation of the book, —
For surely he most brother-like hath come, —
As in a mirror on his face we look,
So reassured, when Nature seemeth dumb.

" Yet will I listen to the ancient voice,
Forever new, that speaks in wind and wave ;
It is the self-same tale ; let me rejoice

In joy that his bewildered children have.
For they are glad in him, the God unknown :
Oh that they knew the sacred emphasis
The word on Nature's loveliness has thrown,
And how the world by Christ's face lighted
is, —

As if new sunshine brake into the air, —
As if fresh odors burst from everything !
This book is a wide window, opening fair
Into the splendors of immortal spring.
Nor shall it now be shut again on earth
Until that city, that dear bride, descends,
All souls resound the heavenly marriage-mirth,
And all the blindness sin has brought us
ends."

LUCY LARCOM.

A THANKSGIVING.

FOR the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no axe may fall ;
For the winds that haunt the branches,
The young bird's timid call ;

For the red leaves dropped like rubies
 Upon the dark green sod ;
 For the waving of the forests,
 I thank thee, O my God !

For the sound of waters gushing
 In bubbling beads of light ;
 For the fleets of snow-white lilies
 Firm anchored out of sight ;
 For the reeds among the eddies,
 The crystal on the clod ;
 For the flowing of the rivers,
 I thank thee, O my God !

For the rosebud's break of beauty
 Along the toiler's way ;
 For the violet's eye that opens
 To bless the new-born day ;
 For the bare twigs that in summer
 Bloom like the prophet's rod ;
 For the blossoming of flowers,
 I thank thee, O my God !

For the lifting up of mountains,
 In brightness and in dread ;
 For the peaks where snow and sunshine
 Alone have dared to tread ;
 For the dark of silent gorges,
 Whence mighty cedars nod ;
 For the majesty of mountains,
 I thank thee, O my God !

For the splendor of the sunsets,
 Vast mirrored on the sea ;
 For the gold-fringed clouds, that curtain
 Heaven's inner majesty ;
 For the molten bars of twilight,
 Where thought leans, glad, yet awed ;
 For the glory of the sunsets,
 I thank thee, O my God !

For the earth and all its beauty,
 The sky and all its light ;
 For the dim and soothing shadows,
 That rest the dazzled sight ;
 For unfading fields and prairies,
 Where sense in vain has trod ;
 For the world's exhaustless beauty,
 I thank thee, O my God !

For an eye of inward seeing,
 A soul to know and love ;
 For these common aspirations
 That our high heirship prove :
 For the hearts that bless each other
 Beneath thy smile, thy rod ;
 For the amaranth saved from Eden,
 I thank thee, O my God !

For the hidden scroll, o'erwritten
 With one dear Name adored ;
 For the heavenly in the human,
 The Spirit in the Word ;
 For the tokens of thy presence
 Within, above, abroad ;
 For thine own great gift of being,
 I thank thee, O my God !

LUCY LARCOM.

WHO RUNS MAY READ.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
 Which heavenly truth imparts,
 And all the lore its scholars need,
 Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
 Within us and around,
 Are pages in that book, to show
 How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
 Is like the Maker's love,
 Wherewith encompassed, great and small
 In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
 A wondrous race they run,
 But all their radiance, all their glow,
 Each borrows of its sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
 That crowns his holy hill ;
 The saints, like stars, around his seat,
 Perform their courses still.

The saints above are stars in heaven —
 What are the saints on earth ?
 Like trees they stand whom God has given.
 Our Eden's happy birth.

Faith is their fixed unswerving root,
 Hope their unfading flower,
 Fair deeds of charity their fruit,
 The glory of their bower.

The dew of heaven is like thy grace.
 It steals in silence down ;
 But where it lights, the favored place
 By richest fruits is known.

One Name above all glorious names
 With its ten thousand tongues,
 The everlasting sea proclaims,
 Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display :
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours : 't is only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

JOHN KEBLE

— — —
WAITING.

It was not then a poet's dream,
An idle vaunt of song,
Such as beneath the moon's soft gleam
On vacant fancies throng ;

Which bids us see in heaven and earth,
In all fair things around,
Strong yearnings for a blest new birth
With sinless glories crowned ;

Which bids us hear, at each sweet pause
From care and want and toil,
When dewy eve her curtain draws
Over the day's turmoil,

In the low chant of wakeful birds,
In the deep weltering flood,
In whispering leaves, these solemn words,
" God made us all for good."

All true, all faultless, all in tune,
Creation's wondrous choir,
Opened in mystic unison
To last till time expire.

And still it lasts : by day and night,
With one consenting voice,
All hymn thy glory, Lord, aright,
All worship and rejoice.

Man only mars the sweet accord,
O'erpowering with "harsh din"
The music of thy works and word,
Ill matched with grief and sin.

Sin is with man at morning break,
And through the livelong day
Deafens the ear that fain would wake
To Nature's simple lay.

But when eve's silent footfall steals
Along the eastern sky,
And one by one to earth reveals
Those purer fires on high,

When one by one each human sound
Dies on the awful ear,
Then Nature's voice no more is drowned,
She speaks, and we must hear.

Then pours she on the Christian heart
That warning still and deep,
At which high spirits of old would start
Even from their Pagan sleep,

Just guessing, through their murky blind,
Few, faint, and baffling sight,
Streaks of a brighter heaven behind,
A cloudless depth of light.

Such thoughts, the wreck of Paradise,
Through many a dreary age,
Upbore what'er of good and wise
Yet lived in bard or sage :

They marked what agonizing throes
Shook the great mother's womb ;
But Reason's spells might not disclose
The gracious birth to come ;

Nor could the enchantress Hope forecast
God's secret love and power ;
The travail pangs of Earth must last
Till her appointed hour ;

The hour that saw from opening heaven
Redeeming glory stream,
Beyond the summer hues of even,
Beyond the midday beam.

Thenceforth, to eyes of high desire,
The meanest things below,
As with a seraph's robe of fire
Invested, burn and glow :

The rod of Heaven has touched them all,
The word from heaven is spoken :
" Rise, shine, and sing, thou captive thrall ;
" Are not thy fetters broken ?

" The God who hallowed thee and blessed,
Pronouncing thee all good, —
Hath he not all thy wrongs redressed,
And all thy bliss renewed ?

" Why mourn'st thou still as one bereft,
Now that the eternal Son
His blessed home in heaven hath left
To make thee all his own ? "

Thou mourn'st because sin lingers still
 In Christ's new heaven and earth ;
 Because our rebel works and will
 Stain our immortal birth ;

Because, as love and prayer grow cold,
 The Saviour hides his face,
 And worldlings blot the temple's gold
 With uses vile and base.

Hence all thy groans and travail pains,
 Hence, till thy God return ;
 In Wisdom's ear thy blithest strains,
 O Nature, seem to mourn.

JOHN KEBLE.

—◆—
 A NAME IN THE SAND.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand,
 A pearly shell was in my hand ;
 I stooped, and wrote upon the sand
 My name, the year, the day.
 As onward from the spot I passed,
 One lingering look behind I cast, —
 A wave came rolling high and fast,
 And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 't will shortly be
 With every mark on earth from me ;
 A wave of dark oblivion's sea
 Will sweep across the place
 Where I have trod the sandy shore
 Of time, and been, to be no more ;
 Of me, my frame, the name I bore,
 To leave no track nor trace ;

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
 And holds the waters in his hands,
 I know a lasting record stands
 Inscribed against my name,
 Of all this mortal part has wrought,
 Of all this thinking soul has thought,
 And from these fleeting moments caught
 For glory or for shame !

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

—◆—
 APPLES OF SODOM.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, who lived in Scotland, upon a beautiful estate known as Hawthornden, was born of noble family, Dec. 13, 1585, and died Dec. 4, 1649. He was visited by Ben Jonson, and one of his most interesting productions is entitled "Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversation."

As are those apples, pleasant to the eye,
 But full of smoke within, which used to grow
 Near that strange lake where God poured
 from the sky

Huge showers of flame, worse flame to overthrow :

Such are thy works, that with a glaring show
 Of humble holiness, in virtue's dye
 Would color mischief, while within they glow
 With coals of sin, though none the smoke
 descrie.

Bad is that angel that erst fell from heaven,
 But not so bad as he, nor in worse case,
 Who hides a traitorous mind with smiling
 face,

And with a dove's white feathers clothes a
 raven :

Each sin some color has it to adorn ;
 Hypocrisy, almighty God doth scorn.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

—◆—
 TO THE WIND IN AN ÆOLIAN
 HARP.

JAMES THOMSON, author of "The Seasons," was born in Scotland, Sept. 11, 1700, and died Aug. 27, 1748. He wrote dramas and other poems, but is now known chiefly for the one above mentioned. He wrote a poem sacred to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton.

ETHEREAL race, inhabitants of air,
 Who hymn your God amid the secret grove,
 Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
 And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid !
 With what soft woe they thrill the listener's
 heart !

Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
 Who died in youth, these sweet complainings
 part.

But hark ! that strain was of a graver tone,
 On the deep strings his hand some hermit
 throws ;
 Or he the sacred bard who sat alone
 In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
 When by Euphrates' stream they made their
 plaint ;

And to such sadly solemn tones are strung
 Angelic harps, to soothe a dying saint.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir
 Through heaven's high dome their awful an-
 them raise ;
 Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
 To swell the lofty hymn from praise to praise.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,
 Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the
 string,
 Smit with your theme, be in your chorus joined,
 For till you cease my muse forgets to sing.

JAMES THOMSON.

NOCHE SERENA.

LUIS PONCE DE LEON was born near Granada, Spain, in 1527, and early became known as a spirited poet as well as a profound student of sacred literature. He was a member of the order of St. Augustine of Salamanca, but rendered himself obnoxious to the Inquisition, and was thrown into prison on the charge of Lutheranism and opposition to the decrees of the Council of Trent. Fifty times was he brought before the high court, and though he made a defence that stands as one of the most admired specimens of Spanish prose, he was condemned to the rack, from which he was rescued by the intervention of powerful friends. He suffered imprisonment for five years, after which he returned to his chair in the university, and continued his lectures without taking any notice of his long absence. His lyrics are considered the finest in the language. He died at Madrigal, Aug. 23, 1591.

WHEN yonder glorious sky,
 Lighted with million lamps, I contemplate,
 And turn my dazzled eye
 To this vain mortal state,
 All dim and visionary, mean and desolate,

A mingled joy and grief
 Fills all my soul with dark solicitude ;
 I find a short relief
 In tears, whose torrents rude
 Roll down my cheeks, at thoughts that will
 intrude.

Thou so sublime abode,
 Temple of light, and beauty's fairest shrine !
 My soul, a spark of God,
 Aspiring to thy seats divine,
 Why, why is it condemned in this dull cell to
 pine ?

Why should I ask in vain
 For truth's pure lamp ; and wander here alone,
 Seeking, through toil and pain,
 Light from the Eternal One,
 Following a shadow still, that glimmers and is
 gone ?

Dreams and delusions play
 With man ; he thinks not of his mortal fate ;
 Death treads his silent way ;
 The earth turns round ; and then too late
 Man finds no trace is left of all his fancied state.

Rise from your sleep, vain man !
 Look round, and ask if spirits born of Heaven,
 And bound to Heaven again,

Were only lent or given,
 To be in this mean round of shades and follies
 driven.

Turn your unclouded eye
 Up to yon bright, to yon eternal spheres,
 And spurn the vanity
 Of Time's delusive years,
 And all its flattering hopes, and all its frowning
 fears.

What is the ground ye tread
 But a mere point, compared with that vast
 space
 Around, above you, spread,
 Where, in the Almighty's face,
 The present, future, past, hold an eternal
 place ?

List to the concert pure
 Of yon harmonious, countless worlds of light !
 See, in his orbit sure
 Each takes his journey bright,
 Led by an unseen hand through the vast maze
 of night.

See how the pale moon rolls
 Her silver wheel ; and, scattering beams afar
 On earth's benighted souls,
 See wisdom's holy star ;
 Or, in his fiery course, the sanguine orb of war ;

Or that benignant ray
 Which love hath called his own, and made
 so fair ;
 Or that serene display
 Of power supernal there,
 Where Jupiter conducts his chariot through
 the air.

And, circling all the rest,
 See Saturn, father of the golden hours :
 While round him, bright and blest,
 The whole empyrean showers
 Its glorious streams of light on this low world
 of ours !

But who to these can turn,
 And weigh them 'gainst a weeping world like
 this, —
 Nor feel his spirit burn
 To grasp so sweet a bliss,
 And mourn that exile hard, which here his
 portion is ?

For there, and there alone,
 Are peace and joy and never-dying love, —
 There, on a splendid throne

Midst all those fires above,
In glories and delights which never wane our
move :

Oh wondrous blessedness,
Whose shadowy effluence hope o'er time can
fling !

Day that shall never cease, —
No night there threatening, —
No winter there, to chill joy's ever-during
spring !

Ye fields of changing green,
Covered with living streams and fadeless
flowers ;

Thou Paradise serene !
Eternal, joyful hours
My disembodied soul shall welcome in thy
bowers !

LUIS PONCE DE LEON. Translated by
SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE STARRY NIGHT.

NOCHE SERENA.

The Venerable Archdeacon EDWARD CHURTON was born
in 1800, and was educated at the Charter-house and Christ-
Church College, Oxford. He became Archdeacon of Cleve-
land in 1846. His writings in prose and verse and his trans-
lations have been many.

WHEN nightly through the sky
I view the stars their files unnumbered leading,
Then see the dark earth lie
In deathlike trance, unheeding
How life and time with those bright orbs are
speeding :

Strong love and equal pain
Wake in my heart a fire with anguish burning ;
The tear-drops fall like rain,
Mine eyes to fountains turning,
And my sad voice pours forth its tones of
mourning :

O mansion of high state,
Bright temple of bright saints in beauty dwell-
ing,

The soul, once born to mate
With these, what force repelling
Hath bound to earth, its light in darkness
quelling ?

What mortal disaccord
Hath exiled so from truth the mind unstable ?
Why, of its blest reward
Forgetful, lost, unable,
Seeks it each shadowy fraud and guileful fable ?

Man lies in slumber dead,
Like one that of his danger hath no feeling,
The while with silent tread
Those restless orbs are wheeling,
And as they fly his hours of life are stealing.

O mortals, wake and rise ;
Think of the loss that on your lives is pressing ;
The soul, that never dies,
Ordained for endless blessing,
How shall it live, false shows for truth caress-
ing ?

Ah, raise your fainting eyes
To that firm sphere which still new glory
weareth,
And scorn the low disguise
The flattering world prepareth,
And all the world's poor thrall hopeth or
feareth.

Oh, what is all earth's round,
Brief scene of man's proud strife and vain
endeavor,
Weighed with that deep profound,
That tideless ocean river,
That onward bears Time's fleeting forms for-
ever ?

Once meditate, and see
That fixed accord in wondrous variance given,
The mighty harmony
Of courses all uneven,
Wherein each star keeps time and place in
heaven.

Who can behold that store
Of light unspent, and not with very fighting
Burst earth's frail bonds, and soar,
With soul unbodied flying,
From this sad place of exile and of dying ?

There dwelleth sweet content ;
There is the reign of peace ; there, throned in
splendor,
As one pre-eminent,
With dovelike eyes so tender,
Sits holy Love, — honor and joy attend her.

There is revealed whate'er
Of beauty thought can reach ; the source in-
ternal
Of purest light, that ne'er
To darkness yields ; eternal
Bloom the bright flowers in clime forever
vernal.

There would my spirit be,
 Those quiet fields and pleasant meads exploring,
 Where truth immortally,
 Her priceless wealth outpouring,
 Feeds through the blissful vales the souls of
 saints adoring.

LUIS PONCE DE LEON. Translated by
 ARCHDEACON CHURTON.

—◆—
 PEACE.

I HAVE found Peace in the bright earth
 And in the sunny sky;
 By the low voice of summer seas,
 And where streams murmur by;

I find it in the quiet tone
 Of voices that I love;
 By the flickering of a twilight fire,
 And in a leafless grove;

I find it in the silent flow
 Of solitary thought;
 In calm half-meditated dreams,
 And reasonings self-taught;

But seldom have I found such peace
 As in the soul's deep joy
 Of passing onward free from harm
 Through every day's employ.

If gems we seek, we only tire,
 And lift our hopes too high;
 The constant flowers that line our way
 Alone can satisfy.

HENRY ALFORD.

—◆—
 AMAZING, BEAUTEOUS CHANGE!

AMAZING, beauteous change!
 A world created new!
 My thoughts with transport range,
 The lovely scene to view;
 In all I trace,
 Saviour divine,
 The work is thine, —
 Be thine the praise!

See crystal fountains play
 Amidst the burning sands;
 The river's winding way
 Shines through the thirsty lands;
 New grass is seen,
 And o'er the meads
 Its carpet spreads
 Of living green.

Where pointed brambles grew,
 Intwined with horrid thorn,
 Gay flowers, forever new,
 The painted fields adorn, —
 The blushing rose
 And lily there,
 In union fair
 Their sweets disclose.

Where the bleak mountain stood,
 All bare and disarrayed,
 See the wide-branching wood
 Diffuse its grateful shade;
 Tall cedars nod,
 And oaks and pines,
 And elms and vines
 Confess thee God.

The tyrants of the plain
 Their savage chase give o'er, —
 No more they rend the slain,
 And thirst for blood no more;
 But infant hands
 Fierce tigers stroke,
 And lions yoke
 In flowery bands.

Oh, when, almighty Lord!
 Shall these glad scenes arise,
 To verify thy word,
 And bless our wondering eyes?
 That earth may raise,
 With all its tongues,
 United songs
 Of ardent praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

—◆—
 JACOB'S LADDER.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, Bishop of Derry, is the son of the Rev. Robert Alexander, Prebendary of Aghadowey, Ireland. He is a graduate of Brasenose College, Oxford University, where he obtained distinction for composition in prose and verse. His wife is Cecil Frances Alexander.

AH! many a time we look, on starlit nights,
 Up to the sky as Jacob did of old,
 Look longing up to the eternal lights,
 To spell their lines of gold.

But nevermore as to the Hebrew boy
 Each on his way the angels walk abroad
 And nevermore we hear, with awful joy,
 The awful voice of God.

Yet to pure eyes the ladder still is set,
 And angel visitants still come and go;
 Many bright messengers are moving yet
 From the dark world below.

Thoughts that are red-crossed Faith's out-
spreading wings,—

Prayers of the church are keeping time and
tryst,—

Heart-wishes, making bee-like murmurings,
Their flower the eucharist.

Spirits elect, through suffering rendered meet
For those high missions from the nursery
door,

Bright babes that climb up with their clay-
cold feet
Unto the golden door.

These are the messengers forever wending
From earth to heaven, that faith alone may
scan!

These are the angels of our God, ascending
Up to the Son of man.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

—•—
THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky

When storms prepare to part,

I ask not proud philosophy

To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,

A midway station given,

For happy spirits to alight

Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold

Thy form to please me so

As when I dreamt of gems and gold.

Hid in thy radiant bow?

When science from creation's face

Enchantment's veil withdraws,

What lovely visions yield their place

To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,

But words of the Most High,

Have told why first thy robe of beams

Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth

Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,

How came the world's gray fathers forth

To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled

On mountains yet untrod,

Each mother held aloft her child,

To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep

The first-made anthem rang

On earth delivered from the deep,

And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye

Unraptured greet thy beam;

Theme of primeval prophecy,

Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,

The lark thy welcome sings,

When glittering in the freshened fields

The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast

O'er mountain, tower, and town,

Or mirrored in the ocean vast,

A thousand fathom down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,

As young thy beauties seem,

As when the eagle from the ark

First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,

Heaven still rebuilds thy span,

Nor lets the type grow pale with age,

That first spoke pace to man

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

—•—
THE SNOW-FLAKE.

"Now, if I fall, will it be my lot

To be cast in some low and lonely spot,

To melt, and to sink unseen or forgot,

And then will my course be ended?"

'T was thus a feathery snow-flake said,

As down through the measureless space it
strayed,

Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,

It seemed in mid-air suspended.

"Oh no," said the Earth, "thou shalt not lie,

Neglected and lone, on my lap to die,

Thou pure and delicate child of the sky;

For thou wilt be safe in my keeping;

But then, I must give thee a lovelier form;

Thou 'lt not be a part of the wintry storm,

But revive when the sunbeams are yellow and
warm,

And the flowers from my bosom are peeping.

"And then thou shalt have thy choice to be

Restored in the lily that decks the lea,

In the jessamine bloom, the anemone,

Or aught of thy spotless whiteness;

To melt, and be cast in a glittering bead,
With the pearls that the night scatters over
the mead

In the cup where the bee and the firefly feed,
Regain thy dazzling brightness ; —

“ To wake, and be raised from thy transient
sleep,

When Viola's mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear, or a diamond leap

In a drop from the unlocked fountain ;
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
To go and be wove in the silvery wreath
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

“ Or, wouldst thou return to a home in the
skies,

To shine in the Iris I 'll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes
A pencil of sunbeams is blending.

But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I 'll give thee a new and vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
And never regret descending !”

“ Then I will drop,” said the trusting flake ;
“ But bear it in mind that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers nor the dew to awake,
Nor the mist that shall pass with the morn-
ing :

For, things of thyself, they expire with thee ;
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
They rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,
To the regions above returning.

“ And if true to thy word, and just thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,

And return to my native heaven ;
For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
From time to time in thy sight to glow,
So thou mayst remember the flake of snow
By the promise that God hath given.”

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

PEACE AFTER A STORM.

WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee !

Oh, let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn :
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply tried
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues my disobedient will ;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine :
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive ;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1772.

SEA CHANGES.

FROM shore to shore the waters sleep,
Without a breath to move them :
And mirror, many a fathom deep,
Rocks round, and skies above them.
I catch the sea-bird's lightest wail
That dots the distant billow,
And hear the flappings of the sail
That lull the sea-boy's pillow.

Anon, across the glassy bay
The cat's-paw gusts come creeping ;
A thousand waves are soon at play,
In sunny freshness leaping.
The surge once more talks round the shore,
The good ship walks the ocean :
Seas, skies, and men all wake again
To music, health, and motion.

But now the clouds, in angry crowds,
On Heaven's grim forehead muster,
And wild and wide sweeps o'er the tide
The white squall's fitful bluster.
The stout ship heels, the brave heart reels
Before the whelming breaker ;
And all in nature quakes, and feels
The presence of its Maker.

Oh, glorious still in every form,
Untamed, untrodden ocean ;
Beneath the sunshine or the storm,
In stillness or commotion.
Be mine to dwell beside the swell,
A witness of thy wonders ;
Feel thy light spray around me play,
And thrill before thy thunders !

While yet a boy I felt it joy
 To gaze upon thy glories ;
 I loved to ride the stormy tide,
 And shout in joyous chorus.
 With calmer brow I haunt thee now,
 To nurse sublime emotion ;
 My soul is awed and filled with God,
 By thee, majestic ocean !

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

184c.

◆

A WATERFALL.

“When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.” — ISA. xliii. 3.

BESIDE a lofty waterfall I've stood,
 Formed by a torrent from a mountain height,
 And gazed far up to where the foaming flood
 Burst from the sky-line on my awe-struck
 sight.

So vast its volume, and so fierce its shock,
 No power at first its headlong course might
 stay ;
 It seemed as if the everlasting rock
 Before its furious onset would give way.

But as it fell it lingered in mid-air,
 And melted into lace-like wreaths of mist,
 Decked by the sun with rainbow colors fair,
 And swayed by passing breezes as they'd list.

And when at last it reached the dimpled pool,
 Hid in its granite basin far below,
 Its spray fell softly as the showers that cool
 The sultry languor of the summer glow.

The aspen leaf scarce quivered to its sound,
 The bluebell smiled beneath its benison ;
 And all the verdure of the forest round
 A fresher green from its baptism won.

So have I watched for coming sorrow's dread,
 With heavy heart for many a weary day,
 Foreboding that the torrent overhead
 Would bear me with o'erflowing flood away.

But when the threatened evil came, I found
 That God was better than my foolish fears ;
 The furious flood fell gently to the ground,
 And blessed my soul with dew of grateful
 tears.

God mingles mercy with each judgment stern,
 Brings goodness out of evil things we see ;
 Then let us from our past experience learn
 That as our day our promised strength
 shall be.

HUGH McMILLAN.

IN VIEW OF MAD STREAM, LOCH SCAVAIG, ISLE OF SKYE.

The scenery referred to in the following verses is said to be without parallel in the British Isles. Romantic hills rise at the head of the loch, and columnar and needle-pointed rocks shoot abruptly from the water. The coast is bold and the rocks are broken into ravines and caverns. In one of the latter Prince Charles is said to have been secreted just before he left the country for France. The falling torrent completes the majestic scene.

THE torrent fills the air
 With a terrible voice of prayer :
 “God, the Lord !

From the hollow of thy hand,
 In the darkness of the land

I was poured ;
 And in the solitude I beat
 Round thy dimly shining feet,
 On the scaur.

While thou standest looking down
 On the multitude and town
 From afar ;

While the black lake broodeth still,
 Hark ! the voices of the hill,
 How they die ;

And I answer, deep and loud,
 To the passing thunder-cloud,
 With a cry ;

Lo ! the seasons of the year
 Glide below thee, with no fear,
 While thou leanest here
 On thy sword ;

Yea, stilly, night and day thou dost gaze on
 sea and shore ;

On thy feet the rainbow hovers, and my
 troubled waters roar,

While below thee in the valleys men adore,
 And implore
 God, the Lord.”

Full clear the torrent saith
 To the heart that hearkeneth :

“God, the Lord !
 Who shall meet thee in thy might ?
 Who shall stay thee, if thou smite
 With thy sword ?

In a solitary place,
 Where the silence of thy face
 Dwells like snow,

Thou abidest night and day,
 And the troubled waters play
 Down below.

There is silence in thy skies,
 And the wonder of thine eyes
 None may sound ;

On thy face there is no change,
 While the shadow falleth strange
 All around

Yea, from silent height to height
 Goes the murmur of thy might
 And the people name thy light
 And thy word.
 And, stilly, evermore thou abidest out of
 reach ;
 On thy feet the rainbow flutters, and my
 waters boil for speech,
 While, from valley unto valley, mortals preach
 And beseech
 God, the Lord !”

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

A DROP OF DEW.

ANDREW MARVELL, the friend and assistant of Milton as secretary to Cromwell, was born Nov. 15, 1620, or March 2, 1621, and died in London, Aug. 16, 1678. His poetry is sweet and beautiful. On account of his personal probity he has been called the “British Aristides.”

SEE how the orient dew,
 Shed from the bosom of the morn
 Into the blowing roses,
 Yet careless of its mansion new,
 For the clear region where 't was born,
 Round it itself encloses,
 And in its little globe's extent
 Frames, as it can, its native element.
 How it the purple flower does slight,
 Scarce touching where it lies !
 But, gazing back upon the skies,
 Shines with a mournful light :
 Like its own tear,
 Because so long divided from the sphere.
 Restless it rolls and insecure,
 Trembling, lest it grow impure ;
 Till the warm sun pities its pain,
 And to the skies exhales it back again.
 So, the soul, that drop, that ray,
 Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
 Could it within the human flower be seen,
 Remembering still its former height,
 Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green ;
 And, recollecting its own light,
 Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
 The greater heaven in an heaven less.
 In how coy a figure wound,
 Every way it turns away !
 To the world excluding round,
 Yet receiving in the day ;
 Dark beneath, but bright above ;
Here disdainful, *there* in love.
 How loose and easy hence to go ;
 How girt and ready to ascend ;
 Moving but on a point below,
 'n all about does upwards bend.

Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
 White and entire, although congealed and
 chill, —
 Congealed on earth ; but does, dissolving, run
 Into the glories of the almighty sun.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE FALL OF NIAGARA.

LIBITUR ET LABETUR.

JOHN GARDNER CALKINS BRAINARD was born at New London, Conn., Oct. 21, 1796. He graduated at Yale College in the class of 1814, and was for some years editor of the Connecticut Mirror. He published a volume of poems in 1825, and died Sept. 26, 1828. His memoir was written by his friend, the poet John G. Whittier.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my
 brain,
 While I look upward to thee. It would seem
 As if God poured thee from his “hollow hand,”
 And hung his bow upon thine awful front ;
 And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed
 to him
 Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
 “The sound of many waters” ; and had bade
 Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
 And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.
 Deep calleth unto deep And what are we,
 That hear the question of that voice sublime ?
 Oh, what are all the notes that ever rung
 From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering
 side !
 Yea, what is all the riot man can make
 In his short life, to thy unceasing roar !
 And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to him,
 Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters
 far
 Above its loftiest mountains ? — a light wave,
 That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's
 might.

JOHN GARDNER CALKINS BRAINARD.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

SAMUEL GRISWOLD GOODRICH, better known as “Peter Parley,” was born at Ridgefield, Conn., Aug. 19, 1793, and in 1824 became a publisher in Hartford, but removed to Boston, where he published a variety of popular literature. He edited and compiled one hundred and seventy volumes. One of his works, a history, was prepared by Nathaniel Hawthorne, but issued in the name of Peter Parley. (See Lathrop's “Hawthorne,” p. 172.) He died in New York, May 9, 1860.

“FATHER of lakes !” thy waters bend
 Beyond the eagle's utmost view,
 When, throned in heaven, he sees thee send
 Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep, the forests weave
 Their twilight shade thy borders o'er,
 And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave
 Their rugged forms along thy shore.

Pale silence, mid thy hollow caves,
 With listening ear, in sadness broods;
 Or startled echo, o'er thy waves,
 Sends the hoarse wolf-notes of thy woods.

Nor can the light canoes, that glide
 Across thy breast like things of air,
 Chase from thy lone and level tide
 The spell of stillness deepening there.

Yet round this waste of wood and wave,
 Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,
 That, breathing o'er each rock and cave,
 To all a wild, strange aspect gives.

The thunder-riven oak, that flings
 Its grisly arms athwart the sky,
 A sudden, startling image brings
 To the lone traveller's kindled eye.

The gnarled and braided boughs, that show
 Their dim forms in the forest shade,
 Like wrestling serpents seem, and throw
 Fantastic horrors through the glade.

The very echoes round this shore
 Have caught a strange and gibbering tone;
 For they have told the war-whoop o'er,
 Till the wild chorus is their own.

Wave of the wilderness, adieu!
 Adieu, ye rocks, ye wilds, ye woods!
 Roll on, thou element of blue,
 And fill these awful solitudes!

Thou hast no tale to tell of man;
 God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves,
 Whisper of him whose mighty plan
 Deems as a bubble all your waves!

SAMUEL GRISWOLD GOODRICH.

NO MORE SEA.

MISS ELIZA SCUDDER was born in Boston, in 1821, and is now a resident of Salem, Mass. Her hymns are to be found in several collections, but have not been brought together in one volume.

LIFE of our life, and light of all our seeing,
 How shall we rest on any hope but thee!
 What time our souls, to thee for refuge fleeing,
 Long for the home where there is no more sea?

For still this sea of life, with endless wailing,
 Dashes above our heads its blinding spray,
 And vanquished hearts, sick with remorse and failing,
 Moan like the waves at set of autumn day.

And ever round us swells the insatiate ocean
 Of sin and doubt that lures us to our grave;
 When its wild billows, with their mad commotion,
 Would sweep us down, then only thou canst save.

And deep and dark the fearful gloom unlighted
 Of that untried and all-surrounding sea,
 On whose bleak shore arriving, lone, benighted,
 We fall, and lose ourselves at last — in thee.

Yea! in thy life our little lives are ended,
 Into thy depths our trembling spirits fall;
 In thee infolded, gathered, comprehended,
 As holds the sea her waves, thou hold'st us all!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

THE BROOK.

MRS. META HEUSSER-SCHWEIZER was born in the village of Hirzel, canton Zürich, Switzerland, April 6, 1797, and was the fourth daughter of the pastor of the village. Her education was slight, but she was familiar with the Bible and Nature. In 1821 she became the wife of Dr. Heusser, an eminent physician who had come to Hirzel to live, and by him she had three sons and four daughters. In the midst of heavy family cares she composed poetry, some of which was first printed in Knapp's Almanac, "Christoterpe," in 1834, without her name. Since that time her poems have been widely circulated. Her whole life was spent among the mountains about her birthplace. She died Jan 2, 1876. She was a woman of rare genius, culture, and piety, admired and beloved by all who knew her, although she lived retired all her life. She is the most gifted female poet in the German tongue. Several of her hymns have passed into Swiss and German hymn-books. A number of her poems were translated into English by her congenial friend, Miss Jane Borthwick of Scotland, and published by Nelson under the title "Alpine Lyrics" (Edinburgh and London, 1875).

FAIR stream of the peaceful valley,
 Murmuring soft and low,
 Have they robbed thee of all thy treasures,
 That thou art wailing so?

Ah, what pictures of perfect beauty
 Once in thy calm mirror slept! —
 The graceful birches and alders,
 The willow that waved and wept,

The cool, deep-shaded places
 Where the wild-fowl loved to rest,
 The squirrel among the branches,
 The linnet low in her nest!

But the sound of axe and hatchet
 Came down the quiet dell;
 Then the birch and the alder vanished,
 The willow sighed and fell.

Now all is bare and dreary;
 Over the cold gray stone
 Thou goest, mourning and seeking
 For loved companions gone.

Yet see! the blue heaven is mirrored
 There, where the shadows lay;
 The moon and the stars at midnight,
 The glorious sun by day.

Flow on thy course to the ocean,
 Fair stream, and lament no more!
 Thou hast gained more abiding treasures
 Than all those possessed before.

I, too, may pursue my journey,
 And lament not, nor repine, —
 What matter though earth be lonely,
 If heaven at last be mine!

MRS. META HEUSSER-SCHWEIZER, freely translated
 by MISS JANE BORTHWICK, 1875.

— — —

FOR ONE RETIRED INTO THE
 COUNTRY.

HENCE, lying world, with all thy care,
 With all thy shows of good and fair,
 Of beautiful or great!
 Stand with thy slighted charms aloof,
 Nor dare invade my peaceful roof,
 Or trouble my retreat.

Far from thy mad fantastic ways
 I here have found a resting-place
 Of poor wayfaring men:
 Calm as the hermit in his grot
 I here enjoy my happy lot,
 And solid pleasures gain.

Along the hill or dewy mead
 In sweet forgetfulness I tread,
 Or wander through the grove;
 As Adam in his native seat,
 In all his works my God I meet,
 The object of my love.

I see his beauty in the flower:
 To shade my walks and deck my bower
 His love and wisdom join;
 Him in the feathered choir I hear,
 And own, while all my soul is ear,
 The music is divine.

In yon unbounded plain I see
 A sketch of his immensity
 Who spans these ample skies;
 Whose presence makes the happy place,
 And opens in the wilderness
 A blooming paradise.

Oh, would he now himself impart,
 And fix the Eden in my heart,
 The sense of sin forgiven:
 How should I then throw off my load,
 And walk delightfully with God,
 And follow Christ to heaven!

CHARLES WESLEY.

1767.





THE POET AS A NARRATOR.



HINTS.

Two thirsty travellers chanced one day to meet
Where a spring bubbled from the burning sand;
One drank out of the hollow of his hand,
And found the water very cool and sweet.

The other waited for a smith to beat
And fashion for his use a golden cup;
And while he waited, fainting in the heat,
The sunshine came and drank the fountain up!

In a green field two little flowers there were,
And both were fair in the face and tender-eyed;
One took the light and dew that heaven supplied,
And all the summer gusts were sweet with her.

The other, to her nature false, denied
That she had any need of sun and dew,
And hung her silly head, and sickly grew,
And, frayed and faded, all untimely died.

A vine of the bean, that had been early wed
To a tall peach, conceiving that he hid
Her glories from the world, unwisely slid
Out of his arms, and, vainly chafing, said :

“ This fellow is an enemy of mine,
And dwarfs me with his shade.” She would not see
That she was made a vine, and not a tree,
And that a tree is stronger than a vine.

ALICE CARY.

THE POET AS A NARRATOR.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of time,
The minister of thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
About those deserts blown !
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
How many histories known !

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread ;
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped ;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
Illumed the wilderness ;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms
In half-articulate speech ;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart ;
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,
And resolute in heart !

These have passed over it or may have passed !
Now in this crystal tower,
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand ;
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes ! These walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot unmeasurable plain ;
The half-hour's sand is run !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A BIRD'S MINISTRY.

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON is the wife of Colonel J. T. L. Preston of Virginia, and daughter of the late Dr. George Junkin, an eminent Presbyterian clergyman. She was born about 1835, and lives in Virginia. Mrs. Preston has never given herself up to literature as a profession, the graver duties of wifehood and motherhood taking precedence. She is the author of several books: "Silverwood, A Book of Memories" (prose); "Beechenbrook, A Rhyme of the War," which ran through eight editions; "Old Song and New"; and "Cartoons," her latest volume, which has just exhausted its second edition.

FROM his home in an Eastern bungalow,
In sight of the everlasting snow
Of the grand Himalayas, row on row,

Thus wrote my friend: "I had travelled far
From the Afghan towers of Candahar,
Through the sand-white plains of Sinde-Sagar:

"And once, when the daily march was o'er,
As tired I sat in my tented door,
Hope failed me, as never it failed before.

"In swarming city, at wayside fane,
By the Indus' bank, on the scorching plain,
I had taught, — and my teaching all seemed
vain.

"No glimmer of light (I sighed) appears;
The Moslem's Fate and the Buddhist's fears
Have gloomed their worship this thousand
years.

"For Christ and his truth I stand alone
In the midst of millions: a sand-grain blown
Against yon temple of ancient stone

"As soon may level it!' Faith forsook
My soul, as I turned on the pile to look:
Then rising, my saddened way I took

"To its lofty roof, for the cooler air:
I gazed, and marvelled; — how crumbled were
The walls I had deemed so firm and fair!

"For, wedged in a rift of the massive stone,
Most plainly rent by its roots alone,
A beautiful peepul-tree had grown,

"Whose gradual stress would still expand
The crevice, and topple upon the sand
The temple, while o'er its wreck should stand

"The tree in its living verdure! Who
Could compass the thought? The bird that
flew
Hitherward, dropping a seed that grew,

"Did more to shiver this ancient wall
Than earthquake, war, simoon, or all
The centuries, in their lapse and fall!

"Then I knelt by the riven granite there,
And my soul shook off its weight of care,
As my voice rose clear on the tropic air:

"The living seeds I have dropped remain
In the cleft: Lord, quicken with dew and rain,
Then temple and mosque shall be rent in
twain!"

MRS. MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

MONICA'S LAST PRAYER.

Monica was the mother of Augustine, Bishop of Hippo,
and moulded his character in his early years. Her husband
was a Pagan.

"OH, could thy grave at home, at Carthage,
be,"—

"Care not for that, and lay me where I fall.
Everywhere heard will be the judgment-call.
But at God's altar, oh, remember me!"

Thus Monica, and died in Italy.
Yet fervent had her longing been through
all

Her course, for home at last, and burial
With her own husband, by the Libyan sea.

Had been; but at the end, to her pure soul
All tie with all beside seemed vain and cheap,
And union before God the only care.

Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth
whole;

Yet we her memory, as she prayed, will
keep,

Keep by this: Life in God, and union there!

1867.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE BRAHMIN'S TEST.

A PUNDIT sat with knitted brows,
His shaster on his knees,
And in his hand the printed page
Which men from overseas,
Disciples of the foreign faith,
Had brought to vex his ease.

"How can I know," he questioned sad,
"If this or that be God?
Since first the vedas taught the fear
Of Brahma's frown or nod,
My fathers worshipped him, and I
But tread the paths they trod.

"This Christ, — whence came he? As I read
Of all he wrought and said,
The teaching of our holy books
Seems childish babble spread
Before my eyes, and doubt's simoon
Swirls round and round my head.

"Yet strangely fastens on my heart
This wondrous story told:
Not thus within our sacred scrolls
The sages wrote of old:
O Christ, so near and human-sweet!
O Brahm, so far and cold!

"All joy is drained from life; all sleep
Forsakes these eyes of mine;
No self-negation soothes my soul,
No pilgrimage, no shrine:
My Vishnu's wisdom shows so weak, —
This Jesus', so divine!

"Why should I shrink to end the doubt
That racks my spirit so?"

Is he supreme? then he can shield
 His life against my blow :
 I'll test him at the dagger's point
 This very night, — and *know!*"

Grim darkness gloomed the Hindoo fane
 As through its silence stole,
 With hard-held breath and quivering limbs,
 The pundit to his goal
 Before the idol, where he sank
 With terror-smitten soul.

"Oh, what if *this* be God indeed,
 And when he feels the smart
 My dagger deals, he from his throne
 In direst wrath shall start,
 And clutch me in his grasp, and spill
 The life-blood from my heart !

"Yet what if Christ be God indeed,
 His *avatar*, the peace
 That reconciles this warring life,
 And gives, when time shall cease,
 From cycles of soul-wanderings
 At last, at last release !

"Oh, not to scoff at Brahma's power
 I come, nor to deny :
 And if my wounding proves him God,
 He'll *know* the reason why
 I strike ; — and should he slay me, still
I dare the truth, and die!"

Full in the idol's breast the blade
 Was plunged : there came no moan !
 The pundit dropped with stifling joy
 Upon the pavement stone,
 Sobbing, "*My Brahma is a lie, —
 The Christ is God alone!*"

MRS. MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

THE OLIVE-TREE.

SAID an ancient hermit, bending
 Half in prayer upon his knee,
 "Oil I need for midnight watching,
 I desire an olive-tree."

Then he took a tender sapling,
 Planted it before his cave,
 Spread his trembling hands above it,
 As his benison he gave.

But he thought, the rain it needeth,
 That the root may drink and swell :
 "God ! I pray thee send thy showers !" —
 So a gentle shower fell.

"Lord ! I ask for beams of summer,
 Cherishing this little child."
 Then the dripping clouds divided,
 And the sun looked down and smiled.

"Send it frost to brace its tissues,
 O my God !" the hermit cried.
 Then the plant was bright and hoary,
 But at evensong it died.

Went the hermit to a brother
 Sitting in his rocky cell :
 "Thou an olive-tree possessest ;
 How is this, my brother, tell ?

"I have planted one, and prayed,
 Now for sunshine, now for rain ;
 God hath granted each petition,
 Yet my olive-tree hath slain !

Said the other, "I intrusted
 To its God my little tree ;
 He who made knew what it needed
 Better than a man like me.

"Laid I on him no condition,
 Fixed not ways and means ; so I
 Wonder not my olive thriveth,
 Whilst thy olive-tree did die."

S. BARING-GOULD, M. A.

CANUTE.

A PLEASANT music floats along the mere,
 From monks in Ely chanting service high,
 While at Canute the king is bowing by :
 "My oarsmen," quoth the mighty king, "draw
 near,
 That we the sweet song of the monks may
 hear !"

He listens (all past conquests and all schemes
 Of future vanishing like empty dreams),
 Heart-touched, and haply not without a tear.
 The royal minstrel, ere the choir is still,
 While his free barge skims the smooth flood
 along

Gives to that rapture an accordant rhyme.
 O suffering Earth! be thankful ; sternest
 clime

And rudest age are subject to the thrill
 Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

MARY LOUISA VAN WAGENEN was born at Newark, New Jersey, in September, 1841. She was educated in the city of New York, and in July, 1869, became the wife of D. C. Verplanck Knevels, of Fishkill-on-Hudson, where she now lives. Under the pseudonym "Frances Eastwood," Mrs. Knevels has published volumes of prose and verse that are deservedly popular. A prose version of the following legend may be found in Mrs. Clement's "Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art," page 74.

"I SERVE the strongest." So spake Offerus,
A mighty giant of the olden time,
Who, striding forth from out the savage wilds
Of Scythia, gazed down with scorn upon
The puny Southrons. Seven full feet in
height,
With brawny shoulders, limbs of rugged
strength,
His arms with muscles knotted like tough
steel,
In one huge hand he bore a sapling pine,
Which, with one dextrous twist, he had up-
torn
From out its native earth in unknown wilds
Where Volga's flood distils from Ural's snows.
He used it half as weapon, half as staff,
Or swung it, careless, with an idle touch,
Or sent it, groaning through the air, to crush
An iron helmet like a paper cap.

"Who is the strongest?" so asked Offerus,
And each one pointed to the Emperor
Who, with a single nod, controlled a world;
Who gathered treasures from a hundred lands;
Who held within his grasp a myriad lives.
He seemed the strongest; so great Offerus
Bowed at his throne, and followed him to war.
Full well he pleased his master, gruff, but gay,
With frank good-nature beaming on his face,
His massive features lighted with a smile
Grim, hard, but kindly. Full of merry jest,
But ever ready for the serious work
Of war that was no playing. East and West
His name was feared. At banquet, as in fight,
Others, compared with him, were weakly
boys.

One eve the Emperor pitched his tent beside
A mighty forest; one whose ancient pines
Made midnight of the noonday, night itself
Palpable darkness. But within the tent,
Where, canopied with crimson, couched on
silk,
The monarch and his giant quaffed their wine,
Rang out coarse laughter, interspersed at
times
With merry music, which a harper drew
From out his harp, and joined to it his voice

In Bacchanalian song. But, as he sang,
It chanced, mid oaths and jests, that he let
fall
The Devil's name, at which his half-drunk
lord,
Muttering low words, with trembling finger
drew
A cross upon his forehead. "How," said
Offerus

Unto his comrades, "what new jest is this
The Prince is making now?" But he replied,
"Good giant, this I did because of one—
An evil one—who haunts this darksome wood
With rage and fury." "Ha!" cried Offerus,
"I have a fancy for wild things, you know;
Come, let us hunt this forest." "Nay,"
In horror cried the Prince, lowering his voice
To a hoarse whisper, "thou mightst truly fill
Thy larder, but meanwhile destroy thy soul!"
The giant's mighty laugh rang out full loud,
And echoed mid the pine-trees: bitter scorn
Was in each note. "Ha! say you so, my lord?
Thou fearest, thou! then I at last have found
A stronger master; him I henceforth serve,
No other. Fare thee well."

Forth, at the word,
The giant strode, swinging his pine-tree staff
And humming cheerily. He sought not far,
For in a desolate spot where, long before,
A thunder-bolt had cleared a little space,
Leaving but shattered, blackened stumps to
mark
Where once reigned forest kings, an altar
stood
Built of black cinders, plastered on each side
With noisome pitch and brimstone. On it
lay
A heap of polished skulls and whitened bones,
Glistening in horrid contrast, as the moon
Threw a pale glance upon the weirdsome sight.
The giant knew no fear. He strode along
Close to the altar; then drew slowly in
A mighty breath, and sent it forth again
In one loud, echoing call; at the same time
Brandishing high his ponderous staff in air,
He brought it down upon the blackened earth
Until it quaked again. A second time
He called upon the fiend, and yet once more
The horrid echoes rang among the pines.
Then sitting down, his back against a tree,
He slept. At midnight came the one he called,
Black as the night, and riding on a steed
Moulded of night and fire. Full gayly joined
The twain together, and went forth to seek
Adventures.

Well great Offerus pleased
His master, well the fiend the man.

But so it chanced upon a certain day
That on the high-road they three crosses
spied.

The Devil shrank and trembled. "Come, my
friend,"

Quoth he to Offerus, "come, let us take
This little by-path, and so pass around."

But the strong giant, knowing nought of fear,
Drew at full length his bow and straightway
shot

A yard-long arrow through the centre cross.
"How," quoth the fiend, "know you not, bold
man,

That yonder Mary's Son hath power great
To save or to destroy?" "If that is so,"
Replied the giant, "here I quit thy side;
I serve the mightiest only." With a laugh
Of mocking rage the Devil fled. On rode
The giant, asking every one he met
For Christ, the Son of Mary.

But, alas!

The answer came from young and aged lips,
"We know him not, seek further." So he
sought

Still patiently, until a hermit came,
A holy man of God, and he with voice
Trembling with age, but full of heavenly love,
Expounded to the giant Christian faith.
Low bowed he to the hermit, filled with awe,
For he at last had found the perfect strength
He had so blindly worshipped. "Good my
lord,"

He spake right humbly, "tell me what to do
To gain this heaven and find this mighty King
Who conquered death and hell. Him will I
serve,

No other." "Go then and pray, my son,"
Replied the holy man, "go, keep long Lents,
Fast, weep, wear sackcloth, so shalt thou
attain

Unto his favor." Sad the giant sighed;
"I cannot do it. Sir, I know no prayers,
I soon should lose my mighty strength in fasts;
If there's no other way to serve this Christ
And gain yon heaven, I needs must lose it all."
"Thou foolish man!" replied the hermit, "yet
There is one other way. Go, give thyself
To do with all thy heart some holy work.
Behold yon river: deep the flood and wide,
Without or bridge or ford. Go, thou art strong,
Bear weary pilgrims o'er from bank to bank;
So shalt thou serve the Master." At the word
Up rose good Offerus in his giant strength.
"Good, that shall be my labor, willingly
I'll please the Saviour thus."

So Offerus

Built for himself upon the sedgy bank

A hut of rushes. Year by year he bore
Patiently pilgrims, like some mighty beast
Of burden. But if any traveller wished
To give him money, "Nay, my friend," he
cried,

"No earthly gold care I to take for wage;
I labor for eternal life."

When weary years
Had passed, and on the aged giant's head
Rested but snow-white locks, and few of those,
What time the winter blast drove snow and ice
Before it, and the raging, swollen flood
Roared past his humble dwelling, Offerus
Heard, in the night, a little, plaintive voice
Call from the other side:

"Oh, good, tall Offerus,
Come, carry me across!"

So forth he went,
Though wearied with his toil, and wading
through

He reached the other side, but none was there
That needed. So, thinking he must have
dreamt,

He slept again; but once more came the voice
So sad and touching,

"Come, good Offerus.
Dear, good, great Offerus, take me across!"

With a strong effort casting sleep aside
He crossed again, but still no pilgrim saw.
His errand bootless, he lay down and slept,
But heard again the voice, imploring, sad,
"Good giant Offerus, carry me across!"

The patient giant thought upon his Lord
Who did so much to save a thankless world,
And, without one low murmur, grasping fast
His pine-tree staff, he plunged into the flood.
There on the other brink there stood a child,
A sweet, fair boy, with flowing golden curls.
In his left hand the standard of the Lamb,
And in his right a globe. Right easily
The giant placed him on his shoulder, but,
Once entered in the river, that fair child
Weighed on him strangely. Fiercer grew the
storm,

The ice-cold water chilled him to the heart,
And ever heavier grew the wondrous child.
Great drops of sweat stood on the giant's brow
When on the shore he gently placed the boy,
And, panting with his labor, "Little lord,"
He said, "I pray thee come not thus again,
For hardly have I struggled for our lives."
But then the little one, so sweet and fair,
Dipping with one hand in the brimming flood,
Baptized the giant. "Fear not thou, good soul,
Nor marvel at the trembling of thy limbs,

Rather rejoice, for thou hast borne across
The Saviour of the world. Thou art forgiven
For all thy sins, and Offerus no more
Shalt thou be called, but Christopher. Now
plant

Close by the stream thy pine-tree staff, so long
Withered and lifeless. It shall put forth leaves,
And bud and blossom; such shall be the sign."

The Christ-child vanished in a beaming light;
But the old giant, folding each on each
His massive hands, lifted his eyes and prayed:
"My Master, Christ! I feel my end draws
nigh,

My limbs are weak, my strength is gone, but
thou
Hast washed me pure, my blessed Lord and
God!"

So on the morrow from the pine-tree staff
Burst leaves and flowers and fruit. The third
day

Around that hut upon the sedgy bank,
Legions of angels stood with folded wings,
And holy, loving eyes. With songs of joy
They bore good Christopher away to meet
His Lord in Paradise.

Those patient souls
Who, with no boast of famous words or deeds,
Have sought no higher office than to aid
With comfortable words and loving deeds
Poor, weary pilgrims, find, as did this saint,
They bore their Master, and their names shall
shine

In golden letters in the Book of Life.

M. L. VAN WAGENEN KNEVELS.

1864.

ST. CHRISTOPHER.

"CARRY me across!"

The Syrian heard, rose up, and braced
His huge limbs to the accustomed toil:
"My child, see how the waters boil?
The night-black heavens look angry-faced;
But life is little loss.

"I'll carry thee with joy,
If needs be, safe as nestling dove:
For o'er this stream I pilgrims bring
In service to one Christ, a King
Whom I have never seen, yet love."

"I thank thee," said the boy.

Cheerful, Arprobus took
The burden on his shoulders great,
And stepped into the waves once more;

When lo! they leaping rise and roar,
And 'neath the little child's light weight
The tottering giant shook.

"Who art thou?" cried he wild,
Struggling in middle of the ford:
"Boy as thou look'st, it seems to me
The whole world's load I bear in thee,
Yet—" "For the sake of Christ, thy Lord,
Carry me," said the child.

No more Arprobus swerved,
But gained the farther bank, and then
A voice cried, "Hence *Christopheros* be!
For carrying thou hast carried Me,
The King of angels and of men,
The Master thou hast served."

And in the moonlight blue
The saint saw, — not the wandering boy,
But him who walked upon the sea
And o'er the plains of Galilee,
Till, filled with mystic, awful joy,
His dear Lord Christ he knew.

Oh, little is all loss,
And brief the space 'twixt shore and shore,
If thou, Lord Jesus, on us lay,
Through the deep waters of our way,
The burden that *Christopheros* bore, —
To carry thee across.

The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

ST. AUGUSTINE, BISHOP OF HIPPO.

AUGUST 28; 430.

WHAT though the shades of night
Gather in darkness round thy closing eye:
Thy Lord will give thee light
No more to die.

The voice of Monica
Calls thee from Paradise,—"Augustine, come:
Lo! at the gates of day
Thy destined home."

What though the tempest roar
In fury round thy Church's tottering wall!
From the eternal shore
Her voice doth call.

The Master Architect
Will shield against the advancing gates of hell
The Church of his elect
He loves so well.

He died to lay that stone
Elect and precious, bathed in his life-blood,
That it may stand alone
Against the flood.

In waves the quicksands swim :
Fear not the Syrtes' shift, the tempest shock :
Thy faith is built on him
Who is the Rock.

1867.

GERARD MOULTRIE.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT was born in London, Oct. 19,
1784, and, after an active literary life, died Aug. 28, 1859.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold ;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its
head,

And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the
Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not
so,"

Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed,

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE LENT JEWELS.

A JEWISH TALE.

IN schools of wisdom all the day was spent ;
His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward bent,
With homeward thoughts which dwelt upon
the wife

And two fair children who consoled his life :
She meeting at the threshold led him in,
And with the words preventing did begin, —
"Ever rejoicing at your wished return,
Yet do I most so now ; for since this morn
I have been much perplexed and sorely tried
Upon one point which you shall now decide :

Some years ago a friend into my care
Some jewels gave ; rich, precious gems they
were ;

But having given them in my charge, this friend
Did afterward nor come for them nor send,
But left them in my keeping for so long
That now it almost seems to me a wrong
That he should suddenly arrive to-day
To take those jewels which he left, away.
What think you? Shall I freely yield them
back,

And with no murmuring — so henceforth to
lack

Those gems myself, which I had learned to see
Almost as mine forever, mine in fee?"

"What question can be here? Your own
true heart

Must needs advise you of the only part.
That may be claimed again which was but lent,
And should be yielded with no discontent ;
Nor surely can we find herein a wrong,
That it was left us to enjoy it long."

"Good is the word," she answered. "May
we now

And evermore that it is good allow !"
And rising, to an inner chamber led,
And there she showed him, stretched upon
one bed,

Two children pale ; and he the jewels knew
Which God had lent him and resumed anew.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THE PALMER'S VISION.

NOON o'er Judea ! All the air was beating
With the hot pulses of the day's great heart ;
The birds were silent, and the rill, retreating,
Shrank in its covert, and complained apart,

When a lone pilgrim, with his scrip and bur-
don

Dropped by the wayside, weary and distressed,
His sinking heart grown faithless of its guer-
don, —

The city of his recompense and rest.

No vision yet of Galilee and Tabor !
No glimpse of distant Zion throned and
crowned !

Behind him stretched his long and useless
labor,

Before him lay the parched and stony ground.

He leaned against a shrine of Mary, casting
Its balm of shadow on his aching head,
And worn with toil, and faint with cruel fast-
ing,
He sighed: "O God! O God, that I were
dead!

"The friends I loved are lost or left behind
me;
In penury and loneliness I roam;
These endless paths of penance choke and
blind me;
Oh, come and take thy wasted pilgrim home!"

Then with the form of Mary bending o'er him,
Her hands in changeless benediction stayed,
The palmer slept, while a swift dream upbore
him
To the fair paradise for which he prayed.

He stood alone, wrapped in divinest wonder;
He saw the pearly gates and jasper walls
Informed with light, and heard the far-off
thunder
Of chariot wheels and mighty waterfalls!

From far and near, in rhythmic palpitations,
Rose on the air the noise of shouts and psalms;
And through the gates he saw the ransomed
nations,
Marching and waving their triumphant palms.

And white within the thronging Empyrean,
A golden palm-branch in his kingly hand,
He saw his Lord, the gracious Galilean,
Amid the worship of his myriads stand!

"O Jesus! Lord of glory! Bid me enter!
I worship thee! I kiss thy holy rood!"
The pilgrim cried, when from the burning
centre
A broad-winged angel sought him where he
stood.

"Why art thou here?" in accents deep and
tender
Outspoke the messenger. "Dost thou not
know
That none may win the city's rest and splen-
dor
Who do not cut their palms in Jericho?"

"Go back to earth, thou palmer empty-handed!
Go back to hunger and the toilsome way!
Complete the task that duty hath commanded,
And win the palm thou hast not brought to-
day!"

And then the sleeper woke, and gazed around
him;
Then springing to his feet with life renewed,
He spurned the faithless weakness that had
bound him,
And, faring on, his pilgrimage pursued.

The way was hard, and he grew halt and weary;
But one long day, among the evening hours,
He saw, beyond a landscape gray and dreary,
The sunset flame on Salem's sacred towers!

O fainting soul that readest well this story,
Longing through pain for death's benignant
balm,

Think not to win a heaven of rest and glory
If thou shalt reach its gates without thy palm!

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

—◆—
AMBROSE.

NEVER, surely, was holier man
Than Ambrose, since the world began;
With diet spare and raiment thin
He shielded himself from the father of sin;
With bed of iron and scourgings oft
His heart to God's hand as wax made soft.

Through earnest prayer and watchings long
He sought to know 'twixt right and wrong,
Much wrestling with the blessed Word
To make it yield the sense of the Lord,
That he might build a storm-proof creed
To fold the flock in at their need.

At last he builded a perfect faith,
Fenced round about with *The Lord thus saith*;
To himself he fitted the doorway's size,
Meted the light to the need of his eyes,
And knew, by a sure and inward sign,
That the work of his fingers was divine.

Then Ambrose said, "All those shall die
The eternal death who believe not as I";
And some were boiled, some burned in fire,
Some sawn in twain, that his heart's desire
For the good of men's souls might be satis-
fied
By the drawing of all to the righteous side.

One day, as Ambrose was seeking the truth
In his lonely walk, he saw a youth
Resting himself in the shade of a tree;
It had never been given him to see
So shining a face, and the good man thought
'T were pity he should not believe as he ought.

So he set himself by the young man's side,
 And the state of his soul with questions
 tried ;
 But the heart of the stranger was hardened
 indeed,
 Nor received the stamp of the one true creed,
 And the spirit of Ambrose waxed sore to find
 Such face the porch of so narrow a mind.

"As each beholds in cloud and fire
 The shape that answers his own desire,
 So each," said the youth, "in the Law shall
 find
 The figure and features of his mind ;
 And to each in his mercy hath God allowed
 His several pillar of fire and cloud."

The soul of Ambrose burned with zeal
 And holy wrath for the young man's weal :
 "Believest thou, then, most wretched youth,"
 Cried he, "a dividual essence in Truth ?
 I fear me thy heart is too cramped with sin
 To take the Lord in his glory in."

Now there bubbled beside them where they
 stood

A fountain of waters sweet and good ;
 The youth to the streamlet's brink drew near,
 Saying, "Ambrose, thou maker of creeds, look
 here !"

Six vases of crystal then he took,
 And set them along the edge of the brook.

"As into these vessels the water I pour,
 There shall one hold less, another more,
 And the water, unchanged, in every case
 Shall put on the figure of the vase ;
 O thou who would'st unity make through strife.
 Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of Life ?"

When Ambrose looked up, he stood alone,
 The youth and the stream and the vases were
 gone ;

But he knew, by a sense of humbled grace,
 He had talked with an angel face to face,
 And felt his heart change inwardly,
 As he fell on his knees beneath the tree.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

THERE is a spot, of men believed to be
 Earth's centre, and the place of Adam's grave ;
 And here a slip that from a barren tree
 Was cut, fruit sweet and salutary gave,
 Yet not unto the tillers of the land :
 That blessed fruit was culled by other hand.

The shape and fashion of the tree attend :
 From undivided stem at first it sprung ;
 Thence in two arms its branches did outsend,
 Like sail-yards whence the flowing sheet is
 hung,
 Or as a yoke that in the furrow stands
 When the tired steers are loosened from their
 bands.

Three days the slip from which this tree
 should spring
 Appeared as dead ; then suddenly it bore,
 While earth and heaven stood awed and
 wondering,
 Harvest of vital fruit : the fortieth more
 Beheld it touch heaven's summit with its
 height,
 And shroud its sacred head in clouds of light.

Yet the same while it did put forth below
 Branches twice six, these too with fruit endued,
 Which, stretching to all quarters, might bestow
 Upon all nations medicine and food,
 Which mortal man might eat, and eating, be
 Sharers henceforth of immortality.

But when another fifty days were gone,
 A breath divine, a mighty storm of heaven,
 On all the branches swiftly lighted down,
 To which a rich nectareous taste was given,
 And all the heavy leaves that on them grew
 Distilled henceforth a sweet and heavenly dew.

Beneath that tree's great shadow on the plain
 A fountain bubbled up, whose lymph serene
 Nothing of earthly mixture might distain :
 Fountain so pure not anywhere was seen
 In all the world, nor on whose marge the
 earth
 Put flowers of such unfading beauty forth.

And thither did all people, young and old,
 Matrons and virgins, rich and poor, a crowd
 Stream ever, who, whenas they did behold
 Those branches with their golden burden
 bowed,
 Stretched forth their hands, and eager glances
 threw
 Toward the fruit distilling that sweet dew.

But touch they might not these, much less
 allay
 Their hunger, howso'er they might desire,
 Till the foul tokens of their former way
 They had washed off, the dust and sordid mire,
 And cleansed their bodies in that holy wave,
 Able from every spot and stain to save.

But when within their mouths they had received
 Of that immortal fruit the gust divine,
 Straight of all sickness were their souls relieved :
 The weak grew strong ; and tasks they *did*
 decline
 As overgreat for them, they shunned no more,
 And things they deemed they could not bear,
 they bore.

But woe, alas ! Some, daring to draw near
 That sacred stream, did presently retire,
 Drew wholly back again, and did not fear
 To stain themselves in all their former mire,
 That fruit rejecting from their mouths again,
 Not any more their medicine, but their bane.

Oh happy they, who not withdrawing so,
 First in that fountain make them pure and
 fair,

And who from thence unto the branches go,
 With power upon the fruitage hanging there :
 Thence by the branches of the lofty tree
 Ascend to heaven — the tree of life, oh, see !

Translated from an old Latin poem by
 RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

The legend upon which this poem is founded is repeated in several forms in a volume edited by Dr. Richard Morris, entitled "Legends of the Holy Rood," published in 1871 by the Early English Text Society of London.

WHEN Adam's latest breath was nearly gone,
 To Paradise the patriarch sent his son,

A branch to fetch him from the tree of life,
 Hoping to taste of it ere life was done.

Seth brought the branch ; but ere he had
 arrived,
 His father's spirit was already flown.

Then planted they the twig on Adam's grave,
 And it was tended still from son to son.

It grew while Joseph in the dungeon lay,
 It grew while Israel did in Egypt groan.

Sweet odors gave the blossoms of the tree,
 When David harping sat upon his throne.

Dry was the tree, when from the ways of God
 Went erring in his wisdom Solomon.

Yet the world hoped it would revive anew,
 When David's stock should give another son.

Faith saw in spirit this, the while she sat
 Mourning beside the floods of Babylon.

And when the eternal lightning flashed from
 heaven,
 The tree asunder burst with jubilant tone.

To the dry trunk this grace from God was
 given,
 The wood of passion should from thence be
 won.

The blind world fashioned out of it the cross,
 And its salvation nailed with scorn thereon.

Then bore the tree of life ensanguined fruit,
 Which whoso tasteth, life shall be his loan.

Oh, look, oh, look, how grows the tree of life !
 By storms established more, not overthrown.

May the *whole* world beneath its shadow rest !
Half has its shelter there already won.

Translated from the German of RÜCKERT by
 RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THE SPILT PEARLS.

His courtiers of the Caliph crave —
 "Oh, say how this may be,
 That of thy slaves, this Ethiop slave
 Is best beloved by thee ?

"For he is hideous as the night :
 Yet when has ever chose
 A nightingale for its delight
 A hueless, scentless rose ?"

The Caliph then — "No features fair,
 No comely mien are his ;
 Love is the beauty he doth wear,
 And love his glory is.

"Once when a camel of my train
 There fell in narrow street,
 From broken casket rolled again
 Rich pearls before my feet.

"I nodding to my slaves, that I
 Would freely give them these,
 At once upon the spoil they fly,
 The costly boon to seize.

"One only at my side remained, —
 Beside this Ethiop, none :
 He, moveless as the steed he reined,
 Behind me sat alone.

“What will thy gain, good fellow, be,
Thus lingering at my side?’
‘My king, that I shall faithfully
Have guarded thee,’ he cried.

“True servant’s title he may wear,
He only, who has not,
For his lord’s gifts, how rich soe’er,
His lord himself forgot!”

So thou alone dost walk before
Thy God with perfect aim,
From him desiring nothing more
Beside himself to claim.

For if thou not to him aspire,
But to his gifts alone,
Not love, but covetous desire,
Has brought thee to his throne.

While such thy prayer, it climbs above
In vain, — the golden key
Of God’s rich treasure-house of love,
Thine own will never be.

Translated from the Persian of SAADI by
RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

MERCY’S REPLY.

AN ARABIAN ALLEGORY.

THE earth was made; yet still, though full
of light

And life, beneath the conquering breath of
God,

That rolled away the anarch of old Night,
There was no ruler for the teeming sod;
When to the glorious ministers that stand —
Justice, Truth, Mercy — by his throne
Eternally, he waved his awful hand,

And spoke, as God can speak alone,
“Shall we make man?” Then stern-eyed
Justice cried,

“Oh, make him not, for he in his vain pride,
And base ingratitude to thee, the great First
Cause,

Will trample evermore upon thy laws!”
When Truth — “Yes, make him not — his
impious foot

Thy temple pure will evermore pollute!”
But Mercy, dropping on her knees, — her
eyes

Suffused with pity and all full of tears
In that else tearless Paradise, —
Gazed up, and cried, amid her sterner
peers,

“Make him, O God! I will watch o’er his
head

In all the troublous paths that he may tread!”
Then God looked down upon the earth again,
And as man started up from Eden’s plain,
He said (while Mercy, rising, blessed and
smiled) —

“Now, ruler of thy planet, go,
And with thy brother gently deal below!”

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

LIVING WATERS.

IN some wild Eastern legend the story has
been told,
Of a fair and wondrous fountain, that flowed
in times of old;

Cold and crystalline its waters, brightly glanc-
ing in the ray
Of the summer moon at midnight, or the sun
at height of day.

And a good angel, resting there, once in a
favored hour

Infused into the limpid depths a strange mys-
terious power;

A hidden principle of life, to rise and gush
again,

Where but some drops were scattered on the
dry and barren plain.

So the traveller might journey, not now in
fear and haste,

Far through the mountain desert, far o’er the
sandy waste,

If but he sought this fountain first, and from
its wondrous store

The secret of unfailing springs along with
him he bore.

Wild and fanciful the legend; yet may not
meanings high,

Visions of better things to come, within its
shadow lie?

Type of a better fountain, to mortals now un-
sealed,

The full and free salvation in Christ our Lord
revealed?

Beneath the cross those waters rise, and he
who finds them there

All through the wilderness of life the living
stream may bear;

And blessings follow in his steps, until,
where’er he goes,

The moral wastes begin to bud and blossom
as the rose.

Ho! every one that thirsteth, come to this fountain side!

Drink freely of its waters, drink, and be satisfied!

Yet linger not, but hasten on, and bear to all around

Glad tidings of the love and peace and mercy thou hast found!

To Afric's pathless deserts, to Greenland's frozen shore,

Where din of mighty cities sounds, or savage monsters roar.—

Wherever man may wander with his heritage of woe,

To tell of brighter things above, go, brothers, gladly go!

Then, as of old in vision seen before the prophet's eyes,

Broader and deeper on its course the stream of life shall rise;

And everywhere, as on it flows, shall carry light and love,

Peace and good-will to man on earth, glory to God above!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE SAGES AND THE SHEPHERDS.

CAME north and south, and east and west,
Four sages to a mountain crest,
Each pledged to search the world around
Until the wondrous well he found.

Before a crag they made their seat,
Pure bubbling waters at their feet.
Said one, "This well is small and mean,
Too petty for a village green!"
Another said, "So small and dumb,
From earth's deep centre can it come?"
The third, "This water seems not rare,
Not even bright, but pale as air!"
The fourth, "Thick crowds I looked to see;
Where the true well is, these must be."

They rose and left the mountain crest,—
One north, one south, one east, one west.
O'er many seas and deserts wide
They wandered, thirsting till they died.

The simple shepherds by the mountain dwell,
And dip their pitchers in the wondrous well.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE SAYINGS OF RABIA.

Rabia was a holy Arabian woman who lived in the second century of the Hegira (the eighth century of our era).

I.

A PIOUS friend one day of Rabia asked
How she had learned the truth of Allah wholly:

By what instructions was her memory tasked?
How was her heart estranged from the world's folly?

She answered, "Thou, who knowest God in parts,

Thy spirit's moods and processes can tell:
I only know that, in my heart of hearts,
I have despised myself, and loved him well."

II.

Some evil upon Rabia fell;
And one, who loved and knew her well,
Murmured, that God, with pain undue,
Should strike a child so fond and true.

But she replied, "Believe and trust
That all I suffer is most just.

I had, in contemplation, striven
To realize the joys of heaven;
I had extended fancy's flights
Through all that region of delights;
Had counted, till the numbers failed,
The pleasures on the blest entailed;
Had sounded the ecstatic rest
I should enjoy on Allah's breast;
And for those thoughts I now atone,
They were of something of my own,
And were not thoughts of him alone."

III.

When Rabia unto Mecca came,
She stood awhile apart, alone;
Nor joined the crowd, with hearts of flame,
Collected round the sacred stone.

She, like the rest, with toil had crossed
The waves of water, rock, and sand;
And now, as one long tempest-tossed,
Beheld the Raala's promised land.

Yet in her eyes no transport glistened:
She seemed with shame and sorrow bowed;
The shouts of prayer she hardly listened;
She beat her heart, and cried aloud,—

"O heart! weak follower of the weak,
That thou shouldst traverse land and sea,
In this far place that God to seek
Who long ago had come to thee!"

IV.

Round holy Rabia's suffering bed

The wise men gathered, gazing gravely.

"Daughter of God!" the youngest said,

"Endure the Father's chastening bravely:

They who have steeped their souls in prayer

Can every anguish calmly bear."

She answered not, and turned aside,

Though not reproachfully or sadly.

"Daughter of God!" the eldest cried,

"Sustain thy Father's chastening gladly:

They who have learned to pray aright

From pain's dark well draw up delight."

Then spake she out: "Your words are fair;

But oh! the truth lies deeper still:

I know not, when absorbed in prayer,

Pleasure or pain, or good or ill:

They who God's face can understand,

Feel not the workings of his hand."

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

◆

THE TWO RABBIS.

THE Rabbi Nathan, twoscore years and ten,
Walked blameless through the evil world, and
then,

Just as the almond blossomed in his hair,
Met a temptation all too strong to bear,
And miserably sinned. So, adding not
Falseness to guilt, he left his seat, and taught
No more among the elders, but went out
From the great congregation girt about
With sackcloth, and with ashes on his head,
Making his gray locks grayer. Long he
prayed,

Smiting his breast; then, as the Book he laid
Open before him for the Bath-Col's choice,
Pausing to hear that Daughter of a Voice,
Behold the royal preacher's words: "A friend
Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end;
And for the evil day thy brother lives."
Marvelling, he said: "It is the Lord who
gives

Counsel in need. At Ecbatana dwells
Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men excels
In righteousness and wisdom, as the trees
Of Lebanon the small weeds that the bees
Bow with their weight. I will arise, and lay
My sins before him."

And he went his way
Barefooted, fasting long, with many prayers;
But even as one who, followed unawares,
Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand

Thrill with its touch his own, and his cheek
fanned

By odors subtly sweet, and whispers near
Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose but
hear.

So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chanting low
The wail of David's penitential woe,
Before him still the old temptation came,
And mocked him with the motion and the
shame

Of such desires that, shuddering, he abhorred
Himself; and, crying mightily to the Lord
To free his soul and cast the demon out,
Smote with his staff the blankness round
about.

At length, in the low light of a spent day,
The towers of Ecbatana far away
Rose on the desert's rim; and Nathan, faint
And footsore, pausing where for some dead
saint

The faith of Islam reared a domed tomb,
Saw some one kneeling in the shadow, whom
He greeted kindly: "May the Holy One
Answer thy prayers, O stranger!" Where-
upon

The shape stood up with a loud cry, and then,
Clasped in each other's arms, the two gray
men

Wept, praising him whose gracious provi-
dence

Made their paths one. But straightway, as
the sense

Of his transgression smote him, Nathan tore
Himself away: "O friend beloved, no more
Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,
Foul from my sins, to tell thee all my shame.
Haply thy prayers, since nought availeth
mine,

May purge my soul, and make it white like
thine.

Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned!"

Awestruck Ben Isaac stood. The desert wind
Blew his long mantle backward, laying bare
The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.

"I too, O friend, if not in act," he said,
"In thought have verily sinned. Hast thou
not read,

'Better the eye should see than that desire
Should wander'? Burning with a hidden fire
That tears and prayers quench not, I come to
thee

For pity and for help, as thou to me.
Pray for me, O my friend!" But Nathan
cried,

"Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac!"

Side by side

In the low sunshine by the turban stone
They knelt; each made his brother's woe his
own,
Forgetting, in the agony and stress
Of pitying love, his claim of selfishness;
Peace, for his friend besought, his own be-
came;
His prayers were answered in another's name;
And, when at last they rose up to embrace,
Each saw God's pardon in his brother's face!

Long after, when his headstone gathered
moss,
Traced on the targum-marge of Onkelos
In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words were
read:
"Hope not the cure of sin till Self is dead;
Forget it in love's service, and the debt
Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget;
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

1863.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

CAME a merchantman of yore,
Seeking goodly pearls to store;
One he found, and straightway sold
All he had, that one to hold.

But another merchant came,
Seeking pearls he knew by name, —
Seeking, gave his all for me;
Bought his treasure on the tree.

Seek I many pearls to own,
These for crown and those for throne?
All I have I sell, to buy
One I find so fair to eye.

This the pearl all price above,
And I know who calls it love:
Faith and hope, bright gems they shine,
But the pearl is love divine.

I, too, now, for Jesus Christ,
Look within for pearls unpriced;
Hid in heart and stored in mind,
But the merchantman must find.

Down beneath strong passion's tide,
Down where weeds of sin-growth hide;
Scarce discerned from what is base,
Yet how sweet the hidden grace.

Seeking many, finding one,
Finding all, thus lacking none,
Hold I each possession vain,
If I only this may gain.

Toiling on in life's swift whirl,
If I find this goodly pearl,
Till time's merchant own at last,
Heart, not hand, must hold it fast.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX.

THE LITTLE JEW.

A TRUE STORY.

WE were at school together,
The little Jew and I.
He had black eyes, the biggest nose,
The very smallest fist for blows,
Yet nothing made him cry.

We mocked him often and often,
Called him all names we knew, —
"Young Lazarus," "Father Abraham,"
"Moses," — for he was meek as a lamb,
The gentle little Jew.

But not a word he answered;
Sat in his corner still,
And worked his sums, and conned his task;
Would never any favor ask,
Did us nor good nor ill.

Though sometimes he would lift up
Those great dark Eastern eyes,
Appealing, when we wronged him much,
For pity? No! but full of such
A questioning surprise.

Just like a beast of the forest
Caught in the garden's bound, —
Hemmed in by cruel creatures tame
That seem akin, almost the same,
Yet how unlike are found!

He never lied nor cheated,
Although he was a Jew;
He might be rich, he might be poor,
Of David's seed, or line obscure,
For anything we knew.

He did his boyish duty
In play-ground as in school;
A little put upon, and meek,
Though no one ever called him "sneak"
Or "coward," still less "fool."

But yet I never knew him, —
 Not rightly, I may say, —
 Till one day, sauntering round our square,
 I saw the little Jew boy there,
 Slow lingering after play.

He looked so tired and hungry,
 So dull and weary both,
 "Hollo!" cried I, "you ate no lunch.
 Come, here's an apple; have a munch!
 Hey, take it! don't be loath."

He gazed upon the apple,
 So large and round and red,
 Then glanced up towards the western sky, —
 The sun was setting gloriously, —
 But not a word he said.

He gazed upon the apple,
 Eager as Mother Eve;
 Half held his hand out, drew it back;
 Dim grew his eyes, so big and black;
 His breast began to heave.

"I am so very hungry!
 And yet — No, thank you. No.
 Good-by." "You little dolt," said I,
 "Just take your apple. There, don't cry!
 Home with you! Off you go!"

But still the poor lad lingered,
 And pointed to the sky:
 "The sunset is not very late;
 I'm not so hungry — I can wait.
 Thank you. Good-by, — good-by!"

And then I caught and held him
 Against the palisade;
 Pinched him and pommelled him right well,
 And forced him all the truth to tell,
 Exactly as I bade.

It was their solemn fast-day,
 When every honest Jew
 From sunset unto sunset kept
 The fast. I mocked; he only wept:
 "What father does, I do."

I taunted him and jeered him, —
 The more brute I, I feel.
 I held the apple to his nose;
 He gave me neither words nor blows, —
 Firm, silent, true as steel.

I threw the apple at him;
 He stood one minute there,
 Then, swift as hunted deer at bay,
 He left the apple where it lay,
 And vanished round the square.

I went and told my father, —
 A minister, you see:
 I thought that he would laugh outright
 At the poor silly Israelite;
 But very grave looked he.

Then said, "My bold young Christian,
 Of Christian parents born,
 Would God that you may ever be
 As faithful unto him — and me —
 As he you hold in scorn!"

I felt my face burn hotly,
 My stupid laughter ceased;
 For father is a right good man,
 And still I please him all I can,
 As parent and as priest.

Next day, when school was over,
 I put my nonsense by;
 Begged the lad's pardon, stopped all strife,
 And — well, we have been friends for life,
 The little Jew and I.

The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

THE ANSWER.

"ALLAH, Allah!" cried the sick man, racked
 with pain the long night through;
 Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till his
 lips like honey grew.

But at morning came the Tempter; said,
 "Call louder, child of Pain!
 See if Allah ever hear or answers 'Here
 am I,' again."

Like a stab, the cruel cavil through his brain
 and pulses went;
 To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a
 darkness sent.

Then before him stands Elias; says, "My
 child, why thus dismayed?
 Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy soul
 of prayer afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often; never
 heard the 'Here am I';
 And I thought, God will not pity; will not
 turn on me his eye."

Then the grave Elias answered, "God said,
 Rise, Elias; go
 Speak to him, the sorely tempted; lift him
 from his gulf of woe.

"Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering cry;
That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah!' is my answer, 'Here am I.'"

Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled;
And in every "O my Father!" slumbers deep a "Here, my child."

DSCHELADEDDIN. THOLUCK'S version.
Translated by DR. J. F. CLARKE.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

The battle of Buena Vista was fought by the army of the United States, under General Taylor, and the Mexicans, under General Santa Anna, Feb. 22, 1847, and resulted in the defeat of the Mexicans, the Christian charity of whose women is celebrated in the following verses.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,

Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come they near?

Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;

Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their souls!"

Who is losing? who is winning?—"Over hill and over plain,

I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain rain."

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once more.

"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,

Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and horse,

Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has rolled away;

And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.

Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon wheels;

There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance!

Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!

Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall;
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on!

Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who has won?

"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,

O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for them all!

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed Mother, save my brain!

I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.

Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive to rise;

Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!

"O my heart's love! O my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee:

Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me? canst thou see?

O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal, look once more

On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest:

Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast;

Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said:

To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,

Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;

But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,

She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head;

With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead;

But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of pain,

And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her
hand and faintly smiled:
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she
watch beside her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her
woman's heart supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!"
murmured he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who
led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping,
lonely, in the North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she
laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the
wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a
cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving
blood and death behind;
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the
dust the wounded strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ
of God, forgive!"

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the
cool, gray shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy
curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide
apart the battle rolled,
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the can-
non's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy
task pursued
Through that long, dark night of sorrow,
worn and faint and lacking food.
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a ten-
der care they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a
strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world
of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring
afresh the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and
Pity send their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly
in our air!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE HEROINE MARTYR OF MON- TEREY.

When the American forces under General Taylor stormed Monterey, on the 21st, 22d, and 23d of September, 1846, a Mexican woman was seen going about among the disabled of both armies, binding up their wounds, and supplying them with food and water. While thus employed she fell. She was on the following day buried by the Americans, who had even then to bear an incessant discharge of shot from the Mexican batteries.

THE strife was stern at Monterey,
When those high towers were lost and won;
And, pealing through that mortal fray,
Flashed the strong battery's vengeful gun;
Yet, heedless of its deadly rain,
She stood in toil and danger first,
To bind the bleeding soldier's vein,
And slake the dying soldier's thirst.

She found a pale and stricken foe
Sinking in nature's last eclipse,
And, on the red earth kneeling low,
She wet his parched and fevered lips;
When, thick as winter's driving sleet,
The booming shot and flaming shell
Swept with wild rage that gory street,
And she — the good and gentle — fell!

They laid her in her narrow bed, —
The foemen of her land and race;
And sighs were breathed, and tears were shed,
Above her lowly resting-place.
Ay! glory's crimson worshippers
Wept over her untimely fall,
For deeds of mercy such as hers
Subdue the hearts and eyes of all.

To sound her worth were guilt and shame
In us, who love but gold and ease;
They heed alike our praise or blame,
Who live and die in works like these.
Far greater than the wise or brave,
Far happier than the fair and gay,
Was she who found a martyr's grave
On that red field of Monterey.

JAMES GILBORNE LYONS.

1848.

THE FEMALE MARTYR.

Mary G —, aged eighteen, a "Sister of Charity," died in one of our Atlantic cities during the prevalence of the Indian cholera, while in voluntary attendance upon the sick.

"BRING out your dead!" The midnight street
Heard and gave back the hoarse, low call;
Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet, —
Glanced through the dark the coarse white
sheet, —
Her coffin and her pall.

"What—only one!" the brutal hackman said,
As, with an oath, he spurned away the dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,
As rolled that dead-cart slowly by,
With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-fall!
The dying turned him to the wall,
To hear it and to die!—

Onward it rolled; while oft its driver stayed,
And hoarsely clamored, "Ho!—bring out
your dead."

It paused beside the burial-place;
"Toss in your load!"—and it was done.—
With quick hand and averted face,
Hastily to the grave's embrace
They cast them, one by one, —
Stranger and friend, — the evil and the just,
Together trodden in the churchyard dust!

And thou, young martyr!—thou wast there,—
No white-robed sisters round thee trod, —
Nor holy hymn, nor funeral prayer
Rose through the damp and noisome air,
Giving thee to thy God;
Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallowed taper gave
Grace to the dead, and beauty to the grave!

Yet, gentle sufferer! there shall be,
In every heart of kindly feeling,
A rite as holy paid to thee
As if beneath the convent-tree
Thy sisterhood were kneeling,
At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels, keeping
Their tearful watch around thy place of sleep-
ing.

For thou wast **one** in whom the light
Of Heaven's own love was kindled well.
Enduring with a martyr's might,
Through weary day and wakeful night,
Far more than words may tell:
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown,—
Thy mercies measured by thy God alone!

Where manly hearts were failing, — where
The throngful street grew foul with death,
O high-souled martyr!—thou wast there,
Inhaling, from the loathsome air,
Poison with every breath,
Yet shrinking not from offices of dread
For the wrong dying, and the unconscious dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed
Its light through vapors, damp, confined,
Hushed as a seraph's fell thy tread, —
A new Electra by the bed
Of suffering human-kind!
Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,
To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

Innocent teacher of the high
And holy mysteries of Heaven!
How turned to thee each glazing eye,
In mute and awful sympathy,
As thy low prayers were given;
And the o'er-hovering Spoiler wore, the while,
An angel's features, — a deliverer's smile!

A blessed task! — and worthy one
Who, turning from the world, as thou,
Before life's pathway had begun
To leave its spring-time flower and sun,
Had sealed her early vow;
Giving to God her beauty and her youth,
Her pure affections and her guileless truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here
Could be for thee a meet reward;
Thine is a treasure far more dear, —
Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear
Of living mortal heard, —
The joys prepared, — the promised bliss
above, —

The holy presence of Eternal Love!

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not
A nobler name than thine shall be.
The deeds by martial manhood wrought,
The lofty energies of thought,
The fire of poesy, —
These have but frail and fading honors; —
thine

Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

Yea, and when thrones shall crumble down,
And human pride and grandeur fall, —
The herald's line of long renown, —
The mitre and the kingly crown, —
Perishing glories all!

The pure devotion of thy generous heart
Shall live in Heaven, of which it was a part.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

SANTA FILOMENA.

In the autumn of the year 1856 Miss Florence Nightingale returned from the Crimea, where she had spent nearly three years in arduous labors among the wounded and suffering soldiers of the British army. The magnitude of the work did not appall her when she gave her consent to the Secretary at War before setting out, and like an angel of mercy she ministered with patient love to the thousands who came under her beneficent care in the army hospitals. She was almost idolized by the soldiers, and, on her return home, was made the recipient of the most positive tokens of the gratitude of her nation, as well as of the entire Christian world.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
 Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
 Thus help us in our daily needs,
 And by their overflow
 Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read
 Of the great army of the dead,
 The trenches cold and damp,
 The starved and frozen camp, —

The wounded from the battle-plain,
 In dreary hospitals of pain,
 The cheerless corridors,
 The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery
 A lady with a lamp I see
 Pass through the glimmering gloom,
 And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
 The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
 Her shadow, as it falls
 Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
 Opened and then closed suddenly,
 The vision came and went,
 The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
 Hereafter of her speech and song,
 That light its rays shall cast
 From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
 In the great history of the land,
 A noble type of good,
 Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
 The palm, the lily, and the spear,
 The symbols that of yore
 Saint Filomena bore.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1857.

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

I.

SHE was his playmate when a child : and in
 life's golden hours
 He loved her as he loved the stars, as he loved
 the starry flowers ;

With crown of flowers he dowered her, and
 all the wealth of May,
 And she was his dream-angel by night and
 his fairy-queen by day.

All day she was his fairy-queen, her realms of
 fairy light
 Were the wild-woods beautiful with flowers and
 the sun-kissed mountain height,
 And the heather on the upland and the shingle
 by the sea,
 And wherever she went was fairy-land, and her
 own true knight was he.

All night she was his dream-angel ; no crown
 of flowers was there,
 But a crown of starry glory beamed round her
 golden hair,
 And not the sunny smile of day beneath that
 cross of light,
 But a dreamy starry smile, like the smile of
 dewy night.

And often when in boyish glee he prattled fast
 and wild,
 A strange, weird awe would mingle with his
 love for that fair child ;
 And he ceased his childish talk, and a shadow
 on him lay,
 For she seemed as though she heard him not,
 and her heart was far away.

He saw her once at eventide : the glorious sun
 went down,
 He kissed her golden tresses as with an angel's
 crown,
 And it lay upon her pale white face and ra-
 diant brow upraised,
 And he saw his own dream-angel, and trem-
 bled as he gazed.

He knew his own dream-angel : those eyes of
 heavenly love,
 That dreamy starry smile beneath, the kindling
 skies above ;
 And it burst upon his heart, like a flash of
 awful light,
 And she was his fairy-queen no more, but
 his dream-angel of night.

II.

She knelt before the altar in bridal robes of
 white ;
 The church was beautiful with flowers and
 blazed with starry light ;
 There were flowers above the altar and flow-
 ers wreathed in her hair,
 And angels gazed upon her brow and saw a
 star-crown there.

She knelt before the altar : the organ pealed
on high,
They swelled the wedding hymn of joy up to
the listening sky,
And angels' harps caught up the strain and
pealed it far away,
For God himself comes down to claim a fair
young bride to-day.

He saw his own dream-angel : the glorious
sunlight came
And kissed her virgin forehead with a crown
of gold and flame ;
And it lay upon her snowy flowers and on her
golden hair,
But she was kneeling far away in sorrow and
despair.

Strange strength arose within his soul : he let
no tear-drop start,
He checked each wild rebellious sob that
trembled at his heart ;
And said : " O God, I loved her more than all
the world beside,
But now thy will, thy will be done, I covet not
thy bride.

" I was not worthy of her love, this sinful heart
of mine,
Of that pure virgin heart of hers, where every
throb was thine ;
I was not worthy of her love ; and give her
up to thee,
And thou wilt hear her, if perchance she pray
one prayer for me."

The last sweet hymn has died away, the awful
rite is o'er,
And she is now a bride of Christ, his love for-
evermore.
And he bore his sorrow meekly, but his life
had lost its light,
And she was his fairy-queen no more, but his
dream-angel of night.

III.

He lay upon the battle-field . . . with faint
and gasping breath,
Among the dying and the dead on that grim
field of death :
And no sweet hymn went up to God to soothe
his aching head,
But the moaning of the dying and the wailing
of the dead.

He lay upon the battle-field, and on his fevered
brain
A thousand memories of the past came rush-
ing back again ;

His father and his mother and the cottage by
the lea,
And the chair where first he said his prayers
beside his mother's knee :

And then his mother smiled on him and tears
were in his eye,
But he knew not why he wept for her, nor
what it was to die ;
And the dance of his young life went on with
all its joy and pain,
But he never saw his mother's smile, nor felt
her kiss again.

The wild woods and the leaping brooks and
a little child at play,
A little blue-eyed, fair-haired child, with a
crown of early May ;
And her crown became a crown of stars, and
her star-crossed brow grew bright,
And she smiled a dreamy starry smile, like
the smile of dewy night.

An altar bright with lights and flowers, and a
fair girl kneeling there,
And a breaking heart and a stifled moan and
a faintly whispered prayer,
And the moaning of the dying and the wail-
ing for the dead,
And his own dream-angel's gentle arm around
his drooping head.

He started from his reverie, and, kneeling by
his side,
He saw his own dream-angel, and so in peace
he died ;
While her prayers for him went up to God
beneath the stars all night,
And the heavenly Bridegroom heard his bride
. . . and now he sleeps in light.

1858.

FOLLIOTT SANDFORD PIERPOINT.

GODMINSTER CHIMES.

WRITTEN IN AID OF A CHIME OF BELLS FOR CHRIST
CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, lately United States Minister at
Madrid, and now occupying the corresponding post in Lon-
don, was born in Cambridge, Feb. 22, 1819, and was educated at
Harvard College, in which institution he became the successor
of Mr. Longfellow as Professor of Belles Lettres. He excels
as a literary critic, and as a writer of odes and sonnets for
special occasions. He was the first editor of the Atlantic
Monthly, the foremost literary periodical of New England.

GODMINSTER? Is it fancy's play?
I know not, but the word
Sings in my heart, nor can I say
Whether 't was dreamed or heard ;

Yet fragrant in my mind it clings
As blossoms after rain,
And builds of half-remembered things
This vision in my brain.

Through aisles of long-drawn centuries
My spirit walks in thought,
And to that symbol lifts its eyes
Which God's own pity wrought ;
From Calvary shines the altar's gleam,
The Church's east is there,
The ages one great minster seem,
That throbs with praise and prayer.

And all the way from Calvary down
The carven pavement shows
Their graves who won the martyr's crown
And safe in God repose ;
The saints of many a warring creed
Who now in heaven have learned
That all paths to the Father lead
Where self the feet have spurned.

And, as the mystic aisles I pace,
By aureoled workmen built,
Lives ending at the cross I trace
Alike through grace and guilt ;
One Mary bathes the blessed feet
With ointment from her eyes,
With spikenard one, and both are sweet,
For both are sacrifice.

Moravian hymn and Roman chant
In one devotion blend,
To speak the soul's eternal want
Of Him, the inmost friend ;
One prayer soars cleansed with martyr fire,
One choked with sinner's tears,
In heaven both meet in one desire,
And God one music hears.

Whilst thus I dream, the bells clash out
Upon the Sabbath air ;
Each seems a hostile faith to shout,
A selfish form of prayer.
My dream is shattered, yet who knows
But in that heaven so near
These discords find harmonious close
In God's atoning ear ?

O chime of sweet saint Charity,
Peal soon that Easter Morn
When Christ for all shall risen be,
And in all hearts new-born !
That Pentecost when utterance clear
To all men shall be given,
When all shall say *my brother* here,
And hear *my son* in heaven !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LOUIS LEBEAU'S CONVERSION.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, one of the most prominent of living American authors, was born in Martinsville, Ohio, March 1, 1837, of Welsh descent. He became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1871, and still holds that position.

YESTERDAY, while I moved with the languid
crowd on the riva,
Musing with idle eyes on the wide lagoons and
the islands,
And on the dim-seen seaward glimmering
sails in the distance,
Where the azure haze, like a vision of Indian-
summer,
Haunted the dreamy sky of the soft Venetian
December, —
While I moved unwilling in the mellow warmth
of the weather,
Breathing air that was full of Old World sad-
ness and beauty,
Into my thought came this story of free, wild
life in Ohio,
When the land was new, and yet by the
beautiful river
Dwelt the pioneers and Indian hunters and
boatmen.

Pealed from the Campanili, responding from
island to island,
Bells of that ancient faith whose incense and
solemn devotions
Rise from a hundred shrines in the broken
heart of the city ;
But in my reverie heard I only the passionate
voices
Of the people that sang in the virgin heart of
the forest.
Autumn was in the land, and the trees were
golden and crimson,
And from the luminous boughs of the over-
elms and the maples
Tender and beautiful fell the light in the wor-
shippers' faces,
Softer than lights that stream through the
saints on the windows of churches,
While the balsamy breath of the hemlocks and
pines by the river
Stole on the winds through the woodland
aisles like the breath of a censer.
Loud the people sang old camp-meeting an-
themns that quaver
Quaintly yet from lips forgetful of lips that
have kissed them ;
Loud they sang the songs of the sacrifice and
Atonement,
And of the end of the world, and the infinite
terrors of Judgment : —

Songs of ineffable sorrow, and wailing, compassionate warning
 Unto the generations that hardened their hearts to their Saviour ;
 Songs of exultant rapture for them that confessed him and followed,
 Bearing his burden and yoke, enduring and entering with him
 Into the rest of his saints, and the endless reward of the blessed.
 Loud the people sang ; but through the sound of their singing
 Broke inarticulate cries and moans and sobs from the mourners,
 As the glory of God, that smote the apostle of Tarsus,
 Smote them and strewed them to earth like leaves in the breath of the whirlwind.

Hushed at last was the sound of the lamentation and singing ;
 But from the distant hill the throbbing drum of the pheasant
 Shook with its heavy pulses the depths of the listening silence,
 When from his place arose a white-haired exhorter, and faltered :
 "Brethren and sisters in Jesus ! The Lord hath heard our petitions,
 So that the hearts of his servants are awed and melted within them, —
 Even the hearts of the wicked are touched by his infinite mercy.
 All my days in this vale of tears the Lord hath been with me,
 He hath been good to me, he hath granted me trials and patience ;
 But this hour hath crowned my knowledge of him and his goodness.
 Truly, but that it is well this day for me to be with you,
 Now might I say to the Lord, — 'I know thee, my God, in all fulness ;
 Now let thy servant depart in peace to the rest thou hast promised !'"

Faltered and ceased. And now the wild and jubilant music
 Of the singing burst from the solemn profound of the silence,
 Surged in triumph, and fell and ebbed again into silence.
 Then from the group of the preachers arose the greatest among them, —
 He whose days were given in youth to the praise of the Saviour,

He whose lips seemed touched, like the prophet's of old, from the altar,
 So that his words were flame, and burned to the hearts of his hearers,
 Quickening the dead among them, reviving the cold and the doubting.
 There he charged them pray, and rest not from prayer while a sinner
 In the sound of their voices denied the Friend of the sinner :
 "Pray till the night shall fall, — till the stars are faint in the morning, —
 Yea, till the sun himself be faint in that glory and brightness,
 Faint in the light which shall dawn in mercy for penitent sinners."
 Kneeling, he led them in prayer ; and the quick and sobbing responses
 Spake how their souls were moved with the might and the grace of the Spirit.
 Then while the converts recounted how God had chastened and saved them, —
 Children, whose golden locks yet shone with the lingering effulgence
 Of the touches of Him who blessed little children forever ;
 Old men, whose yearning eyes were dimmed with the far-streaming brightness
 Seen through the opening gates in the heart of the heavenly city, —
 Stealthily through the harking woods the lengthening shadows
 Chased the wild things to their nests, and the twilight died into darkness.

Now the four great pyres that were placed there to light the encampment,
 High on platforms raised above the people, were kindled.
 Flaming aloof, as it were the pillar by night in the desert,
 Fell their crimson light on the lifted orbs of the preachers,
 Fell on the withered brows of the old men, and Israel's mothers,
 Fell on the bloom of youth, and the earnest devotion of manhood,
 Fell on the anguish and hope in the tearful eyes of the mourners.
 Flaming aloof, it stirred the sleep of the luminous maples
 With warm summer-dreams, and faint, luxurious languor.
 Near the four great pyres the people closed in a circle,
 In their midst the mourners, and, praying with them, the exhorters,

And on the skirts of the circle the unrepentant and scorners, —
 Ever fewer and sadder, and drawn to the place of the mourners,
 One after one, by the prayers and tears of the brethren and sisters,
 And by the spirit of God, that was mightily striving within them,
 Till at the last alone stood Louis Lebeau, unconverted.

Louis Lebeau, the boatman, the trapper, the hunter, the fighter,
 From the unlucky French of Gallipolis he descended,
 Heir to Old World want and New World love of adventure.

Vague was the life he led, and vague and grotesque were the rumors
 Through which he loomed on the people, — the hero of mythical hearsay,
 Quick of hand and of heart, impatient, generous, Western,
 Taking the thought of the young in secret love and in envy.

Not less the elders shook their heads and held him for outcast,
 Reprobate, roving, ungodly, infidel, worse than a Papist,

With his whispered fame of lawless exploits at St. Louis,

Wild affrays and loves with the half-breeds out on the Osage,

Brawls at New Orleans, and all the towns on the rivers,

All the godless towns of the many-ruffianed rivers.

Only she who loved him the best of all, in her loving

Knew him the best of all, and other than that of the rumors.

Daily she prayed for him, with conscious and tender effusion,

That the Lord would convert him. But when her father forbade him

Unto her thought, she denied him, and likewise held him for outcast,

Turned her eyes when they met, and would not speak, though her heart broke.

Bitter and brief his logic that reasoned from wrong unto error :

"This is their praying and singing," he said, "that makes you reject me, —

You that were kind to me once. But I think my fathers' religion,

With a light heart in the breast and a friendly priest to absolve one,

Better than all these conversions that only bewilder and vex me,
 And that have made men so hard and women fickle and cruel.

Well, then, pray for my soul, since you would not have spoken to save me, —

Yes; for I go from these saints to my brethren and sisters, the sinners."

Spoke and went, while her faint lips fashioned unuttered entreaties, —

Went, and came again in a year at the time of the meeting,

Haggard and wan of face, and wasted with passion and sorrow.

Dead in his eyes was the careless smile of old, and its phantom

Haunted his lips in a sneer of restless, incredulous mocking.

Day by day he came to the outer skirts of the circle,

Dwelling on her, where she knelt by the white-haired exhorter, her father,

With his hollow looks, and never moved from his silence.

Now, where he stood alone, the last of impenitent sinners,

Weeping, old friends and comrades came to him out of the circle,

And with their tears besought him to hear what the Lord had done for them.

Ever he shook them off, not roughly, nor smiled at their transports.

Then the preachers spoke and painted the terrors of Judgment,

And of the bottomless pit, and the flames of hell everlasting.

Still and dark he stood, and neither listened nor heeded;

But when the fervent voice of the white-haired exhorter was lifted,

Fell his brows in a scowl of fierce and scornful rejection.

"Lord, let this soul be saved!" cried the fervent voice of the old man;

"For that the Shepherd rejoiceth more truly for one that hath wandered,

And hath been found again, than for all the others that strayed not."

Out of the midst of the people, a woman old and decrepit,

Tremulous through the light, and tremulous into the shadow,

Wavered toward him with slow, uncertain paces of palsy,

Laid her quivering hand on his arm and
brokenly prayed him :

“ Louis Lebeau, I closed in death the eyes of
your mother.

On my breast she died, in prayer for her
fatherless children,

That they might know the Lord, and follow
him always, and serve him.

Oh, I conjure you, my son, by the name of
your mother in glory,

Scorn not the grace of the Lord !” As when
a summer-noon’s tempest

Breaks in one swift gush of rain, then ceases
and gathers

Darker and gloomier yet on the lowering
front of the heavens,

So broke his mood in tears, as he soothed her,
and stilled her entreaties,

And so he turned again with his clouded looks
to the people.

Vibrated then from the hush the accents of
mournfullest pity, —

His who was gifted in speech, and the glow
of the fires illumined

All his pallid aspect with sudden and marvel-
lous splendor :

“ Louis Lebeau,” he spake, “ I have known
you and loved you from childhood ;

Still, when the others blamed you, I took
your part, for I knew you.

Louis Lebeau, my brother, I thought to meet
you in heaven,

Hand in hand with her who is gone to heaven
before us,

Brothers through her dear love ! I trusted to
greet you and lead you

Up from the brink of the river unto the gates
of the city.

Lo ! my years shall be few on the earth. O
my brother,

If I should die before you had known the
mercy of Jesus,

Yea, I think it would sadden the hope of glory
within me !”

Neither yet had the will of the sinner yielded
an answer ;

But from his lips there broke a cry of un-
speakable anguish,

Wild and fierce and shrill, as if some demon
within him

Rent his soul with the ultimate pangs of fiend-
ish possession ;

And with the outstretched arms of bewildered
imploping toward them,

Death-white unto the people he turned his
face from the darkness.

Out of the sedge by the creek a flight of
clamorous killdees

Rose from their timorous sleep with piercing
and iterant challenge,

Wheeled in the starlight, and fled away into
distance and silence.

White in the vale lay the tents, and beyond
them glided the river,

Where the broadhorn drifted slow at the will
of the current,

And where the boatman listened, and knew
not how, as he listened,

Something touched through the years the old
lost hopes of his childhood, —

Only his sense was filled with low, monoto-
nous murmurs,

As of a faint-heard prayer, that was cho-
russed with deeper responses.

Not with the rest was lifted her voice in the
fervent responses,

But in her soul she prayed to Him that hear-
eth in secret,

Asking for light and for strength to learn his
will and to do it :

“ Oh, make me clear to know if the hope that
rises within me

Be not part of a love unmeet for me here, and
forbidden !”

So, if it be not that, make me strong for the
evil entreaty

Of the days that shall bring me question of
self and reproaches,

When the unrighteous shall mock, and my
brethren and sisters shall doubt me !

Make me worthy to know thy will, my Saviour,
and do it !”

In her pain she prayed, and at last, through
her mute adoration,

Rapt from all mortal presence, and in her rap-
ture uplifted.

Glorified she rose, and stood in the midst of
the people,

Looking on all with the still, unseeing eyes of
devotion, —

Vague, and tender, and sweet, as the eyes of
the dead, when we dream them

Living and looking on us, but they cannot
speak, and we cannot, —

Knowing only the peril that threatened his
soul’s unrepentance,

Knowing only the fear and error and wrong
that withheld him,

Thinking, “ In doubt of me, his soul had per-
ished forever !”

Touched with no feeble shame, but trusting
her power to save him,

Through the circle she passed, and straight
to the side of her lover,
Took his hand in her own, and mutely im-
plored him an instant,
Answering, giving, forgiving, confessing, be-
seeching him all things ;
Drew him then with her, and passed once
more through the circle
Unto her place, and knelt with him there by
the side of her father,
Trembling as women tremble who greatly ven-
ture and triumph, —
But in her innocent breast was the saint's
sublime exultation.

So was Louis converted ; and though the lips
of the scorners
Spared not in after years the subtle taunt
and derision
(What time, meeker grown, his heart held his
hand from its answer),
Not the less lofty and pure her love and her
faith that had saved him,
Not the less now discerned was her inspira-
tion from Heaven
By the people, that rose, and embracing and
weeping together,
Poured forth their jubilant songs of victory
and of thanksgiving,
Till from the embers leaped the dying flame
to behold them,
And the hills of the river were filled with re-
verberant echoes, —
Echoes that out of the years and the distance
stole to me hither,
While I moved unwilling in the mellow warmth
of the weather ;
Echoes that mingled and fainted and fell with
the fluttering murmurs
In the hearts of the hushing bells, as from
island to island
Swooned the sound on the wide lagoons into
palpitant silence.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

1863.

THE EMIGRANTS' SACRED SONG.

In 1621, the year after the Pilgrims sailed for Plymouth, Mass., the "Bermuda Company" guaranteed the liberty of worship and other privileges to emigrants, and many went to the islands from England. A representative government had been formed in the Bermudas in 1620.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song :

"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
Where he the huge sea-monster wracks.
That lift the deep upon their backs ;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms' and prelates' rage.
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels everything ;
And sends the fowls to us, in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet ;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon, he stores the land,
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast — of which we rather boast —
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.
Oh ! let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which, thence perhaps rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexico Bay."

Thus sang they in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note ;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE OLD PSALM-TUNE.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, one of the best of American religious poets, and a writer of fiction whose works have attracted the widest attention, is daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher, and was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1812. She is wife of Calvin Ellis Stowe, D. D.

You asked, dear friend, the other day,
Why still my charmed ear
Rejoiceth in uncultured tone
That old psalm-tune to hear ?

I've heard full oft, in foreign lands,
The grand orchestral strain,
Where music's ancient masters live,
Revealed on earth again, —

Where breathing, solemn instruments,
 In swaying clouds of sound,
 Bore up the yearning, tranced soul,
 Like silver wings around ; —

I 've heard in old St. Peter's dome,
 Where clouds of incense rise,
 Most ravishing the choral swell
 Mount upwards to the skies.

And well I feel the magic power,
 When skilled and cultured art
 Its cunning webs of sweetness weaves
 Around the captured heart.

But yet, dear friend, though rudely sung,
 That old psalm-tune hath still
 A pulse of power beyond them all
 My inmost soul to thrill.

Those halting tones that sound to you
 Are not the tones I hear ;
 But voices of the loved and lost
 There meet my longing ear.

I hear my angel mother's voice, —
 Those were the words she sung ;
 I hear my brother's ringing tones,
 As once on earth they rung ;

And friends that walk in white above
 Come round me like a cloud,
 And far above those earthly notes
 Their singing sounds aloud.

There may be discord, as you say ;
 Those voices poorly ring ;
 But there 's no discord in the strain
 Those upper spirits sing.

For they who sing are of the blest,
 The calm and glorified,
 Whose hours are one eternal rest
 On heaven's sweet floating tide.

Their life is music and accord ;
 Their souls and hearts keep time
 In one sweet concert with the Lord, —
 One concert, vast, sublime.

And through the hymns they sang on earth
 Sometimes a sweetness falls
 On those they loved and left below,
 And softly homeward calls, —

Bells from our own dear Fatherland,
 Borne trembling o'er the sea, —
 The narrow sea that they have crossed,
 The shores where we shall be.

Oh, sing, sing on, beloved souls !
 Sing cares and griefs to rest ;
 Sing, till entranced we arise
 To join you 'mong the blest.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE QUAKER WIDOW.

THEE finds me in the garden, Hannah, —
 come in ! 'tis kind of thee
 To wait until the friends were gone, who came
 to comfort me.

The still and quiet company a peace may give,
 indeed,
 But blessed is the single heart that comes to
 us at need.

Come, sit thee down ! Here is the bench
 where Benjamin would sit
 On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch
 the swallows fit :

He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear
 the pleasant bees

Go humming round the lilacs and through the
 apple-trees.

I think he loved the spring : not that he cared
 for flowers : most men

Think such things foolishness, — but we were
 first acquainted then,

One spring : the next he spoke his mind ; the
 third I was his wife,

And in the spring (it happened so) our chil-
 dren entered life.

He was but seventy-five : I did not think to
 lay him yet

In Kennett Graveyard, where at monthly
 meeting first we met.

The Father's mercy shows in this : 'tis better
 I should be

Picked out to bear the heavy cross — alone
 in age — than he.

We 've lived together fifty years : it seems but
 one long day,

One quiet sabbath of the heart, till he was
 called away ;

And as we bring from meeting-time a sweet
 contentment home,

So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the
 days to come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it
 was to know

If I had heard the Spirit right, that told me I
 should go ;

For father had a deep concern upon his mind
that day,
But mother spoke for Benjamin, — she knew
what best to say.

Then she was still: they sat awhile; at last
she spoke again,
‘The Lord incline thee to the right!’ and
“Thou shalt have him, Jane!”
My father said. I cried. Indeed, ’t was not
the least of shocks,
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Ortho-
dox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter
Ruth we lost:
Her husband’s of the world, and yet I could
not see her crossed.
She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she
hears a hireling priest —
Ah, dear! the cross was ours: her life’s a
happy one, at least.

Perhaps she’ll wear a plainer dress when she’s
as old as I, —
Would thee believe it, Hannah? once I felt
temptation nigh!
My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple
for my taste:
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon
at the waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon
the women’s side!
I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt more fear
than pride,
Till, “in the presence of the Lord,” he said,
and then there came
A holy strength upon my heart, and I could
say the same.

I used to blush when he came near, but then
I showed no sign;
With all the meeting looking on, I held his
hand in mine.
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I
was his for life:
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah, — thee, too,
hast been a wife.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so
green as ours;
The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows
full of flowers;
The neighbors met us in the lane, and every
face was kind, —
’T is strange how lively everything comes back
upon my mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-
dinner spread:
At our own table we were guests, with father
at the head,
And Dinah Passmore helped us both, — ’t was
she stood up with me,
And Abner Jones with Benjamin, — and now
they’re gone, all three!

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord dis-
poses best.
His spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them
for his rest;
And that he halved our little flock was merci-
ful, I see:
For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are
left with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm, — ’t was not his
call, in truth,
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to
daughter Ruth.
Thee’ll say her ways are not like mine, —
young people nowadays
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the
good old ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps
the simple tongue,
The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when
she was young;
And it was brought upon my mind, remember-
ing her, of late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps
lay too much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed
with grace,
And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a
homely face.
And dress may be of less account: the Lord
will look within:
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or
sin.

Thee mustn’t be too hard on Ruth: she’s
anxious I should go,
And she will do her duty as a daughter should,
I know.
’T is hard to change so late in life, but we must
be resigned:
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a
willing mind.

A MONKISH LEGEND.

BEAUTIFUL stories, by tongue and pen,
 Are told of holy women and men,
 Who have heard, entranced in some lonely cell,
 The things not lawful for lip to tell :
 And seen, when their souls were caught away,
 What they might not say.

But one of the sweetest in tale or rhyme
 Is told of a monk of the olden time,
 Who read all day in his sacred nook
 The words of the good Saint Austin's book,
 Where he tells of the city of God, that best,
 Last place of rest.

Sighing, the holy father said,
 As he shut the volume he had read :
 "Methinks if heaven shall only be
 A Sabbath long as eternity,
 Its bliss will at last be a weary reign,
 And its peace be pain."

So he wandered, musing under his hood,
 Far into the depths of a solemn wood,
 Where a bird was singing, so soft and clear,
 That he paused and listened with charmed ear ;
 Listened, nor knew, while thus intent,
 How the moments went.

But the music ceased, and the sweet spell
 Broke.
 And as if from a guilty dream he woke,
 That holy man, and he cried aghast,
 "*Mea culpa!* an hour has passed,
 And I have not counted my beads, nor prayed
 To the saints for aid !"

Then, amazed, he fled ; but his horror grew,
 For the wood was strange, and the pathway
 new ;
 Yet, with trembling step, he hurried on,
 Till at last the open plain was won,
 Where, grim and black, o'er the vale around
 The convent frowned.

"Holy Saint Austin !" cried the monk,
 And down on the ground for terror sunk ;
 For lo ! the convent, tower, and cell,
 Sacred crucifix, blessed bell,
 Had passed away, and in their stead
 Was ruin spread.

In that hour, while the rapture held him fast,
 A century had come and passed ;
 And he rose an altered man, and went
 His way, and knew what the vision meant ;
 For a mighty truth, till then unknown,
 By that trance was shown.

And he saw how the saints, with their Lord,
 shall say,

A thousand years are but as a day ;
 Since bliss itself must grow from bliss,
 And holiness from holiness ;
 And love, while eternity's ages move,
 Cannot tire of love !

PHŒBE CARY.

THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

ON the isle of Penikese,
 Ringed about by sapphire seas,
 Fanned by breezes salt and cool,
 Stood the master with his school.
 Over sails that not in vain
 Wooed the west-wind's steady strain,
 Line of coast that low and far
 Stretched its undulating bar,
 Wings aslant along the rim
 Of the waves they stooped to skim,
 Rock and isle and glistening bay,
 Fell the beautiful white day.
 Said the master to the youth :
 "We have come in search of truth,
 Trying with uncertain key
 Door by door of mystery ;
 We are reaching, through his laws,
 To the garment-hem of Cause,

"Him, the endless, unbegun,
 The unnamable, the one
 Light of all our light the source,
 Life of life, and force of force.
 As with fingers of the blind,
 We are groping here to find
 What the hieroglyphics mean
 Of the unseen in the seen,
 What the thought which underlies
 Nature's masking and disguise,
 What it is that hides beneath
 Blight and bloom and birth and death.
 By past efforts unavailing,
 Doubt and error, loss and failing,
 Of our weakness made aware,
 On the threshold of our task
 Let us light and guidance ask,
 Let us pause in silent prayer !"

Then the master in his place
 Bowed his head a little space,
 And the leaves by soft airs stirred,
 Lapse of wave and cry of bird
 Left the solemn hush unbroken
 Of that wordless prayer unspoken
 While its wish, on earth unsaid,

Rose to Heaven interpreted.
 As, in life's best hours, we hear
 By the spirit's finer ear
 His low voice within us, thus
 The All-Father heareth us;
 And his holy ear we pain
 With our noisy words and vain.
 Not for him our violence
 Storming at the gates of sense,
 His the primal language, his
 The eternal silences!

Even the careless heart was moved,
 And the doubting gave assent,
 With a gesture reverent,
 To the master well-beloved.
 As thin mists are glorified
 By the light they cannot hide,
 All who gazed upon him saw,
 Through its veil of tender awe,
 How his face was still uplift
 By the old sweet look of it,
 Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer,
 And the love that casts out fear.
 Who the secret may declare
 Of that brief, unuttered prayer?
 Did the shade before him come
 Of the inevitable doom,
 Of the end of earth so near,
 And eternity's new year?

In the lap of sheltering seas
 Rests the isle of Penikese;
 But the lord of the domain
 Comes not to his own again:
 Where the eyes that follow fail,
 On a vaster sea his sail
 Drifts beyond our beck and hail.
 Other lips within its bound
 Shall the laws of life expound;
 Other eyes from rock and shell
 Read the world's old riddles well:
 But when breezes light and bland
 Blow from summer's blossomed land,
 When the air is glad with wings,
 And the blithe song-sparrow sings,
 Many an eye with his still face
 Shall the living ones displace,
 Many an ear the word shall seek
 He alone could fitly speak.
 And one name forevermore
 Shall be uttered o'er and o'er
 By the waves that kiss the shore,
 By the curlew's whistle sent
 Down the cool, sea-scented air;
 In all voices known to her,
 Nature owns her worshipper,
 Half in triumph, half lament.

Thither love shall tearful turn,
 Friendship pause uncovered there,
 And the wisest reverence learn
 From the master's silent prayer.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

1873.

A LEGEND.

THE monk was preaching: strong his earnest
 word,

From the abundance of his heart he spoke,
 And the flame spread,—in every soul that
 heard

Sorrow and love and good resolve awoke:—
 The poor lay brother, ignorant and old,
 Thanked God that he had heard such words
 of gold.

“Still let the glory, Lord, be thine alone,”—
 So prayed the monk, his heart absorbed in
 praise:

“Thine be the glory: if my hands have sown
 The harvest ripened in thy mercy's rays,
 It was thy blessing, Lord, that made my word
 Bring light and love to every soul that heard.

“O Lord, I thank thee that my feeble strength
 Has been so blest; that sinful hearts and
 cold

Were melted at my pleading,—knew at length
 How sweet thy service and how safe thy fold,
 While souls that loved thee saw before them
 rise

Still holier heights of loving sacrifice.”

So prayed the monk: when suddenly he
 heard

An angel speaking thus: “Know, O my
 son,

Thy words had all been vain, but hearts were
 stirred,

And saints were edified, and sinners won,
 By his, the poor lay brother's humble aid,
 Who sat upon the pulpit stair and prayed.”

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE AMEN OF THE STONES.

LUDWIG THEOBALD KOSEGARTEN, a poet of lively imagination and deep feeling, was born, Feb. 1, 1753, at Grevesmühlen, Mecklenburg, and ended his life as Professor of History at Greifswald, Prussia. He died Oct. 20, 1818.

BLIND with old age, the Venerable Bede
 Ceased not, for that, to preach and publish
 forth

The news from heaven,—the tidings of great
 joy.

From town to town — through all the vil-
lages —

With trusty guidance, roamed the aged saint,
And preached the word with all the fire of
youth.

One day his boy had led him to a vale
That lay all thickly sowed with mighty rocks.
In mischief more than malice spake the boy:
“Most reverend father! there are many men
Assembled here, who wait to hear thy voice.”

The blind old man, so bowed, straightway
rose up,
Chose him his text, expounded, then applied,
Exhorted, warned, rebuked, and comforted,
So fervently, that soon the gushing tears
Streamed thick and fast down to his hoary
beard.

When, at the close, as seemeth always meet,
He prayed, “Our Father,” and pronounced
aloud,

“Thine is the kingdom and the power, — thine
The glory now and through eternity,” —
At once there rang through all that echoing
vale

A sound of many thousand voices crying,
“Amen! most reverend sire, amen! amen!”

Trembling with terror and remorse, the boy
Knelt down before the saint, and owned his sin.
“Son,” said the old man, “hast thou then
never read,

‘When men are dumb, the stones shall cry
aloud’? —

Henceforward mock not, son, the word of God!
Living it is, and mighty, cutting sharp,
Like a two-edged sword. And when the heart
Of flesh grows hard and stubborn as the stone,
A heart of flesh shall stir in stones them-
selves!”

Translated from the German of KOSEGARTEN.
By CHARLES T. BROOKS, D. D.

CONSUMMATUM EST.

It is related of the Venerable Bede that, as his death ap-
proached, he was unwilling to give up the work of translating
the Gospel of St. John, upon which he was engaged, but per-
sisted with success, after which he repeated the Doxology,
and calmly died, May 26, 735.

SCRIPTOR.

THOU art weary, father: rest,
While I bear the scrolls away
Till some morrow's stronger day,
For the sun drops down the west,
Near to setting —

ST. BEDE.

Surely so, —
Near to setting: therefore dip
Quicklier still thy pen, and write
What my strength may yet indite,
Ere dead silence ash my lip,
And my holiest work forego
Full completion.

SCRIPTOR.

There remains
But one chapter of St. John,
Ere the whole be overgone;
So, beseech thee, pause: thy pains
Wrack thee:

ST. BEDE.

Ah, my Saxons! they
Must have Christ's full gospel; pray
Haste the transcript, — haste it.

SCRIPTOR.

Yea,
As thou wilt, then.

Father, now
Just one verse till — *Selah!* (How
Fast the dark creeps!) See! 'tis done!

ST. BEDE.

Consummatum est; my son,
Thou hast said it —

SCRIPTOR.

Ha! his head
Drops: God's mercy, — he is dead!

MRS. MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

EDWIN AND PAULINUS:

THE CONVERSION OF NORTHUMBRIA.

THE black-haired, gaunt Paulinus
By ruddy Edwin stood:
“Bow down, O king of Deira,
Before the blessed rood!
Cast out thy heathen idols,
And worship Christ our Lord.”
But Edwin looked and pondered,
And answered not a word.

Again the gaunt Paulinus
To ruddy Edwin spake:
“God offers life immortal
For his dear Son's own sake!
Wilt thou not hear his message,
Who bears the keys and sword?”
But Edwin looked and pondered,
And answered not a word.

Rose then a sage old warrior,
 Was fivescore winters old,
 Whose beard from chin to girdle
 Like one long snow-wreath rolled :
 " At Yule-time in our chamber
 We sit in warmth and light,
 While cold and howling round us
 Lies the black land of night.

" Athwart the room a sparrow
 Darts from the open door :
 Within the happy hearth-light
 One red flash, — and no more !
 We see it come from darkness,
 And into darkness go : —
 So is our life, King Edwin !
 Alas, that it is so !

" But if this pale Paulinus
 Have somewhat more to tell,
 Some news of whence and whither,
 And where the soul will dwell ; —
 If on that outer darkness
 The sun of hope may shine ; —
 He makes life worth the living !
 I take his God for mine !"

So spake the wise old warrior ;
 And all about him cried,
 " Paulinus' God hath conquered,
 And he shall be our guide !
 For he makes life worth living
 Who brings this message plain,
 When our brief days are over,
 That we shall live again."

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE FAITHFUL MONK.

LINES SUGGESTED BY AN ALLUSION IN THE MEMOIR OF
 REV. O. W. B. PEABODY.

GOLDEN gleams of noonday fell
 On the pavement of the cell !
 And the monk still lingered there
 In the ecstasy of prayer.
 Fuller floods of glory streamed
 Through the window, and it seemed
 Like an answering glow of love
 From the countenance above.

On the silence of the cell
 Break the faint tones of a bell.
 'T is the hour when at the gate
 Crowds of poor and hungry wait,
 Wan and wistful, to be fed
 With the friar of Mercy's bread.

Hark ! that chime of heaven's far bells !
 On the monk's rapt ear it swells.
 No ! fond, flattering dream, away !
 Mercy calls : no longer stay !
 Whom thou yearnest here to find
 In the musings of thy mind.
 God and Jesus, lo ! they wait,
 Knocking at thy convent gate !

From his knees the monk arose ;
 With full heart and hand he goes,
 At his gate the poor relieves,
 Gives a blessing, and receives :
 To his cell returned, and there
 Found the angel of his prayer,
 Who with radiant features said,
 " Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled."

CHARLES T. BROOKS, D. D.

BISHOP HUBERT.

'T is the hour of even now,
 And with meditative brow,
 Seeking truths as yet unknown,
 Bishop Hubert walks alone.

Fain would he, with earnest thought,
 Nature's secret laws be taught ;
 Learn the destinies of man,
 And creation's wonders scan.

And, further yet, from these would trace
 Hidden mysteries of grace,
 Dive into the deepest theme,
 Solve redemption's glorious scheme.

Far he has not roamed before,
 On the solitary shore,
 He has found a little child
 By its seeming play beguiled.

In the drifted barren sand
 It has scooped with baby hand
 Small recess, in which might float
 Sportive fairy's tiny boat.

From a hollow shell the while,
 See, 't is filling, with a smile,
 Pool as shallow as may be
 With the waters of the sea.

Hear the smiling bishop ask,
 " What can mean such infant task ?"
 Mark that infant's answer plain, —
 " 'T is to hold yon mighty main."

" Foolish infant," Hubert cries,
 " Open, if thou canst, thine eyes :
 Can a hollow scooped by thee
 Hope to hold the boundless sea ?"

Soon that child, on ocean's brim,
Opes its eyes and turns to him ;
Well does Hubert read its look,
Glance of innocent rebuke :

While a voice is heard to say,
" If the pool, thus scooped in play,
Cannot hold the mighty sea,
What must thy researches be ?

" Canst thou hope to make thine own
Secrets known to God alone ?
Can thy faculty confined
Compass the eternal mind ? "

Bishop Hubert turns away —
He has learnt enough to-day.

BERNARD BARTON.

THE SILENT TOWER OF BOTTREAUX.

TINTAGEL bells ring o'er the tide :
The boy leans on his vessel's side ;
He hears that sound, and dreams of home
Soothe the wild orphan of the foam.

" Come to thy God in time ! "
Thus saith their pealing chime :
" Youth, manhood, old age, past,
Come to thy God at last ! "

But why are Bottreaux's echoes still ?
Her tower stands proudly on the hill :
Yet the strange chough that home hath found,
The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.

" Come to thy God in time ! "
Should be her answering chime.
" Come to thy God at last ! "
Should echo on the blast.

The ship rode down with courses free,
The daughter of a distant sea :
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored,
The merry Bottreaux bells on board.

" Come to thy God in time ! "
Rang out Tintagel chime.
" Youth, manhood, old age, past,
Come to thy God at last ! "

The pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful swells.
" Thank God ! " with reverent brow he cried :
" We make the shore with evening's tide. "

" Come to thy God in time ! "
It was his marriage-chime.
Youth, manhood, old age, past,
His bell must ring at last.

Thank God, thou whining knave, on land !
But thank, at sea, the steersman's hand,
The captain's voice above the gale,
Thank the good ship and ready sail.

" Come to thy God in time ! "
Sad grew the boding chime.
" Come to thy God at last ! "
Boomed heavy on the blast.

Up rose that sea, as if it heard
The mighty Master's signal word.
What thrills the captain's whitening lip ?
The death-groans of his sinking ship !

" Come to thy God in time ! "
Swung deep the funeral chime.
" Grace, mercy, kindness, past,
Come to thy God at last ! "

Long did the rescued pilot tell,
When gray hairs o'er his forehead fell, —
While those around would hear and weep, —
That fearful judgment of the deep.

" Come to thy God in time ! "
He read his native chime :
Youth, manhood, old age, past,
His bell rung out at last !

Still, when the storm of Bottreaux's waves
Is wakening in his weedy caves,
Those bells that sullen surges hide
Peal their deep notes beneath the tide.

" Come to thy God in time ! "
Thus saith the ocean chime :
" Storm, billow, whirlwind, past,
Come to thy God at last ! "

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER,
Vicar of Morwenstow.

OUR PATTERN.

A WEAVER sat one day at his loom,
Among the colors bright,
With the pattern for his copying
Hung fair and plain in sight.

But the weaver's thoughts were wandering
Away on a distant track,
As he threw the shuttle in his hand
Wearily forward and back.

And he turned his dim eyes to the ground,
And tears fell on the woof,
For his thoughts, alas ! were not with his home,
Nor the wife beneath its roof ;

When her voice recalled him suddenly
To himself, as she sadly said :
" Ah, woe is me ! for your work is spoiled,
And what will we do for bread ? "

And then the weaver looked, and saw
His work must be undone;
For the threads were wrong, and the colors
dimmed,
Where the bitter tears had run.

“Alack, alack!” said the weaver,
“And this had all been right
If I had not looked at my work, but kept
The pattern in my sight!”

Ah! sad it was for the weaver,
And sad for his luckless wife:
And sad will it be for us, if we say,
At the end of our task of life:

“The colors that we had to weave
Were bright in our early years;
But we wove the tissue wrong, and stained
The woof with bitter tears.

“We wove a web of doubt and fear, —
Not faith, and hope, and love, —
Because we looked at our work, and not
At our pattern up above!”

PHEBE CARY.

MY LEGACY.

THEY told me I was heir, I turned in haste,
And ran to seek my treasure,
And wondered as I ran how it was placed, —
If I should find a measure
Of gold, or if the titles of fair lands
And houses would be laid within my hands.

I journeyed many roads; I knocked at gates;
I spoke to each wayfarer
I met, and said, “A heritage awaits
Me. Art not thou the bearer
Of news? Some message sent to me whereby
I learn which way my new possessions lie?”

Some asked me in; naught lay beyond their
door;
Some smiled and would not tarry,
But said that men were just behind who bore
More gold than I could carry;
And so the morn, the noon, the day were spent,
While empty-handed up and down I went.

At last one cried, whose face I could not see,
As through the mists he hasted;
“Poor child, what evil ones have hindered thee,
Till this whole day is wasted?
Hath no man told thee that thou art joint heir
With one named Christ, who waits the goods
to share?”

The one named Christ I sought for many days,
In many places vainly;
I heard men name his name in many ways;
I saw his temples plainly;
But they who named him most gave me no
sign
To find him by, or prove the heirship mine.

And when at last I stood before his face,
I knew him by no token
Save subtle air of joy which filled the place;
Our greeting was not spoken;
In solemn silence I received my share,
Kneeling before my brother and “joint heir.”

My share! No deed of house or spreading
lands,
As I had dreamed; no measure
Heaped up with gold; my Elder Brother's
hands
Had never held such treasure.
Foxes have holes, and birds in nests are fed:
My Brother had not where to lay his head.

My share! The right like him to know all
pain
Which hearts are made for knowing;
The right to find in loss the surest gain;
To reap my joy from sowing
In bitter tears; the right with him to keep
A watch by day and night with all who weep.

My share! To-day men call it grief and death;
I see the joy and life to-morrow;
I thank our Father with my every breath,
For this sweet legacy of sorrow;
And through my tears I call to each, “Joint
heir
With Christ, make haste to ask him for thy
share.”

MRS. HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

1872.

THE DUMB CHILD.

SHE is my only girl:
I asked for her as some most precious thing,
For all unfinished was love's jewelled ring
Till set with this soft pearl:
The shade that time brought forth I could not
see;
How pure, how perfect, seemed the gift to me!

Oh, many a soft old tune
I used to sing unto that deadened ear,
And suffered not the lightest footstep near,
Lest she might wake too soon,

And hushed her brothers' laughter while she
lay —
Ah, needless care ! I might have let them play !

'T was long ere I believed
That this one daughter might not speak to me :
Waited and watched, — God knows how pa-
tiently !
How willingly deceived !
Vain love was long the untiring nurse of
faith,
And tended hope until it starved to death.

Oh, if she could but hear
For one short hour, till I her tongue might
teach
To call me mother, in the broken speech
That thrills the mother's ear !
Alas ! those sealed lips never may be stirred
To the deep music of that lovely word !

My heart it sorely tries
To see her kneel, with such a reverent air,
Beside her brothers, at their evening prayer ;
Or lift those earnest eyes
To watch our lips, as though our words she
knew, —
Then move her own, as she were speaking too.

I've watched her looking up
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul *would* burst its binding
cords,
And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in
words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams, and
groves,
All the grand music to which nature moves,
Are wasted melody
To her ; the world of sound a nameless void,
While even silence hath its charms destroyed.

Her face is very fair ;
Her blue eye beautiful ; of finest mould
The soft, white brow, o'er which in waves of
gold
Ripples her shining hair.
Alas ! this lovely temple closed must be ;
For he who made it keeps the master-key.

Wills he the mind within
Should from earth's Babel-clamor be kept free,
E'en that his still small voice and step might be
Heard at its inner shrine,

Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer
thrill ?
Then should I grieve ? O murmuring heart,
be still !

She seems to have a sense
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play.
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear
That even her *father* would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so !
And when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee.
Oh, at such times I know,
By his full eye and tones subdued and mild,
How his heart yearns over his *silent* child.

Not of *all* gifts bereft,
Even now. How could I say she did not
speak ?
What real language lights her eye and cheek,
And renders thanks to him who left
Unto her soul yet open, avenues
For joy to enter, and for love to use !

And God in love doth give
To her defect a beauty of its own :
And we a deeper tenderness have known,
Through that for which we grieve.
Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear,
Yes, and *my* voice shall fill it — but not here !

When that new sense is given,
What rapture will its first experience be,
That never woke to meaner melody
Than the rich songs of heaven, —
To hear the full-toned anthem swelling round,
While angels teach the ecstasies of sound !

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

TWO TRAVELLERS.

Two travellers, meeting by the way,
Arose, and at the peep of day
Broke bread, paid reckoning, and, they say,

Set out together, and so trode
Till where upon the forking road
A gray and good old man abode.

There each began his heart to strip,
And all that light companionship
That cometh of the eye and lip

Had sudden end, for each began
To ask the gray and good old man
Whither the roads before them ran.

One, as they saw, was shining bright,
With such a great and gracious light
It seemed that heaven must be in sight.

"This," said the old man, "doth begin
Full sweetly, but its end is in
The dark and desert-place of sin.

"And this, that seemeth all to lie
In gloomy shadow, by and by
Maketh the gateway of the sky.

"Bide ye a little; fast and pray,
And 'twixt the good and evil way
Choose ye, my brethren, this day."

And as the day was at the close
The two wayfaring men arose,
And each the road that pleased him chose.

One took the pathway that began
So brightly, and so smoothly ran
Through flowery fields, — deluded man!

Erelong he saw, alas! alas!
All darkly, and as through a glass,
Flames, and not flowers, along the grass.

Then shadows round about him fell,
And in his soul he knew full well
His feet were taking hold on hell.

He tried all vainly to retrace
His pathway; horrors blocked the place,
And demons mocked him to his face.

Broken in spirit, crushed in pride,
One morning by the highway-side
He fell, and, all unfriended, died.

The other, after fast and prayer,
Pursued the road that seemed less fair,
And peace went with him, unaware.

And when the old man saw where lay
The traveller's choice, he said, "I pray,
Take this to help you on the way";

And gave to him a lovely book,
Wherein for guidance he must look,
He told him, if the path should crook.

And so, through labyrinths of shade,
When terror pressed, or doubt dismayed,
He walked in armor all arrayed.

So, over pitfalls travelled he,
And passed the gates of harlotry,
Safe with his heavenly company.

And when the road did low descend,
He found a good inn, and a friend,
And made a comfortable end.

ALICE CARY.

THE BLIND TRAVELLER.

A POOR blind man was travelling one day,
The guiding staff from out his hand was gone,
And the road crooked, so he lost his way,
And the night fell, and a great storm came on.

He was not, therefore, troubled and afraid,
Nor did he vex the silence with his cries,
But on the rainy grass his cheek he laid,
And waited for the morning sun to rise:

Saying to his heart, "Be still, my heart, and
wait,

For if a good man happen to go by,
He will not leave us to our dark estate
And the cold cover of the storm, to die;

"But he will sweetly take us by the hand,
And lead us back into the straight highway;
Full soon the clouds will have vanished, and
All the wide east be blazoned with the day."

And we are like that blind man, all of us, —
Benighted, lost! But while the storm doth fall
Shall we not stay our sinking hearts up, thus?
Above us there is One who sees it all;

And if his name be love, as we are told,
He will not leave us to unequal strife;
But to that city with the streets of gold
Bring us, and give us everlasting life.

ALICE CARY.

AN ANGEL'S VISIT.

SHE stood in the harvest field at noon,
And sang aloud for the joy of living.
She said: "'T is the sun that I drink like wine,
To my heart this gladness giving."

Rank upon rank the wheat fell slain;
The reapers ceased. "'T is sure the splendor
Of sloping sunset light that thrills
My breast with a bliss so tender."

Up and up the blazing hills
Climbed the night from the misty meadows.
"Can they be stars, or living eyes
That bend on me from the shadows?"

"Greeting!" "And may you speak, indeed?"
All in the dark her sense grew clearer;
She knew that she had, for company,
All day an angel near her.

"May you tell us of the life divine,
To us unknown, to angels given?"
"Count me your earthly joys, and I
May teach you those of heaven."

"They say the pleasures of earth are vain;
Delusions all, to lure from duty;
But while God hangs his bow in the rain,
Can I help my joy in beauty?"

"And while he quickens the air with song,
My breaths with scent, my fruits with flavor,
Will he, dear angel, count as sin
My life in sound and savor?"

"See, at our feet the glow-worm shines,
Lo! in the east a star arises;
And thought may climb from worm to world
Forever through fresh surprises:

"And thought is joy. — And, hark! in the vale
Music, and merry steps pursuing;
They leap in the dance, — a soul in my blood
Cries out, Awake, be doing!"

"Action is joy; or power at play,
Or power at work in world or emprises:
Action is life; part from the deed,
More from the doing rises."

"And are these all?" She flushed in the dark.
"These are not all. I have a lover;
At sound of his voice, at touch of his hand,
The cup of my life runs over.

"Once, unknowing, we looked and neared,
And doubted, and neared, and rested never,
Till life seized life, as flame meets flame,
To escape no more forever.

"Lover and husband; then was love
The wine of my life, all life enhancing:
Now 't is my bread, too needful and sweet
To be kept for feast-day chancing.

"I have a child." She seemed to change;
The deep content of some brooding creature
Looked from here eyes. "Oh sweet and strange!
Angel, be thou my teacher:

"When He made us one in a babe,
Was it for joy, or sorest proving?
For now I fear no heaven could win
Our hearts from earthly loving.

"I have a friend. Howso I err,
I see her uplifting love bend o'er me;
Howso I climb to my best, I know
Her foot will be there before me.

"Howso parted, we must be nigh,
Held by old years of every weather;
The best new love would be less than ours
Who have lived our lives together.

"Now, lest forever I fail to see
Right skies, through clouds so bright and
tender,
Show me true joy." The angel's smile
Lit all the night with splendor.

"Save that to Love and Learn and Do
In wondrous measure to us is given;
Save that we see the face of God,
You have named the joys of heaven."

ELIZA SPROAT TURNER.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

MORNING, evening, noon, and night,
"Praise God!" sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he labored, long and well;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, "Praise God!"

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done";
"I doubt not thou art heard, my son:

"As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
Might praise Him that great way, and die!"

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures always,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven. "Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth ;

Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well ;

And morning, evening, noon, and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew :
The man put off the stripling's hue :

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay :

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will ; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, " A praise is in mine ear ;
There is no doubt in it, no fear :

" So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.

" Clearer loves sound other ways :
I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'T was Easter Day : he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite :

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed ;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer ;

And rising from the sickness drear
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned

" I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here ; I did not well.

" Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

" Thy voice's praise seemed weak ; it dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped !

" Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain.

" With that weak voice of our disdain.
Take up Creation's pausing strain.

" Back to the cell and poor employ :
Resume the craftsman and the boy !"

Theocrite grew old at home ;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.

One vanished as the other died :
They sought God side by side.

ROBERT BROWNING.

◆◆◆

GIVE ME THY HEART.

WITH echoing steps the worshippers
Departed one by one ;
The organ's pealing voice was stilled,
The vesper hymn was done :
The shadows fell from roof and arch,
Dim was the incensed air,
One lamp alone, with trembling ray,
Told of the Presence there !

In the dark church she knelt alone ;
Her tears were falling fast ;
" Help, Lord," she cried. " the shades of death
Upon my soul are cast !
Have I not shunned the path of sin,
And chosen the better part ?"—
What voice came through the sacred air ?—
" *My child, give me thy heart !*"

" Have I not laid before thy shrine
My wealth, O Lord ?" she cried ;
" Have I kept aught of gems or gold,
To minister to pride ?
Have I not bade youth's joys retire,
And vain delights depart ?"—
But sad and tender was the voice, —
" *My child, give me thy heart !*"

" Have I not, Lord, gone day by day
Where thy poor children dwell ;
And carried help, and gold, and food ?
O Lord, thou knowest it well !
From many a house, from many a soul,
My hand bids care depart " :—
More sad, more tender was the voice, —
" *My child, give me thy heart !*"

" Have I not worn my strength away
With fast and penance sore ?
Have I not watched and wept ?" she cried :
" Did thy dear saints do more ?

Have I not gained thy grace, O Lord,
 And won in heaven my part? —
 It echoed louder in her soul, —
 “*My chi'd, give me thy heart!*”

“For I have loved thee with a love
 No mortal heart can show;
 A love so deep my saints in heaven
 Its depths can never know:
 When pierced and wounded on the cross,
 Man's sin and doom were mine,
 I loved thee with undying love,
 Immortal and divine!

“I loved thee ere the skies were spread;
 My soul bears all thy pains;
 To gain thy love my sacred heart
 In earthly shrines remains:
 Vain are thy offerings, vain thy sighs,
 Without one gift divine;
 Give it, my child, thy heart to me,
 And it shall rest in mine!”

In awe she listened, and the shade
 Passed from her soul away;
 In low and trembling voice she cried, —
 “Lord, help me to obey!
 Break thou the chains of earth, O Lord,
 That bind and hold my heart;
 Let it be thine, and thine alone,
 Let none with thee have part.

“Send down, O Lord, thy sacred fire!
 Consume and cleanse the sin
 That lingers still within its depths:
 Let heavenly love begin.
 That sacred flame thy saints have known,
 Kindle, O Lord, in me,
 Thou above all the rest forever,
 And all the rest in thee.”

The blessing fell upon her soul;
 Her angel by her side
 Knew that the hour of peace was come;
 Her soul was purified:
 The shadows fell from roof and arch,
 Dim was the incensed air, —
 But peace went with her as she left
 The sacred Presence there!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

1860.

◆
 TRINITAS.

At morn I prayed, “I fain would see
 How Three are One, and One is Three;
 Read the dark riddle unto me.”

I wandered forth, the sun and air
 I saw bestowed with equal care
 On good and evil, foul and fair.

No partial favor dropped the rain; —
 Alike the righteous and profane
 Rejoiced above their heading grain.

And my heart murmured, “Is it meet
 That blindfold Nature thus should treat
 With equal hand the tares and wheat?”

A presence melted through my mood, —
 A warmth, a light, a sense of good,
 Like sunshine through a winter wood.

I saw that presence, mailed complete
 In her white innocence, pause to greet
 A fallen sister of the street.

Upon her bosom snowy pure
 The lost one clung, as if secure
 From inward guilt or outward lure.

“Beware!” I said; “in this I see
 No gain to her, but loss to thee:
 Who touches pitch defiled must be.”

I passed the haunts of shame and sin,
 And a voice whispered, “Who therein
 Shall these lost souls to Heaven's peace win?”

“Who there shall hope and health dispense,
 And lift the ladder up from thence
 Whose rounds are prayers of penitence?”

I said, “No higher life they know;
 These earth-worms love to have it so.
 Who stoops to raise them sinks as low.”

That night with painful care I read
 What Hippo's saint and Calvin said, —
 The living seeking to the dead!

In vain I turned, in weary quest,
 Old pages, where (God give them rest!)
 The poor creed-mongers dreamed and guessed.

And still I prayed, “Lord, let me see
 How Three are One, and One is Three;
 Read the dark riddle unto me!”

Then something whispered, “Dost thou pray
 For what thou hast? This very day
 The Holy Three have crossed thy way.

“Did not the gifts of sun and air
 To good and ill alike declare
 The all-compassionate Father's care?”

"In the white soul that stooped to raise
The lost one from her evil ways,
Thou saw'st the Christ, whom angels praise!

"A bodiless Divinity,
The still small Voice that spake to thee
Was the Holy Spirit's mystery!

"O blind of sight, of faith how small!
Father, and Son, and Holy Call; —
This day thou hast denied them all!

"Revealed in love and sacrifice,
The Holiest passed before thine eyes,
One and the same, in threefold guise.

"The equal Father in rain and sun,
His Christ in the good to evil done,
His Voice in thy soul; — and the Three are
One!"

I shut my grave Aquinas fast;
The monkish gloss of ages past,
The schoolman's creed aside I cast.

And my heart answered, "Lord, I see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Thy riddle hath been read to me!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

POOR MARGARET.

We always called her "Poor Margaret,"
And spoke about her in mournful phrase;
And so she comes to my memory yet
As she seemed to me in my childish days.

For in that which changing, waxeth old,
In things which perish, we saw her poor,
But we never saw the wealth untold,
She kept where treasures alone endure.

We saw her wrinkled, and pale, and thin,
And bowed with toil, but we could not see
That her patient spirit grew straight within,
In the power of its upright purity.

Over and over, every day,
Bleaching her linen in sun and rain,
We saw her turn it until it lay
As white on the grass as the snow had lain;

But we could not see how her Father's smile,
Shining over her spirit there,
Was whitening for her all the while
The spotless raiment his people wear.

She crimped and folded, smooth and nice,
All our sister's clothes, when she came to
wed, —

(Alas! that she only wore them twice,
Once when living, and once when dead!)

And we said, She can have no wedding day;
Speaking sorrowfully, under our breath;
While her thoughts were all where they give
away
No brides to lovers, and none to death.

Poor Margaret! She sleeps now under the
sod,

And the ills of her mortal life are past;
But heir with her Saviour, and heir of God,
She is rich in her Father's house at last.

PHOEBE CARY.

THE CHILD ON THE JUDGMENT-SEAT.

"WHERE hast thou been toiling all day, sweet-
heart,

That thy brow is burdened and sad?
The Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad.

"Was thy garden nipped with the midnight
frost,

Or scorched with the midday glare?
Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed,
That thy face is so full of care?"

"No pleasant garden-toils were mine! —
I have sat on the judgment-seat,

Where the Master sits at eve and calls
The children around his feet."

"How camest thou on the judgment-seat,
Sweetheart? who set thee there?

'T is a lonely and lofty seat for thee,
And well might fill thee with care."

"I climbed on the judgment-seat myself,
I have sat there alone all day;

For it grieved me to see the children around
Idling their life away.

"They wasted the Master's precious seed,
They wasted the precious hours;

They trained not the vines, nor gathered the
fruits,

And they trampled the sweet, meek flowers"

"And what hast thou done on the judgment-seat,
Sweetheart? what didst thou there?
Would the idlers heed thy childish voice?
Did the garden mend by thy care?"

"Nay, that grieved me more! I called and
I cried,
But they left me there forlorn;
My voice was weak, and they heeded not,
Or they laughed my words to scorn."

"Ah, the judgment-seat was not for thee,
The servants were not thine,
And the eyes which adjudge the praise and
the blame
See further than thine or mine.

"The voice that shall sound at eve, sweet-
heart,
Will not raise its tones to be heard:
It will hush the earth and hush the hearts,
And none will resist its word."

"Should I see the Master's treasures lost,
The stores that should feed his poor,
And not lift my voice, be it weak as it may,
And not be grieved sore?"

"Wait till the evening falls, sweetheart, —
Wait till the evening falls;
The Master is near and knoweth all,
Wait till the Master calls.

"But how fared thy garden-plot, sweetheart,
Whilst thou sat'st on the judgment-seat?
Who watered thy roses, and trained thy vines
And kept them from careless feet?"

"Nay, that is the saddest of all to me, —
That is the saddest of all!
My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,
My lilies droop and fall."

"Go back to thy garden-plot, sweetheart, —
Go back till the evening falls!
And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,
Till for thee the Master calls.

"Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it, and mend his own.

"And the next may copy his, sweetheart,
Till all grows fair and sweet;
And when the Master comes at eve,
Happy faces his coming will greet.

"Then shall thy joy be full, sweetheart,
In the garden so fair to see,
In the Master's words of praise for all,
In a look of his own for thee."

MRS. ELIZABETH (RUNDLE) CHARLES.

FAITHFUL IN VANITY FAIR.

SUGGESTED BY ONE OF DAVID SCOTT'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF
"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

I.

THE great human whirlpool, — 't is seething
and seething:

On! no time for shrieking out, — scarcely for
breathing:

All toiling and moiling, some feebler, some
bolder,

But each sees a fiend-face grim over his shoul-
der:

Thus merrily live they in Vanity Fair.

The great human caldron, — it boils ever
higher:

Some drowning, some sinking; while some,
stealing nigher

Athirst, come and lean o'er its outermost verges,
Or touch, as a child's feet touch, timorous,
the surges —

One plunge — lo! more souls swamped in
Vanity Fair.

Let's live while we live; for to-morrow all's
over:

Drink deep, drunkard bold; and kiss close,
maddened lover;

Smile, hypocrite, smile; it is no such hard labor,
While each stealthy hand stabs the heart of
his neighbor —

Faugh! fear not: we've no hearts in Vanity
Fair.

The mad crowd divides and then soon closes
after:

Afar towers the pyre. Through the shouting
and laughter

"What new sport is this?" gasps a reveller,
half turning.

"One faithful, meek fool, who is led to the
burning,

He cumbered us sorely in Vanity Fair.

"A dreamer, who held every man for a brother;
A coward, who, smit on one cheek, gave the
other;

A fool, whose blind soul took as truth all our
lying,

Too simple to live, so best fitted for dying:

Sure, such are best swept out of Vanity Fair."

II.

Silence! though the flames arise and quiver:
 Silence! though the crowd howls on forever:
 Silence! through this fiery purgatory
 God is leading up a soul to glory.

See, the white lips with no moans are trem-
 bling,

Hate of foes or plaint of friends' dissembling;
 If sighs come, his patient prayers outlive
 them,

"*Lord, these know not what they do. Forgive
 them!*"

Thirstier still the roaring flames are glowing;
 Fainter in his ear the laughter growing;
 Brief will last the fierce and fiery trial,
 Angel welcomes down the earth denial.

Now the amorous death-fires, gleaming ruddy,
 Clasp him close. Down drops the quivering
 body,

While through harmless flames ecstatic flying
 Shoots the beauteous soul. This, this is *dying*.

Lo, the opening sky with splendor rifted,
 Lo, the palm-branch for his hands uplifted:
 Lo, the immortal chariot, cloud-descending,
 And its legioned angels close attending.

Let his poor dust mingle with the embers
 While the crowds sweep on and none remem-
 bers:

Saints unnumbered through the infinite glory,
 Praising God, recount the martyr's story.

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT.

GEORGE III. AND A DYING WOMAN IN WINDSOR
 FOREST.

OUTSTRETCHED beneath the leafy shade
 Of Windsor Forest's deepest glade,
 A dying woman lay;
 Three little children round her stood,
 And there went up from the greenwood
 A woful wail that day.

"O mother," was the mingled cry, —

"O mother, mother, do not die,
 And leave us all alone!"

"My blessed babes," she tried to say,
 But the faint accents died away
 In a low sobbing moan.

And then, life struggling hard with death,
 And fast and strong she drew her breath,
 And up she raised her head;

And, peering through the deep wood maze
 With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,
 "Will she not come?" she said.

Just then, the parting boughs between,
 A little maid's light form was seen,
 All breathless with her speed;
 And, following close, a man came on
 (A portly man to look upon),
 Who led a panting steed.

"Mother," the little maiden cried,
 Or e'er she reached the woman's side,
 And kissed her clay-cold cheek,
 "I have not idled in the town,
 But long went wandering up and down,
 The minister to seek.

"They told me here, they told me there, —
 I think they mocked me everywhere;
 And when I found his home,
 And begged him on my bended knee
 To bring his book and come with me,
 Mother, he would not come!

"I told him how you dying lay,
 And could not go in peace away
 Without the minister;
 I begged him, for dear Christ his sake,
 But oh, my heart was fit to break, —
 Mother, he would not stir!

"So, though my tears were blinding me,
 I ran back, fast as fast could be,
 To come again to you;
 And here — close by — this squire I met,
 Who asked (so mild) what made me fret;
 And when I told him true, —

"'I will go with you, child,' he said,
 'God sends me to this dying bed,' —
 Mother, he's here, hard by."

While thus the little maiden spoke,
 The man, his back against an oak,
 Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck hung free,
 With quivering flank and trembling knee,
 Pressed close his bonny bay;
 A statelier man, a statelier steed,
 Never on greensward paced, I rede,
 Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,
 The man, his back against an oak,
 Looked on with glistening eye
 And folded arms, and in his look
 Something that, like a sermon-book,
 Preached, — "All is vanity."

But when the dying woman's face
Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,
He stepped to where she lay;
And, kneeling down, bent over her,
Saying, "I am a minister;
My sister, let us pray."

And well, withouten book or stole,
(God's words were printed on his soul!)
Into the dying ear
He breathed, as 't were an angel's strain,
The things that unto life pertain,
And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,
In Christ renewed, regenerate, —
Of God's most blest decree,
That not a single soul should die
Who turns repentant, with the cry,
"Be merciful to me!"

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,
Endured but for a little while
In patience, faith, and love, —
Sure, in God's own good time, to be
Exchanged for an eternity
Of happiness above.

Then, as the spirit ebbed away,
He raised his hands and eyes to pray
That peaceful it might pass;
And then — the orphans' sobs alone
Were heard, and they knelt, every one,
Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wandering eyes
Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise,
Who reined their coursers back,
Just as they found the long astray,
Who, in the heat of chase that day,
Had wandered from their track.

But each man reined his pawing steed,
And lighted down, as if agreed,
In silence at his side;
And there, uncovered all, they stood, —
It was a wholesome sight and good
That day for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land
Was that deep-hushed, bareheaded band;
And, central in the ring,
By that dead pauper on the ground,
Her ragged orphans clinging round,
Knelt their anointed king.

ROBERT AND CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

THE FISHERMAN'S PRAYER.

FROM "BROTHERS AND A SERMON."

THERE was a poor old man
Who sat and listened to the raging sea,
And heard it thunder, lunging at the cliffs
As like to tear them down. He lay at night;
And "Lord have mercy on the lads," said he,
"That sailed at noon, though they be none
of mine.

For when the gale gets up, and when the wind
Flings at the window, when it beats the roof,
And lulls, and stops, and rouses up again,
And cuts the crest clean off the plunging
wave,

And scatters it like feathers up the field,
Why, then I think of my two lads: my lads
That would have worked and never let me
want,

And never let me take the parish pay.
No, none of mine; my lads were drowned at
sea —

My two — before the most of these were born.
I know how sharp that cuts, since my poor
wife

Walked up and down, and still walked up and
down,

And I walked after, and one could not hear
A word the other said, for wind and sea
That raged and beat and thundered in the
night, —

The awfulest, the longest, lightest night
That ever parents had to spend, — a moon
That shone like daylight on the breaking wave.
Ah me! and other men have lost their lads,
And other women wiped their poor dead
mouths,

And got them home and dried them in the
house,

And seen the driftwood lie along the coast,
That was a tidy boat but one day back,
And seen next tide the neighbors gather it
To lay it on their fires.

Ay, I was strong
And able-bodied, — loved my work; but now
I am a useless hull: 'tis time I sunk;
I am in all men's way; I trouble them;
I am a trouble to myself: but yet
I feel for mariners of stormy nights,
And feel for wives that watch ashore. Ay, ay!
If I had learning I would pray the Lord
To bring them in: but I 'm no scholar, no;
Book-learning is a world too hard for me:
But I make bold to say, "O Lord, good Lord,
I am a broken-down poor man, a fool
To speak to thee: but in the Book 'tis writ,
As I hear say from others that can read,

How, when thou camest, thou didst love the
sea,
And live with fisherfolk, whereby 't is sure
Thou knowest all the peril they go through,
And all their trouble.

As for me, good Lord,
I have no boat; I am too old, too old, —
My lads are drowned; I buried my poor wife;
My little lasses died so long ago
That mostly I forget what they were like.
Thou knowest, Lord; they were such little
ones

I know they went to thee, but I forget
Their faces, though I missed them sore.

O Lord,
I was a strong man; I have drawn good food
And made good money out of thy great sea:
But yet I cried for them at nights; and now,
Although I be so old, I miss my lads,
And there be many folk this stormy night
Heavy with fear for theirs. Merciful Lord,
Comfort them; save their honest boys, their
pride,
And let them hear next ebb the blessedest,
Best sound, — the boat keels grating on the
sand.

"I cannot pray with finer words: I know
Nothing; I have no learning, cannot learn, —
Too old, too old. They say I want for nought,
I have the parish pay; but I am dull
Of hearing, and the fire scarce warms me
through,

God save me — I have been a sinful man —
And save the lives of them that still can
work,

For they are good to me; ay, good to me.
But, Lord, I am a trouble! and I sit,
And I am lonesome, and the nights are few
That any think to come and draw a chair,
And sit in my poor place and talk awhile.
Why should they come, forsooth? Only the
wind

Knocks at my door, O long and loud it knocks,
The only thing God made that has a mind
To enter in."

Yea, thus the old man spake:
These were the last words of his aged mouth, —
But One did knock. One came to sup with
him,
That humble, weak old man; knocked at his
door

In the rough pauses of the laboring wind.
I tell you that One knocked while it was dark,
Save where their foaming passion had made
white

Those livid seething billows. What he said

In that poor place where he did talk awhile,
I cannot tell: but this I am assured,
That when the neighbors came the morrow
morn,

What time the wind had bated, and the sun
Shone on the old man's floor, they saw the
smile

He passed away in, and they said, "He looks
As he had woke and seen the face of Christ,
And with that rapturous smile held out his
arms

To come to him!"

JEAN INGELOW.

KINGSLEY.

JAN. 24, 1875.

ONE voice the less to plead with men
For God's down-trodden poor;
One hand the less to wield the pen
With aim so bold and sure;
One heart the less to pity, when
The ill was past his cure!

Through Britain's length of island strand —
From bald Ben Lomond's head
To Devon's reach of silver sand —
The sudden tidings spread;
And there was shadow on the land,
Because this man was dead.

How had that active brain been stressed,
That tender heart been wrong!
What eloquence had poured its zest
Through that persuasive tongue,
That hoary wrongs might be redressed,
And work's true idyl sung!

With life scarce past its equinox,
Its shortening days still fair,
We stagger at the blow that mocks
The deeds he yet might dare.
Who now will bid the "Alton Lockes"
Rise from their grim despair?

What arm will fling the banner high
On which the legend ran:
"*Room in the lists to fight or die!*
Let conquer him who can!"
What lips take up his tilting cry:
"The brotherhood of man"?

Full fairly has he won his prize,
A prize the proud may scorn, —
That thousand honest English eyes,
Once hopeless and forlorn,
To-day lift brighter to the skies,
Because this man was born.

Too busied with his ends to weigh
 The charm or cheat of fame,
 While routed wrong maintained the fray—
 Unsought the guerdon came ;
 The wires that coil the world to day
 All vibrate with his name !

MRS. MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

GRACE DARLING'S DEATH-BED.

OH, wipe the death-dews from her brow !
 prop up her sinking head !
 And let the sea-breeze on her face its welcome
 freshness shed !
 She loves to see the western sun pour glory
 o'er the deep ;
 And the music of the rippling waves may sing
 her into sleep.
 Her heart has long, mid other scenes, for
 these poured out the sigh ;
 And now back to her Highland home she
 comes, — but comes to die.
 Yes, fearful in its loveliness, that cheek's pro-
 phetic bloom ;
 That lustrous eye is lighted from a world be-
 yond the tomb ;
 Those thin transparent fingers, that hold the
 book of prayer.
 That form, which melts like summer snow, too
 plainly speak despair.
 And they that tend around her bed oft turn to
 wipe the tear
 That starts forth, as they view her thus, so
 fleeting and so dear.
 Not such was she that awful night when o'er
 Northumbria's foam
 The shipwrecked seaman's cry was heard
 within that rocky home.
 Amid the pauses of the storm it loud and
 louder came,
 And thrilled into her inmost soul, and nerved
 her fragile frame :
 " Oh, father, let us launch the boat, and try
 their lives to save !"
 " Be still, my child, we should but go to share
 their watery grave."
 Again they shriek. " Oh, father, come, the
 Lord our guide will be :
 A word from him can stay the blast, and tame
 the raging sea !"
 And lo ! at length her plea prevails ; their skiff
 is on the wave.
 Protect them, gracious Heaven ! protect the
 gentle, kind, and brave !

They reach the rock, and, wondrous sight to
 those they succor there,
 A feeble girl achieving more than boldest men
 would dare !

Again, again her venturous bark bounds o'er
 the foaming tide ;
 Again in safety goes and comes beneath its
 heavenly guide.
 Nor shrinks that maid's heroic heart, nor fails
 her willing hand,
 Till all the remnant of the wreck are ferried
 safe to land.
 The cord o'erstrung relaxes then, and tears
 begin to fall ; —
 But tears of love and praise to him whose
 mercy saved them all.

A deed like this could not be hid. Upon the
 wings of fame
 To every corner of our isle flew forth Grace
 Darling's name ;
 And tongues were loud in just applause, and
 bosoms highly beat,
 And tributes from the great and good were
 lavished at her feet ;
 While she, who braved the midnight blast,
 and rode the stormy swell,
 Shrank timid, trembling, from the praise that
 she had earned so well.

Why did they tempt her forth to scenes she
 ill was formed to share ?
 Why bid her face the curious crowd, the ques-
 tion, and the stare ?
 She did not risk her life that night to earn the
 world's applause :
 Her own heart's impulse sent her forth in pity's
 holy cause.
 And richly were her toils repaid, and well her
 soul content
 With the sweet thought of duty done, of succor
 timely lent.

Her tender spirit sinks apace. Oh, bear the
 drooping flower
 Back to its native soil again, — its own se-
 cluded bower !
 Amidst admiring multitudes, she sighs for
 home and rest :
 Let the meek turtle fold her wing within her
 own wild nest ;
 And drink the sights and sounds she loves,
 and breathe her wonted air,
 And find with them a quiet hour for thought-
 fulness and prayer !

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Robert Southey

WATERBURY, JOHN, MAAD & COMPANY

And she has reached her sea-girt home, — and
 she can smile once more ;
 But ah, a faint and moonlight smile, without
 the glow of yore !
 The breeze breathes not as once it did upon
 her fevered brow ;
 The waves talk on, but in her breast awake no
 echoes now :
 For vague and flickering are her thoughts, her
 soul is on the wing
 For heaven, and has but little heed for earth
 or earthly thing.

“ My father, dost thou hear their shriek ? dost
 hear their drowning cry ? ”
 “ No, dearest, no ; ’t was but the scream of
 the curlew fitting by.”
 Poor panting, fluttering, hectic thing, thy toss-
 ings soon will cease ;
 Thou art passing through a troubled sea, but
 to a land of peace !
 And he, who to a shipwrecked world brought
 rescue, oh, may he
 Be near thy dying pillow now, sweet Grace, to
 succor thee !

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

—◆—
 BROUGH BELLS.

ROBERT SOUTHEY was born at Bristol, England, Aug. 12, 1774, and died March 21, 1843. He was, after 1813, the poet laureate. He was an indefatigable literary worker, and left many volumes of prose and verse.

ONE day to Helbeck I had strolled
 Among the Crossfell hills,
 And, resting in its rocky grove,
 Sat listening to the rills ;

The while, to their sweet undersong,
 The birds sang blithe around,
 And the soft west-wind awoke the wood
 To an intermitting sound.

Louder or fainter, as it rose
 Or died away, was borne
 The harmony of merry bells
 From Brough that pleasant morn.

“ Why are the merry bells of Brough,
 My friend, so few ? ” said I ;
 “ They disappoint the expectant ear
 Which they should gratify.

“ One, two, three, four ; one, two, three, four ;
 ’T is still one, two, three, four ;
 Mellow and silvery are the tones,
 But I wish the bells were more ! ”

“ What, art thou critical ? ” quoth he ;
 “ Eschew that heart’s disease
 That seeketh for displeasure
 Where the intent hath been to please.

“ By those four bells there hangs a tale,
 Which, being told, I guess,
 Will make thee hear their scanty peal
 With proper thankfulness.

“ Not by the Cliffords were they given,
 Not by the Tuffon’s line ;
 Thou hearest in that peal the crune
 Of old John Brunskill’s kine.

“ On Stanemore’s side, one summer eve,
 John Brunskill sate to see
 His herds in yonder Borrodaile
 Come winding up the lea.

“ Behind them, on the lowland’s verge,
 In the evening light serene,
 Brough’s silent tower, then newly built
 By Blenkinsop, was seen.

“ Slowly they came in long array,
 With loitering pace at will ;
 At times a low from them was heard,
 Far off, for all was still.

“ The hills returned that lonely sound
 Upon the tranquil air ;
 The only sound it was, which then
 Awoke the echoes there.

“ ‘ Thou hear’st that lordly bull of mine,
 Neighbor,’ quoth Brunskill then ;
 ‘ How loudly to the hills he crunes,
 That crune to him again ?

“ ‘ Think’st thou, if yon whole herd at once
 Their voices should combine,
 Were they at Brough, that we might not
 Hear plainly from this upland spot
 That cruning of the kine ? ’

“ ‘ That were a crune, indeed,’ replied
 His comrade, ‘ which, I ween,
 Might at the Spital well be heard,
 And in all dales between.

“ ‘ Up Mallerstang to Eden’s springs
 The eastern wind upon its wings
 The mighty voice could bear ;
 And Appleby would hear the sound,
 Methinks, when skies are fair.’

“Then shall the herd,” John Brunskill cried,
 ‘From yon dumb steeple crune,
 And thou and I on this hillside
 Will listen to their tune.’

“So, while the merry bells of Brough
 For many an age ring on,
 John Brunskill will remembered be,
 When he is dead and gone,

“As one who in his later years,
 Contented with enough,
 Gave freely what he well could spare
 To buy the bells of Brough.

“Thus it hath proved: three hundred years
 Since these have passed away,
 And Brunskill’s is a living name,
 Remembered to this day.”

“More pleasure,” I returned, “shall I
 From this time forth partake,
 When I remember Helbeck woods,
 For old John Brunskill’s sake.

“He knew how wholesome it would be,
 Among these wild wide fells
 And upland vales, to catch at times
 The sound of Christian bells;

“What feelings and what impulses
 That cadence might convey
 To herdsman, or to shepherd boy,
 Whiling in indolent employ
 The solitary day;

“That when his brethren were convened
 To meet for social prayer,
 He too, admonished by the call,
 In spirit might be there.

“Or when a glad thanksgiving sound,
 Upon the winds of heaven,
 Was sent to speak a nation’s joy,
 For some great blessing given,—

“For victory by sea or land,
 And happy peace at length,—
 Peace by his country’s valor won,
 And ’stablished by her strength,—

“When such exultant peals were borne
 Upon the mountain air,
 The sound should stir his blood, and give
 An English impulse there.”

Such thoughts were in the old man’s mind,
 When he that eve looked down
 From Stanemore’s side, on Borrodaile,
 And on the distant town.

And had I store of wealth, methinks,
 Another herd of kine,
 John Brunskill, I would freely give,
 That they may crune with thine.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

—◆—
 “CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-
 NIGHT.”

This favorite piece was written in April, 1827, after the author had read the incident upon which it is founded in a story of the time of Cromwell. MISS ROSE HARTWICK, of Litchfield, Mich., the author, then in her seventeenth year, was born July 18, 1850. In 1871 she was married to Mr. Edmund C. Thorpe.

SLOWLY England’s sun was setting o’er the
 hill-tops far away.

Filling all the land with beauty at the close
 of one sad day,

And the last rays kissed the forehead of a
 man and maiden fair,

He with footsteps slow and weary,—she with
 sunny, floating hair;

He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she
 with lips all cold and white,

Struggling to keep back the murmur,—“Cur-
 few must not ring to-night.”

“Sexton,” Bessie’s white lips faltered, point-
 ing to the prison old,

With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its
 walls dark, damp, and cold,

“I’ve a lover in that prison, doomed this very
 night to die

At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly
 help is nigh;

Cromwell will not dome till sunset,” and her
 lips grew strangely white

As she breathed the husky whisper,—“Cur-
 few must not ring to-night.”

“Bessie,” calmly spoke the sexton,—every
 word pierced her young heart

Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly
 poison dart,—

“Long, long years I’ve rung the curfew from
 that gloomy, shadowed tower;

Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the
 twilight hour:

I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just
 and right,

Now I’m old I still must do it; curfew it must
 ring to-night.”

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern
 and white her thoughtful brow,

And within her secret bosom Bessie made a
 solemn vow.

She had listened while the judges read with-
out a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew Basil Under-
wood must die."

And her breath came fast and faster, and her
eyes grew large and bright ;
In an undertone she murmured, "Curfew
must not ring to-night."

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprang
within the old church door.

Left the old man threading slowly paths so
oft he'd trod before :

Not one moment paused the maiden, but with
eye and cheek aglow

Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell
swung to and fro

As she climbed the dusty ladder on which
fell no ray of light, —

Up and up, her white lips saying, "Curfew
shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, — o'er
her hangs the great dark bell ;

Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the
pathway down to hell.

Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 't is the
hour of curfew now,

And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped
her breath, and paled her brow.

Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her
eyes with sudden light,

And she springs and grasps it firmly — "Cur-
few shall not ring to night."

Out she swung, far out, — the city seemed a
speck of light below,

'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended,
as the bell swung to and fro ;

And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf,
heard not the bell,

But he thought it still was ringing fair young
Basil's funeral knell.

Still the maiden clung more firmly, and with
trembling lips and white,

Said, to hush her heart's wild beating, "Cur-
few shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er; the bell ceased swaying; and the
maiden stepped once more

Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for
hundred years before

Human foot had not been planted. The
brave deed that she had done

Should be told long ages after, as the rays of
setting sun

Should illumine the sky with beauty; aged
sires, with heads of white,
Long should tell the little children curfew did
not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie
sees him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no
anxious traces now.

At his feet she tells her story, shows her
hands all bruised and torn ;

And her face, so sweet and pleading, yet
with sorrow pale and worn,

Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his
eye with misty light :

"Go! your lover lives," said Cromwell; "Cur-
few shall not ring to-night."

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A SLANTING ray of evening light
Shoots through the yellow pane;
It makes the faded crimson bright,
And gilds the fringe again:
The window's Gothic framework falls
In oblique shadows on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new,
How many a cloudless day,
To rob the velvet of its hue,
Has come and passed away!
How many a setting sun hath made
That curious lattice-work of shade!

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
The cunning hand must be,
That carved this fretted door, I ween,
Acorn, and fleur-de-lis;
And now the worm hath done her part
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore (as now we call),
When the first James was king,
The courtly knight from yonder hall
His train did hither bring;
All seated round in order due,
With broidered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask cushions decked with fringe
All reverently they knelt;
Prayer-books, with brazen hasp and hinge,
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive to the priest's command.

Now, streaming down the vaulted aisle,
 The sunbeam, long and lone,
 Illumes the characters awhile
 Of their inscription-stone ;
 And there, in marble hard and cold,
 The knight with all his train behold :

Outstretched together are expressed
 He and my lady fair ;
 With hands uplifted on the breast,
 In attitude of prayer ;
 Long-visaged, clad in armor, he, —
 With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order, as they died,
 Their numerous offspring bend ;
 Devoutly kneeling side by side,
 As if they did intend
 For past omissions to atone
 By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim ;
 But generations new,
 In regular descent from him,
 Have filled the stately pew,
 And in the same succession go
 To occupy the vault below.

And now the polished, modern squire
 And his gay train appear ;
 Who duly to the hall retire
 A season every year ;
 And fill the seats with belle and beau,
 As 't was so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
 The hollow sounding floor
 Of that dark house of kindred dead,
 Which shall, as heretofore,
 In turn receive to silent rest
 Another and another guest, —

The feathered hearse and sable train,
 In all their wonted state,
 Shall wind along the village lane
 And stand before the gate ;
 Brought many a distant country through,
 To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away,
 All to their dusty beds,
 Still shall the mellow evening ray
 Shine gayly o'er their heads ;
 While other faces, fresh and new,
 Shall occupy the squire's pew.

JANE TAYLOR.

WICLIF.

ONCE more the church is seized with sudden
 fear,
 And at her call is Wiclif disinhumed :
 Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed
 And flung into the brook that travels near ;
 Forthwith that ançient Voice which streams
 can hear
 Thus speaks (that Voice which walks upon
 the wind,
 Though seldom heard by busy human-kind) :
 " As thou these ashes, little brook, wilt bear
 Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
 Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
 Into the main ocean they, this deed accurst
 An emblem yields to friends and enemies
 How the bold Teacher's doctrine, sanctified
 By truth, shall spread throughout the world
 dispersed."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND.

GOD bless ye, brothers ! — in the fight
 Ye're waging now, ye cannot fail,
 For better is your sense of right
 Than king-craft's triple mail.

Than tyrant's law, or bigot's ban,
 More mighty is your simplest word ;
 The free heart of an honest man
 Than crosier or the sword.

Go, — let your bloated Church rehearse
 The lesson it has learned so well ;
 It moves not with its prayer or curse
 The gates of heaven or hell.

Let the State scaffold rise again, —
 Did Freedom die when Russell died ?
 Forget ye how the blood of Vane
 From earth's green bosom cried ?

The great hearts of your olden time
 Are beating with you, full and strong
 All holy memories and sublime
 And glorious round ye throng.

The bluff, bold men of Runnymede
 Are with ye still in times like these ;
 The shades of England's mighty dead,
 Your cloud of witnesses !

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
 By every wind and every tide ;
 The voice of Nature and of God
 Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which Heaven itself has wrought,
Light, Truth, and Love ; — your battle-ground
The free, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks
The simple beauty of your plan,
Nor lie from throne or altar shakes
Your steady faith in man.

The languid pulse of England starts
And bounds beneath your words of power,
The beating of her million hearts
Is with you at this hour !

O ye who, with undoubting eyes,
Through present cloud and gathering storm,
Behold the span of Freedom's skies,
And sunshine soft and warm, —

Press bravely onward ! — not in vain
Your generous trust in human-kind ;
The good which bloodshed could not gain
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

Press on ! — the triumph shall be won
Of common rights and equal laws,
The glorious dream of Harrington,
And Sidney's good old cause.

Blessing the cotter and the crown,
Sweetening worn Labor's bitter cup ;
And, plucking not the highest down,
Lifting the lowest up.

Press on ! — and we who may not share
The toil or glory of your fight
May ask, at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the right !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THE REFORMER.

ALL grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church, beneath her trembling dome
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm :
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in :
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile ;
That grand old time-worn turret spare" :
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear !"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold, —
"Why smite," he asked in sad surprise,
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam ;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked : aside the dust-cloud rolled, —
The Waster seemed the Builder too ;
Up springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'T was but the ruin of the bad, —
The wasting of the wrong and ill ;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared ;
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow ;
The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once
red,
The lights on brimming crystal fell,
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,
And with the idle gallows-rope
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That where the share is deepest driven
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone, —

These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

O backward-looking son of time!
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer;
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turn Earth's love and fear,
Are one, the same.

Idly as thou, in that old day
Thou mournest, did thy sire repine;
So, in his time, thy child grown gray
Shall sigh for thine.

But life shall on and upward go;
The eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats.

Take heart! — the Waster builds again, —
A charmed life old Goodness hath;
The tares may perish, — but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night:
Wake thou and watch! — the world is gray
With morning light!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN.

ERE down yon blue Carpathian hills
The sun shall sink again,
Farewell to life and all its ills,
Farewell to cell and chain.

These prison shades are dark and cold,
But darker far than they,
The shadow of a sorrow old
Is on my heart away.

For since the day when Warkworth wood
Closed o'er my steed and I,
An alien from my name and blood,
A weed cast out to die, —

When, looking back in sunset light,
I saw her turret gleam,
And from its casement, fair and white,
Her sign of farewell stream,

Like one who, from some desert shore,
Doth home's green isles descry,
And, vainly longing, gazes o'er
The waste of wave and sky;

So from the desert of my fate
I gaze across the past;
Forever on life's dial-plate
The shade is backward cast!

I've wandered wide from shore to shore,
I've knelt at many a shrine;
And bowed me to the rocky floor
Where Bethlehem's tapers shine;

And by the Holy Sepulchre
I've pledged my knightly sword
To Christ, his blessed Church, and her,
The Mother of our Lord.

Oh, vain the vow, and vain the strife!
How vain do all things seem!
My soul is in the past, and life
To-day is but a dream!

In vain the penance strange and long,
And hard for flesh to bear;
The prayer, the fasting, and the thong,
And sackcloth shirt of hair.

The eyes of memory will not sleep, —
Its ears are open still;
And vigils with the past they keep
Against my feeble will.

And still the loves and joys of old
Do evermore uprise;
I see the flow of locks of gold,
The shine of loving eyes!

Ah me! upon another's breast
Those golden locks recline;
I see upon another rest
The glance that once was mine.

“O faithless priest! O perjured knight!”
I hear the Master cry;
“Shut out the vision from thy sight,
Let Earth and Nature die.

“The Church of God is now thy spouse,
And thou the bridegroom art ;
Then let the burden of thy vows
Crush down thy human heart !”

In vain ! This heart its grief must know,
Till life itself hath ceased,
And falls beneath the self-same blow
The lover and the priest !

O pitying Mother ! souls of light,
And saints, and martyrs old !
Pray for a weak and sinful knight,
A suffering man uphold.

Then let the Paynim work his will,
And death unbind my chain,
Ere down yon blue Carpathian hill
The sun shall fall again.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

WORK AND WORSHIP.

“Laborare est orare”

ST. AUGUSTINE.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER, a counsellor-at-law, of New York City, is son of the late Benjamin F. Butler, who was member of the Cabinet during the administration of President Jackson. He was born at Albany, N. Y., in 1825, and has resided mostly in the city of New York, from the University of which he graduated in 1843. His poems have been collected in a volume, published in Boston. The best known of them is entitled “Nothing to Wear: an Episode of City Life” It appeared without author’s name, in “Harpers’ Weekly,” in February, 1857. Many editions of it were issued, and it was even advertised in London, with humanitarian tracts, as an indication of the evils of the dressmaking system. Mr. Butler has contributed to the periodicals of the day both prose and verse.

CHARLEMAGNE, the mighty monarch,
As through Metten wood he strayed,
Found the holy hermit, Hutto,
Toiling in the forest glade.

In his hand the woodman’s hatchet,
By his side the knife and twine,
There he cut and bound the fagots
From the gnarled and stunted pine.

Well the monarch knew the hermit
For his pious works and cares,
And the wonders which had followed
From his vigils, fasts, and prayers.

Much he marvelled now to see him
Toiling thus, with axè and cord ;
And he cried in scorn, “O Father,
Is it thus you serve the Lord ?”

But the hermit, resting neither
Hand nor hatchet, meekly said :
“He who does no daily labor
May not ask for daily bread.

“Think not that my graces slumber
While I toil throughout the day ;
For all honest work is worship,
And to labor is to pray.

“Think not that the heavenly blessing
From the workman’s hand removes ;
Who does best his task appointed,
Him the Master most approves.”

While he spoke the hermit, pausing
For a moment, raised his eyes
Where the overhanging branches
Swayed beneath the sunset skies.

Through the dense and vaulted forest
Straight the level sunbeam came,
Shining like a gilded rafter,
Poised upon a sculptured frame.

Suddenly, with kindling features,
While he breathes a silent prayer,
See, the hermit throws his hatchet,
Lightly, upward in the air.

Bright the well-worn steel is gleaming,
As it flashes through the shade,
And descending, lo ! the sunbeam
Holds it dangling by the blade !

“See, my son,” exclaimed the hermit, —
“See the token Heaven has sent ;
Thus to humble, patient effort
Faith’s miraculous aid is lent.

“Toiling, hoping, often fainting,
As we labor, Love Divine
Through the shadows pours its sunlight,
Crowns the work, vouchsafes the sign !”

Homeward slowly went the monarch,
Till he reached his palace hall,
Where he strode among his warriors,
He the bravest of them all.

Soon the Benedictine Abbey
Rose beside the hermit’s cell ;
He, by royal hands invested,
Ruled, as Abbot, long and well.

Now beside the rushing Danube
Still its ruined walls remain,
Telling of the hermit’s patience
And the zeal of Charlemagne.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
 Apparell'd in magnificent attire,
 With retinue of many a knight and squire,
 On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
 And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
 And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
 Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
 He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes
 De sede, et exaltavit humiles*";
 And slowly lifting up his kingly head
 He to a learned clerk beside him said,
 "What mean these words?" The clerk made
 answer meet,

"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree."
 Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
 "'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
 Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
 For unto priests and people be it known,
 There is no power can push me from my
 throne!"

And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
 Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
 The church was empty, and there was no light,
 Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and
 faint,

Lighted a little space before some saint.
 He started from his seat and gazed around,
 But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
 He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
 He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
 And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
 And imprecations upon men and saints.

The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
 As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
 The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
 And thinking thieves were in the house of
 prayer,

Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
 Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely
 said,

"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
 The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
 "This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
 Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
 A man rushed by him at a single stride,
 Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
 Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor
 spoke,

But leaped into the blackness of the night,
 And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
 Spoiled of his magnificent attire,
 Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire.
 With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
 Strode on and thundered at the palace-gate:
 Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in
 his rage

To right and left each seneschal and page,
 And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
 His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
 From hall to hall he passed with breathless
 speed;

Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
 Until at last he reached the banquet-room
 Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
 Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
 King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
 But all transfigured with angelic light!
 It was an Angel; and his presence there
 With a divine effulgence filled the air,
 An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
 Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
 The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
 Who met his look of anger and surprise
 With the divine compassion of his eyes;
 Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st
 thou here?"

To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,
 "I am the King, and come to claim my own
 From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
 And suddenly, at these audacious words,
 Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their
 swords.

The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
 "Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
 Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped
 cape,

And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;
 Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
 And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and
 prayers,

They thrust him from the hall and down the
 stairs;

A group of tittering pages ran before,
 And as they opened wide the folding-door,
 His heart failed, for he heard, with strange
 alarms,

The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
 And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
 With the mock plaudits of "Long live the
 King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,

He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,

And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,

By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,

His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left, — he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And, half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came

Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaigne,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.

The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.

Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade.

With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir

Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare

Of bannered trumpets on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.

While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!

This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,

Is an impostor in a king's disguise.

Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"

The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport

To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,

He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.

And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,

And with a gesture bade the rest retire ;
 And when they were alone, the Angel said,
 " Art thou the King ? " Then, bowing down his
 head,
 King Robert crossed both hands upon his
 breast,
 And meekly answered him : " Thou knowest
 best !
 My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,
 And in some cloister's school of penitence,
 Across those stones, that pave the way to
 heaven,
 Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven ! "

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
 A holy light illumined all the place,
 And through the open window, loud and clear,
 They heard the monks chant in the chapel
 near,
 Above the stir and tumult of the street :
 " He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree ! "
 And through the chant a second melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string :
 " I am an Angel, and thou art the King ! "

King Robert, who was standing near the
 throne,
 Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !
 But all apparelled as in days of old,
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;
 And when his courtiers came, they found him
 there
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent
 prayer.

1863.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a
 cloud,
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast
 ploughed,
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work
 pursued,
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots
 imbrued,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much
 remains
 To conquer still ; Peace hath her victories
 No less renowned than War : new foes arise

Threatening to bind our souls with secular
 chains :

Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

1648.

JOHN MILTON.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

SIR HENRY VANE was once Secretary of State under
 Charles I., but became a Puritan. He was a friend of Mil-
 ton, and one of the noblest men of the times

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held
 The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms
 repelled

The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
 The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled,
 Then to advise how war may best upheld
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
 In all her equipage: besides to know
 Both spiritual power and civil, what each
 means,

What severs each, thou hast learned, which
 few have done :

The bounds of either sword to thee we owe :
 Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

JOHN MILTON.

SAINT ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA.

" Would that we two were lying
 Beneath the churchyard sod,
 With our limbs at rest in the green earth's breast,
 And our souls at home with God."

KINGSLEY'S *Saint's Tragedy*.

I.

I NEVER lay me down to sleep at night
 But in my heart I sing that little song :
 The angels hear it as, a pitying throng,
 They touch my burning lids with fingers bright
 As moonbeams, pale, impalpable, and light :
 And when my daily pious tasks are done,
 And all my patient prayers said one by one,
 God hears it. Seems it sinful in his sight
 That round my slow burnt-offering of quenched
 will

One quivering human sigh creeps wind-like
 still ?

That when my orisons celestial fail
 Rises one note of natural human wail ?
 Dear lord, spouse, hero, martyr, saint ! ere-
 long,
 I trust, God will forgive my singing that poor
 song.

II.

A year ago I bade my little son
 Bear upon pilgrimage a heavy load
 Of alms; he cried, half-fainting on the road,
 "Mother, O mother, would the day were
 done!"

Him I reproved with tears, and said, "Go on!
 Nor pause nor murmur till thy task be o'er."
 Would not God say to me the same, and more?
 I will not sing that song. Thou, dearest one,
 Husband — no, brother! — stretch thy steady
 hand

And let mine grasp it. Now, I also stand,
 My woman weakness nerved to strength like
 thine:

We'll quaff life's aloë-cup as if 't were wine
 Each to the other; journeying on apart,
 Till at heaven's golden doors we two leap heart
 to heart.

The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

SAVONAROLA.

During the ceremony of stripping him of his sacerdotal
 dress, Savonarola stood gloomy and abstracted; but when
 the Bishop pronounced the words, "I separate thee from the
 Church," a sudden hope lighted his face, and he answered
 aloud, "From the church militant, but *not* from the church
 triumphant." He was burnt May 23, 1498, at Florence.

Low kneeleth the monk at prayer

In his desolate cell,
 Pale as death his lifted brow,
 His hands are clenched and pale;
 He cannot heed, in this hour of need,
 The call of the convent bell.

In the cloisters fair without,
 In the moonlight sweet,
 May be heard the passing sound
 Of sandalled feet;
 For the monks are risen at dead of night
 To pray in the church for grace and light,
 The dim new year to greet:

The voice of the midnight bell,
 On the crystal air,
 Hath summoned the men that slept to wake
 And think of prayer;
 As the old year dies, and the curtains rise
 On a strange new year.

But the monk who kneeleth alone
 In his desolate cell,
 Is wrapped already in prayer too deep
 To hear the voice of the bell;
 Eight nights had he watched in agony
 Which none may tell.

His hands are clenched and raised
 In the conflict dread,
 His passionate gaze is on the cross
 Above his head;
 On the face of one who hangs thereon,
 With pierced hands and thorny crown,
 Dying or dead.

And scarce more worn and sad
 That awful face,
 That leans, in the heaviness of death,
 From its high place,
 Than the wasted face upturned to plead
 For strength and grace.

He prayeth low for aid,
 To meet the frown
 Of those who shall give him to share that
 cross, —
 That thorny crown;
 But, voiceless, upon the mournful prayer,
 The mournful Christ looks down.

How dreadful is this place!
 A living man in his woe,
 And a marble Christ, who never stirs
 Where they nailed him long ago;
 Awfully gazing, face to face
 With the anguished soul below.

Fair walketh the moon in heaven
 With her silver tread,
 As the sweet saints walk in robes of snow
 In the land of the blessed dead;
 And she casteth a radiance tender and pale
 Upon the Saviour's head.

The sun grew faint in heaven
 Before his woe,
 But now the moon with her gentle gaze
 Can face him so;
 Knowing that Christ, from the sorrows of
 death,
 Was comforted long ago.

The monk hath turned at length
 To those shining skies, —
 "Surely God is not in this place,
 I will arise,
 And watch afar till the morning star
 Shall bless mine eyes.

"I turn me from the cross,
 To the crucified, —
 Will he strengthen me to tread the path
 His own feet dyed?
 Will he look forth from his lattice to-night,
 And show me the smile, serene and bright,
 That cheers his bride?"

“Is the fire that burns in my heart always
The fire of God?
Is my voice to bear the awful sound
Of his wrath abroad?
Saviour divine, show me a sign
To light my road!”

In that same hour the Lord
Unveiled his face,
Sending his spirit down to bless
The solitary place;
Teaching those weary eyes to see,
No marble Christ in agony,
But a living king of grace:

And the king hath laid his hand
On the watcher's head,
Till the heart that was so worn and sad
Is quiet and comforted;
And the soul is strong once more to stand,
And face the wrath of all the land,
With his message dread.

II.

The people are met to pray
Before the shrine,
Where day and night, from year to year,
The pale lamps shine,
To light the darkness of a face
That bendeth from the altar-place,
Sad, yet divine.

The clouds of incense rise,
The sweet bell tolls,
Down all the darkness of the church
A music rolls,
And stirs, as with a wind from heaven,
The gathered souls.

But when the passionate voice
Of the music dies,
And even the echo, faint and sweet,
Hath ceased her sighs,
Another voice, more solemn and grand,
Is heard to rise!

Ah! well fair Florence knows
That voice of doom;
This is her prophet, stern and sad,
Whose soul doth loom
So dark and awful from its place,
That they who dare to meet his face
Pale at its gloom.

How fair and sweet on the hills
Their footsteps glow,
Who came with tidings of peace and love
To the world below:
As angels of light, by day and night,
They come and go;

But those whom God has appointed
Heralds of wrath,
From his secret place of thunder
Come by a darker path:
A voice of doom, a brow of gloom,
This herald hath.

To him the smiles of earth
Are little worth,
His eyes have seen the lifted sword
Gleam wild in the north,
And he speaks as one to whom is given
To know the wrath of outraged Heaven,
And to pour it forth.

Yet are there softer hours,
When his voice sinks low,
And they see, as it were, an angel's face;
So sweet the glow
With which he prays them all to come
To the arms of Christ, who is our home,
And loveth so.

“I have longed as other men
To be at rest,
To follow the sinking, smiling sun
Down the shining west,
Or to take the wings of the morning and flee
To my Saviour's breast:

“Yet, might I go to him
This night in peace,
How could I sing in the silver dawn
Of that sweet release,
Whilst my people darkly stand without,
And lift to heaven the rebel shout,
That will not cease?

“Oh, that mine eyes were fountains
Of flowing tears,
That I might weep through the sunless hours
Of my bitter years;
For my land hath filled her cup of sin,
And the judgment nears.”

Then all the people trembled
For fear of God,
As if they saw in heaven the sign
Of his lifted rod,
And felt the truth that, a little while,
And instead of the light of his fatherly smile,
His wrath should be shed abroad.

III.

They brought him forth to die
In the face of the sun,
They took his sacred robes away
One by one;

Whilst the city gazed, he stood amazed,
As a man undone.

The lips that were bathed in fire
Are silent and pale,
The marks of tempest and agony,
And of hope that doth fail,
Are on the brow that *was* so high, —
It faced God's thunders in the sky,
And could not quail.

Has he missed the cup of joy,
Whose rich wine glows
With heavenly radiance, poured forth
For the lips of those
Who dare to face a martyr's death,
A martyr's gathered woes ?

Is there no cup for him
But the cup of agony ?
No ecstasy of faith and prayer,
No parted sky ?
Yet steadfastly he standeth there,
Unaided in his last despair,
And dares to die.

Within the chambers dark
Of his rapt soul,
Strange scenes are passing fitfully,
Strange voices roll ;
He lives again the last dark days,
Whilst the bell doth toll.

He hears once more the witness
Of the accusing band :
" Thy words have been bold against the men
That rule in the land,
Yea, and the Church of God, amazed,
Has heard thy voice in thunder raised
To blast her hand ! "

They said he bore it well, —
The torture dread, —
They racked his broken frame again
From foot to head,
Till the quivering lips denied the truth —
He knew not what he said !

" When the blood-red mists had cleared
From my reeling brain,
And the pale daylight that had been lost
Crept back again,
I looked on the white robe of my soul
And saw its deadly stain.

" How awfully that stain
Did grow and gloom,
Even whilst I hastened to speak the words
That sealed my doom,

Denying the false denial, wrung
From lips to which the cold sweat clung,
In the torture-room.

" And now they bid me yield
This weary breath ;
I, who have lost my Saviour's smile
And shipwrecked faith,
Am still allowed to die for him,
In my poor raiment, soiled and dim, —
A martyr's sacred death.

" Last night I saw God's hosts
On the moonlight ride,
And as they passed each martyr drew
His stainless robe aside,
Lest I should seek to touch the hem
That floated wide.

" *They* died for the love of Christ,
By fire and sword,
And he himself stood by to cheer
With smile and word ;
I die, alone, for him to-day,
My lost, lost Lord ! "

Within the chambers dark
Of his rapt soul,
Such thoughts were passing drearily
Whilst the bell did toll,
And sunny Florence smiled to see
Her noblest son, in agony,
Draw near the goal.

He was aware of a voice
That cried aloud,
" We blot thy name this day," it said,
" From the Church of God ;
O homeless soul, the thunders roll
Along thy downward road ! "

But even as it spake, —
Through all the place
A murmur ran, for a nameless change
Was on the martyr's face,
As if a golden hope, that slept
Deep in his soul, had waked, and leapt
To meet a coming grace.

A glorious gleam of heaven
Lightened his eye :
" Ye may blot my name from the church on
earth :
But the church of the sky,
Christ's radiant bride, is opening wide
The gates of victory.

" And I, a man despised,
Shall enter there

Amongst the priests of the house of God,
Clean and fair,
The clouds are broken overhead,
The smile of Christ's own lips is shed
On my despair."

No golden dawn that glitters
On the eastern sea,
No burning glories of the west
Which transient be,
Can image how that light broke forth,
O blessed martyr, on thee!

He stood transfigured there,
In the smile of God,
Not noting the fear and wrath that shook
The cruel crowd,
Not knowing how they set him free,
To stand with Christ in ecstasy,
Where the angels sang aloud.

BARBARA MILLER MACANDREW.

THE BLOSSOMED STAFF.

A SCANDINAVIAN LEGEND.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, author of several volumes of prose and verse, and a constant contributor to literature, was born in Ogden, N. Y., Sept. 18, 1827. In 1846 he became a writer for the press in New York City, but soon removed to Boston, with which city he has since been identified. His home is at Arlington, near Cambridge. This poem appeared in the *Youth's Companion*.

THE gray old father's task was done,
And forth he went at set of sun, —
His task of penance, prayer, and fast;
And through the dark stone porch he passed, —
Ayliffe, the priest, austerely meek;
His form was bowed, his brow was bleak,
Like February gleams, his glance
Lit up his withered countenance.
His ass he saddled and bestrode,
And down the linden alley rode.
The rosy evening blushed and smiled
From cloudy pillows heavenward piled;
And all the lovely upland lay
Bathed in the soft warm light of May.
Beauty and peace were everywhere;
The scent of flowers made sweet the air;
And the stern father almost felt
His wintry heart within him melt.
He muttered, "Pleasures are a net
Which Satan for the soul hath set;

"And love and beauty lure to win
The heart of man to deadly sin."

He crossed himself and grimly frowned,
And in his saddle turned half round.

His stout old oaken staff he plied,
And thwacked the ass's sounding hide.

He passed the coppice, crossed the ledge,
And rode unto the water's edge.

All the sunset's mellow gleam
He wound along the winding stream,

Under the ruddy sky it rolled,
A glorious river red as gold.

He paused beside the glimmering brink:
The ass put down his head to drink,

When lo! upon the wave, a bright,
Strange being floated in the light.

Her face was fair, and round her bare
White shoulders flowed her amber hair:

Her hand upon a harp she laid,
And on the water sat and played

A wild, low, pity-moving strain,
Full of deep yearning and sad pain.

Its tender cadence almost stole
A passage to his secret soul.

"Avaunt, thou water-witch!" cries he;
"Try not thy wicked charm on me!"

She said, "I wield no wicked charm;
I have no power to work thee harm.

"Exiled from heaven, I weep and wait,
A spirit most disconsolate."

"Thou evil one! I know thy race,
Banished forever from God's grace."

She clasped her slender hands in woe:
"O not forever! say not so!"

"Here for our sin, with sad desire,
We pine in wood, or flood, or fire,

"Till Christ in pity shall restore
Our souls to bliss forevermore."

"To Heaven and mercy," said the priest,
"Ye are no more than this poor beast."

"Ah, woe is me! and can it be
Christ died for thee, and not for me?"

And Ayliffe answered cruelly,
 " Christ died for me, and not for thee ! "

He shook his staff : " This rod I hold,
 This shapeless staff, so dry and old,

" With fresh young leaves shall bud and bloom
 Ere you in God's great heaven find room."

Then far away her harp she flung,
 Despairingly her hands she wrung,

Bowed low her sorrowing heart, and swept
 Her long hair in the wave and wept.

Ayliffe the withered staff upraised
 His beast to smite, when (God be praised!)

A pitying angel stooped unseen,
 And touched the rod, that it grew green.

Like boughs in spring-time thrilled with heat,
 It put forth blossoms fresh and sweet.

His bosom shook with sudden fears ;
 It froze with awe, it thawed to tears.

And straightway from his withered heart
 Young buds of love began to start,

And pity's gracious blossoming,
 As when the woods are warm in spring.

And Ayliffe wept. " Behold," he said,
 " God hath rebuked my sinful pride !

" By this green token thou mayst see
 Our Saviour died for thee and me."

Then joyfully the river maid
 Took up her golden harp and played.

Solemn and soft its music rung,
 And all night long she sweetly sung, —

Sung in her starry solitude,
 " Oh, Christ is dear ! Oh, God is good ! "

I know that Ayliffe joyed to hear,
 " Oh, God is good ! Oh, Christ is dear ! "

His staff he planted by the river,
 To bloom and blossom green forever.

Deep in the sands it rooted stands,
 Aloft its leafy top expands.

Now nightly those who tread that shore
 Strange music hear, and evermore

The whispering boughs this truth recall,
 That Heaven's great love encloses all.

TAULER.

John Tauler, the greatest preacher of his time in Germany, was a prince among the Mystics. Born about 1290, in Strasburg, in circumstances of affluence, he nevertheless renounced his fortune and entered the mendicant order of Dominican monks. Though he was of a speculative turn of mind, he became one of the most energetic practical philanthropists of any age, and gave himself to the work of relieving the despised and distressed, and to preaching against the avarice and hard-heartedness of the wealthier classes. His writings affected the philosophy and theology of his time, and exerted a permanent influence upon literature. Tauler died in the city of his birth in 1361.

TAULER, the preacher, walked, one autumn day,
 Without the walls of Strasburg by the Rhine,
 Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life ;
 As one who, wandering in a starless night,
 Feels, momentarily, the jar of unseen waves,
 And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,
 Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even the same
 Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,
 Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart
 Had groaned : " Have pity upon me, Lord !
 Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind.
 Send me a man who can direct my steps ! "

Then, as he mused, he heard along his path
 A sound as of an old man's staff among
 The dry, dead linden-leaves ; and, looking up,
 He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.

" Peace be unto thee, father ! " Tauler said,
 " God give thee a good day ! " The old man
 raised
 Slowly his calm blue eyes. " I thank thee,
 son ;
 But *all* my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake
 again,
 " God give thee happy life." The old man
 smiled,
 " I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid
 His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray
 sleeve :
 " Tell me, O father, what thy strange words
 mean.
 Surely man's days are evil, and his life
 Sad as the grave it leads to." " Nay, my son,
 Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
 Are as our needs : for shadow as for sun,
 For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
 Our thanks are due, since that is best which is ;
 And that which is not, sharing not his life,
 Is evil, only as devoid of good.

And for the happiness of which I spake
I find it in submission to his will,
And calm trust in the holy Trinity
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty
Power."

Silently wondering, for a little space,
Stood the great preacher; then he spake as
one

Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting
thought

Which long has followed, whispering through
the dark

Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light:
"What if God's will consign thee hence to
Hell?"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be
it so.

What Hell may be I know not; this I know,—
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord:

One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
His dear Humanity; the other, Love,
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go
He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with him
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden
light,

Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove
Apart the shadow wherein he had walked
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man
Went his slow way, until his silver hair
Set like the white moon where the hills of vine
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and
said:

"My prayer is answered. God hath sent the
man

Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful
step

The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,
Which tracing backward till its airy lines
Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes
O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,
O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,
Up the stone lace-work chiselled by the wise
Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where
In the noon-brightness the great minster's
tower,

Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown,
Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold!" he
said,

"The stranger's faith made plain before mine
eyes

As yonder tower outstretches to the earth
The dark triangle of its shade alone
When the clear day is shining on its top,
So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;
But what is dark below is light in Heaven."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

MAGDALEN'S HYMN, DURING THE PLAGUE.

THE air of death breathes through our souls,
The dead all round us lie;
By day and night the death-bell tolls,
And says, "Prepare to die."

The face that, in the morning sun,
We thought so wondrous fair,
Hath faded, ere his course was run,
Beneath its golden hair.

I see the old man in his grave
With thin locks silvery gray;
I see the child's bright tresses wave
In the cold breath of day.

The loving ones we loved the best,
Like music, all are gone!
And the wan moonlight bathes in rest
Their monumental stone.

But not, when the death prayer is said,
The life of life departs;
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.

At holy midnight, voices sweet
Like fragrance fill the room,
And happy ghosts with noiseless feet
Come brightening from the tomb.

We know who sends the visions bright,
From whose dear side they came! —
We veil our eyes before thy light,
We bless our Saviour's name.

This frame of dust, this feeble breath,
The plague may soon destroy;
We think on thee, and feel in death
A deep and awful joy.

Dim is the light of vanished years
In the glory yet to come;
Oh, idle grief, oh, foolish tears,
When Jesus calls us home!

Like children for some bawble fair
That weep themselves to rest,
We part with life, awake, and there
The jewel in our breast!

JOHN WILSON.

1616.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

This impressive sonnet was written in consequence of the persecution of the Protestant inhabitants of a region of the Alps, by the Duke of Savoy, who was also Prince of Piedmont. As secretary of Cromwell, Milton wrote letters of protest to the European princes. A fast was also appointed in England, so great was the indignation of the people.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,
whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and
stones,

Forget not in thy book : record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient
folds

Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their
moan

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes
sow

O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth
sway

The triple tyrant : that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

JOHN MILTON.

1655.

HYMN OF THE WALDENSES.

HEAR, Father, hear thy faint afflicted flock
Cry to thee, from the desert and the rock ;
While those, who seek to slay thy children,
hold

Blasphemous worship under roofs of gold ;
And the broad goodly lands, with pleasant
airs

That nurse the grape and wave the grain, are
theirs.

Yet better were this mountain wilderness,
And this wild life of danger and distress, —
Watchings by night and perilous flight by
day,
And meetings in the depths of earth to pray,

Better, far better, than to kneel with them,
And pay the impious rite thy laws condemn.

Thou, Lord, dost hold the thunder ; the firm
land

Tosses in billows when it feels thy hand ;
Thou dashest nation against nation, then
Stillest the angry world to peace again.

Oh, touch their stony hearts who hunt thy
sons, —

The murderers of our wives and little ones.

Yet, mighty God, yet shall thy frown look forth
Unveiled, and terribly shall shake the earth.

Then the fool power of priestly sin and all
Its long-upheld idolatries shall fall.

Thou shalt raise up the trampled and op-
pressed,

And thy delivered saints shall dwell in rest.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE VAUDOIS.

BUT whence came they who for the Saviour
Lord

Have long borne witness as the Scriptures
teach?

Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to preach
In Gallic ears the unadulterate word,
Their fugitive progenitors explored

Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats,
Where that pure church survives, though sum-
mer heats

Open a passage to the Romish sword
Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-sown,
And fruitage gathered from the chestnut wood,
Nourish the sufferers there ; and mists, that
brood

O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacles be-
strown,

Protect them ; and the eternal snow that daunts
Aliens is God's good winter for their haunts.

Praised be the rivers, from their mountain-
springs

Shouting to Freedom, " Plant thy banners
here ! "

To harassed Piety, " Dismiss thy fear,
And in our caverns soothe thy ruffled wings ! "
Nor be unthanked their tardiest lingerings
Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes
drear,

Their own creation, till their long career
End in the sea engulfed. Such welcomings
As came from mighty Po when Venice rose,
Greeted these simple heirs of truth divine,

Who near his fountains sought obscure repose,

Yet were prepared as glorious lights to shine,
Should that be needed for their sacred charge;
Blest prisoners they, whose spirits are at large!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

"The manner in which the Waldenses and heretics disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry was by carrying with them a box of trinkets or articles of dress. Having entered the houses of the gentry, and disposed of some of their goods, they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these,—inestimable jewels, which they would show if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a Bible or Testament, and thereby many were deluded into heresy."—R. SACCHO, Inquisitor of the twelfth century.

"O LADY fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare,—

The richest web of the Indian loom, which beauty's queen might wear;

And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck,
with whose radiant light they vie;

I have brought them with me a weary way,—
will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man
through the dark and clustering curls

Which veiled her brow as she bent to view
his silks and glittering pearls;

And she placed their price in the old man's
hand, and lightly turned away,

But she paused at the wanderer's earnest
call,— "My gentle lady, stay!"

"O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer
lustre flings,

Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown
on the lofty brow of kings,—

A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose
virtue shall not decay,

Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a
blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where
her form of grace was seen,

Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks
waved their clasping pearls between;

"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
thou traveller gray and old,—

And name the price of thy precious gem, and
my page shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
as a small and meagre book,

Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his
folding robe he took!

"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it
prove as such to thee!

Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not, for the
word of God is free!"

The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift
he left behind

Hath had its pure and perfect work on that
high-born maiden's mind,

And she hath turned from the pride of sin to
the lowliness of truth,

And given her human heart to God in its
beautiful hour of youth!

And she hath left the gray old halls, where an
evil faith had power,

The courtly knights of her father's train, and
the maidens of her bower;

And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales by
lordly feet untrod,

Where the poor and needy of earth are rich
in the perfect love of God!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

LE COLPORTEUR VAUDOIS.

The following translation of Mr. Whittier's poem into French was made by PROF. G. DE FELICE, of Montauban, France, and it is said by the Rev. J. C. Fletcher to be taught to every Protestant child in France. A letter of thanks was written to Mr. Whittier in 1875 in the name of the Waldensian church, so highly is his poem prized by the primitive people amid the fastnesses of the Alps.

OH! regardez, ma noble et belle dame,
Ses chaînes d'or, ces joyaux précieux.
Les voyez-vous. ces perles dont la flamme
Effacerait un éclair de vos yeux?

Voyez encore ces vêtements de soie
Qui pourraient plaire à plus d'un souverain.
Quand près de vous un heureux sort m'envie,
Achetez donc au pauvre pèlerin.

La noble dame, à l'âge où l'or est vaine,
Prit les joyaux, les quitta, les reprit,
Les enlaça dans ses cheveux d'ébène,
Se trouva belle, et puis elle sourit.
— Que te faut-il, vieillard? des mains d'un page
Dans un instant tu vas les recevoir.
Oh! pense à moi, si ton pèlerinage
Te reconduit auprès de ce manoir.

Mais l'étranger, d'une voix plus austère,
Lui dit: — Ma fille, il me reste un trésor
Plus précieux que les biens de la terre,
Plus éclatant que les perles et l'or.
On voit pâlir aux clartés dont il brille
Les diamants dont les rois sont épris.
Quels jours heureux lui raient pour vous ma
fille,

Si vous aviez ma perle de grande prix!

— Montrez-la moi, vieillard, je t'en conjure ;
 Ne puis-je pas te l'acheter aussi ? ---
 Et l'étranger, sous son manteau de bure,
 Chercha longtemps un vieux livre noirci.
 — Ce bien, dit-il, vaut mieux qu'une couronne,
 Nous l'appelons la *Parole de Dieu*.
 Je ne vends pas ce trésor, je te donne ;
 Il est à vous : le ciel vous aide : adieu !

Il s'éloigna. Bientôt la noble dame
 Lut et relut le livre du Vaudois,
 La vérité pénétra dans son âme,
 Et du Sauveur elle comprit la voix ;
 Puis, un matin, loin des tours crénelées,
 Loin des plaisirs que le monde chérit,
 On l'aperçut dans les humbles vallées
 Où les Vaudois adoraient Jésus-Christ.

G. DE FELICE.

SAINT BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

In the shade of the cloister, long ago, —
 They are dead and buried for centuries, —
 The pious monks walked to and fro,
 Talking of holy mysteries.

By a blameless life and penance hard
 Each brother there had proved his call ;
 But the one we name the Saint Bernard
 Was the sweetest soul among them all.

And oft, as silence on them fell,
 He would pause, and listen, and whisper low,
 "There is one who waits for me in my cell ;
 I hear him calling, and I must go !"

No charm of human fellowship
 His soul from his dearest love can bind ;
 With a "*Jesu dulcis*" on his lip,
 He leaves all else that is sweet behind.

The only hand that he longs to take,
 Pierced, from the cross is reaching down ;
 And the head he loves, for his dear sake
 Was wounded once with a thorny crown.

Ah ! men and brethren, he whose call
 Drew that holy monk with a power divine,
 Was the One who is calling for us all,
 Was the friend of sinners, — yours and mine !

From the sleep of the cradle to the grave,
 From the first low cry till the lip is dumb,
 Ready to help us, and strong to save,
 He is calling, and waiting till we come.

Lord ! teach us always thy voice to know.
 And to turn to thee from the world beside,
 Prepared, when our time has come to go,
 Whether at morn or eventide.

And to say when the heavens are rent in twain,
 When suns are darkened, and stars shall
 flee,

Lo ! thou hast not called for us in vain,
 And we shall not call in vain for thee !

PHOEBE CARY.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE.

A STORY OF HOLLAND.

The good dame looked from her cottage
 At the close of the pleasant day,
 And cheerily called to her little son
 Outside the door at play :
 "Come, Peter. come ! I want you to go
 While there is light to see,
 To the hut of the blind old man who lives
 Across the dike. for me ;
 And take these cakes I made for him, —
 They are hot and smoking yet ;
 You have time enough to go and come
 Before the sun is set."

Then the good-wife turned to her labor,
 Humming a simple song,
 And thought of her husband, working hard
 At the sluices all day long ;
 And set the turf a-blazing,
 And brought the coarse black bread ;
 That he might find a fire at night,
 And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
 With whom all day he had played,
 And the sister who had watched their sports
 In the willow's tender shade ;
 And told them they'd see him back before
 They saw a star in sight,
 Though he would n't be afraid to go
 In the very darkest night !
 For he was a brave. bright fellow,
 With eye and conscience clear ;
 He could do whatever a boy might do,
 And he had not learned to fear.
 Why, he would n't have robbed a bird's-nest,
 Nor brought a stork to harm,
 Though never a law in Holland
 Had stood to stay his arm !

And now, with his face all glowing,
 And eyes as bright as the day

With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
 He trudged along the way ;
 And soon his joyous prattle
 Made glad a lonesome place —
 Alas ! if only the blind old man
 Could have seen that happy face !
 Yet he somehow caught the brightness
 Which his voice and presence lent ;
 And he felt the sunshine come and go
 As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
 And the winds began to rise,
 The mother looked from her door again,
 Shading her anxious eyes ;
 And saw the shadows deepen,
 And birds to their homes come back,
 But never a sign of Peter
 Along the level track.
 But she said : " He will come at morning,
 So I need not fret or grieve, —
 Though it is n't like my boy at all
 To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying ?
 On the homeward way was he,
 And across the dike while the sun was up
 An hour above the sea.
 He was stopping now to gather flowers,
 Now listening to the sound,
 As the angry waters dashed themselves
 Against their narrow bound.
 " Ah ! well for us," said Peter,
 " That the gates are good and strong,
 And my father tends them carefully,
 Or they would not hold you long !
 You're a wicked sea," said Peter ;
 " I know why you fret and chafe ;
 You would like to spoil our lands and homes ;
 But our sluices keep you safe !"

But hark ! through the noise of waters
 Comes a low, clear, trickling sound ;
 And the child's face pales with terror,
 And his blossoms drop to the ground.
 He is up the bank in a moment,
 And, stealing through the sand,
 He sees a stream not yet so large
 As his slender, childish hand.
 'Tis a leak in the dike ! He is but a boy,
 Unused to fearful scenes ;
 But, young as he is, he has learned to know
 The dreadful thing that means.
 A leak in the dike ! The stoutest heart
 Grows faint that cry to hear,
 And the bravest man in all the land
 Turns white with mortal fear.

For he knows the smallest leak may grow
 To a flood in a single night ;
 And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
 When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy ! he has seen the danger,
 And, shouting a wild alarm,
 He forces back the weight of the sea
 With the strength of his single arm !
 He listens for the joyful sound
 Of a footstep passing nigh ;
 And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
 The answer to his cry.
 And he hears the rough wind blowing,
 And the waters rise and fall,
 But never an answer comes to him,
 Save the echo of his call.
 He sees no hope, no succor,
 His feeble voice is lost ;
 Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
 Though he perish at his post !

So, faintly calling and crying
 Till the sun is under the sea ;
 Crying and moaning till the stars
 Come out for company ;
 He thinks of his brother and sister,
 Asleep in their safe warm bed ;
 He thinks of his father and mother,
 Of himself as dying — and dead ;
 And of how, when the night is over,
 They must come and find him at last :
 But he never thinks he can leave the place
 Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
 Is up and astir with the light,
 For the thought of her little Peter
 Has been with her all night.
 And now she watches the pathway,
 As yester eve she had done ;
 But what does she see so strange and black
 Against the rising sun ?
 Her neighbors are bearing between them
 Something straight to her door ;
 Her child is coming home, but not
 As he ever came before !

" He is dead !" she cries ; " my darling !"
 And the startled father hears,
 And comes and looks the way she looks,
 And fears the thing she fears :
 Till a glad shout from the bearers
 Thrills the stricken man and wife, —
 " Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
 And God has saved his life !"
 So, there in the morning sunshine
 They knelt about the boy ;

And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then ; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years ;
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea !

PHÈBE CARY.

THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE ! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame !

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less ;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess ;

The longing for ignoble things ;
The strife for triumph more than truth ;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth ;

All thoughts of ill ; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill ;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will : —

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar ;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern — unseen before —
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE TWINS.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you"
LUKE vi. 38.

GRAND rough old Martin Luther
Bloomed fables — flowers on furze,
The better the uncouthier :
Do roses stick like burrs ?

"A beggar asked an alms
One day at an abbey-door."
Said Luther ; "but, seized with qualms,
The Abbot replied, 'We 're poor !

"'Poor, who had plenty once,
When gifts fell thick as rain :
But they give us nought, for the nonce,
And how should we give again ?'

"Then the beggar, 'See your sins !
Of old, unless I err,
Ye had brothers for inmates, twins,
Date and *Dabitur*."

"While *Date* was in good case
Dabitur flourished too :
For *Dabitur's* lenten face,
No wonder if *Date* rue.

"Would ye retrieve the one ?
Try and make plump the other !
When *Date's* penance is done,
Dabitur helps his brother.

“‘ Only, beware relapse !’
 The Abbot hung his head.
 This beggar might be, perhaps,
 An angel,” Luther said.

ROBERT BROWNING.

MARTIN LUTHER.

*A Chamber in the Wartburg. Morning. MARTIN
 LUTHER writing.*

MARTIN LUTHER.

OUR God, a tower of Strength is he,
 A goodly wall and weapon ;
 From all our need he helps us free,
 That now to us doth happen.
 The old evil foe
 Doth in earnest grow,
 In grim armor dight,
 Much guile and great might ;
 On earth there is none like him.

O yes ; a tower of strength indeed,
 A present help in all our need,
 A sword and buckler is our God.
 Innocent men have walked unshod
 O'er burning ploughshares, and have trod
 Unharm'd on serpents in their path,
 And laugh'd to scorn the Devil's wrath !

Safe in this Wartburg tower I stand
 Where God hath led me by the hand,
 And look down, with a heart at ease,
 Over the pleasant neighborhoods,
 Over the vast Thuringian Woods,
 With flash of river, and gloom of trees,
 With castles crowning the dizzy heights,
 And farms and pastoral delights,
 And the morning pouring everywhere
 Its golden glory on the air.
 Safe, yes, safe am I here at last,
 Safe from the overwhelming blast
 Of the mouths of Hell, that followed me fast,
 And the howling demons of despair
 That hunted me like a beast to his lair.

Of our own might we nothing can ;
 We soon are unprotected ;
 There fighteth for us the right Man,
 Whom God himself elected.

Who is he ? ye exclaim ;
 Christus is his name,
 Lord of Sabaoth,
 Very God in troth ;

The field he holds forever.

Nothing can vex the Devil more
 Than the name of Him whom we adore.

Therefore doth it delight me best
 To stand in the choir among the rest,
 With the great organ trumpeting
 Through its metallic tubes, and sing :
Et verbum caro factum est !
 These words the Devil cannot endure,
 For he knoweth their meaning well !
 Him they trouble and repel,
 Us they com'fort and allure,
 And happy it were, if our delight
 Were as great as his affright !
 Yea, music is the Prophets' art ;
 Among the gifts that God hath sent,
 One of the most magnificent !
 It calms the agitated heart ;
 Temptations, evil thoughts, and all
 The passions that disturb the soul,
 Are quelled by its divine control,
 As the Evil Spirit fled from Saul,
 And his distemper was allayed,
 When David took his harp and played.

This world may full of devils be,
 All ready to devour us ;
 Yet not so sore afraid are we,
 They shall not overpower us.

This World's Prince, howe'er
 Fierce he may appear,
 He can harm us not,
 He is doomed, God wot !
 One little word can slay him !

Incredible it seems to some
 And to myself a mystery,
 That such weak flesh and blood as we,
 Armed with no other shield or sword,
 Or other weapon than the Word,
 Should combat and should overcome,
 A spirit powerful as he !
 He summons forth the Pope of Rome
 With all his diabolic crew,
 His shorn and shaven retinue
 Of priests and children of the dark ;
 Kill ! kill ! they cry, the Heresiarch,
 Who rouseth up all Christendom
 Against us ; and at one fell blow
 Seeks the whole Church to overthrow !
 Not yet ; my hour is not yet come.

Yesterday in an idle mood,
 Hunting with others in the wood,
 I did not pass the hours in vain,
 For in the very heart of all
 The joyous tumult raised around,
 Shouting of men, and baying of hound,
 And the bugle's blithe and cheery call,
 And echoes answering back again,
 From crags of the distant mountain chain, —

In the very heart of this, I found
 A mystery of grief and pain.
 It was an image of the power
 Of Satan, hunting the world about,
 With his nets and traps and well trained dogs;
 His bishops and priests and theologues,
 And all the rest of the rabble rout,
 Seeking whom he may devour!
 Enough have I had of hunting hares,
 Enough of these hours of idle m'irth,
 Enough of nets and traps and gins!
 The only hunting of any worth
 Is where I can pierce with javelins
 The cunning foxes and wolves and bears,
 The whole iniquitous troop of beasts,
 The Roman Pope and the Roman priests
 That sorely infest and afflict the earth!

Ye nuns, ye singing birds of the air!
 The fowler hath caught you in his snare,
 And keeps you safe in his gilded cage,
 Singing the song that never tires,
 To lure down others from their nests;
 How ye flutter and beat your breasts,
 Warm and soft with young desires,
 Against the cruel pitiless wires,
 Reclaiming your lost heritage!
 Behold! a hand unbars the door,
 Ye shall be captives held no more.

The Word they shall perforce let stand,
 And little thanks they merit!
 For He is with us in the land,
 With gifts of his own Spirit!
 Though they take our life,
 Goods, honors, child and wife,
 Let these pass away,
 Little gain have they;
 The Kingdom still remaineth!

Yea, it remaineth forevermore,
 However Satan may rage and roar,
 Though often he whispers in my ears:
 What if thy doctrines false should be?
 And wrings from me a bitter sweat.
 Then I put him to flight with jeers,
 Saying: Saint Satan! pray for me;
 If thou thinkest I am not saved yet!

And my mortal foes that lie in wait
 In every avenue and gate!
 As to that odious monk John Tetzel
 Hawking about his hollow wares
 Like a huckster at village fairs,
 And those mischievous fellows, Wetzel,
 Campanus, Carlstadt, Martin Cellarius,
 And all the busy, multifarious
 Heretics, and disciples of Arius,

Half-learned, dunce-bold, dry and hard,
 They are not worthy of my regard,
 Poor and humble as I am.

But ah! Erasmus of Rotterdam,
 He is the vilest miscreant
 That ever walked this world below!
 A Momus, making his mock and mow
 At Papist and at Protestant,
 Sneering at St. John and St. Paul,
 At God and Man, at one and all:
 And yet as hollow and false and drear,
 As a cracked pitcher to the ear,
 And ever growing worse and worse!
 Whenever I pray, I pray for a curse
 On Erasmus, the Insincere!

Philip Melancthon! thou alone
 Faithful among the faithless known,
 Thee I hail, and only thee!
 Behold the record of us three!
Res et verba Philippus,
Res sine verbis Lutherus;
Erasmus verba sine re!

My Philip, prayest thou for me?
 Lifted above all earthly care,
 From these high regions of the air,
 Among the birds that day and night
 Upon the branches of tall trees
 Sing their lauds and litanies,
 Praising God with all their might,
 My Philip, unto thee I write.

My Philip! thou who knowest best
 All that is passing in this breast;
 The spiritual agonies,
 The inward deaths, the inward hell,
 And the divine new births as well,
 That surely follow after these,
 As after winter follows spring;
 My Philip, in the night time sing
 This song of the Lord I send to thee,
 And I will sing it for thy sake,
 Until our answering voices make
 A glorious antiphony,
 And choral chant of victory!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1872.

—◆—
 EDELWEISS.

I.

By Alpine road, beneath an old fir-tree,
 Two children waited patiently for hours;
 One slept. and then the elder on her knee
 Made place for baby head among her
 flowers.

And to the strangers climbing tired and slow,
 She called, "Buy roses, please," in accents
 mild,
 As if she feared the echo, soft and low,
 Of her own voice might wake the sleeping
 child.

And many came and passed, and answered not
 The pleading of that young uplifted face,
 While, in each loiterer's memory of the spot,
 Dwelt this fair picture full of patient grace.

And one took offered flowers with gentle hand,
 And met with kindly glance the timid eyes,
 And said, in tones that children understand,
 "My little girl, have you the Edelweiss?"

II.

"Oh, not to-day, dear lady," said the child.
 "I cannot leave my little sister long ;
 I cannot carry her across the wild ;
 She grows large faster than my arms grow
 strong.

"If you stay on the mountain all the night,
 At morning I will run across the steep,
 And get the mossy flowers ere sun is bright,
 And while my baby still is fast asleep."

"Your baby, little one?" "Oh, yes," she said.
 "Yonder, you see that old stone tower shine?
 There, in the churchyard, lies my mother,
 dead,
 And since she died the baby has been mine."

Soft shone the lady's eyes with tender mist,
 And ever, as she pressed toward fields of
 ice,
 She pondered in her heart the half-made tryst
 With this young seeker of the Edelweiss.

III.

At night, safe sheltered in the convent's fold,
 Where white peaks stand in ermined maj-
 esty ;
 Where sunsets pour great throbbing waves of
 gold
 Across the white caps of a mountain sea ;

At morn, with face subdued and reverent tone,
 Slow winding down, with spirit hushed and
 awed,

As from a vision of the great white throne,
 Or veil half lifted from the face of God.

The blessing of the hills her soul had caught
 Made all the mountain-track a path of
 prayer,

Along which angel forms of loving thought
 Led to the trysting-place ;—no child was
 there!

The wind was moaning in the old fir-tree,
 The lizards crawling o'er the mossy seat ;
 But no fair child, with baby at her knee,
 And in the mould no track of little feet.

IV.

No faded flowers strewing the stunted grass ;
 No young voice singing clear its woodland
 strain ;

No brown eyes lifted as the strangers pass ;
 A murmur in the air, like far-off rain ;

A black cloud, creeping downward swift and
 still,

Answered her listening heart, a far-off knell,
 Almost before there swept along the hill
 The slow, deep tolling of the valley bell.

Once more there drifted, 'cross the face the
 mist ;

Once more, with trembling soul and tender
 eyes,

She hurried on to keep the half-made tryst,
 To meet the child, to claim the Edelweiss.

Nearer she came and nearer every hour,
 Her heart-beat answering quick the deep
 bell's call ;

It led her to the shadow of the tower,
 The shining tower beside the churchyard
 wall.

V.

She found her there—a cross rose at her feet,
 And burning tapers glimmered at her
 head ;

Her white hands clinging still to blossoms
 sweet,

And God's peace on her face ; the child was
 dead !

Quaint carven saints and martyrs stood
 around.

Each clasped the symbol of his sacrifice ;
 But this fair child, in saintly sweetness
 crowned,

Held, as they held the cross, her Edelweiss.

Early that morn a shepherd, on the height,
 In cleft of rocks sought shelter from the
 cold,

And there he found this lamb, all still and
 white,

Entered already to the heavenly fold.

The Edelweiss grew on that rocky steep ;
 The brave child-feet had climbed too fast
 and far ;
 And so had come to her this blessed sleep,
 This blessed waking 'neath the morning
 star.

VI.

The light within the little church grew dim,
 And, ere the last gleam faded in the west,
 While childish voices sang the vesper hymn,
 A lady, with a babe upon her breast,

Crept silently adown the shadowy aisle,
 And, kneeling, bathed with tears the hand
 of ice,
 And laid it on the babe, and saw it smile,
 And whispered, "I have named her Edel-
 weiss!"

When one more day had seen its shadows fall,
 That old stone tower gleaming in the sun,
 And the great olive by the western wall,
 Shaded two humble graves where had been
 one.

And by and by, above the dear child's head,
 Arose a little stone with quaint device.
 When summer blossoms died around the
 bed,
 A marble hand grasped still the Edelweiss.

MRS. MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

1876.

THE CYPRESS-TREE OF CEYLON.

Ibn Batuta, the celebrated Mussulman traveller of the
 fourteenth century, speaks of a cypress-tree in Ceylon, uni-
 versally held sacred by the natives, the leaves of which were
 said to fall only at certain intervals, and he who had the hap-
 piness to find and eat one of them was restored, at once, to
 youth and vigor. The traveller saw several venerable Joge-
 ges, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree,
 patiently awaiting the falling of a leaf. — J. G. W.

THEY sat in silent watchfulness
 The sacred cypress-tree about,
 And, from beneath old wrinkled brows,
 Their failing eyes looked out.

Gray Age and Sickness waiting there
 Through weary night and lingering day, —
 Grim as the idols at their side,
 And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above
 The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet ;
 Unseen of them the island flowers
 Bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm swept,
 The thunder crashed on rock and hill :
 The cloud-fire on their eyeballs blazed,
 Yet there they waited still !

What was the world without to them ?
 The Moslem's sunset-call, — the dance
 Of Ceylon's maids, — the passing gleam
 Of battle-flag and lance ?

They waited for that falling leaf
 Of which the wandering Jogees sing :
 Which lends once more to wintry age
 The greenness of its spring.

Oh, if these poor and blinded ones
 In trustful patience wait to feel
 O'er torpid pulse and failing limb
 A youthful freshness steal ;

Shall we, who sit beneath that Tree
 Whose healing leaves of life are shed,
 In answer to the breath of prayer,
 Upon the waiting head, —

Not to restore our failing forms,
 And build the spirit's broken shrine,
 But on the fainting soul to shed
 A light and life divine ;

Shall we grow weary in our watch,
 And murmur at the long delay ?
 Impatient of our Father's time
 And his appointed way ?

Or shall the stir of outward things
 Allure and claim the Christian's eye,
 When on the heathen watcher's ear
 Their powerless murmurs die ?

Alas ! a deeper test of faith
 Than prison cell or martyr's stake,
 The self-abasing watchfulness
 Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke
 Our erring brother in the wrong, —
 And in the ear of Pride and Power
 Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword
 Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer.
 Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord,
 Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh ! we shrink from Jordan's side,
 From waters which alone can save :
 And murmur for Abana's banks
 And Pharpar's brighter wave.

O Thou, who in the garden's shade
 Didst wake thy weary ones again,
 Who slumbered at that fearful hour
 Forgetful of thy pain ;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
 And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
 Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
 Our souls should keep with Thee !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

RUFUS DAWES was born in Boston, in 1803, and though a lawyer by profession, preached in pulpits of the Swedenborgians. He died in 1859.

Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, the great Germ in composer, was born in Salzburg, Jan. 27, 1756, and died at Vienna, Dec. 5, 1791. In July before his death he received an anonymous request to compose a Requiem, a partial payment being made for it in advance. After delaying the work until October, he made it his single occupation, devoting to it all the strength of his powers and all the force of his genius. Not being able to learn the name of the one who ordered the composition, Mozart began to fancy that there was something supernatural in the affair, and finally felt that he was preparing it for his own obsequies. His strength grew constantly less and less, owing to the energy and determination with which he pursued this object, and finally, attacked by a fever, he was unable to rally and died leaving it incomplete. He worked upon it the last day of his life.

THE tongue of the vigilan t clock tolled one,
 In a deep and hollow tone ;
 The shrou led moon looked out upon
 A cold, dank region, more cheerless and dun,
 By her lurid light that shone.

Mozart now rose from a restless bed,
 And his heart was sick with care ;
 Though long had he woovingly sought to wed
 'Sweet Sleep,' t was in vain, for the coy maid
 fled,

Though he followed her everywhere.

He knelt to the God of his worship then,
 And breathed a fervent prayer ;
 'T was balm to his soul, and he rose again
 With a strengthened spirit, but started when
 He marked a stranger there.

He was tall, the stranger who gazed on him,
 Wrapp'd high in a sable shroud ;
 His cheek was pale, and his eye was dim,
 And the melodist trembled in every limb,
 The while his heart beat loud.

" Mozart, there is one whose errand I bear,
 Who cannot be known to thee ;
 He grieves for a friend, and would have thee
 prepare

A requiem, blending a mournful air
 With the sweetest melody."

" I 'll furnish the requiem then," he cried,
 " When this moon has waned away !"
 The stranger bowed, yet no word replied,
 But fled like the shade on a mountain's side,
 When the sunlight hides its ray.

Mozart grew pale when the vision fled,
 And his heart beat high with fear :
 He knew 't was a messenger sent from the
 dead,

To warn him, that soon he must make his bed
 In the dark, chill sepulchre.

He knew that the days of his life were told,
 And his breast grew faint within ;
 The blood through his bosom crept slowly and
 cold,

And his lamp of life could barely hold
 The flame that was flickering.

Yet he went to his task with a cheerful zeal,
 While his days and nights were one ;
 He spoke not, he moved not, but only to kneel
 With the holy prayer, " O God, I feel
 'T is best thy will be done !"

He gazed on his loved one, who cherished him
 well,

And weepingly hung o'er him :
 " This music will chime with my funeral knell,
 And my spirit shall float, at the passing bell,
 On the notes of this requiem !"

The cold moon waned : on that cheerless day
 The stranger appeared once more ;
 Mozart had finish'd his requiem lay,
 But e'er the last notes had died away,
 His spirit had gone before.

RUFUS DAWES.

A PARABLE FROM LIEBIG.

THE church bells were ringing, the Devil sat
 singing

On the stump of a rotting old tree ;
 " Oh, faith, it grows cold, and the creeds they
 grow old,

And the world is nigh ready for me."

The bells went on ringing, a spirit came
 singing.

And smiled as he crumbled the tree ;
 " Yon wood does but perish new seedlings to
 cherish,

And the world is too live yet for thee."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

IN HIS NAME.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

Julius Mosen was born July 8, 1803, and became a song-writer of note, having been ranked next to Heine in this respect.

On the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 't would free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness :
" Blest be thou of all the good !
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood ! "

And that bird is called the crossbill ;
Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

JULIUS MOSEN, translated by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

SIR PAVON AND ST. PAVON.

'Επήνδ' ἀμάρτη, κείνος οὐκ ἔτ' ἔστ' ἀνήρ
ἄβουλος οὐδ' ἀνολβος, ὅστις ἐς κακὸν
πεσῶν ἀκείται, μηδ' ἀκίνητος πέλει.

SOPHOCLES.

SARAH HAMMOND PALFREY, daughter of the historian, John Gorham Palfrey, was born in Boston, and lives in Cambridge. She has published a volume of poems, entitled *Prémices*, and articles and poems in the best periodicals of the day, under the *nom de guerre*, " E. Foxton." The text of the following poem differs in many places from that sometimes given, and is taken from the author's edition, with her consent.

THE KNIGHT.

ST. MARK'S hushed abbey heard,
Through prayers, a roar and din ;
A brawling voice did shout,
" Knave shaveling, let me in ! "

The caged porter peeped,
All fluttering, through the grate,
Like birds that hear a mew.
A knight was at the gate.

His left hand reined his steed,
Still smoking from the ford ;
His crimson right, that dangled, clutched
Half of his broken sword.

His broken plume flapped low ;
His charger's mane with mud
Was clogged ; he wavered in his seat ;
His mail dropped drops of blood.

" Who cometh in such haste ? "
" Sir Pavon, lo, I hight,
Of all the land around
The prowtest, doughtiest knight.

" My foes — they dared not face —
Beset me at my back
In ambush. Fast and hard
They follow on my track.

" Now wilt thou let me in,
Or shall I burst the door ? "
The grating bolts ground back ; the knight
Lay swooning in his gore.

As children, half afraid,
 Draw near a crushed wasp,
 Look, touch, and twitch away
 Their hands, then lightly grasp, —

Him to their spital soon
 The summoned brethren bore,
 And searched his wounds. He woke,
 And roundly cursed and swore.

The younger friar stopped his ears ;
 The elder chid. He flung
 His gummy plasters at his mouth,
 And bade him hold his tongue.

But, faint and weak, when, left
 Upon his couch alone,
 He viewed the valley, framed within
 The window's carven stone,

He learned anew to weep,
 All as he lay along,
 To see the smoke-wreaths from his towers
 Climb up the clouds among.

THE ABBOT.

THE abbot came to bring
 A balsam to his guest,
 On soft feet tutored long
 To break no sufferer's rest,

And heard his sobbing heart
 Drink deep in draughts of woe ;
 Then "Benedicite, my son,"
 He breathed in murmurs low.

Right sharply turned the knight
 Upon the unwelcome spy ;
 But changed his shaggy face, as when,
 Down through a stormy sky,

The stooping autumn sun
 Looks on a landscape grim.
 He crossed himself before the priest,
 And speechless gazed on him.

His brow was large and grand,
 And meet for governing ;
 The beauty of his holiness
 Did crown him like a king.

His mien was high, yet mild ;
 His deep and reverent eye
 Seemed o'er a peaceful past to gaze, —
 A blest futurity.

His stainless earthy shell
 Was worn so pure and thin,
 That through the callow angel showed,
 Half-hatched that stirred within.

The cloisters when he paced
 At eve, the brethren said
 E'en then a shimmering halo dawned
 Around his saintly head.

If forth he went, the street
 Became a hallowed aisle ;
 Men knelt ; and children ran to seek
 The blessing of his smile ;

And mothers on each side came out,
 And stood at every door,
 And held their babies up, and put
 The weanlings forth before.

As pure white lambs, unto
 Men sickening unto death,
 Their sweet and catching health give out
 And heal them with their breath,

His white and thriving soul,
 In heavenly pastures fed,
 Still somewhat of its innocence
 On all around him shed.

Sir Pavon's scarce-stanced wounds
 He bound with fearless skill,
 Who lay and watched him, mute and meek,
 And let him work his will,

While in his fevered brain
 Thus mused his fancy quaint :
 "My grandam told me once of saints,
 And this is, sure, a saint.

"(I was a new-breeched boy,
 And sat upon her knee,
 Less mindful of the story than
 Of cates she gave to me.)

"But then I thought a flood
 Came down to drown them all,
 And that they only now in stone
 Stood on the minster wall,

"Or painted in the glass
 Upon the window high,
 Where, swelled with spring-tides, breaks the
 sea
 Beneath, and leaves them dry,

"Quite out of danger's way,
 And breathed and walked no more
 Upon the muddy earth, to do
 The deeds they did of yore.

"When still the sick were healed
Where e'en their shadows fell;
But here is one that's living yet,
And he shall make me well."

The patient priest benign
His watch beside him kept,
Until he dropped his burning lids,
And like an infant slept.

THE CLOISTER.

SOME weary weeks were spent
In tossing and in pain,
Before the knight's huge frame was braced
With strength and steel again.

He had his armor brought
The day he left his bed,
And fitted on by novice hands,
"To prop him up," he said.

Soon jangling then he stamped,
Amazed with all he saw,
Through cell and through refectory,
With little grace or awe.

Unbidden at the board
He sat, a mouthful took,
And shot it spattering through his beard,
Sprang up, and cursed the cook.

If some bowed friar passed by,
He chuckled him 'neath the chin,
And cried, "What cheer?" or, "Dost thou
find
That hair-cloth pricks the skin?"

Or if he came on one
In meditation meet
Or penance, mute, he kindly vowed
To cheer his lone retreat.

"Poor palsied sire," he cried,
"How fares thy stiffened tongue?
Let mine suffice for both," and trolled
A lusty drinking-song.

One softly in his cell
Did scourge his meagre hide,
When Pavon on his rounds came in
And stood, well pleased, beside:

"What, man! Lay on! lay on!
Nay, hast thou tired thine arm?
Give me thy hempen bunch of cords,
And I will make thee warm."

With doubtful thanks, agreed
The monk. Him Pavon whipped
Right deftly, through the cloister, till
For aid he cried and skipped.

In brief, within the house
Of holy quiet, all—
Where'er Sir Pavon went or came—
Was outcry, noise, and brawl;

Until the abbot said,
"Anon this coil must cease.
To-morrow is the Truce of God;
Then let him go in peace.

"But call him hither first,
To render thanks to-night
For life restored; for now we go
To do our vesper rite."

With tamed mien abashed,
The wild, unruly guest
His hest obeyed, and mutely moved
Beside the solemn priest.

Unto a noiseless pace
He strove to curb his stride,
And blushed to hear his jack-boots' clank
Amid the sandals' slide.

THE MINSTER.

THE swinging censer waved around
Its misty, sweet perfume,
As over him the minster gear
Came with its awful gloom.

Through shadowy aisle, 'neath vaulted roof,
His faltering steps were led;
Beside him was the living saint;
Beneath, the sainted dead.

Bespread with nun-wrought tapestry,
The holy altar stood;
Above it, carved by martyr hands,
Arose the Holy Rood;

Burned round it, tipped with tongues of flame,
Vowed candles white and tall;
And frosted cup and patine sheen,
In silver painted all.

The prisoned giant Music in
The rumbling organ rolled,
And roared sweet thunders up to heaven,
Through all its pipes of gold.

He started. Mid the prostrate throng
Upright, he heard the hymn
With fallen chin and lifted eye
That searched the arches dim ;

For in the lurking echoes there
Responding, tone and word,
A choir of answering seraphim¹
Above he deemed he heard.

They saw him thus when all was done,
Still rapt, and pale as death ;
So passed he through the banging gate,
Then drew a long-drawn breath.

THE SHRIFT.

THEN to the priest quoth he,
" I cannot go in peace,
Nor find elsewhere a man like thee,
Nor hear such strains as these ! "

" This is no place for knights."
" Then I a monk will be."
" Kneel down upon thy knee, fair son,
And tell thy sins to me."

" My knee is stiff with steel,
And will not bend it well.
' Mysins ! ' — a stainless knight like me,
What should he have to tell ?

" I never turned in fight
Till treason wrought my harm,
Nor then, before my shattered sword
Weighed down my shattered arm.

" I never broke mine oath,
Forgot my friend or foe,
Nor left a benefit unpaid
With weal, or wrong, with woe.

" ' Keep thee from me ! ' ² I said
Still, ere my blows began,
Nor gashed mine unarmed enemy,
Nor smote a felled man, ³

¹ " Henri de Joyeuse, Comte du Bouchage, Frère puiné du Duc de Joyeuse, tué à Contras. ' Un jour qu'il passoit à Paris à quatre heures du matin, près du Couvent des Capucins, après avoir passé la nuit en débauche, il s'imagina que les Anges chantoient Matines dans le Couvent. Frappé de cette idée, il se fit Capucin, sous le nom de Frère-Ange.' . . . Cette anecdote est tirée des Notes sur l'Henriade." — *Mémoires de Sully, Livre Dixième, Note 67.*

² The regular form of announcement that a single combat had begun between knights.

³ " To smyte a wounded man that may not stonde, God defende me from such a shame. . . . Wyt thou well, Syr Gawayn, I wyl neuer smyte a fellyd knight." — *Prose Romance of the "Morte d'Arthur."*

" Fulfilling every rule
Of generous chivalry ;
And maid and matron ever found
A champion leal in me.

What gallantly I won
In war, I did not hoard,
But spent as gallantly in peace,
With neighbors round my board."

" Thy neighbors, son ? The serfs
For miles who tilled thy ground ? "
" Tush, father, nay ! — the high-born knights
For many a league around.

" They were my brethren sworn,
In battle and in sport :
' T were wondrous shame, did one like me
With beggar thralls consort !

" Clean have I made my shrift,"
He said ; and so he ceased,
And bore a blithe and guileless cheer,
That sore perplexed the priest.

With words both soft and keen,
He searched his breast within.
Still said he, " So I sinned not,"
Or, " That were, sure, no sin."

The abbot beat his breast :
" Alack, the man is lost !
Erewhile he must have grieved away
The warning Holy Ghost !

" His guardian angel he
Hath scared from him to heaven !
Who cannot mourn, or see, his sin,
How can he be forgiven ?

" E'en Patmos' gentle seer,
Doth he not say, in sooth,
' He lies who saith, I have no sin,
Quite empty of the truth ' ? —

" Search thou this sacred tome."
" ' Sblood ! — Saints ! — A knight to read ! "

The abbot read. The novice strove,
With duteous face, to heed,

But heard a hunt sweep by,
And to the door did leap.
Cried, " Holla, ho ! " and then, abashed,
Sat down and dropped asleep.

" Such novice ne'er I saw !
Sweet Mary be my speed !
For, sure, the sorer is my task,
The sorer is his need."

He gazed upon him long,
With pondering, pitying eyes,
As the leech on the sick whose hidden ail
All herbs and drugs defies ;

And, "Hath thy heart might," at last, "to-night,"

He to Sir Pavon said,
"When all men sleep, thy vigil to keep,
In the crypt among the dead?"

"Night hath many a tongue, her black hours
among,
Less false than the tongues of Day,
While Mercy the prayer is at leisure to hear,
Of as many as wake to pray.

"The mute swart queen aids and hides many
a sin;
But oft to the sinner's heart
Remorse, with the tale, she sends to wail,
And thus she atones in part."

Wellnigh laughed the knight, "Ay, and many
and many a night,
Good father; I pray do not spare,
Ne'er yet have I found, on or under the
ground,
The venture too dreadful to dare.

"Ten years I've quelled in war lively war-
riors, near and far;
Shall I shun a dead nun's bones to see?
Ne'er till now I pledged my hand to serve in
the band
Of captain I loved like to thee."

THE VIGIL.

SIR PAVON sat upon his shield,
And breathed the earthy damp,
And strained his empty ear to hear
The simmering of his lamp.

It made a little tent of light,
Hung round with shadows dim,
That drooped as if the low groined roof
Did crouch to fall on him.

The stunted columns, thick and short,
Like sentry dwarfs stood round;
And lettered slabs, that roofed the dead,
Lay thickly on the ground.

He watched to hear the midnight lauds,
But heard them not until
He deemed it dawn. They swelled at last,
And ceased; and all was still.

The Future towards him marched no more;
The Past was dead and gone;
Time dwindled to a single point;
The convent-bell tolled one.

Then the door was oped and closed,
But by no human hand;
And there entered in a Cry,
And before him seemed to stand, —

A viewless, bodiless Cry,
That lifted the hair on his head:
'T was small as a new-born babe's at first,
But straightway it rose and spread,

Till it knocked against the roof,
And his ears they rang and beat;
The hard walls throbbed around and above,
And the stones crept under his feet;

And when it shrank away,
He reeled and wellnigh fell;
And fast for aid he gasped and prayed,
Till he heard the matin-bell.

The monk who came to let him out
Scarce knew him. In that night,
His nut-brown beard and crisped hair
Had turned to snowy white.

THE PENANCE.

LIKE to a hunted beast,
To Abbot Urban's cell
He rushed, and with a foamy lip
Down at his feet he fell:

"I heard a Voice, — a Voice! —
O father, help! It said
That I the Lord of Life
Had scourged and buffeted,

"Spit in his face, and mocked,
And sold him to his foes;
Then, through the hollow earth,
In dreary triumph rose

"Up, till the words I snatched,
A fiendish chorus dim,
'He did it unto one of HIS!
He did it unto HIM!'"

"My son, what meaneth this?"
"My father, on my word,
In court or camp, abroad, at home,
I never knew the Lord!

"I do remember once
I had a hunchback knave,
Who to the beggars round my door
From his own trencher gave,

"And made them swarm the more,
Despite the porter's blows,
And broke into my banquet-hall
With tidings of their woes.

"Him I chastised and sold,
But thought no harm, nor knew
The Lord so squalid minions had
Among his chosen few ;

"But, if the man was his,
I 'll freely give thee thrice,
In broad, bright rounds of ruddy gold,
The pittance of his price."

"Gold buys this world, — not heaven :
This cannot make thee whole.
Each stripe that rends the slave's poor flesh,
It hurts his master's soul ;

"And if the slave be slain,"
He said beneath his breath,
"I fear me that the master's sprite
Rots in the second death.

"But be of better cheer :
Since thou thy sin canst see,
'T is plain thy guardian angel back
Hath flown from heaven to thee.

"The soul benumbed by sin,
And limb that 's numb with frost,
Are saved by timely aches. If first
They reach the fire, they're lost.

"The Sun of Righteousness —
Whose beaming smile, on high,
With light and life and love doth fill
The mansions of the sky,

"And kindles risen souls
Unto a rapturous glow,
That duly sought his scattered rays,
To bask in them below —

Seems but a hideous glare
Of blazing pangs untold,
To those whom death hath made more pale,
But could not make more cold.

"Full many a man like thee,
Unless by devils driven,
Would never turn his laggard foot
To hurry unto heaven.

"Thank God, who oped thine ear
Unto their dreary lay,
Ere came the night that summoned thee
To chant with them for aye !

"The holy text, that through
Their gnashing teeth they laughed
And screamed, I read thee yester eve ;
And they, with wonted craft,

"Told o'er, that thou shouldst come
Their fright and pain to share ;
As birds, by hissing serpents scared,
Drop down, through sheer despair.

"But, in its two pure hands,
Each holy Scripture still
Doth bear a blessing for the good, —
A curse unto the ill.

"Heed thou, but do not fear
Too much their threatening voice,
Who tremble and believe. Thou yet,
Believing, mayst rejoice.

"Gird up thy loins with speed.
This penance shalt thou do ;
Thyself in sad humility
To seek Christ's servant go,

"Both far and near ; and dry
His tears with thine, if still
His limbs the toil-exacting earth
In misery tread and till."

His brow from out his hands,
Upraised the haggard guest :
"And even yet, and even here,
For me no heavenly rest ?"

The abbot shook his head :
"God help thee now, poor son !
The heavenly rest is but for those
Who heavenly work have done.

"Strife is the bridge o'er hell
'Twixt sin and sin forgiven ;
Still purgatory lies between
The wicked world and heaven.

"The priceless pearl is worth
The plunge through whelming floods :
The bitter years man loathes are but
Eternity's green buds.

"Thou hast, in Satan's ranks,
To harm been brisk and brave ;
Thou wilt not blench, when sent by Christ
To suffer and to save "

THE FASTNESS.

SIR PAVON'S gallant steed was dead ;
 Sir Pavon's sword was broke.
 On foot he went ; and in his hand
 The abbot's staff he took,
 And many an hour fared patiently
 Beneath the parching sun,
 That eyed him through his own rent walls
 Before the day was done.

The shattered casements gaped and stared ;
 Black charcoal paved the floor ;
 Up rose his hunger-maddened hound,
 And bit him in the door.

He climbed the scathed and tottering stair
 Unto the sooty tower ;
 His rifled coffers upside down
 Lay in his secret bower.

With heavy heart and tread he trod
 The banquet-hall below ;
 The hollow-voiced Echoes chid
 Each other, to and fro.

A jeering face peeped in ; he heard
 A titter and a shout ;
 In rushed a rabble rout, — his hinds, —
 And round him danced about :

“ Ho, worthy master, welcome home !
 Where hast thou left thy sword,
 Thy kingly port, and lusty blows ?
 We serve another lord.”

They sought to trip him as he went ;
 They drove him from his door :
 “ Now fare ye well, my fathers' halls,
 To shelter me no more !

“ Farewell, my pride and pomp and power !
 Farewell, my slippery wealth,
 That bought my soul's sore malady,
 Nor stayed to buy my health !

“ Farewell, my sturdy strength, that did
 The Devil's work so well, —
 All blasted when God's thunderbolts
 Upon my spirit fell ! —

“ And thou, O brave and loyal Christ !
 Who, mid the sordid Jews, —
 By love, not fear, constrained, — couldst
 At Satan's hands refuse

“ The crown, and sceptre of the world,
 And choose the cross and rod, —
 Thy more than earthly manhood in
 Its glory unto God

“ Lay down, — accept, and do not scorn
 The beaten losel me,
 Who, worthless for thy service, come
 For shelter unto thee.”

Walked with him flagging Weariness,
 And Famine spun his head :
 “ I would, of all my feasts, were left
 One little crust of bread.”

THE THRALL.

WHEN maids and stars their tapers lit,
 He reached a wooden hut ;
 The chinks were gilt by light therein,
 But close the door was shut.

What seemed an aged woman's voice
 Within, did sob and groan,
 “ Thine is the might ; have mercy, too,
 And send me back my son, —

“ Some hope, some help, some tidings soon,
 — To stop this grief so dread,
 Lest, when he hurries back to me, —
 Poor youth ! — he find me dead.

“ The day is night that shows me not
 His face, — the voice of joy
 Mere heart-break till his laugh I hear !
 Oh, send me back my boy !

“ Let them not tell me he is dead
 And buried anywhere !
 What has the mould or brine to do
 With his dear mouth and hair,

“ That I have kissed and stroked so oft
 There by his empty chair ?
 Yon doublet new, I've wrought for him,
 He'll soon come back to wear.

“ I brushed the very flies away,
 That with his brows did toy,
 When tired he slept : how could the worms
 Or fishes eat my boy ?

“ O Father, who thine only Son
 Didst yield to pain and death,
 And know'st 't is deadlier pain to do 't,
 Than give the rattling breath,

“ If not my boy, let unto me
 His faith and trust be given,
 That I may clasp him yet again,
 If not on earth, in heaven.”

The voice was choked. Sir Pavon knocked;
 The door flew open wide.
 "Fear not, good mother," he began. —
 "Oh, is it thou?" she cried,

Then turned away and wrung her hands. —
 "If thou wilt give to me
 A morsel, and a cup of wine,
 Perchance thy charity,

"When ended is my present quest,
 I may full well requite,
 If lives thy son, and bring him back.
 I am a famous knight, —

"Although of late mine ambushed foe
 Despoiled me traitorly, —
 And maid and matron ever found
 A champion leal in me."

"Alack, I have no wine nor flesh,
 Nor yet a crust of bread!
 Herbs for my noontide meal I culled,
 Untasted still," she said;

"And water from the brook I'll bring, —
 Scant fare for hungry guest!
 But sit thee down at least, and feed
 Thy weariness with rest.

"Thou hast seen other lands perchance?"
 "Good mother, many a one.
 I pray thee, fill my cup once more."
 "Oh, hast thou seen my son?"

"Went he a soldier?" "Nay, but he
 Was seized and sold away,
 I know not where. No news of him
 Has reached me from that day.

"He bade me still with wayfarers
 His scanty portion share.
 Thou eatest from his platter now,
 And sittest in his chair.

"My boy, my boy!" "Who used him so?"
 "Sir Pavon was his name."
 His platter dropped, and over him
 A deadly sickness came.

"I knew not half my guilt!" he shrieked,
 And on his brow did strike;
 "These mothers are like God, then, — love
 The grim and fair alike!

"'T was I. Thou art avenged on me.
 To find him is my quest;
 Nor till 't is done, in life or death,
 For me is any rest.

"God's heaviest hand is for his sake
 Meanwhile upon me laid.
 For his deliverance pray, and mine;
 And take me in his stead.

"A duteous son I'll be to thee
 Until I give him back.
 I've many friends would give us steeds
 To bear us on his track."

THE NEIGHBOR.

"WHO may yon man be, that on foot
 Comes in his iron coat,
 And, with an old-wife at his side,
 Toils towards the castle-moat?

"He looketh as Sir Pavon should,
 If thirty years were o'er;
 But he is dead, they say. We'll know.
 Ho, there! The drawbridge lower! —

"What, Pavon! Hast thou come to life?
 Thou lookest like a ghost."
 "Nigh slain was I by treachery;
 My sword and all is lost.

"And I was ill, and worse. Alas!
 With thee I may not bide,
 But day and night, by fiends pursued,
 Upon a quest must ride,

"To free my soul, that erst I sold
 To bondage with a slave.
 My merry life is dead in me! —
 Myself a haunted grave!

"Of thy dear love, long pledged and sworn,
 Some food and drink I pray
 For this poor dame, and gold and steeds
 To bear us on our way."

He reeled with weakness: "He is starved.
 Lead hence, and feed him well;
 And, when our feast is done to-night,
 His tale we'll hear him tell.

"He's crazed with shame, as erst with pride.
 Perchance 't will please my guests
 To list. My fool is growing old,
 And oft repeats his jests."

THE MADMAN.

SCARCE were they at the burdened board
 Ranged by the seneschal,
 When Pavon, fed and calmed, came in,
 And stood before them all,

And clasped each slackened hand, and smiled
 In many a well-known face,
 And fell upon some cooling hearts
 Once more in kind embrace :

"Dear mates, how good it is to stand
 Again among you here,
 Though 'neath my ruined towers no more
 We make our wonted cheer !

"I may not stay ; but list a word,
 And mark it well, before
 I look my last upon you all,
 Perchance, forevermore.

"Among the tombs I sat, and heard
 Within me or without, —
 I know not which, — a horrid Voice ;
 It drives me still about.

"A wondrous thing it told to me,
 As terrible as new,
 Undreamed of to that hour by me,
 To this, I ween, by you.

"Christ mid the thralls hath those that he
 Dear as himself doth hold ;
 Thus he who sells his Christian slave
 His master, Christ, hath sold ;

"For from the very book of peace
 The fiends have learned a hymn, —
 'Who did it unto one of *his*,
 Hath done it unto *him*.'"

Each in his neighbors' faces looked,
 And some were pale with fear ;
 "Out," roared the host, "ye serving-men !
 What make ye gaping here,

"To swallow what concerns you not ? —
 Such ravings if they hear,
 They 'll rave themselves. I saw them all
 Prick up each meddling ear.

"Your pardon, noble comrades all ;
 A very sorry jest
 Was this to make you sport withal ;
 He told me of a quest."

"My quest it is to find and free
 The hunchback, whom of old,
 When thou wert wassailing with me
 At Christmas-tide, I sold.

"Look not so darkly on me, friends,
 I will not mar your feast ;
 But, Raymond, for the red-roan steeds
 I gave thee, lend at least

"To me one jennet, mule, or ass,
 That I thereon may lead
 His blister-footed mother hence,
 And make the better speed."

"Poor man, his case is pitiful.
 If madman e'er I saw,
 He 's mad ! What say ye ? — Let him go ?
 Or give him chains and straw ?"

"He was a gallant champion late !"
 "He 's harmless, — let him go."
 "Nay, if he stirreth up the thralls,
 I cannot count him so."

Then rage brought back Sir Pavon's strength :
 He dashed the casement through,
 Leaped headlong down, and all in steel
 He swam the moat below.

Forth swarmed the varlets o'er the bridge,
 But soon returned in rout,
 So hotly with the abbot's staff
 He 'mongst them laid about.

His comrades from the battlements
 Looked wondering down, — to see
 The knight the hobbling crone await, —
 With pity and with glee.

He paced to meet her courteously ;
 He propped her with his arm
 And with his staff, and bent as if
 To soothe her weak alarm ;

But with a bitter laugh he said,
 "Sure, he who findeth out
 How fickle are the world's sweet smiles,
 Can do its smiles without."

THE QUEST.

LONG years of hunger, cold, and heat,
 And homesick toil in vain ;
 Long years of wandering up and down,
 O'er inland, coast, and main ;

Long years of asking still for one, —
 And longing day and night, —
 Who, ever present with the soul,
 Hath vanished from the sight !

The freeman like a growing tree
 Thrives, rooted in his place :
 The bondman, like a withered leaf,
 Flits on and leaves no trace.

Sir Pavon's armor rusted off;
 He seemed no more a knight;
 Yet ever to himself he said,
 While raged his inward fight,

"How quickly may a wrong be done,
 How slowly done away!
 Shall all eternity repair
 My trespass of a day?"

While some said "East," and some said
 "West,"
 And most, "I cannot tell,"
 He ate the stranger's crusts, and drank
 At many a stranger's well;

He ever walked or stood or sat
 Between her and the blast;
 She cheered him with forgiving speech,
 And begged his scant repast;

In penitent and pardoning woe,
 Thus went they hand in hand, —
 The master and the slave: they trod
 The serpent-hatching sand;

They stood beneath the snowy pole,
 Where, quenched, the heavenward eye
 Sinks, dizzy, back to earth beneath
 The crumbling, sinking sky.

THE TRADER.

"O SAIL-BORNE trader, hast thou seen,
 In lands beneath the sun
 Or in the shadow of the pole,
 My Anselm? — O my son!"

"A pilgrim, dame?" "A slave." "A slave!
 Ask, have I seen a sheep!
 Ay, flocks and flocks, where'er I go.
 Yon Moors their hundreds keep, —

"The lazy tawny dogs! — beyond
 Where 'twixt these fronting lands
 The writhing sea his pent-up way
 Tears through the rocks and sands."

"He is like no one else. His face
 Is wondrous mild and fair;
 His eyes are kind and bright; and fine
 And silky is his hair."

"Ha, ha! So whines the shepherd lad
 Whose petted ewe hath strayed!"
 "He bore a hump upon his back,"
 Sir Pavon softly said, —

"Was helpful to the poor beyond
 The custom of mankind." —
 Before the statelier questioner
 The merchant searched his mind.

"Such slave I saw in Barbary,
 A twelvemonth scarce agone.
 A fever-smitten sailor there
 We left to die alone; —

"It grieved me much. We could not choose.
 Our venture had been lost,
 Had we not seized the first fair gale
 To sweep us from the coast. —

"I hurried back. I thought to see
 His living face no more,
 But haply give him burial.
 He met me on the shore,

"Thin as this blade, and white as is
 The handle of my knife.
 A slave, he said, had ta'en him in
 And nursed him like a wife, —

"A hunchback, for he showed me him. —
 How called you yours?" "His name
 Was Anselm." "Ay, and so was his,
 It is the very same.

"Old Hassan's steward in the sun
 Doth beat him to and fro;
 He limps with water from the tanks
 To make the melons grow.

"See how my Sea-gull flaps her wings,
 Impatient for the deep!
 Anon shall she to Tripoli
 So lightly dart and leap;

"And for that bounteous deed of his
 His mother shall he see; —
 What costs a good turn now and then? —
 Embark and sail with me,

"For nothing, — if ye nothing have. —
 They'll call for little food,
 On landlocked billows, sickened by
 The tossing of the flood."

The anchor climbed. The wind blew fair;
 But, ere they neared the pier,
 The old-wife on Death's threshold lay,
 Between her hope and fear:

"How canst thou free him from his woes?
 Thou hast nor friends nor gold.
 How may I even crawl to him
 His misery to behold?"

"O master, trail me through the dust
And leave me at his feet!"
"Nay, thou wert patient all those years.
Here, sheltered from the heat,

"A little longer wait and pray;
It may be but an hour.
Our Lord, who bade to succor him,
I think shall give the power.

"And, merchant, if he fly with me
Wilt bear him hence?" "My head,
And thine, were lost belike! Art mad?
'T would surely cost my trade.

"I buy and sell, but steal not, slaves!"
"Thou'rt known to Hassan?" "Ay."
"Then lead me to him; and the Lord,
I think, the slave shall buy.

"Then wilt thou bear him hence, and her?"
"Ay, on mine honest word.
They say it brings good luck to do
A pleasure to the Lord."

THE RANSOM.

OLD Hassan robed and turbaned sat.
A dreamy air of rest
Hung brooding o'er his cool divan;
His beard slept on his breast.

His rolling eyes upon the floor
Did round about him fall,
To thread the mazy arabesques
Paved in his marble hall.

They shone and glimmered moist with dew,
While, robed in spangled spray,
Amidst them high a fountain danced
In whispering, tittering play.

No joy, grief, awe, nor doubt looked through
His features swart and still;
"I ought" had ne'er been written there,
But petrified, "I will."

"What wouldst thou, merchant?" "Nothing I;
This godly man would speak, —
A very godly man! Methinks
His wits are somewhat weak."

"Good Hassan, for thy hunchback slave
I've sought through dreary years;
Wilt give him up?" "In change for what?"
"Our prayers, — his mother's tears."

"I want them not." "Thou mayst one day:
When misbelievers stand
Amazed in judgment, he shall plead
For thee at God's right hand;

"And she beside; — they're dear to Christ:
I know it all too well! —
And I up from my lower place
Will cry aloft and tell,

"That thou art he, my sinking soul
Who lifted out of hell;
Till all the saints shall join with me,
O blessed infidel!"

"Hast nothing else to offer?" "Ay,
To serve thee faithfully,
Another slave I'll give, — myself, —
As stout a wight as he."

"Nought hast thou of his look; yet sure
He is thy son or brother?"
"My serf of yore." "If true, 't were strange!
Most Christians hate each other.

"I take thy proffer, false or fair;
But if to me thou liest,
And seek'st to steal thyself away,
E'en in my gates thou diest."

CHRIST'S PRISONER.

HE clapped his hands and in there rushed
His turbaned menial throng.
Strange words he spake. A dusky Moor
Good Pavon led along,

With bounding heart and beaded brow,
And paling, glowing cheek,
And trembling lips compressed, that strove
To brace themselves to speak,

Through cool, dank courts and sultry paths,
Till, 'twixt the twinkling twigs
Of citron and of orange-flowers
And sun-bathed purple figs,

He saw the fattening melons bask
On beds both long and broad,
And Anselm staggering forth to them,
Bent 'neath his watery load.

He oped his mouth to call on him;
Amazed, he did but choke;
For with its mighty wrath and joy,
His great heart almost broke.

He darted on his track, and wrenched
 His pitcher from his hand.
 The slave dropped back his drooping head,
 And strove to understand,

With bony fingers interlaced
 His dazzled eyes above,
 Why came the tall mute man to him, —
 In enmity or love.

Then muttered he, "This scorching sun
 At last hath fired my brain!
 I seem to see one far away,
 Perchance long dead, again, —

"Sir Pavon! — 'Tis some phantom, bred
 Of famine wild and weak,
 Or fever. Wherefore gaze on it?
 If 't was a man, 't would speak."

Then Pavon in a storm of tears
 Fell, crying, on his breast,
 "Forgive me, brother, if thou canst!
 I've known no peace or rest,

"For years or ages, but to right
 The wrong I did to thee,
 And mine own soul, roamed o'er the earth!
 From henceforth thou art free."

"Sir Pavon! Is it thou? — and here?"
 "Ay; and I hold thee fast
 In verity, as oft in dreams,
 When, as my slumber past,

"Mid fading forms I clutched at thine,
 Mid fading visioned lands,
 And shouting woke, with bloody nails
 Clenched in mine empty hands.

"The merchant Andrew at the shore
 Awaits thee with his bark.
 His homeward voyage bears him by
 The abbey of St. Mark.

"The monks, for Abbot Urban's sake,
 Will house and feed thine age
 When thou hast told to them the end
 Of Pavon's pilgrimage,

"By him enjoined. Though he be dead,
 He must remembered be
 By novices he nurtured." "Sir,
 Dost thou not come with me?"

"Long wilt thou tarry?" "Be content."
 "Not to forsake thee here.
 I'll serve thee in this homesick land
 For love, as erst from fear."

"Go thou. I stay." A change came o'er
 The hunchback's raptured face:
 "Why stays he, Selim, know'st?" "To draw
 The water in thy place."

He tore his hair; he turned away;
 He spake: "It shall not be!
 All blessings bless thee for the thought,
 But 't were not meet for thee!

"Few years are left me on the earth;
 And God hath taught to me,
 That willing bondage borne in Christ
 Is loftier liberty."

"Then grudge it not unto thy lord,"
 St. Pavon following said.
 The slave took up his water-pots,
 Moved on, and shook his head.

"This is my penance I must do,
 Or be for aye abhorred
 Of Heaven." "I'll help thee bear it." "Nay,
 Stint not mine earned reward."

St. Pavon fixed his eyes and hands
 On his, and joyously
 Cried, "Laggard son, thy mother waits
 Aboard the ship for thee."

The new slave let the melons thirst,
 Till, through the twinkling twigs
 Of citron, and of orange-flowers,
 And sun-bathed purple figs,

He saw the hunchback hurry o'er
 The beach, and scale the deck,
 Towards outstretched arms, that like a trap
 Did spring to catch his neck.

Then out he let his pent-up breath,
 That seemed to blow away,
 In one great sigh, his life's great woe,
 And to himself did say,

"Howe'er — where'er — now; in this world
 Or that, my lot may fall,
 I bear this scene in memory;
 And I can bear it all."

Joy drained his lees of life nigh-spent
 All in one brimming cup, —
 One wasteful draught of feverish strength, —
 And bade him drink it up;

While to his task he turned, with mien
 As eager and as bold
 As when his brethren's blood plashed round
 His iron march of old.

He dragged the sinking waters out ;
 He dashed them on the ground ;
 He panted to and fro ; wellnigh
 The melons swam or drowned.

Sly women's jet and diamond eyes
 Did near the lattice lurk,
 And twinkle through its screen, to see
 The Christian madman work.

The steward cried, "By Mahmoud's beard,
 Some demon toils within
 Yon unbeliever, or a troop
 Of slaves in one's shrunk skin !"

Above him like a vulture came
 The noontide sun, and beat
 Upon his old bald head, and pricked
 Through all his frame with heat ;

It set but spurs unto his zeal :
 "O Christ ! and didst thou see
 Thy brother in this torment gasp,
 And through my cruelty ?"

His short-lived might sank with the light ;
 Black turned the red-hot day ;
 He scarce could bear to Anselm's lair
 His heavy limbs away.

THE RELEASE.

HE heard a sound ; he felt a light ;
 He deemed it was the dawn.
 He oped his eyes ; and, lo, the veil
 Of Glory was withdrawn !

A radiance brighter than the sun,
 And sweeter than the moon,
 Showed earth a part of heaven. He sighed,
 "'Tis a God-granted boon, —

"A vision sent to cheer my soul, —
 A glimpse of Paradise !
 Oh, fade not yet ! A moment more,
 Ere to my toil I rise."

A quivering fanned the air, and shapes
 Like winged Joys stood round.
 "Arise !" they said. He rose, and left
 His body on the ground, —

His weariness and age. Surprised
 With sudden buoyancy
 And ease, he turned, and saw, aghast,
 His ghastly effigy.

"'T is but a dream !" "'T is heaven." "For
 me ?

Not yet ! not yet !" he said ;

"I was a traitor ! Give me time !
 Oh, let me not be dead !

"In mercy put me back to toil
 And scorch ; nor bid me brook,
 Ere I 've avenged him well on me,
 Mine outraged Master's look !"

A tender smile glowed through them all :
 "Brave martyr, do not fear.
 Our Master calls ! He waits for thee
 To share his bridal cheer !

"Full many a weary year is told,
 As mortals tell their years,
 Since loud we struck our harps, and sang
 Thy safety o'er thy tears."

Before him, spreading welcoming arms,
 A shining Urban stood :

"God gave thee grace to overcome
 Thine evil with thy good.

"My lesson, brother, hast forgot ? —
 I taught to thee of yore,
 That blessings, hid their threats amid,
 The warning Scriptures bore."

St. Pavon to his dear embrace
 In wildered transports sprang ;
 And up the sunny morn they soared.
 The dwindling earth did hang

Beneath. The air flapped, white with wings
 That thickened all about ;
 And wide a song of triumph pealed,
 And rang this burden out :

"To wrest him out of Satan's hands
 His charity sufficed ;
 He did it unto one of CHRIST'S, —
 He did it unto CHRIST !"

SARAH HAMMOND PALFREY.

1867.

THE CRUSADE.

THOMAS WARTON, a writer better known for his prose than his poetry, was born in 1728, and educated at Oxford. He was for a while Professor of Poetry in the University. His poetical works were edited by Bishop Mant. After having lived for forty years in Trinity College, Warton died there May 21, 1790. After 1785 he was poet-laureate.

BOUND for holy Palestine,
 Nimble we brushed the level brine,
 All in azure steel arrayed :
 O'er the wave our weapons play'd,

And made the dancing billows glow :
 High upon the trophied prow,
 Many a warrior-minstrel swung
 His sounding harp, and boldly sung :
 " Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
 English Richard ploughs the deep !
 Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy,
 From distant towers, with anxious eye,
 The radiant range of shield and lance
 Down Damascus' hills advance :
 From Sion's turrets as afar
 Ye ken the march of Europe's war !
 Saladin, thou Paynim king,
 From Albion's isle revenge we bring !
 On Acre's spiry citadel,
 Though to the gale thy banners swell,
 Pictured with the silver moon:
 England shall end thy glory soon !
 In vain, to break our firm array,
 Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray ;
 Those sounds our rising fury fan :
 English Richard in the van,
 On to victory we go,
 A vaunting infidel the foe."
 Blondel led the tuneful band,
 And swept the wire with glowing hand.
 Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
 And Crete, with piny verdure crowned,
 Far along the smiling main
 Echoed the prophetic strain.

Soon we kissed the sacred earth
 That gave a murdered Saviour birth ;
 Then, with ardor fresh endued,
 Thus the solemn song renewed.

" Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
 Heaven's favored hills appear at last !
 Object of our holy vow,
 We tread the Tyrjan valleys now.
 From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
 We feel the cheering fragrance creep :
 O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm
 Waves the date-empurpled palm.
 See Lebanon's aspiring head
 Wide his immortal umbrage spread !
 Hail, Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
 Wet with our Redeemer's gore !
 Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
 Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn ;
 Your ravished honors to restore,
 Fearless we climb this hostile shore !
 And thou, the sepulchre of God !
 By mocking Pagans rudely trod,
 Bereft of every awful rite,
 And quenched thy lamps that beamed so bright ;
 For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
 Lo, Richard leads his faithful host !
 Aloft in his heroic hand,

Blazing, like the beacon's brand,
 O'er the far-affrighted fields,
 Resistless Kaliburn he wields.
 Proud Saracen, pollute no more
 The shrines by martyrs built of yore !
 From each wild mountain's trackless crown
 In vain thy gloomy castles frown :
 Thy battering engines, huge and high,
 In vain our steel-clad steeds defy ;
 And, rolling in terrific state,
 On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.
 When eve has hushed the buzzing camp,
 Amid the moonlight vapors damp,
 Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
 Haunt us on the tented plain :
 We bid those spectre-shapes avault,
 Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt !
 With many a demon, pale of hue,
 Doomed to drink the bitter dew
 That drops from Macon's sooty tree,
 Mid the dread grove of ebony.
 Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,
 The Christian's holy courage quell.

Salem, in ancient majesty
 Arise, and lift thee to the sky !
 Soon on thy battlements divine
 Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
 Ye barons, to the sun unfold
 Our cross, with crimson wove and gold ! "

THOMAS WARTON.

THE LAST CRUSADER.

LEFT to the Saviour's conquering foes,
 The land that girds the Saviour's grave,
 Where Godfrey's crosier-standard rose,
 He saw the crescent-banner wave.

There, o'er the gently broken vale,
 The halo-light on Zion glowed ;
 There Kedron, with a voice of wail,
 By tombs of saints and heroes flowed ;

There still the olives silver o'er
 The dimness of the distant hill ;
 There still the flowers that Sharon bore
 Calm air with many an odor fill.

Slowly the Last Crusader eyed
 The towers, the mount, the stream, the plain,
 And thought of those whose blood had dyed
 The earth with crimson streams in vain !

He thought of that sublime array,
 The hosts that over land and deep
 The hermit marshalled on their way,
 To see those towers, and halt to weep !

Resigned the loved familiar lands,
O'er burning wastes the cross to bear,
And rescue from the Paynim's hands
The empire of a sepulchre !

And vain the hope, and vain the loss,
And vain the famine and the strife :
In vain the faith that bore the cross,
The valor prodigal of life !

And vain was Richard's lion-soul,
And guileless Godfrey's patient mind, —
Like waves on shore, they reached the goal,
To die, and leave no trace behind !

"O God!" the Last Crusader cried,
"And art thou careless of thine own ?
For us thy Son in Salem died,
And Salem is the scoffer's throne !

"And shall we leave, from age to age,
To godless hands the holy tomb ?
Against thy saints the heathen rage, —
Launch forth thy lightnings and consume !"

Swift, as he spoke, before his sight
A form flashed, white-robed, from above ;
All heaven was in those looks of light,
But heaven, whose native air is love.

"Alas!" the solemn vision said,
"Thy God is of the shield and spear, —
To bless the quick and raise the dead,
The Saviour-God descended here !

"Ask not the Father to reward
The hearts that seek, through blood, the Son;
O warrior, never by the sword
The Saviour's holy land is won !"

EDWARD, LORD, LYTTON.

FRANCIS COSTER'S STORY.

A LEGEND.

Some little time since I came across the legend here versified, to which was prefixed this note : "The following exquisite story was written by Antony of Siena, and translated from the Dominican records by Francis Coster, a famous preacher of the sixteenth century. Mr. Gould, author of 'Mysteries of the Middle Ages,' has succeeded in rendering it into current English." In rendering the story into verse I have kept to the text as closely as possible — M. L.

ONCE — I've read in olden story —
Lived a holy man of God,
And two children 'neath his guidance
Through life's pitfalls safely trod.

Every day's returning duties
Found them docile at his side,
There to draw from wisdom's fountains
All his tender care supplied.

But the day's first, freshest hour
At the altar found them prone,
Gladly giving to their Saviour
All he claimeth as his own !

There they served with purest offering
At the sacrifice sublime,
Knelled, responded, and with reverence
Sounded oft the bell's clear chime.

And this duty then completed,
To the little chapel door
Turned their feet, and entering, vanished,
There to eat their humble store !

But one day their teacher seeking,
Spake the elder one full clear,
"Tell us, father, what fair infant
Doth so oft to us appear ?"

Then the priest replied in accents
Full of tender, loving care, —
"Son, I know not him you speak of
Who thy early moments share."

But they came again unto him
Day by day, with urgent word,
And it was with deepest wonder
That their simple tale he heard.

And he asked — "Of what sort is he ?"
And they answered him again —
"Father, he is clad in raiment
Seamless, and without a stain."

"But whence cometh he ?" replying
Spoke the priest with accent mild ;
And they answered, "From the altar,
As it were, descends the child.

"And we asked him then to share
With us of our milk and bread ;
And he doth, right willingly" : —
This is what the children said.

And the priest was full of wonder ;
To the children then spoke he, —
"Are there marks whereby to know him
If mine eyes the child should see ?"

"Yes, my father, yes, he beareth
In his hands and in his feet
Wounds that pierce his tender body," —
These the words that they repeat

"From his hands the crimson liquid
On the bread he taketh, flows,
Till beneath his touch it blushes
Like the deep heart of the rose!"

Then with awe replied their master,
"O my sons, list unto me!
Know it is the sweet child Jesus,
The Holy One, that you did see!"

"When again he cometh to you,
With these words your greeting be;
'Thou hast breakfasted with us,
Grant we three may sup with thee!'"

And the children did his bidding;
Sweetly then the Child did say,
"Be it so, on Thursday next,
Be it on Ascension-Day!"

On that day they came rejoicing,
But they brought nor milk nor bread;
Served they at the Mass right gladly;
"Pax Vobiscum" then was said,

But they still knelt on unheeding.
Master they fell in Christ asleep;
Master, children, with their Saviour
Thus his marriage-feast did keep!

MARIAN LONGFELLOW.

Feb. 12, 1873.

HENRY MARTYN AT SHIRAZ.

"In consequence of his removal to a garden in the suburbs of the city, where his kind host had pitched a tent for him, he prosecuted the work before him uninterruptedly. Living amidst clusters of grapes by the side of a clear stream, and frequently sitting under the shade of an orange-tree, which Jafer Ali Khan delighted to point out to visitors, until the day of his own departure, he passed many a tranquil hour, and enjoyed many a Sabbath of holy rest and divine refreshment."—*Life of H. Martyn.*

May 1st to 10th. — "Passed some days at Jafer Ali Khan's garden with Mirza Seid Ali, Aga Baba, Sheikh Abul Hassan, reading, at their request, the Old Testament histories. Their attention to the Word and their love and respect for me seemed to increase as the time of my departure approached. Aga Baba, who had been reading St. Matthew, related very circumstantially to the company the particulars of the death of Christ. The bed of roses on which we sat, and the notes of the nightingales warbling around us, were not so sweet to me as this discourse from the Persian."—*Ibid.*

The plain of Shiraz is covered with ancient ruins, and contains the tombs of the Persian poets Saadi and Hafiz.

A VISION of the bright Shiraz, of Persian
bards the theme:
The vine with bunches laden hangs o'er the
crystal stream;
The nightingale all day her notes in rosy thick-
ets trills,
And the brooding heat-mist faintly lies along
the distant hills.

About the plain are scattered wide in many a
crumbling heap
The fanes of other days, and tombs where
Iran's poets sleep:
And in the midst, like burnished gems, in
noonday light repose
The minarets of bright Shiraz, — the City of
the Rose.

One group beside the river bank in rapt dis-
course are seen,
Where hangs the golden orange on its boughs
of purest green;
Their words are sweet and low, and their looks
are lit with joy;
Some holy blessing seems to rest on them
and their employ.

The pale-faced Frank among them sits: what
brought him from afar?
Nor bears he bales of merchandise, nor teaches
skill in war:
One pearl alone he brings with him, — the
Book of life and death, —
One warfare only teaches he, — to fight the
fight of faith.

And Iran's sons are round him, — and one
with solemn tone
Tells how the Lord of Glory was rejected by
his own;
Tells, from the wondrous Gospel, of the trial
and the doom, —
The words divine of love and might, — the
scourge, the cross, the tomb!

Far sweeter to the stranger's ear those Eastern
accents sound,
Than music of the nightingale that fills the air
around:
Lovelier than balmiest odors sent from gar-
dens of the rose,
The fragrance, from the contrite soul and
chastened lip that flows.

The nightingales have ceased to sing, the
roses' leaves are shed,
The Frank's pale face in Tocat's field hath
mouldered with the dead:
Alone and all unfriended, midst his Master's
work he fell,
With none to bathe his fevered brow, — with
none his tale to tell.

But still those sweet and solemn tones about
him sound in bliss,
And fragrance from those flowers of God for-
evermore is his:

For his the meed, by grace, of those who, rich
in zeal and love,
Turn many unto righteousness, and shine as
stars above.

HENRY ALFORD.

1851.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

A POOR wayfaring Man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, Nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered, — not a word he spake, —
Just perishing for want of bread ;
I gave him all ; he blessed it, brake,
And ate, — but gave me part again :
Mine was an angel's portion then ;
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone ;
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on :
I ran to raise the sufferer up ;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er ;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'T was night ; the floods were out ; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof ;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof ;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest ;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side ;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was healed :
I had myself a wound concealed ;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's death at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him midst shame and scorn ;

My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die ?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, " I will."

Then in a moment to my view
The Stranger darted from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes !
He spake ; and my poor name he named :
" Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;
These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SCARBOROUGH, Dec., 1826.

CRUSADER CHORUS.

This song occurs in " The Saint's Tragedy," which refers
to events of the twelfth century.

MEN-AT-ARMS *pass, singing.*

THE tomb of God before us,
Our fatherland behind,
Our ships shall leap o'er billows steep,
Before a charmed wind.

Above our van great angels
Shall fight along the sky ;
While martyrs pure and crowned saints
To God for rescue cry.

The red-cross knights and yeomen,
Throughout the holy town,
In faith and might, on left and right,
Shall tread the paynim down.

Till on the Mount Moriah
The Pope of Rome shall stand ;
The Kaiser and the King of France
Shall guard him on each hand.

There shall he rule all nations
With crozier and with sword ;
And pour on all the heathen
The wrath of Christ the Lord.

WOMEN — *bystanders.*

Christ is a rock in the bare salt land,
To shelter our knights from the sun and sand ;
Christ the Lord is a summer sun,
To ripen the grain while they are gone.

Then you who fight in the bare salt land,
And you who work at home,
Fight and work for Christ the Lord,
Until his kingdom come.

OLD KNIGHTS *pass.*

Our stormy sun is sinking ;
 Our sands are running low ;
 In one fair fight, before the night,
 Our hard-worn hearts shall glow.

We cannot pine in cloister ;
 We cannot fast and pray ;
 The sword which built our load of guilt
 Must wipe that guilt away.

We know the doom before us,
 The dangers of the road ;
 Have mercy, mercy, Jesu blest,
 When we lie low in blood.

When we lie gashed and gory,
 The holy walls within,
 Sweet Jesu, think upon our end,
 And wipe away our sin.

BOY CRUSADERS *pass.*

The Christ-child sits on high ;
 He looks through the merry blue sky ;
 He holds in his hand a bright lily-band
 For the boys who for him die.

On holy Mary's arm,
 Wrapt safe from terror and harm,
 Lulled by the breeze in the paradise-trees,
 Their souls sleep soft and warm.

Knight David, young and true,
 The giant Soldan slew,
 And our arms so light, for the Christ-child's
 right,
 Like noble deeds can do.

YOUNG KNIGHTS *pass.*

The rich East blooms fragrant before us ;
 All Fairy-land beckons us forth ;
 We must follow the crane in her flight o'er
 the main,
 From the posts and the moors of the North.

Our sires in the youth of the nations
 Swept westward through plunder and blood,
 But a holier quest calls us back to the East,
 We fight for the kingdom of God.

Then shrink not, and sigh not, fair ladies ;
 The red cross which flames on each arm and
 each shield,
 Through philter and spell, and the black
 charms of hell,
 Shall shelter our true love in camp and in
 field.

OLD MONK, *looking after them.*

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 The burying-place of God !
 Why gay and bold, in steel and gold,
 O'er the paths where Christ hath trod ?

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

1848.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

Lo, on the slope of yonder shore,
 Beneath that lonely shed,
 A saint hath found his conflicts o'er,
 And laid his dying head !

No gloom of fear hath glazed his eye,
 For though loud billows roll,
 The Aurora of Eternity
 Is rising on his soul.

Champion of Jesus ! — man of God,
 Servant of Christ, well done !
 Thy path of thorns hath now been trod,
 Thy red-cross crown is won !

O'er the wide waste of watery waves,
 And leagues on leagues of land,
 Amidst a wilderness of graves,
 With death on every hand,

He flew to woo and win a world ;
 That men might kiss the feet
 Of him whose banner he unfurled, —
 Father, — Son, — Paraclete !

His lips were love, his touch was power,
 His thoughts were vivid flame,
 The flashes of a thunder-shower, —
 Where'er or when he came !

Around him shone the light of life ;
 Before him darkness fell, —
 Satan receded from the strife,
 And sought his native hell !

Yet who so humbly walked as he,
 A conqueror in the field,
 Wreathing the rose of victory
 Around his radiant shield ?

As silvery clouds, at eventide,
 Float on the balmy gale,
 Nor seem to heed the stars they hide
 Beneath their fleecy veil ;

So lowly sense of slightest worth
 Fresh graces o'er him threw ;
 For he unconscious lived on earth,
 Of all the praise he drew !

Champion of Jesus ! on that breast
From whence thy fervor flowed,
Thou hast obtained eternal rest —
The bosom of thy God !

SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

According to the mythology of the romancers, the Sangreal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the last supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years, in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed ; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the "Romance of King Arthur." Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems. The plot (if I may give that name to anything so slight) of the following poem is my own, and, to serve its purposes, I have enlarged the circle of competition in search of the miraculous cup in such a manner as to include, not only other persons than the heroes of the Round Table, but also a period of time subsequent to the date of King Arthur's reign. — J. R. L.

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST.

OVER his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from dreamland for
his lay :
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his
theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie,
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies ;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies ;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives,
Its arms outstretched, the Druid wood
Waits with its benedicite ;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what earth gives us ;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and
shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in ;

At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold ;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking :
'T is Heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking,
No price is set on the lavish summer ;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?

Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays :
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;
Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;
The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace ;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives ;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and
sings ;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her
nest, —

In the nice ear of nature which song is the
best ?

Now is the high-tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,

Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it ;
No matter how barren the past may have
been,

'T is enough for us now that the leaves are
green ;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms
swell ;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help
knowing

That skies are clear and grass is growing ;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,

That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are
flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,

That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack ;

 We could guess it all by yon heifer's low-
 ing, —
And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing !

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;
Everything is happy now,

 Everything is upward striving ;
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —

 'T is the natural way of living :
Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?
 In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake ;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache ;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
 Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow ?

PART FIRST.

“ MY golden spurs now bring to me,
 And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
 In search of the Holy Grail ;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep ;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew.”

 Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
 Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
 The little birds sang as if it were
 The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees.
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray ;
'T was the proudest hall in the north countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree ;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied ;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right
Over the hills and out of sight ;

Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its
 wall

 In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
 Had cast them forth : so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart ;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
 And gloomed by itself apart ;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the dark-
 some gate,

 He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he
 sate ;

 And a loathing over Sir Launfal came ;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
 The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and
 crawl,

And midway its leap his heart stood still
 Like a frozen waterfall ;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer
 morn, —
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust :
“ Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door ;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold ;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
 Who gives from a sense of duty ;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
 That thread of the all-sustaining beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite, —
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a God goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness be-
 fore.”

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND.

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain
peak,

From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak

It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's
cheek :

It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleaved boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-
proof ;

All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars ;
He sculptured every summer delight

In his halls and chambers out of sight ;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slept
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze ;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew ;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf ;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through,
and here

He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystallised the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one :
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice ;
'T was as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,

Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter

With lightsome green of ivy and holly ;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the yule-log's roaring tide ;

The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind ;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind ;

And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks

Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was — " Shelterless, shelterless, shelter-
less ! "

The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the
porch,

And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND.

THERE was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly ;
The river was numb and could not speak,
For the weaver winter its shroud had spun ;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold
sun.

Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitley
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate ;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail ;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the
cross,

But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas time ;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier climate,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long-ago ;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the
shade,

And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms"; —
 The happy camels may reach the spring,
 But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
 The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd bone,
 That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
 And white as the ice-isles of northern seas
 In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said, — "I behold in thee
 An image of Him who died on the tree;
 Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns, —
 Thou also hast had the world's buffets and
 scorns, —

And to thy life were not denied
 The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
 Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
 Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
 And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway
 he

Remembered in what a haughtier guise
 He had flung an alms to leprosie,
 When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
 And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
 The heart within him was ashes and dust;
 He parted in twain his single crust,
 He broke the ice in the streamlet's brink,
 And gave the leper to eat and drink,
 'T was a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
 'T was water out of a wooden bowl, —
 Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
 And 't was red wine he drank with his thirsty
 soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with downcast face,
 A light shone round about the place;
 The leper no longer crouched at his side,
 But stood before him glorified,
 Shining and tall and fair and straight
 As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,
 Himself the gate whereby men can
 Enter the temple of God in man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from
 the pine,
 And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the
 brine,
 Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
 With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
 And the voice that was calmer than silence
 said,
 "Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
 In many climes, without avail,
 Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
 Behold it is here, — this cup which thou
 Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
 This crust is my body broken for thee,

This water his blood that died on the tree;
 The holy supper is kept, indeed,
 In whatso we share with another's need;
 Not what we give, but what we share, —
 For the gift without the giver is bare;
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —
 Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoond: —
 "The grail in my castle here is found!
 Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
 Let it be the spider's banquet hall;
 He must be fenced with stronger mail
 Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

The castle gate stands open now,
 And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
 As the hang-bird is to the elm-tree bough;
 No longer scowl the turrets tall,
 The summer's long siege at last is o'er;
 When the first poor outcast went in at the
 door,

She entered with him in disguise,
 And mastered the fortress by surprise;
 There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
 She lingers and smiles there the whole year
 round.

The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
 Has hall and bower at his command;
 And there's no poor man in the north coun-
 tree

But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1848.

FOR HIS SAKE.

THE night comes softly down, my soul,
 The night comes gently down;
 The quiet, thoughtful stars will hush
 The murmur of the town.
 Come, let us be alone, my soul,
 In the still night alone;
 And tell me truly, O my soul,
 What thou this day hast done.

I had some shining gold to use,
 I worked, nor worked in vain;
 And where I scattered one at morn,
 At eve I gathered twain.

Is *this* thy long day's work, my soul?
 O foolish soul! Ere morn
 The thief may take thy treasured hoard,
 And thou be left forlorn.
 Or if the Lord should call, my soul,
 This very night, oh, say
 Where were my treasure *then*, my soul?
 * Was *this* thy work to-day?

I sought for knowledge, and have found,
 Tracked great men's thoughts afar;
 Searched out a riddle of the earth, —
 The secret of a star!

Is this thy long day's work, my soul?
 O foolish soul! We know
 That earthly wisdom counts for naught
 Where thou and I must go, —
May go this very night, my soul.
 What of thy wisdom, then?
 Was *this* thy long day's work, my soul,
 In the wide world of men?

I thought — and sent forth to the world —
 A noble thought; I wait
 For its sure coming meed of praise,
 When men shall call me great!

Is this thy long day's work, my soul?
 O foolish soul! Thou knowest
 How little earthly praise can reach
 To that world where thou goest!
 O child of Immortality!
 Thy crown should be of bay,
Not woven by an earthly hand, —
 Was *this* thy work to-day?

While walking in the crowded street,
 I met a weeping child;
 I know not now what words I said,
 But when I left it smiled.

That was a work of joy, my soul!
 O happy soul! That deed
 Will rank with giving water to
 The thirsty one in need.
 And when the angel of the book
 Writeth of this, he'll say,
 'T was for the loving Master's sake
 This work was done to-day!

I found a man who sought for rest,
 But nothing him sufficed;
 I led him to the cross's feet
 And showed him Jesus Christ!

This is thy good day's work, my soul!
 O blessed soul! Thy crown
 Has one more jewel! Now, my soul,
 In peace we'll lay us down:
 In peace and love, and faith and hope,
 The long day's work is done;
 New work, new strength the Master gives
 With the new rising sun.

MARY L. VAN W. KNEVELS.

THE MONK'S VISION OF CHRIST.

JOHN JAMES PIATT was born at Milton, Ind., March 1, 1835, and was educated at Kenyon College. He published his first volume in connection with William Dean Howells, as "Poems by Two Friends."

BEHOLD, unto a monk the vision grew
 Of him who waits for all, his loving Lord,
 Him who, all-suffering, all patience knew,
 And wore the crown of hate for love's reward.

The perfect vision of most holy light,
 The guest of man, unto his follower dear,
 Gave (he who gave the blind his mortal
 sight)—
 Immortal light to see his Master near.

Long gazed the monk; his rapture grew the
 more:
 The sight remained, nor grew his soul con-
 tent,
 Till in his heart a message from the poor,
 Fed by his bounty, whispered, and he went.

His duty called, Christ's own beloved care,
 While, in his room, Christ seemed himself
 to stay;
 But Christ was in his heart: so, keeping there
 The vision sweet, he walked his Master's
 way.

He walked his way, fulfilling, as he went,
 His Master's word and unforgotten will:
 Returning,—Heaven-rewarded, self-content,—
 Lo, the dear vision waited for him still!

"Thy will be done," in many a prayer before
 His heart had lifted. Lo, the vision said
 (His will being done who visits still the poor)
 Lowly: "Hadst thou remained I must have
 fled."

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

THE ABBOT PAPHNUTIUS.

Low on the gray stone floor Paphnutius knelt
 Scourging his breast, and drawing tight his belt
 Of bloody nails.

"O God, dear God!" he cried,
 "These many years that I have crucified
 My sinful flesh, and called upon thee night
 And day, are they all reckoned in thy sight?
 And wilt thou tell me now which saint of thine
 I am most like? and is there bond or sign
 That I can find him by and win him here,
 That we may dwell as brothers close and
 dear?"

Silent the river kept its gentle flow
Beneath the walls; the ash-trees to and fro
Swayed silent, save a sigh: a sunbeam laid
Its bar along the Abbot's beads, which made
Uncanny rhythm across the quiet air.
The only ghost of sound which sounded there,
As fast their smooth-worn balls he turned and
told,

And trembled, thinking he had been too bold.
But suddenly, with solemn clang and swell,
In the high tower rang out the vesper-bell;
And subtly hidden in the pealing tones,
Melodious dropping from celestial thrones,
These words the glad Paphnutius thrilling
heard:

"Be not afraid! In this thou hast not erred;
Of all my saints, the one whose heart most suits
To thine is one who, playing reedy flutes,
In the great market-place goes up and down,
While men and women dance, in yonder town."

Oh, much Paphnutius wondered, as he went
To robe him for the journey. Day was spent,
And cunning night had spread and lit her
snares

For souls made weak by weariness and cares,
When to the glittering town the Abbot came.
With secret shudder, half affright, half shame,
Close cowed, he mingled in the babbling
throng,

And with reluctant feet was borne along
To where, by torches' fitful glare and smoke.
A band of wantons danced, and screamed, and
spoke

Such words as fill pure men with shrinking
fear.

"Good Lord, deliver me! Can he be here,"
The frightened Abbot said, "the man I seek?"
Lo, as he spoke, a man reeled dizzy, weak
With ribald laughter, clutching him by gown
And shoulder; and before his feet threw down
Soft twanging flutes, which rolled upon the
stone

And broke. Outcried the Abbot with a groan,
Seizing the player firm in mighty hands,
"O man! what doest thou with these vile bands
Of harlots? God hath told to me thou art
A saint of his, and one whose life and heart
Are like my own; and I have journeyed here
For nought but finding thee."

In maze and fear
The player lifted up his bloodshot eyes,
And stammered drunkenly, "Good father, lies
Thy road some other way. Take better heed
Next time thou seekest saints! One single
deed

Of good I never did. I live in sins.
Unhand me now! another dance begins."
"Flute-player," said the Abbot, stern and
sweet,

"God cannot lie! Some deed thou hast done
meet

For serving him. Bethink thee now, and tell
Where was it that the blessed chance befell?"
Half-sobered by the Abbot's voice and mien,
The player spoke again, "No more I ween
Of serving God, than if no God there were;
But now I do remember me of her
That once I saved from hands of robber-men,
Whose chief I was. I know I wondered then
What new blood could have quickened in my
veins.

I gave her, spite myself, of our rich gains
Three hundred pieces of good gold, to free
Her husband and her sons from slavery.
But love of God had nought to do with this:
I know him, love him not; I do not miss
Nor find him in the world. I love my sins.
Now let me go! another dance begins."
"Yes, go!" the Abbot gently said, and took
His grasp from off his arm. But, brother, look,
If God has thus to thee this one good deed
So fully counted, wilt thou not take heed
Thyself, remembering him?"

Then homeward slow,
Alone and sad, where he had thought to go
Triumphant with a new-found brother-saint,
The Abbot went. But vain he set restraint
Upon his wondering thoughts: through
prayer, through chant,
The question ever rang, "What could God
want
To teach me, showing me that sinful man
As saint of nearest kin to me, who can
Abide no sin of thought or deed."

Three days
The Abbot went his patient, silent ways.
The river lapped in gentle, silent flow
The cloister-wall; the ash-trees to and fro
Swayed silent, save a sigh: the third night,
came —
Low rapping at the cloister-door, in shame
And fear — the player!

Then Paphnutius rose,
His pale face kindled red with joyful glows;
The monks in angry, speechless wonder stood,
Seeing this vagabond to brotherhood
Made so soon welcome. But the Abbot said,
"O brothers! this flute-player in such stead
Is held of God, that, when in loneliness
I knelt and prayed for some new saint to bless

Our house, God spoke, and told me this man's
name,
As his who should be brother when he came."

Flute-player and Paphnutius both have slept
In dust for centuries. The world has kept
No record of them save this tale, which sets
But bootless lesson: still the world forgets
That God knows best what hearts are counted
his;

Still men deny the thing whose sign they miss;
Still pious souls pray as Paphnutius prayed
For brother-souls in their own semblance
made;

And slowly learn, with outcries and com-
plaints,

That publicans and sinners may be saints!

MRS. HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

1874.

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

MRS. K. H. JOHNSON is wife of Prof. Herrick Johnson,
lately of Auburn, N. Y., now of Chicago, Ill.

I WAS sitting alone towards the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting,
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold and the silver,
And the precious stones, should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meagre success I had won:

"It is nothing but 'wood, hay, and stubble,'"
I said; "it will all be burned," —
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I *know* I have tried;
But I'm sure when he sees *such* building,
He will never let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes,
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child! She wanted to help me,
I knew 't was the best she could do;
But oh, what a botch she had made it —
The gray mismatching the blue!

And yet — can you understand it? —
With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half-compassionate yearning,
I felt she had grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me,
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew his meaning,
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its Refuge
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought, when the Master-Builder
Comes down his temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended
And what must be builded anew,

Perhaps as he looks o'er the building
He will bring my work to the light,
And seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it all is from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say, as I said for her,
"Dear child! She wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur.

"And, for the true love that is in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine,
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

And there in the deepening twilight
I seemed to be clasping a hand,
And to feel a great love constraining me,
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness,
'T was the hand of the Blessed One,
That would tenderly guide and hold me
Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,
My faith no longer is dim,
But my heart is strong and restful,
And mine eyes are upto him.

MRS. K. H. JOHNSON.

WHO FOLLOWS IN HIS TRAIN?

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain ;
 His blood-red banner streams afar :
 Who follows in his train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain,
 Who patient bears his cross below :
 He follows in his train !

That martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could look beyond the grave,
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on him to save ;

Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for those that did the wrong :
 Who follows in his train ?

A noble band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came,
 Twelve valiant souls, their hope they knew,
 And mocked the torch of flame ;

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane,
 They bowed their necks the stroke to feel :
 Who follows in their train ?

A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the throne of God rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascents of heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain ;
 O God, to us may grace be given,
 To follow in their train !

REGINALD HEDER





THE POET SINGS OF COUNTRY.



ARMY HYMN.

O LORD of Hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart.

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our Nation free:
To die for her is serving thee.

Be thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord!
In thy dread name we draw the sword;
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard thou its folds till Peace shall reign,—
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE POET SINGS OF COUNTRY.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

GOD save our gracious king!
Long live our noble king!
God save the king!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us —
God save the king!

O Lord our God, arise!
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall,
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On him our hopes we fix,
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice —
God save the king!

HENRY CAREY.

1715.

ON LEAVING MY NATIVE LAND FOR ENGLAND.

MAY, 1833

UNTO the winds and waves I now commit
My body, subject to the will of Heaven;
Its resting-place may be the watery pit —
'T is his alone to take, who life has given.
But, O ye elements! the deathless soul,
Impalpable, outsoaring time and space,
Submits not to your mightiest control,
Nor meanly dwells in any earthly place.
Ocean may bleach, earth crumble, worms
devour,

Beyond identity, its wondrous frame;
Decay blights not the spiritual flower,
Nor age suppresses the ethereal flame:
Thus thy dread sting, O death! I dare to
brave;
Thus do I take from thee the victory, O grave!

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

ROBINSON OF LEYDEN.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, one of the most popular of American poets, was born at Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 28, 1809. He graduated at Harvard College, and became a physician and professor in the Medical School of the College. He is better known as a poet than as a physician. His first volume of poems was issued in 1836, and it has been followed by a number of others, as well as by a series of remarkable prose works.

HE sleeps not here; in hope and prayer
His wandering flock had gone before,
But he, the shepherd, might not share
Their sorrows on the wintry shore.

Before the Speedwell's anchor swung,
Ere yet the Mayflower's sail was spread,
While round his feet the Pilgrims clung,
The pastor spake, and thus he said: —

"Men, brethren, sisters, children dear!
God calls you hence from over sea;
Ye may not build by Haerlem Meer,
Nor yet along the Zuyder-Zee.

"Ye go to bear the saving word
To tribes unnamed and shores untrod:
Heed well the lessons ye have heard
From those old teachers taught of God.

"Yet think not unto them was lent
All light for all the coming days,
And Heaven's eternal wisdom spent
In making straight the ancient ways:

"The living fountain overflows
For every flock, for every lamb,
Nor heeds, though angry creeds oppose
With Luther's dike or Calvin's dam."

He spake : with lingering, long embrace,
With tears of love and partings fond,
They floated down the creeping Maas,
Along the isle of Ysselmond.

They passed the frowning towers of Briel,
The "Hook of Holland's" shelf of sand,
And grated soon with lifting keel
The sullen shores of Fatherland.

No home for these ! — too well they knew
The mitred king behind the throne ; —
The sails were set, the pennons flew,
And westward ho ! for worlds unknown.

— And these were they who gave us birth,
The Pilgrims of the sunset wave,
Who won for us this virgin earth,
And freedom with the soil they gave.

The pastor slumbers by the Rhine, —
In alien earth the exiles lie, —
Their nameless graves our holiest shrine,
His words our noblest battle-cry !

Still cry them, and the world shall hear,
Ye dwellers by the storm-swept sea !
Ye *have* not built by Haerlem Meer,
Nor on the land-locked Zuyder-Zee !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE PILGRIM FOREFATHERS.

'NEATH hoary moss on crumbling stones
Their names are fading day by day ;
The fashions of their lives and speech
From sight and sound have passed away.

The shores they found so bleak, so bare,
Shine now with riches gay and proud ;
And we, light-hearted, dance on ground
Where they in anguish wept and bowed.

Unto the faith they bought so dear
We pay each day less reverent heed ;
And boast, perhaps, that we outgrow
The narrowness which marked their creed.

A shallow boast of thankless hearts,
In evil generation born ;
By side of those old Pilgrim men
The ages shall hold us in scorn.

Find me the men on earth who care
Enough for faith or creed to-day
To seek a barren wilderness
For simple liberty to pray ;

Men who for simple sake of God
All titles, riches, would refuse,
And in their stead disgrace and shame
And bitter poverty would choose.

We find them not. Aíás! the age,
In all its light, hath blinder grown ;
In all its plenty, starves because
It seeks to live by bread alone.

We owe them all we have of good :
Our sunny skies, our fertile fields ;
Our freedom, which to all oppressed
A continent of refuge yields.

And what we have of ill, of shame,
Our broken word, our greed for gold,
Our reckless schemes and treacheries,
In which men's souls are bought and sold, —

All these have come because we left
The paths that those Forefathers trod ;
The simple, single-hearted ways
In which they feared and worshipped God.

Despise their narrow creed who will !
Pity their poverty who dare !
Their lives knew joys, their lives wore crowns
We do not know, we cannot wear.

And if so be that it is saved,
Our poor Republic, stained and bruised,
'T will be because we lay again
Their corner-stones which we refused.

1879.

MRS. HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

THE ROCK OF THE PILGRIMS.

A ROCK in the wilderness welcomed our sires,
From bondage far over the dark-rolling sea ;
On that holy altar they kindled the fires,
Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for thee.
Thy blessings descended in sunshine and
shower,
Or rose from the soil that was sown by thy
hand ;
The mountain and valley rejoiced in thy power.
And Heaven encircled and smiled on the
land.

The Pilgrims of old an example have given
Of mild resignation, devotion, and love,

Which beams like the star in the blue vault
 of heaven,
 A beacon-light swung in their mansion
 above.
 In church and cathedral we kneel in *our*
 prayer, —
 Their temple and chapel were valley and
 hill, —
 But God is the same in the aisle or the air,
 And he is the rock that we lean upon still.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

JOHN DAVIS was born at Plymouth, Mass., Jan. 25, 1761, and died in Boston, Jan. 14, 1847. Throughout his long life he was prominent in public affairs, and was honored by his fellow-citizens. The following piece was written for the Pilgrim Celebration at Plymouth, in 1792. A part of it, at least, has appeared in some Unitarian hymn-books, and has been sung on numerous public commemorative occasions. In this form it was a second time used at the Celebration of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Dec. 21, 1870.

SONS of renowned sires,
 Join in harmonious choirs,
 Swell your loud songs ;
 Daughters of peerless dames,
 Come with your mild acclaims,
 Let their revered names
 Dwell on your tongues.

From frowning Albion's seat
 See the famed band retreat,
 On ocean tost ;
 Blue tumbling billows roar,
 By keel scarce ploughed before,
 And bear them to this shore
 Fettered with frost.

By yon wave-beaten rock
 See the illustrious flock
 Collected stand ;
 To seek some sheltering grove
 Their faithful partners move,
 Dear pledges of their love
 In either hand.

Not winter's sullen face,
 Not the fierce tawny race
 In arms arrayed,
 Not hunger, shook their faith ;
 Not sickness' baleful breath,
 Nor Carver's early death,
 Their souls dismayed.

Watered by heavenly dew,
 The germ of empire grew,
 Freedom its root ;

From the cold northern pine,
 Far toward the burning line,
 Spreads the luxuriant vine,
 Bending with fruit.

Columbia, child of Heaven !
 The best of blessings given
 Be thine to greet ;
 Hailing this votive day,
 Looking with fond survey
 Upon the weary way
 Of Pilgrim feet.

Here trace the moss-grown stones,
 Where rest their mouldering bones,
 Again to rise ;
 And let thy sons be led
 To emulate the dead,
 While o'er their tombs they tread
 With moistened eyes.

JOHN DAVIS.

1792.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came ;
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear ; —
 They shook the depths of the desert gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard, and the sea :
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
 rang
 To the anthem of the free !

The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam :
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
 This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band : —
 Why had *they* come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod:
They have left unstained what there they
found, —
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Written for the Anniversary of the Pilgrim Society, celebrated at Plymouth, Dec. 22, 1824.

THE Pilgrim Fathers, — where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone, —
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile, — sainted name!
The hill whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head, —
But the Pilgrim! where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure drest,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;

And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the May-
flower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

1824.

JOHN PIERPONT.

SONG OF THE PILGRIMS.

THOMAS COGSWELL UPHAM, Congregational minister and successively professor in Andover Seminary and Bowdoin College, was born at Deerfield, N. H., Jan. 30, 1799, and died in New York City, April 2, 1872. Among his publications were the "Life and Experience of Madame Guyon," and other works in prose and verse.

THE breeze has swelled the whitening sail,
The blue waves curl beneath the gale,
And, bounding with the wave and wind,
We leave Old England's shores behind, —
Leave behind our native shore,
Homes, and all we loved before.

The deep may dash, the winds may blow,
The storm spread out its wings of woe,
Till sailors' eyes can see a shroud
Hung in the folds of every cloud;
Still, as long as life shall last,
From that shore we'll speed us fast.

For we would rather never be,
Than dwell where mind cannot be free,
But bows beneath a despot's rod
Even when it seeks to worship God.
Blasts of heaven, onward sweep!
Bear us o'er the troubled deep!

Oh, see what wonders meet our eyes!
Another land, and other skies!
Columbian hills have met our view!
Adieu! Old England's shores, adieu!
Here at length our feet shall rest,
Hearts be free, and homes be blessed.

As long as yonder firs shall spread
Their green arms o'er the mountain's head, —
As long as yonder cliffs shall stand,
Where join the ocean and the land, —
Shall those cliffs and mountains be
Proud retreats for liberty.

Now to the King of kings we'll raise
The pæan loud of sacred praise;
More loud than sounds the swelling breeze,
More loud than speak the rolling seas!
Happier lands have met our view!
England's shores, adieu! adieu!

THOMAS COGSWELL UPHAM.

OUR COUNTRY.

"In many collections," says Dr. Putnam, in his "Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith," "the following hymn is either marked 'Anonymous,' or attributed to John S. Dwight. Thus it is referred to Mr. Dwight by Mr. Josiah Miller, in his admirable work, 'Singers and Songs of the Church' (London, 1869), and by Rev. Charles L. Hutchins, in his valuable 'Annotations of the Hymnal' (1872). Mr. Brooks translated it from the German while he was a member of the Divinity School at Cambridge. It was shortly afterwards altered in some of its lines by Mr. Dwight, and in its changed form was first introduced, it is supposed, into one of Lowell Mason's singing-books. Hence, doubtless, it came to be credited so widely to Mr. Dwight himself. We may add, however, that in the 'Hymns of the Spirit' the lines of the last verse receive a still further change from the original than that which was made by Mr. Dwight, and that the compilers add also a third stanza."

GOD bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night!
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Father Eternal, save
 Us by thy might!

Lo! our hearts' prayers arise
 Into the upper skies,
 Regions of light!
 He who hath heard each sigh,
 Watches each weeping eye:
 He is forever nigh,
 Venger of Right!

C. T. BROOKS, D. D.

1834.

OUR COUNTRY.

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT, the author of this variation of the lines of Dr. C. T. Brooks, was born in Boston, May 13, 1813, and graduated at Harvard College in 1832. For a time he was in the Unitarian ministry. He was connected with the Brook Farm community from 1842 until it was broken up. He established Dwight's "Journal of Music," which is still continued.

GOD bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night;
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of winds and wave,
 Do thou our country save
 By thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
 To God, above the skies;
 On him we wait:
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To thee aloud we cry,
 God save the State!

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

18

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JULIA WARD HOWE was born in New York City, June 27, 1819, and in 1843 married Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, of Boston. She has written much in prose and verse.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming
 of the Lord;
 He is trampling out the vintage where the
 grapes of wrath are stored!
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his
 terrible swift sword;
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hun-
 dred circling camps;
 They have builded him an altar in the evening
 dews and damps:
 I have read his righteous sentence by the dim
 and flaring lamps:
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished
 rows of steel:
 "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you
 my grace shall deal:
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the ser-
 pent with his heel,
 Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
 never call retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before his
 judgment-seat;
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubi-
 lant, my feet!
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
 across the sea,
 With a glory in his bosom that transfigures
 you and me:
 As he died to make men holy, let us die to
 make men free,
 While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

1862.

NATIONAL HYMN.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, a Baptist minister and editor, was born at Boston, Mass., Oct. 21, 1808, and graduated at Harvard College in 1829. He was a prominent contributor to the *Encyclopaedia Americana*, and since 1854 has been the editor of the publications of the Baptist Missionary Union. His home is in Newton, Mass.

My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;

Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, D. D.

1832.

COLUMBIA.

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK, a Southern writer of note, published several volumes of verse, from one of which the following is taken. He was born at Columbia, S. C., July 17, 1814, and died at Columbus, Miss., Nov. 30, 1865. He graduated at the University of Alabama in 1833, and was admitted to the bar.

FREEMEN, rise and hail the morn
When Columbia's flag was borne
Proudly o'er a tyrant's scorn
By the brave and free!
Rise, for 't is the glorious day
When your fathers from the sway
Of oppression tore away
Hope and liberty!

Long and bloody was the strife,
Fearlessly they perilled life,
Daring e'en the savage knife
For the glorious prize!
But the God of battles then
Battled with those valiant men,
And the bow of peace again
Gladdened patriot eyes!

Sound, then sound the plausive strain,—
Shout, oh, shout from mount to plain,
And with rapture hail again
Freedom's natal day!

Let the deep-toned cannon tell,
And the pealing clarion swell,
Joyfully the tyrant's knell,
On our jubilee!

God of nations! unto thee
Grateful, now we bend the knee,
For our peace and liberty,
And our country's fame!
Guard, oh, guard our nation's cause,
Shield our rights, direct our laws,
And for all our vaunted joys
We will praise thy name!

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK.

1838.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Written for the Celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the Birthday of Washington, Boston, Feb. 22, 1832. The Old South Church was taken possession of by the British while they held Boston, and converted into barracks for the cavalry, the pews being cut up for fuel, or used in constructing stalls for their horses. From his position on Dorchester Heights, that overlook the town, General Washington succeeded in compelling the British forces to evacuate Boston.

To Thee, beneath whose eye
Each circling century
Obedient rolls,
Our nation, in its prime,
Looked with a faith sublime,
And trusted, in "the time
That tried men's souls,"—

When from this gate of heaven
People and priest were driven
By fire and sword,
And, where thy saints had prayed,
The harnessed war-horse neighed,
And horsemen's trumpets brayed
In harsh accord.

Nor was our fathers' trust,
Thou mighty One, and just,
Then put to shame:
"Up to the hills" for light
Looked they in peril's night,
And from yon guardian height
Deliverance came.

There like an angel form,
Sent down to still the storm,
Stood Washington:
Clouds broke and rolled away;
Foes fled in pale dismay;
Wreathed were his brows with bay,
When war was done.

God of our sires and sons,
 Let other Washingtons
 Our country bless,
 And, like the brave and wise
 Of bygone centuries,
 Show that true greatness lies
 In righteousness.

JOHN PIERPONT.

1832.

MEMORIAL HALL.

Written for the laying of the corner-stone of Memorial Hall,
 Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 6, 1870.

OH, holy is the golden light
 Of the October day,
 When summer leaves in dolphin-hues
 Of beauty pass away.

But holier the mellow glow
 Fond memory throws around
 The names of those whose noble lives
 A noble death has crowned.

More brilliant than on forest-trees
 The ripened leaf can be,
 The splendor of their glorious deeds
 For God and liberty.

Forever hallowed are these shades,
 Where, in the bloom of youth,
 They consecrated every power
 To Christ, his Church, and Truth.

And hallowed is their native land,
 For which their strength they gave,
 To serve her in her hour of need,—
 Then filled the hero's grave.

More lasting than this sacred hall
 Their deathless fame shall be,
 Wreathed in a nation's gratitude
 Through all eternity.

THOMAS HILL, D. D.

OUR FATHERS' LAND.

INTERNATIONAL ODE.

Sung in unison by twelve hundred children of the public
 schools, at the visit of the Prince of Wales to Boston, Oct.
 18, 1860.

GOD bless our fathers' land!
 Keep her in heart and hand
 One with our own.

From all her foes defend,
 Be her brave people's friend,
 On all her realms descend,
 Protect her throne!

Father, with loving care
 Guard thou her kingdom's heir,
 Guide all his ways:
 Thine arm his shelter be,
 From him by land and sea
 Bid storm and danger flee,
 Prolong his days.

Lord, let war's tempest cease,
 Fold the whole earth in peace
 Under thy wings!
 Make all thy nations one,
 All hearts beneath the sun,
 Till thou shalt reign alone,
 Great King of kings.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HAWAIIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

MRS. LILIA KAMAKACHA DOMINIS, eldest sister of King
 Kalakaua, and heir-apparent to the throne of the Hawaiian
 Islands, was born Sept. 2, 1838, and at the age of about twenty
 married Mr. John O. Dominis, now Governor of Oahu. Her
 first published song was entitled *Nani na Pua* ("Beautiful
 Flowers"), and is said to possess considerable poetic merit.

ETERNAL Father, mighty God,
 Behold us from thy blest abode;
 To thee we turn, for thou wilt care
 To listen to our humble prayer.

May gentle peace forever reign
 O'er these fair islands of the main,
 Hawaii's peaks to Niihau's strand,
 The peace of God o'er all the land!
 Forever be our country free,
 Our laws and heaven's in harmony.
 All hearts respond, all voices sing,
 God save, God save our gracious king!

And may our chieftains ever be
 Guided, O Lord, by love to thee,
 And all the people join to raise
 One universal song of praise.

God save the people of our land,
 Uphold by thine Almighty hand;
 Thy watchful care defends from harm,
 Faithful and sure thy sovereign arm.

Forever be our country free,
 Our laws and heaven's in harmony
 All hearts respond, all voices sing,
 God save, God save our gracious king!

LILIA K. DOMINIS. Translated by
 H. L. SHELDON.

KAMEHAMEHA'S HYMN.

KING DAVID KALAKAUA, since 1874 sovereign of the Hawaiian Islands, was born at Honolulu, Nov. 16, 1836. He received a complete English education. He has visited the United States.

MR. SHELDON has for many years been a resident of the Islands, where he has been a prominent politician, and has had a connection with the press. He speaks and writes the language freely.

HAWAII! sea-girt land!
Strong for thy monarch stand;
Sons of the ancient band,
Stand for your king!

Hawaii's true-born sons,
Cherish the high-born ones, —
From old their lineage runs, —
Guard the young chiefs!

Hawaii! young and brave,
Thine 't is thyself to save.
Hopeful thy banner wave, —
Upward and on!

O Thou who reign'st above,
Father of might and love,
Grant that thy peaceful dove
Brood o'er our land!

KING KALAKAUA. Translated by
H. L. SHELDON.

THE PEOPLE'S ANTHEM.

LORD, from thy blessed throne,
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the poor!
Teach them true liberty,
Make them from tyrants free,
Let their homes happy be!
God save the poor!

The arms of wicked men
Do thou with might restrain;
God save the poor!
Raise thou their lowliness,
Succor thou their distress,
Thou whom the meanest bless!
God save the poor!

Give them stanch honesty,
Let their pride manly be,
God save the poor!
Help them to hold the right;
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light!
God save the poor!

ROBERT NICOLL.

OLD CHURCH IN AN ENGLISH
PARK.

CROWNING a flowery slope, it stood alone
In gracious sanctity. A bright rill wound,
Caressingly, about the holy ground;
And warbled, with a never-dying tone,
Amidst the tombs. A hue of ages gone
Seemed, from that ivied porch, that solemn
gleam
Of tower and cross, pale quivering on the
stream,
O'er all the ancestral woodlands to be thrown,
And something yet more deep. The air was
fraught
With noble memories, whispering many a
thought
Of England's fathers; lofty and serene,
They that had toiled, watched, struggled, to
secure,
Within such fabrics, worship free and pure,
Reigned there, the o'ershadowing spirits of
the scene.

FELICIA HEMANS.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM AND HIS
WORKS.

In the days of our forefathers, the gallant
days of old,
When Cressy's wondrous tale in Europe's ear
was told;
When the brave and gentle Prince, with his
heroic peers,
Met France, and all her knighthood, in the
vineyards of Poitiers;
When captive kings on Edward's state right
humbly did attend;
When England's chivalry began the gartered
knee to bend:
Then in the foremost place, among the noblest
of the land,
Stood Wykeham, the great Bishop, upon the
king's right hand.
But when gracious Edward slept, and Richard
wore the crown,
Forth came good William Wykeham, and
meekly knelt him down.
Then out spake young King Richard: "What
boon can Wykeham ask,
Which can surpass his worth, or our bounty
overtask?
For art not thou our Chancellor? and where
in all the realm
Is a wiser man, or better, to guide the labor-
ing helm?"

And thou know'st the holy lore, and the
mason's cunning skill :
So speak the word, good Wykeham, for thou
shalt have thy will."

"I ask not wealth, nor honor," the Bishop
lowly said,
"Too much of both thy grandsire's hand
heaped on a poor monk's head :
This world it is a weary load, it presses down
my soul ;
Fain would I pay my vows, and to Heaven
restore the whole.
Grant me that two fair colleges, beneath thy
charters sure,
At Oxford, and at Winchester, forever may
endure ;
Which Wykeham's hands shall raise upon
the grassy sod
In the name of Blessed Mary, and for the
love of God."

The king he sealed the charters, and Wyke-
ham traced the plan,
And God, who gave him wisdom, prospered
the lowly man :
So two fair colleges arose, one in calm Ox-
ford's glade,
And one where Itchen sparkles beneath the
plane-tree shade.
There seventy true-born English boys he
nourished year by year,
In the nurture of good learning, and in God's
holy fear ;
And gave them steadfast laws, and bade them
never move
Without sweet sign of brotherhood, and gen-
tle links of love.

They grew beside his pastoral throne, and
kept his counsels sage,
And the good man rejoiced to bear such fruit
in his old age :
He heard the pealing notes of praise, which
morn and evening rung
Forth from their vaulted chapel, by their clear
voices sung ;
His eye beheld them two by two their comely
order keep
Along the minster's sacred aisles, and up the
beech-crowned steep :
And when he went to his reward they shed
the pious tear,
And sang the hallowed requiem over his
saintly bier.

Then came the dark and evil time, when Eng-
lish blood was shed
All over fertile England, for the White Rose
or the Red ;
But still in Wykeham's chapel the notes of
praise were heard,
And still in Wykeham's college they taught
the Sacred Word ;
And in the gray of morning, on every saint's-
day still,
That black-gowned troop of brothers were
winding up the hill :
There in the hollow trench which the Danish
pirate made,
Or through the broad encampment, the peace-
ful scholars played.

Trained in such gentle discipline from child-
hood to their prime,
Grew mighty men and merciful, in that
distracted time, —
Men on whom Wykeham's mantle fell, who
stood beside their king
E'en in his place, and bore his staff, and the
same pastoral ring ;
Who taught Heaven-destined monarchs to
emulate his deeds
Upon the banks of Cam, and in Eton's flowery
meads ;
Founders of other colleges by Cherwell's lilled
side,
Who laid their bones with his, when in ripe
old age they died.

And after that, when love grew cold, and
Christendom was rent,
And sinful churches laid them down in ashes
to repent ;
When impious man bore sway, and wasted
church, and shrine,
And cloister, and old abbey, the works of men
divine ;
Though upon all things sacred their robber
hands they laid,
They did not tear from Wykeham's gates the
Blessed Mother-maid :
But still in Wykeham's cloisters fair wisdom
did increase,
And then his sons began to learn the golden
songs of Greece.

And all through great Eliza's reign, those
days of pomp and pride,
They kept the laws of Wykeham, and did not
swerve aside :
Still in their vaulted chapel, and in the min-
ster fair,

And in their lamp-lit chambers they said the
frequent prayer ;
And when the Scottish plague-spot ran with-
ering through the land,
The sons of Wykeham knelt beneath meek
Andrew's fostering hand,
And none of all the faithless who breathed the
unhallowed vow
Drank of the crystal waters beneath the
plane-tree bough.

Dread was the hour, but short as dread, when
from the guarded down
Fierce Cromwell's rebel soldiery kept watch
o'er Wykeham's town :
Beneath their pointed cannon all Itchen's
valley lay,
Saint Catharine's breezy side, and the wood-
lands far away,
The huge cathedral sleeping in venerable gloom,
The modest college tower, and the bedesman's
Norman home.
They spoiled the graves of valiant men, war-
rior, and saint, and sage,
But at the grave of Wykeham good angels
quenched their rage.

Good angels still were there, when the base-
hearted son
Of Charles, the royal martyr, his course of
shame did run :
Then in those cloisters holy Ken strengthened
with deeper prayer
His own and his dear scholars' souls, to what
pure souls should dare :
Bold to rebuke enthroned sin, with calm
undazzled faith,
Whether amid the pomp of courts, or on the
bed of death ;
Firm against kingly terrors in his free coun-
try's cause,
Faithful to God's anointed against a world's
applause.

Since then, what wars, what tumults, what
change has Europe seen !
But never since, in Itchen's vale, has war or
tumult been ;
God's mercies have been with us, his favor
still has blest
The memories sweet, and glorious deeds, of
the good man at rest :
The many prayers, the daily praise, the nur-
ture in the Word,
Have not in vain ascended up before the
gracious Lord :
Nations and thrones and reverend laws have
melted like a dream ;

Yet Wykeham's works are green and fresh
beside the crystal stream.
Four hundred years and fifty their rolling
course have sped
Since the first serge-clad scholar to Wyke-
ham's feet was led ;
And still his seventy faithful boys, in these
presumptuous days,
Learn the old truths, speak the old words,
tread in the ancient ways :
Still for their daily orisons resounds the matin
chime ;
Still, linked in bands of brotherhood, St.
Catharine's steep they climb ;
Still to their Sabbath worship they troop by
Wykeham's tomb ;
Still in the summer twilight sing their sweet
song of home.

And at the appointed seasons, when Wyke-
ham's bounties claim
The full heart's solemn tribute from those
who love his name,
Still shall his white-robed children, as age on
age rolls by,
At Oxford, and at Winchester, give thanks to
God Most High :
And amid kings, and martyrs shedding down
glorious light,
While the deep-echoing organ swells to the
vaulted height,
With grateful thoughts o'erflowing at the mer-
cies they behold,
They shall praise their sainted fathers, the
famous men of old.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, the historian, was born
Oct. 25, 1800, and died Dec. 28, 1859. His history and his
essays constitute the basis of his fame as one of the first
men of letters of England, but his verse also is very much
admired. Ivry is a town near Paris, where Henry IV.
gained a victory over the "Army of the League," March
14, 1590. The king was at the time a Protestant.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all
glories are !
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry
of Navarre !
Now let there be the merry sound of music
and of dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny
vines, O pleasant land of France !
And, thou, Rochelle ! our own Rochelle !
proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy
mourning daughters ;

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous
 in our joy,
 For cold and stiff and still are they, who
 wrought thy walls annoy.
 Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned
 the chance of war,
 Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of
 Navarre!

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at
 the dawn of day,
 We saw the Army of the League drawn out in
 long array;
 With all its priest-led citizens and all its rebel
 peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's
 Flemish spears!
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the
 curses of our land;
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a trun-
 cheon in his hand:
 And as we looked on them we thought of
 Seine's empurpled flood,
 And good Coligni's hoary hair, all dabbled
 with his blood;
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules
 the fate of war,
 To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of
 Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his
 armor drest,
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon
 his gallant crest.
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in
 his eye;
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance
 was stern and high.
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled
 from wing to wing,
 All down our line, a deafening shout, "God
 save our lord, the king!"
 "And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full
 well he may,
 For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody
 fray,
 Press where ye see my white plume shine,
 amidst the ranks of war,
 And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of
 Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the
 mingled din
 Of fife and steed and trump and drum and
 roaring culverin.
 The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint
 Andre's plain,

With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and
 Almayne.
 Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentle-
 men of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies, — upon them with
 the lance!
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thou-
 sand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind
 the snow-white crest;
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while,
 like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the hel-
 met of Navarre.

Now God be praised, the day is ours! May-
 enne hath turned his rein;
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish
 count is slain;
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds be-
 fore a Biscay gale;
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and
 flags, and cloven mail;
 And then we thought on vengeance, and all
 along our van,
 "Remember Saint Bartholomew!" was
 passed from man to man.
 But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman
 is my foe;
 Down, down with every foreigner, but let
 your brethren go."
 Oh, was there ever such a knight, in friend-
 ship or in war,
 As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the sol-
 dier of Navarre?

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of
 Lucerne;
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those
 who never shall return.
 Ho! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican
 pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy
 poor spearmen's souls.
 Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that
 your arms be bright;
 Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch
 and ward to-night;
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God
 hath raised the slave,
 And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the
 valor of the brave.
 Then glory to his holy name, from whom all
 glories are;
 And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry
 of Navarre!

NASEBY.

By OBADIAH BIND-THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-THEIR-NOBLES-WITH-LINKS-OF-IRON, Sergeant in Ireton's Regiment.

Macaulay admired the Puritans, but had no sympathy with them. The battle of Naseby was fought between the King and the Commons, June 14, 1645, and resulted in the flight of Charles I. from the field, owing to the skill of Oliver Cromwell, who routed the left wing of the royal forces.

OH, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from
the north,
With your hands and your feet and your rai-
ment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a
joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press
that ye tread?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that
we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty
and the strong,
Who sate in the high places and slew the
saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June
That we saw their banners dance and their
cuirasses shine,
And the man of blood was there, with his
long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert
of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and
his sword,
The General rode along us to form us for the
fight;
When a murmuring sound broke out, and
swelled into a shout
Among the godless horsemen upon the ty-
rant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the
shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging
line:
For God! for the cause! for the Church! for
the laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of
the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions
and his drums,
His bravoës of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall:
They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp your
pikes! Close your ranks!
For Rupert never comes but to conquer, or to
fall.

They are here, — they rush on, — we are bro-
ken, — we are gone, —
Our left is borne before them like stubble on
the blast.

O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend
the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name! and fight
it to the last!

Stout Skippen hath a wound, — the centre
hath given ground.
Hark! hark! what means the trampling of
horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he!
thank God! 'tis he, boys!
Bear up another minute! Brave Oliver is here!

Their heads all stooping low, their points all
in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge
on the dikes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the
accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his
pikes.

Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook
to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on
Temple Bar;
And he — he turns! he flies! shame on those
cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not
look on war!

Ho, comrades! scour the plain; and ere ye
strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search
secure;
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their
broadpieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the
poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and
your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your le-
mans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox from her cham-
bers in the rocks
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the
prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mocked at
heaven and hell and fate?
And the fingers that once were so busy with
your blades?

Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches
and your oaths ?

Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your dia-
monds and your spades ?

Down ! down ! forever down, with the mitre
and the crown !

With the Belial of the court, and the Mam-
mon of the Pope !

There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail in
Durham's stalls ;

The Jesuit smites his bosom, the bishop rends
his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her
children's ills,

And tremble when she thinks on the edge of
England's sword ;

And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder
when they hear

What the hand of God hath wrought for the
houses and the word !

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

THE chimes, the chimes of Motherland,
Of England green and old,

That out from fané and ivied tower
A thousand years have tolled ;

How glorious must their music be
As breaks the hallowed day,

And calleth with a seraph's voice
A nation up to pray !

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,

Sweet tales of olden time ;
And ring a thousand memories

At vesper, and at prime !
At bridal and at burial,

For cottager and king,

Those chimes, those glorious Christian chimes,
How blessedly they ring !

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,

Upon a Christmas morn,
Outbreaking as the angels did,

For a Redeemer born !
How merrily they call afar,

To cot and baron's hall,

With holly decked and mistletoe,
To keep the festival !

The chimes of England, how they peal

From tower and Gothic pile,

Where hymn and swelling anthem fill

The dim cathedral aisle ;

Where windows bathe the holy light

On priestly heads that falls,

And stain the florid tracery

Of banner-dighted walls !

And then, those Easter bells, in spring,

Those glorious Easter chimes !

How loyally they hail thee round,

Old Queen of holy times !

From hill to hill, like sentinels,

Responsively they cry,

And sing the rising of the Lord,

From vale to mountain high.

I love ye, chimes of Motherland,

With all this soul of mine,

And bless the Lord that I am sprung

Of good old English line :

And like a son I sing the lay

That England's glory tells ;

For she is lovely to the Lord,

For you, ye Christian bells !

And heir of her historic fame,

Though far away my birth,

Thee, too, I love, my Forest-land,

The joy of all the earth ;

For thine thy mother's voice shall be,

And here, where God is king,

With English chimes, from Christian spires,

The wilderness shall ring.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

1830.

HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT 's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod

Its Maker meant not should be trod

By man, the image of his God,

Erect and free,

Unscourged by Superstition's rod

To bow the knee ?

That 's hallowed ground, where, mourned and
missed,

The lips repose our love has kissed ;

But where 's their memory's mansion? Is 't

Yon churchyard's bowers ?

No ! in ourselves their souls exist,

A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground

Where mated hearts are mutual bound :

The spot where love's first links were wound,

That ne'er are riven,

Is hallowed down to earth's profound,

And up to heaven !

For time makes all but true love old ;
 The burning thoughts that then were told
 Run molten still in memory's mould ;
 And will not cool,
 Until the heart itself be cold
 In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep ?
 'T is not the sculptured piles you heap !
 In dews that heavens far distant weep
 Their turf may bloom :
 Or Genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
 Whose sword or voice has served mankind ;
 And is he dead, whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high ?
 To live in hearts we leave behind
 Is not to die.

Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right ?
 He's dead alone that lacks her light !
 And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
 The sword he draws :
 What can alone ennoble fight ?
 A noble cause !

Give that ! and welcome War to brace
 Her drums ! and rend heaven's reeking space !
 The colors planted face to face,
 The charging cheer,
 Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
 Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
 To Heaven ! — but Heaven rebukes my zeal !
 The cause of Truth and human weal,
 O God above !
 Transfer it from the sword's appeal
 To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love ! the cherubim, that join
 Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,
 Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
 Where they are not, —
 The heart alone can make divine
 Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
 And pompous rites in domes august ?
 See mouldering stones and metal's rust
 Belie the vaunt,
 That man can bless one pile of dust
 With chime or chant.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man !
 Thy temples, — creeds themselves grow wan !
 But there 's a dome of nobler span,
 A temple given
 Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban, —
 Its space is heaven !

Its roof star-pictured, Nature's ceiling,
 Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
 And God himself to man revealing,
 The harmonious spheres
 Make music, though unheard their pealing
 By mortal ears.

Fair stars ! are not your beings pure ?
 Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure ?
 Else why so swell the thoughts at your
 Aspect above ?
 Ye must be heavens that make us sure
 Of heavenly love !

And in your harmony sublime
 I read the doom of distant time ;
 That man's regenerate soul from crime
 Shall yet be drawn,
 And reason on his mortal clime
 Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground ? 'T is what gives
 birth
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth ! —
 Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! go forth
 Earth's compass round ;
 And your high-priesthood shall make earth
 All hallowed ground !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE YOUNG QUEEN.

" This awful responsibility is imposed upon me so suddenly and at so early a period of my life, that I should feel myself utterly oppressed by the burden, were I not sustained by the hope that Divine Providence, which has called me to this work, will give me strength for the performance of it."—*The Queen's Declaration in Council, 1837.*

THE shroud is yet unspread
 To wrap our crowned dead ;
 His soul hath scarcely hearkened for the thrill-
 ing word of doom ;
 And death that makes serene
 Even brows where crowns have been,
 Hath scarcely time to meeten his for silence of
 the tomb.

St. Paul's king-dirging note
 The city's heart hath smote —
 The city's heart is struck with thought more
 solemn than the tone !
 A shadow sweeps apace
 Before the Nation's face,
 Confusing in a shapeless blot, the sepulchre
 and throne.

The palace sounds with wail —
 The courtly dames are pale —

A widow o'er the purple bows, and weeps its
splendor dim :

And we who hold the boon,
A king for freedom won,
Do feel eternity rise up between our thanks
and him.

And while things express
All glory's nothingness,
A royal maiden treadeth firm where *that* de-
parted trod !
The deathly scented crown
Weighs her shining ringlets down ;
But calm she lifts her trusting face, and calleth
upon God.

Her thoughts are deep within her :
No outward pageants win her
From memories that in her soul are rolling
wave on wave —

Her palace walls enring
The dust that was a king —
And very cold beneath her feet, she feels her
father's grave.

And One, as fair as she,
Can scarce forgotten be, —
Who clasped a little infant dead, for all a
kingdom's worth !

The mourned, blessed One,
Who views Jehovah's throne,
Aye smiling to the angels, that she lost a
throne on earth.

Perhaps our youthful Queen
Remembers what has been —
Her childhood's rest by loving heart, and sport
on grassy sod —

Alas ! can others wear
A mother's heart for her ?
But calm she lifts her trusting face, and calleth
upon God.

Yea ! on God, thou maiden
Of spirit nobly laden,
And leave such happy days behind, for happy-
making years !

A nation looks to thee
For steadfast sympathy :
Make room within thy bright clear eyes, for
all its gathered tears.

And so the grateful isles
Shall give thee back their smiles,
And as thy mother joys in thee, in them shalt
thou rejoice ;

Rejoice to meekly bow
A somewhat paler brow,
While the King of kings shall bless thee by
the British people's voice !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

VICTORIA'S TEARS.

"Hark ! the reiterated clangor sounds !
Now murmurs, like the sea or like the storm,
Or like the flames on forests, move and mount
From rank to rank, and loud and louder roll,
Till all the people is one vast applause."

LANDER'S *Gebir*.

"O MAIDEN ! heir of kings !
A king has left his place !
The majesty of death has swept
All other from his face !
And thou upon thy mother's breast,
No longer lean adown,
But take the glory for the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best !"
She heard and wept —
She wept, to wear a crown !

They decked her courtly halls ;
They reined her hundred steeds ;
They shouted at her palace gate,
"A noble Queen succeeds !"
Her name has stirred the mountain's sleep,
Her praise has filled the town !
And mourners God had stricken deep,
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep.
Alone she wept,
Who wept, to wear a crown !

She saw no purple shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes ;
She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries !
And while her heralds played the part,
For million shouts to drown —
"God save the Queen" from hill to mart, —
She heard through all her beating heart,
And turned and wept —
She wept, to wear a crown !

God save thee, weeping Queen !
Thou shalt be well beloved !
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move,
As those pure tears have moved !
The nature in thine eyes we see,
That tyrants cannot own —
The love that guardeth liberties !
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose Sovereign wept —
Yea ! wept, to wear its crown !

God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessing more divine !
And fill with happier love than earth's,
That tender heart of thine !
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down ;

A pierced hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see!
Thou wilt not *weep*,
To wear that heavenly crown!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE BATTLE-SONG OF GUSTAVUS
ADOLPHUS.

“Versage nicht, du Häuflein klein.”

The following was composed in prose by GUSTAVUS
ADOLPHUS, of Sweden, after the battle of Leipzig, Sept. 7,
1631. It was versified by his chaplain, JACOB FABRICIUS.

FEAR not, O little flock! the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power:
What though your courage sometimes faints?
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to him, our Lord.
Though hidden now from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and his word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword are they grown;
God is with us, we are his own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus; grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall the saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end! Amen.

Translated by MISS CATHERINE WINKWORTH

1855.

PRAYER DURING BATTLE.

“Vater, ich rufe dich.”

KARL THEODOR KÖRNER was born at Dresden, Sept. 23,
1791, and died in battle Aug. 26, 1813. His life was devoted
to the cause of freeing his country from the despotism of
Napoleon, and his songs had the most inspiring influence
upon his countrymen, of whom he became the pride.

FATHER, I call on thee!
Roaring the cannons hurl round me their
clouds,
Flashing the lightning bursts wildly its shrouds.
God of battles, I call upon thee!
Father, oh, guide thou me!

Father, oh, guide thou me!
Lead me to victory, lead me to death!
Lord, I'll acknowledge thee with my last breath.
Lord, as thou listest, guide thou me!
God, I acknowledge thee!

God, I acknowledge thee!
As when the autumn's leaves fall to the ground,
So when the thunders of battle resound,
Fountain of mercy, I recognize thee.
Father, oh, bless thou me!

Father, oh, bless thou me!
E'er to thy guidance my life I will trust,
Thou gavest me life, thou canst turn me to dust;
In life or in death be thy blessing on me!
Father, I honor thee!

Father, I honor thee!
'T is not a fight for this world's golden hoard;
Holy is what we protect with the sword,
Hence falling, or vanquishing, praise be
to thee!
God, I submit to thee!

God, I submit to thee!
When round me roar the dread thunders of
death,
When my veins' torrent shall drain my last
breath;
Then, O my God, I submit unto thee!
Father, I call on thee!

KARL THEODOR KÖRNER. Translated by
ALFRED BASKERVILLE, 1853.

SWISS SONG.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF AN ANCIENT BATTLE.

LOOK on the white Alps round!
If yet they gird a land
Where Freedom's voice and step are found,
Forget ye not the band, —
The faithful band, our sires, who fell
Here in the narrow battle dell!

If yet the wilds among,
Our silent hearts may burn,
When the deep mountain-horn hath rung,
And home our steps may turn, —
Home! — home! — if still that name be dear.
Praise to the men who perished here!

Look on the white Alps round!
Up to their shining snows,
That day the stormy rolling sound,
The sound of battle, rose!
Their caves prolonged the trumpet's blast,
Their dark pines trembled as it passed!

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Eng^d by H. E. Hall & Sons N.Y.

John G. Whittier

NEW YORK BORD MEAD & COMPANY.

They saw the princely crest,
 They saw the knightly spear,
 The banner and the mail-clad breast,
 Borne down and trampled here!
 They saw — and glorying there they stand,
 Eternal records to the land!

Praise to the mountain-born,
 The brethren of the glen!
 By them no steel array was worn,
 They stood as peasant-men!
 They left the vineyard and the field,
 To break an empire's lance and shield!

Look on the white Alps round!
 If yet, along their steepes,
 Our children's fearless feet may bound,
 Free as the chamois leaps:
 Teach them in song to bless the band
 Amidst whose mossy graves we stand!

If, by the wood-fire's blaze,
 When winter stars gleam cold,
 The glorious tales of elder days
 May proudly yet be told,
 Forget not then the shepherd race,
 Who made the hearth a holy place!

Look on the white Alps round!
 If yet the Sabbath-bell
 Comes o'er them with a gladdening sound,
 Think on the battle dell!
 For blood first bathed its flowery sod,
 That chainless hearts might worship God!

FELICIA HEMANS.

PRAYER FOR PEACE.

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY was born at Blackleyhurst, in Lancashire, and educated at the Royal Institution, Liverpool. In 1834 he went to London to take a place on the staff of the Athenæum, and for thirty-five years retained the connection. He published novels, and about one hundred songs. He died in 1872.

GOD, the All-Terrible, thou who ordainest
 Thunder thy clarion, and lightning thy
 sword;
 Show forth thy pity on high where thou reign-
 est;
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the Omnipotent, Mighty Avenger,
 Watching invisible, judging unheard;
 Save us in mercy, oh, save us from danger;
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the All-Merciful, earth hath forsaken
 Thy ways all holy, and slighted thy word;
 Let not thy wrath in its terror awaken;
 Give to us pardon and peace, O Lord.

So will thy people, with thankful devotion,
 Praise him who saved them from peril and
 sword,
 Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
 Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY.

DISARMAMENT.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the Quaker bard of America, was born at Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 17, 1807, and after spending his boyhood on a farm, began to write verses for publication. Soon he became editor, and has conducted several journals. He was prominent among the antislavery reformers of New England. His poems are among the greatest favorites of the American people, and are admired wherever the English language is used.

"PUT up the sword!" the voice of Christ
 once more

Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,
 O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
 And left dry ashes; over trenches heaped
 With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow
 Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe
 Down which a groaning diapason runs
 From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers,
 sons

Of desolate women in their far-off homes,
 Waiting to hear the step that never comes!
 O men and brothers! let that voice be heard.
 War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!

Fear not the end. There is a story told
 In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow
 cold,

And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
 With grave responses listening unto it:
 Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
 Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
 Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
 Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
 "O son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate
 Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
 The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace
 Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
 In pity said, "Poor fiend, even thee I love."
 Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank
 To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence
 shrank

Into the form and fashion of a dove;
 And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
 Circling above him sweetly sang the bird:
 "Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the
 song,
 "And peace unweaponed conquers every
 wrong!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ALL-HALLOWS; OR, THE MONK'S
DREAM.

A PROPHECY.

I TROD once more that place of tombs:
 Death-rooted elder, full in flower,
 Oppressed me with its sad perfumes,
 Pathetic breath of arch and tower:
 The ivy on the cloister wall
 Waved, gusty with a silver gleam:
 The moon sank low: the billow's fall
 In moulds of music shaped my dream.

In sleep a funeral chant I heard,
 A "De Profundis" far below;
 On the long grass the rain-drops stirred
 As when the distant tempests blow:
 Then slowly, like a heaving sea,
 The graves were troubled all around;
 And two by two, and three by three,
 The monks ascended from the ground.

From sin absolved, redeemed from tears,
 There stood they, beautiful and calm,
 The brethren of a thousand years,
 With lifted brows and palm to palm!
 On heaven they gazed in holy trance;
 Lowstreamed their beards and tresses hoar:
 And each transfigured countenance
 The benedictine impress bore.

By angels borne the holy rood
 Encircled thrice the churchyard bound;
 They paced behind it, paced in blood,
 With bleeding feet, but foreheads crowned;
 And thrice they breathed that hymn benign,
 Which angels sang when Christ was born;
 And thrice I wept, ere tower or shrine
 Had caught the first white beam of morn.

Down on the earth my brows I laid;
 In these, his saints, I worshipped God:
 And then returned that grief which made
 My heart since youth a frozen clod:
 "O ye," I wept, "whose woes are past,
 Look round on all these prostrate stones!
 To these can life return at last?
 Can spirit lift once more these bones?"

The smile of him the end who knows
 Went, luminous, o'er them, as I spake;
 Their white locks shone like mountain snows
 O'er which the orient mornings break:
 They stood: they pointed to the west:
 And lo! where darkness late had lain
 Rose many a kingdom's cited crest
 Reflected in a kindling main!

"Not only these, the fanes o'erthrown,
 Shall rise," they said, "but myriads more;
 The seed, far hence by tempests blown,
 Still sleeps on yon expectant shore.
 Send forth, sad Isle, thy reaper bands!
 Assert and pass thine old renown:
 Not here alone — in farthest lands
 For thee thy sons shall weave the crown."

They spake; and like a cloud down sank
 The just and filial grief of years;
 And I that peace celestial drank
 Which shines but o'er the seas of tears.
 Thy mission flashed before me plain,
 O thou by many woes annealed!
 And I discerned how axe and chain
 Had thy great destinies signed and sealed!

That seed which grows must seem to die:
 In thee, when earthly hope was none,
 The heaven-born hope of days gone by,
 By martyrdom matured, lived on;
 Concealed, like limbs of royal mould
 In some Egyptian pyramid,
 Or statted shape mid cities old
 Beneath Vesuvian ashes hid.

For this cause by a power divine
 Each temporal aid was frustrated:
 Tyrone, Tirconnell, Geraldine,—
 In vain they fought, in vain they bled:
 Successive 'neath the usurping hand
 Sank ill-starred Mary, erring James:
 Nor Spain nor France might wield the brand
 Which, for her own, Religion claims!

Arise, long stricken! mightier far
 Are they who fight for God and thee
 Than those that head the adverse war!
 Sad prophet! lift thy face and see!
 Behold, with eyes no longer wronged
 By mists the sense exterior breeds,
 The hills of heaven around thee thronged
 With fiery chariots and with steeds.

The years baptized in blood are thine;
 The exile's prayer from many a strand;
 The woes of those this hour who pine
 Poor aliens in their native land;
 Angels and saints from heaven down-bent
 Watch thy long conflict without pause;
 And the most holy sacrament
 From all thine altars pleads thy cause.

O great through suffering, rise at last
 Through kindred action tenfold great!
 Thy future calls on thee thy past
 (Its *soul* survives) to consummate.

Let women weep, let children moan :
 Rise, men and brethren, to the fight ;
 One cause hath earth, and one alone :
 For it, the cause of God, unite.

Let others trust in trade and traffic !
 Be ours, O God, to trust in thee !
 Cherubic wisdom, love seraphic,
 Beseech that land the truth makes free.
 The earth-quelling sword let others vaunt ;
 Such toys allure the youth, the boy :
 Be ours for loftier wreaths to pant,
 The apostles' crown of faith and joy !

Hope of my country ! house of God !
 All hallows ! Blessed feet are those
 By which thy courts shall yet be trod
 Once more as ere the spoiler rose !
 Blessed the winds that waft them forth
 To victory o'er the rough sea foam :
 That race to God which conquers earth, —
 Can God forget that race at home ?

AUBREY DE VERE.

HYMN

FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE SECOND CENTENNIAL ANNI-
 VERSARY OF THE PLANTING OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.,
 APRIL 25, 1838.

LEONARD BACON, one of the most prominent ministers of the Congregational Church in America, and a frequent contributor to the press, was born at Detroit, Mich., in 1802. Since 1825 he has been pastor of the Centre Church, New Haven, Conn., and is now Professor in the Divinity School of Yale College. He was one of the founders of the New York Independent, and on its original staff of editors. The following lines form the basis of the hymn beginning, "O God, beneath thy guiding hand." They were altered by the author in 1844, when he was one of a committee appointed by the General Association of Connecticut to make a collection of psalms and hymns for public worship.

THE Sabbath morn was bright and calm
 Upon the hills, the woods, the sea,
 When here the prayer and choral psalm
 First rose, our fathers' God, to thee.

Thou heardst, well pleased, the song, the
 prayer :
 Thy blessing came ; and still its power
 Goes onward through all time to bear
 The memory of that holy hour.

What change ! Through pathless woods no
 more
 The fierce and naked savage roams ;
 Sweet praise along the cultured shore
 Breaks from a thousand happy homes.

Laws, freedom, truth and faith in God,
 Came with those exiles o'er the waves ;
 And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
 The God they trusted guards their graves,

Here peace beneath thy wings, and truth,
 And law-girt freedom still shall dwell ;
 And reverend age to manly youth
 His treasured stores of wisdom tell.

And here thy name, O God of love,
 Successive thousands shall adore,
 Till these eternal hills remove,
 And spring adorns the earth no more.

LEONARD BACON, D. D.

1838.

CELEBRATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

JAMES FLINT, for thirty years pastor of the East Church at Salem, Mass., was born at Reading, Dec. 10, 1779, graduated at Harvard College in 1802, and died March 4, 1855. He prepared a collection of hymns for the use of his church, which included several of his own. He was distinguished for the usefulness of his life, no less than for his active intellect, exuberant fancy, and intellectual culture.

FREEMEN, we our chartered rights
 Hold from men who lived the lights,
 And the bulwark on her heights,
 Of their country, stood.

Tyrants' threats and bribes they spurned,
 Back the oppressor's hosts they turned,
 Freedom for their sons they earned
 By their toils and blood.

Be their names immortalized,
 Who their life-blood sacrificed,
 That a boon so dearly prized
 They for us might win.

Yet in vain our freedom, Lord,
 Bought with blood in battle poured,
 If, unfranchised by thy Word,
 We are slaves to sin.

Freedom without self-control
 Is but leave to wreck the soul,
 Passion-driven on pleasure's shoal,
 To the future blind.

Freemen, then, by right of birth,
 Teach us, Lord, to prize the worth
 Of that richest gem of earth,
 Freedom of the mind.

JAMES FLINT, D. D.

1843.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The hymns of MRS. VOKE appeared in England, in 1806. The conversion of the world was her chief theme.

YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breast inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

MRS. VOKE.

1806.

HOME MISSIONS.

HENRY USTICK ONDERDONK, a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was born in New York City, in March, 1780, and died at Philadelphia, Dec. 6, 1858. He was a graduate of Columbia College, and took a degree in medicine in Edinburgh, in 1810.

WHEN, Lord, to this our Western land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wandering fathers came,
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,
To keep them in thy name.

Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallowed by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossomed as the rose.

And oh, may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet

Within our spreading land!
There, brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam;
Still guided by thy hand.

Saviour, we own this debt of love!
Oh, shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast,
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix thy name
Through all our desert West.

HENRY USTICK ONDERDONK.

1828.

PRAYER FOR HOME MISSIONS.

LOOK from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might;
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee.

Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

1840.





SCRIPTURAL PLACES, SCENES,
AND CHARACTERS.



ATTRACTION OF THE EAST.

WHAT secret current of man's nature turns
Unto the golden East with ceaseless flow?
Still, where the sunbeam at its fountain burns,
The pilgrim spirit would adore and glow;
Rapt in high thoughts, though weary, faint, and slow,
Still doth the traveller through the desert's wind,
Led by those old Chaldean stars, which know
Where passed the shepherd fathers of mankind.
Is it some quenchless instinct, which from far
Still points to where our alienated home
Lay in bright peace? O thou true eastern star,
Saviour! atoning Lord! where'er we roam,
Draw still our hearts to thee; else, else how vain
Their hope, the fair lost birthright to regain.

FELICIA HEMANS.

SCRIPTURAL PLACES, SCENES, AND CHARACTERS.

SACRED AND PROFANE WRITERS.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE, Bart., was born at Curragh Chase, Adare, in the interesting county of Limerick, Ireland, Aug. 28, 1788. As a poet he is known chiefly by his sonnets, which were pronounced by Wordsworth to be among the most perfect of the age, and by his dramas, which challenged comparison with Tennyson's on the same subject, the life of Mary Tudor. Sir Aubrey's life was that of a country gentleman, and was mainly passed at the place of his birth, the ancestral home, now occupied by his son, who bears his name. There he died July 28, 1845.

LET those who will, hang rapturously o'er
The flowing eloquence of Plato's page,
Repeat, with flashing eye, the sounds that pour
From Homer's verse as with a torrent's rage;
Let those who list, ask Tully to assuage
Wild hearts with high-wrought periods, and
restore

The reign of rhetoric ; or maxims sage
Winnow from Seneca's sententious lore.
Not these, but Judah's hallowed bards, to me
Are dear : Isaiah's noble energy ;
The temperate grief of Job ; the artless strain
Of Ruth and pastoral Amos ; the high songs
Of David ; and the tale of Joseph's wrongs,
Simply pathetic, eloquently plain.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

PALESTINE.

BLEST land of Judæa! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like
throng ;

In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy
sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with
thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered be-
fore ;

With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills ! — in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Genesaret, chime on my ear ;
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat
down,
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was
thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene ;
And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee !

Hark, a sound in the valley ! where, swollen
and strong,
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along ;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in
vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of
the slain.

There down from his mountains stern Zebulon
came,
And Naphtali's stag, with his eyeballs of flame,
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son !

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns
which rang
To the song which the beautiful prophetess
sang,
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around, and the valleys
between ;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?

I tread where the Twelve in their wayfaring
trod,
I stand where they stood with the Chosen of
God, —
Where his blessing was heard and his lessons
were taught,
Where the blind were restored and the healing
was wrought.

Oh, here with his flock the sad Wanderer
came, —
These hills he toiled over in grief are the
same, —
The founts where he drank by the wayside still
flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed
on his brow!

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on
her feet;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath
gone,
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God?
Were my spirit but turned from the outward
and dim,
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of
him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as
when,
In love and in meekness, he moved among
men;
And the voice which breathed peace to the
waves of the sea
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where he
stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which he bowed
him to bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of
prayer.

Yet, Loved of the Father, thy Spirit is near,
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;
And the voice of thy love is the same even
now
As at Bethany's tomb or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone! — but in glory and
power,
The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE PATHWAYS OF THE HOLY LAND.

THE pathways of Thy land are little changed
Since Thou wert there;
The busy world through other ways has ranged,
And left these bare.

The rocky path still climbs the glowing steep
Of Olivet,
Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep,
Men tread it yet.

Still to the gardens o'er the brook it leads,
Quiet and low;
Before his sheep the shepherd on it treads,
His voice they know.

The wild fig throws broad shadows o'er it still
As once o'er thee;
Peasants go home at evening up that hill
To Bethany.

And as when gazing thou didst weep o'er them,
From height to height
The white roofs of discrowned Jerusalem
Burst on our sight.

These ways were strewed with garments once,
and palm,
Which we tread thus;
Here through thy triumph on thou passedst,
calm,
On to thy cross.

The waves have washed fresh sands upon the
shore
Of Galilee;
But chiselled in the hillsides evermore
Thy paths we see.

Man has not changed them in that slumbering
land,
Nor time effaced:
Where thy feet trod to bless we still may stand;
All can be traced.

Yet we have traces of thy footsteps far
Truer than these;
Where'er the poor and tried and suffering are,
Thy steps faith sees.

Nor with fond sad regrets thy steps we trace ;
 Thou art not dead !
 Our path is onward, till we see thy face,
 And hear thy tread.

And now, wherever meets thy lowliest band
 In praise and prayer,
 There is thy presence, there thy Holy Land,
 Thou, thou art there !

MRS ELIZABETH (RUNDLE) CHARLES.

ODE TO JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem !
 If any love thee not, on them
 May all thy judgments fall ;
 For every hope that crowns our earth,
 All birth-gifts of her heavenly birth,
 To thee she owes them all !

Deep was thy guilt, and deep thy woe ;
 The brand of Cain upon thy brow,
 Each shore has felt thy tread :
 No altar now is thine ; no priest ;
 Upon thy hearth no paschal feast :
 The paschal moon is dead.

When from their height the nations fall,
 The kind grave o'er them strews her pall ;
 They die as mortals die :
 But He who looked thee in the face
 Stamped there that look no years erase,
 His own on Calvary.

Awe-struck on thee men gaze, and yet
 Confess thy greatness, own our debt,
 And trembling still revere
 The royal family of man,
 Supporting thus its blight and ban
 With constancy austere.

Those sciences by us so prized
 The sternness of thy strength despised,
 Devices light and vain
 Of men who lack the might to live
 In that repose contemplative
 Which Asian souls maintain.

By thee the Book of Life was writ ;
 And, wander where it may, with it
 Thy soul abroad is sent ;
 Wherever towers a Christian church,
 Palace of earth, heaven's sacred porch,
 It is thy monument.

Thy minstrel songs, like sounds wind-borne
 From harps on Babel boughs forlorn,
 O'er every clime have swept ;

And Christian mothers yet grow pale
 With echoes faint of Rachel's wail ;
 Our maids with Ruth have wept.

Thou bind'st the present with the past,
 The prime of ages with the last ;
 The golden chain art thou,
 On which alone all fates are hung
 Of nations springing or upsprung,
 Earthward once more to bow.

Across the world's tumultuous gate
 Thou fling'st thy shadow's giant weight, —
 The mightiest birth of time ;
 For all her pangs she may not bear
 Until her feast she bids thee share
 And mount her throne sublime.

Far other gaze than that he pours
 On empires round thee sunk, and shores
 That once in victory shone,
 Far other gaze and paler frown
 The great Saturnian star bends down
 On cedared Lebanon.

He knows that thou, obscured and dim,
 Thus wrestling all night long with him,
 Shalt victor rise at last ;
 Destined thy brows tower-crowned to rear
 More high than his declining sphere
 When, downward on the blast,

God's mightiest angel leaps, and stands
 A shape o'ershadowing seas and lands,
 And swears by him who swore
 A faithful oath and kind to man
 Ere worlds were shaped or years began,
 That "time shall be no more."

AUBREY DE VERE.

JERUSALEM.

FOUR lamps were burning o'er two mighty
 graves,
 Godfrey's and Baldwin's, — Salem's Chris-
 tian kings ;
 And holy light glanced from Helena's naves,
 Fed with the incense which the pilgrim
 brings ;
 While through the panelled roof the cedar
 flings
 Its sainted arms o'er choir and roof and dome,
 And every porphyry-pillared cloister rings
 To every kneeler there its "welcome home,"
 As every lip breathes out, "O Lord, thy king-
 dom come."

A mosque was garnished with its crescent
moons,

And a clear voice called Mussulmans to
prayer.

There were the splendors of Judæa's thrones,
There were the trophies which its conquer-
ors wear,

All but the truth, the holy truth, was there ;
For there, with lip profane, the crier stood,
And him from the tall minaret you might
hear,

Singing to all whose steps had thither trod,
That verse misunderstood, " There is no God
but God."

Hark ! did the pilgrim tremble as he kneeled ?
And did the turbaned Turk his sins confess ?

Those mighty hands the elements that wield,
That mighty power that knows to curse or
bless,

Is over all ; and in whatever dress
His suppliants crowd around him, he can see
Their heart, in city or in wilderness,
And probe its core, and make its blindness flee,
Owning him very God, the only deity.

There was an earthquake once that rent thy
fane,

Proud Julian ; when (against the prophecy
Of him who lived and died and rose again,
" That one stone on another should not lie ")

Thou wouldst rebuild that Jewish masonry
To mock the eternal word. The earth below
Gushed out in fire ; and from the brazen sky
And from the boiling seas such wrath did flow
As saw not Shinar's plain nor Babel's over-
throw.

Another earthquake comes. Dome, roof, and
wall

Tremble ; and headlong to the grassy bank
And in the muddied stream the fragments fall,
While the rent chasm spread its jaws, and
drank

At one huge draught the sediment, which
sank

In Salem's drained goblet Mighty Power !
Thou whom we all should worship, praise,
and thank,

Where was thy mercy in that awful hour,
When hell moved from beneath, and thine
own heaven did lower ?

Say, Pilate's palaces, proud Herod's towers,
Say, gate of Bethlehem, did your arches
quake ?

Thy pool, Bethesda, was it filled with showers ?
Calm Gihon, did the jar thy waters wake ?

Tomb of thee, Mary — virgin — did it shake ?
Glowed thy bought field, Aceldama, with blood ?
Where were the shuddering Calvary might
make ?

Did sainted Mount Moriah send a flood
To wash away the spot where once a God had
stood ?

Lost Salem of the Jews, great sepulchre
Of all profane and of all holy things,
Where Jew and Turk and Gentile yet concur
To make thee what thou art, thy history
brings

Thoughts mixed of joy and woe. The whole
earth rings

With the sad truth which he has prophesied,
Who would have sheltered with his holy
wings

Thee and thy children. You his power defied ;
You scourged him while he lived, and mocked
him as he died !

There is a star in the untroubled sky,
That caught the first light which its Maker
made, —

It led the hymn of other orbs on high ;
'T will shine when all the fires of heaven
shall fade,

Pilgrims at Salem's porch, be that your aid,
For it has kept its watch on Palestine !

Look to its holy light, nor be dismayed,
Though broken is each consecrated shrine,
Though crushed and ruined all which men
have called divine.

JOHN GARDINER CALKINS BRAINARD.

JERUSALEM.

JAMES BAYARD TAYLOR, a great traveller and one of the
most prominent of the later American writers, was born
Jan. 11, 1825, and died in 1879, United States Minister at
Berlin. He wrote and translated much, especially from Ger-
man authors. His version of Goethe's *Faust* is a standard
work.

FAIR shines the moon, Jerusalem,
Upon the hills that wore
Thy glory once, their diadem
Ere Judah's reign was o'er :
The stars on hallowed Olivet
And over Zion burn,
But when shall rise thy splendor set,
Thy majesty return ?

The peaceful shades that wrap thee now
Thy desolation hide ;
The moonlit beauty of thy brow
Restores thine ancient pride ;

Yet there, where Rome thy temple rent,
The dews of midnight wet
The marble dome of Omar's tent,
And Aksa's minaret.

Thy strength, Jerusalem, is o'er,
And broken are thy walls ;
The harp of Israel sounds no more
In thy deserted halls :
But where thy kings and prophets trod,
Triumphant over death,
Behold the living Son of God, —
The Christ of Nazareth !

The halo of his presence fills
Thy courts, thy ways of men ;
His footsteps on thy holy hills
Are beautiful as then ;
The prayer, whose bloody sweat betrayed
His human agony,
Still haunts the awful olive shade
Of old Gethsemane.

Woe unto thee, Jerusalem !
Slayer of prophets, thou,
That in thy fury stonest them
God sent, and sends thee now :
Where thou, O Christ ! with anguish spent,
Forgav'st thy foes, and died,
Thy garments yet are daily rent,
Thy soul is crucified !

They darken with the Christian name
The light that from thee beamed,
And by the hatred they proclaim
Thy spirit is blasphemed ;
Unto thine ear the prayers they send
Were fit for Belial's reign,
And Moslem cimeters defend
The temple they profane.

Who shall rebuild Jerusalem ?
Her scattered children bring
From earth's far ends, and gather them
Beneath her sheltering wing ?
For Judah's sceptre broken lies,
And from his kingly stem
No new Messiah shall arise
For lost Jerusalem !

But let the wild ass on her hills
Its foal unfrighted lead,
And by the source of Kedron's rills
The desert adder breed :
For where the love of Christ has made
Its mansion in the heart,
He builds in pomp that will not fade
Her heavenly counterpart.

BAVARD TAYLOR.

JERUSALEM.

QUEEN of Judæa's stricken land,
Thy garland, faded from thy brow,
Lies withered in the desert sand
And trampled by the Arab now.
The laurel boughs of Lebanon
Still brush the blue unspotted sky ; —
Their plumes still quiver in the sun
Which lights thy ruins from on high ;
But on thy brow so desolate
Seems stamped the blasting seal of fate.

Bright Kedron's brook still flows along
In odors, 'neath the palm-tree's shade,
Unmindful of the pilgrim's song
Upon its banks there weeping laid ;
And Gethsemane's spicy bowers
Trail their low vines upon the ground ;
Withered and blasted are its flowers,
Which once did lull their fragrance round ;
Nought greens the cursed and sterile clod,
Save where perchance the Saviour trod.

But nought upon thy guilt-stained brow
Will rear its verdant, blooming head !
Nought but the paly meteor's glow
Lights up the "city of the dead !"
Thou fallen queen ! thy lyre is broke,
Which thrilled to thy own God alone !
No longer to the inspired stroke
Of monarch minstrel on the throne
Its chords of gratitude resound,
Or breathe their hallowed notes around.

Above the sculptured column's form
The mournful cypress twines in gloom,
Whilst in the glistening sunbeams warm
The scorpion basks upon the tomb !
The marble hall where music rolled,
The silent street, the holy dome,
Of thousand spires of gleaming gold,
Are now the savage jackal's home !
And o'er the temple's sacred shrines,
A wreath of death, the ivy twines.

Far o'er thy brow, Jerusalem,
Calvary's stained height in vengeance towers :
The blood which dropped from Jesse's stem
Still reddens Gethsemane's bowers.
But shall the desert's sun no more
Shed its bright rays round Nature's tomb ?
Shall not the star which glittered o'er
The heathen night of blackest gloom
Again gleam round its emerald light, —
Again dispel Judæa's night ?

Rise, rise, imperial Salem, rise !
Lo, on thee dawns Millennial morn !

Look up, look up upon the skies !
 See, see, its herald star, new-born,
 Hangs o'er thy brow a brilliant token
 That the dread curse's spell is broken !

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

1841.

LILIES OF JERUSALEM.

AGNES STRICKLAND, a historical writer and poet, was born July 19, 1796, and died July 13, 1874. She is best known as the joint authoress, with her sister, of the "Lives of the Queens of England."

FAIR lilies of Jerusalem !

Ye wear the same array
 As when imperial Judah's stem
 Maintained its regal sway.

By sacred Jordan's desert tide
 As bright ye blossom on,
 As when your simple charms outvied
 The pomp of Solomon.

The lonely pilgrim's heart is filled
 With holiest themes divine,
 When first he sees your colors gild
 The fields of Palestine,

Fresh springing from the emerald sod,
 As beautiful to see
 As when the meek, incarnate God
 Took parable from ye.

What rose, amidst her fragrant bowers,
 That steals the morning's glow,
 Or tulip, queen of Eastern flowers,
 Was ever honored so ?

But ye are of the lowly train
 Which he delights to raise ;
 Ye bloom unsullied by a stain,
 And therefore ye have praise.

Ye never toiled with anxious care,
 From silken threads to spin
 That living gold, refined and rare,
 Which God hath clothed ye in,

That ye, his simplest works, should shine,
 In such adornment dressed
 That mightiest kings of Judah's line
 Could boast of no such vest.

Ye still as mute memorials stand
 Of Scripture's sacred page, —
 Sweet lilies of the Holy Land !
 And bloom in every age.

Ye've seen the terrors of the Lord
 By signs and wonders shown,
 And kingly rebels to his power
 Amidst their pride o'erthrown.

Ye flourished when the captive band,
 By prophets warned in vain,
 Were led to fair Euphrates' strand
 From Jordan's pleasant plain,

In hostile lands to weep and dream
 Of things that still were free,
 And sigh to see your golden gleam,
 Sweet flowers of Galilee !

And ye have seen a darker hour
 On Zion's children fall,
 Than when Chaldea's vengeful power
 Assailed her leaguered wall.

Ye saw the eagles from afar
 On wings of terror come,
 And godless priests maintain a war
 'Gainst earth-subduing Rome,

The meteor sword that high in air
 O'er guilty Salem swept,
 And all her burden of despair
 O'er which Messiah wept.

Ye bloomed unscathed, meek, lovely flowers,
 On that terrific night
 When marble fanes and rock-built towers
 Crashed downward from their height.

Ye have survived Judæa's throne,
 Her temple's overthrow,
 And seen proud Salem sitting lone,
 A widow in her woe,

Her children from that pleasant place
 As outcasts sent to roam ;
 While Ishmael's unbelieving race
 Lay waste their forfeit home.

But, lilies of Jerusalem !
 Through every change ye shine ;
 Your golden urns, unfading, gem
 The fields of Palestine.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

ADAM'S COMPLAINT.

ST. THEOPHANES, who, according to Dr. Neale, holds the third place among Greek Christian poets, was born in 759, his father being Governor of the Archipelago. He entered a monastery on the day appointed for his wedding to a lady to whom he had been in childhood betrothed. He was a most prolific writer of hymns, doing the work, not because he had the poetic inspiration, but, like some English writers, because he felt it to be his duty to fill up gaps in the office book. He died in banishment in 818.

"THE Lord my Maker, forming me of clay,
 By his own breath the breath of life conveyed ;

O'er all the bright new world he gave me
sway,—

A little lower than the angels made.
But Satan, using for his guile
The crafty serpent's cruel wile,
Deceived me by the tree ;
And severed me from God and grace,
And wrought me death, and all my race,
As long as time shall be.
O Lover of the sons of men,
Forgive, and call me back again !

"In that same hour I lost the glorious stole
Of innocence, that God's own hands had
made ;

And now, the tempter poisoning all my soul,
I sit in fig-leaves and in skins arrayed ;
I sit condemned, distressed, forsaken ;
Must till the ground, whence I was taken,
By labor's daily sweat.

But thou, that shalt hereafter come,
The offspring of a virgin womb,
Have pity on me yet !
Oh, turn on me those gracious eyes,
And call me back to Paradise !

"O glorious Paradise ! O lovely clime !
O God-built mansions ! Joy of every saint !
Happy remembrance to all coming time !
Whisper, with all thy leaves, in cadence faint,
One prayer to him who made them all,
One prayer for Adam in his fall ! —
That he, who formed thy gates of yore,
Would bid those gates unfold once more
That I had closed by sin :
And let me taste that holy tree
That giveth immortality
To them that dwell therein !
Or have I fallen so far from grace
That mercy hath for me no place ?"

Adam sat right against the eastern gate,
By many a storm of sad remembrance tost :
"O me ! so ruined by the serpent's hate !
O me ! so glorious once, and now so lost !
So mad that bitter lot to choose !
Beguiled of all I had to lose !
Must I then, gladness of my eyes, —
Must I then leave thee, Paradise,
And as an exile go ?
And must I never cease to grieve
How once my God, at cool of eve,
Came down to walk below ?
O Merciful ! on thee I call :
O Pitiful ! forgive my fall !"

THEOPHANES. Translated by
JOHN MASON NEALE.

THE SONG OF LAMECH.

HEARKEN to me, ye mothers of my tent :
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken to my speech :
Adah, let Jubal hither lead his goats :
And Tubal Cain, O Zillah, hush the forge ;
Naamah her wheel shall ply beside, and thou,
My Jubal, touch, before I speak, the string ;
Yea, Jubal, touch, before I speak, the string.
Hear ye my voice, beloved of my tent ;
Dear ones of Lamech, listen to my speech.

For Eve made answer, "Cain, my son, my own,
Oh, if I cursed thee, O my child, I sinned,
And he that heard me, heard, and said me nay :
My first, my only one, thou shalt not go !"
And Adam answered also, "Cain, my son,
He that is gone forgiveth, we forgive :
Rob not thy mother of two sons at once ;
My child, abide with us and comfort us."

Hear ye my voice ; Adah and Zillah, hear ;
Ye wives of Lamech, listen to my speech.
For Cain replied not. But, an hour more, sat
Where the night through he sat ; his knit
brows seen,

Scarce seen, amid the foldings of his limbs.
But when the sun was bright upon the field,
To Adam still, and Eve still waiting by,
And weeping, lift he up his voice and spake.
Cain said : "The sun is risen upon the earth ;
The day demands my going, and I go.
As you from Paradise, so I from you ;
As you to exile, into exile I ;
My father and my mother, I depart.
As betwixt you and Paradise of old,
So betwixt me, my parents, now, and you,
Cherubim I discern, and in their hand
A flaming sword that turneth every way,
To keep the way of my one tree of life,
The way my spirit yearns to, of my love.
Yet not, O Adam and O Eve, fear not.
For he that asked me, Where is Abel ? he
Who called me cursed from the earth, and said,
A fugitive and vagabond thou art,
He also said, when fear had slain my soul,
There shall not touch thee man nor beast.
Fear not.

Lo, I have spoke with God, and he hath said,
Fear not ; — and let me go as he hath said"
Cain also said (O Jubal, touch thy string), —
"Moreover, in the darkness of my mind,
When the night's night of misery was most
black,

A little star came twinkling up within,
And in myself I had a guide that led,
And in myself had knowledge of a soul.
Fear not, O Adam and O Eve ; I go."

Children of Lamech, listen to my speech.
 For when the years were multiplied, and Cain,
 Eastward of Eden, in this land of Nod,
 Had sons, and sons of sons, and sons of them,
 Enoch and Irad and Mehujael
 (My father and my children's grandsire he),
 It came to pass that Cain, who dwelt alone,
 Met Adam, at the nightfall, in the field:
 Who fell upon his neck and wept, and said,
 "My son, has not God spoken to thee, Cain?"
 And Cain replied, when weeping loosed his
 voice,
 "My dreams are double, O my father, good
 And evil Terror to my soul by night,
 And agony by day, when Abel stands
 A dead, black shade, and speaks not, neither
 looks,
 Nor makes me any answer when I cry:
 Curse me, but let me know thou art alive.
 But comfort also, like a whisper, comes,
 In visions of a deeper sleep, when he,
 Abel, as him we knew, yours once and mine,
 Comes with a free forgiveness in his face,
 Seeming to speak, solicitous for words,
 And wearing, ere he go, the old, first look
 Of unsuspecting, unforeboding love.
 Three nights are gone I saw him thus, my sire."

Dear ones of Lamech, listen to my speech.
 For Adam said, "Three nights ago to me
 Came Abel in my sleep, as thou hast said,
 And spake, and bade, — Arise, my father, go
 Where in the land of exile dwells thy son;
 Say to my brother, Abel bids thee come,
 Abel would have thee; and lay thou thy hand,
 My father, on his head, that he may come;
 Am I not weary, father, for this hour?"
 Hear ye my voice, Adah and Zillah, hear;
 Children of Lamech, listen to my speech;
 And, son of Zillah, sound thy solemn string.

For Adam laid upon the head of Cain
 His hand, and Cain bowed down, and slept,
 and died.

And a deep sleep on Adam also fell,
 And, in his slumber's deepest, he beheld,
 Standing before the gate of Paradise,
 With Abel, hand in hand, our father, Cain.
 Hear ye my voice, Adah and Zillah, hear;
 Ye wives of Lamech, listen to my speech.

Though to his wounding he did slay a man,
 Yea, and a young man to his hurt he slew,
 Fear not, ye wives, nor, sons of Lamech, fear;
 If unto Cain was safety given, and rest,
 Shall Lamech surely and his people die?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

WRESTLING JACOB.

A masterpiece of religious poetry, based upon Gen. xxxii.
 26-31, and Hosea xii. 4.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with thee;
 With thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am,
 My misery or sin declare.
 Thyself hast called me by my name:
 Look on thy hands, and read it there.
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free;
 I never will unloose my hold.
 Art thou the Man that died for me?
 The secret of thy love unfold:
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable name?
 Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
 To know it now resolved I am:
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
 Or touch the hollow of my thigh:
 Though every sinew be unstrung,
 Out of my arms thou shalt not fly;
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long?
 I rise superior to my pain:

When I am weak, then I am strong:
 And when my all of strength shall fail,
 I shall with the God-man prevail.

My strength is gone, my nature dies;
 I sink beneath thy weighty hand;
 Faint to revive, and fall to rise:
 I fall, and yet by faith I stand.
 I stand, and will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
 But confident in self-despair;
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
 Be conquered by my instant prayer:
 Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
 And tell me if thy name is Love.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me;
 I hear thy whisper in my heart.
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
 Pure, universal Love thou art:
 To me, to all, thy bowels move;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive;
 Through faith I see thee face to face;
 I see thee face to face, and live.
 In vain I have not wept and strove;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end:
 Thy mercies never shall remove;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath rose with healing in his wings;
 Withered my nature's strength; from thee
 My soul its life and succor brings.
 My help is all laid up above:
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Contented now, upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On thee alone for strength depend;
 Nor have I power from thee to move:
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;
 Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And as a bounding hart fly home,
 Through all eternity to prove
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1742.

THE DESTROYING ANGEL.

HE stopped at last,
 And a mild look of sacred pity cast
 Down on the sinful land where he was sent
 To inflict the tardy punishment.

“Ah! yet,” said he, “yet, stubborn king, re-
 pent,
 Whilst thus unarmed I stand,
 Ere the keen sword of God fill my com-
 manded hand;
 Suffer but yet thyself and thine to live:
 Who would, alas! believe

That it for man,” said he,
 “So hard to be forgiven should be,
 And yet for God so easy to forgive!”

Through Egypt's wicked land his march he
 took,
 And as he marched the sacred first-born strook
 Of every womb: none did he spare,
 None, from the meanest beast to Pharaoh's
 purple heir.

Whilst health and strength and gladness doth
 possess
 The festal Hebrew cottages;
 The blest destroyer comes not there
 To interrupt the sacred cheer:
 Upon their doors he read, and understood
 God's protection writ in blood;
 Well was he skilled in the character divine;
 And though he passed by it in haste,
 He bowed and worshipped, as he passed,
 The mighty mystery through its humble sign.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

“THE ROCK” IN EL GHOR.

DEAD Petra in her hill-tomb sleeps,
 Her stones of emptiness remain;
 Around her sculptured mystery sweeps
 The lonely waste of Edom's plain.

From the doomed dwellers in the cleft
 The bow of vengeance turns not back;
 Of all her myriads none are left
 Along the Wady Mousa's track.

Clear in the hot Arabian day
 Her arches spring, her statues climb;
 Unchanged, the graven wonders pay
 No tribute to the spoiler, Time!

Unchanged the awful lithograph
 Of power and glory undertrod —
 Of nations scattered like the chaff
 Blown from the threshing-floor of God.

Yet shall the thoughtful stranger turn
 From Petra's gates, with deeper awe
 To mark afar the burial urn
 Of Aaron on the cliffs of Hor;

And where upon its ancient guard
 Thy Rock, El Ghor, is standing yet,—
 Looks from its turrets desertward,
 And keeps the watch that God has set.

The same as when in thunders loud
It heard the voice of God to man, —
As when it saw in fire and cloud
The angels walk in Israel's van!

Or when from Ezion-Geber's way
It saw the long procession file,
And heard the Hebrew timbrels play
The music of the lordly Nile;

Or saw the tabernacle pause,
Cloud-bound, by Kadesh Barnea's wells,
While Moses graved the sacred laws,
And Aaron swung his golden bells.

Rock of the desert, prophet-sung!
How grew its shadowing pile at length,
A symbol in the Hebrew tongue,
Of God's eternal love and strength.

On lip of bard and scroll of seer,
From age to age went down the name,
Until the Shiloh's promised year,
And Christ, the Rock of Ages, came!

The path of life we walk to-day
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod;
We need the shadowing rock, as they, —
We need, like them, the guides of God.

God send his angels, Cloud and Fire,
To lead us o'er the desert sand.
God give our hearts their long desire,
His shadow in a weary land.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

MOSES AND THE WORM.

JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER, son of a Prussian schoolmaster, was born in East Prussia, Aug. 25, 1744, and became a theologian. In 1776 he settled down at Weimar beside Goethe, Wieland, and Schiller, and was court preacher, besides holding other offices of influence. He gave its poetic principle to the Romantic school of German literature. He was at home in the poetry of all ages, and had an enthusiasm for humanity. He wrote a genial work on Hebrew Poetry, and another on the Philosophy of History. He set forth the idea of history as an exhibition of the growth of national genius. He died Dec. 18, 1803.

HOLY Moses, man of God, came to his tent
one day,
And called his wife Safurja, and his children
from their play:
"O sweetest orphaned children! O dearest
widowed wife!
We meet, dear ones, no more on earth, for this
day ends my life.
Jehovah sent his angel down, and told me to
prepare —"

Then swooned Safurja on the ground; the
children, in despair,
Said, weeping, "Who will care for us when
you, dear father, go?"

And Moses wept and sobbed aloud to see his
children's woe.

But then Jehovah spake from heaven: "And
dost thou fear to die?"

And dost thou love this world so well that thus
I hear thee cry?"

And Moses said: "I fear not death. I leave
this world with joy;

Yet cannot but compassionate this orphan girl
and boy."

"In whom, then, did thy mother trust, when,
in thy basket-boat,

An infant on the Nile's broad stream, all help-
less thou didst float?

In whom didst thou thyself confide when by
the raging sea

The host of Pharaoh came in sight?" Then
Moses said: "In thee!

In thee, O Lord, I now confide, as I confided
then."

And God replied: "Go to the shore! Lift up
thy staff again."

Then Moses lifted up his rod. The sea rolled
wide away,

And in the midst a mighty rock, black and
uncovered, lay.

"Smite thou the rock!" said God again.
The rock was rent apart,

And then appeared a little worm, close nestled
in its heart.

The worm cried: "Praise to God on high, who
hears his creatures' moan,

Nor did forget the little worm concealed within
the stone!"

"If I remember," said the Lord, "the worm
beneath the sea,

Shall I forget thy children, who love and
honor me?"

JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER.

"NO MAN KNOWETH HIS SEP-
ULCHRE."

WHEN he, who, from the scourge of wrong
Aroused the Hebrew tribes to fly,
Saw the fair region, promised long,
And bowed him on the hills to die;

God made his grave, to men unknown,
Where Moab's rocks a vale infold,
And laid the aged seer alone
To slumber while the world grows old.

Thus still, whene'er the good and just
Close the dim eye on life and pain,
Heaven watches o'er their sleeping dust
Till the pure spirit comes again.

Though nameless, trampled, and forgot,
His servant's humble ashes lie,
Yet God has marked and sealed the spot,
To call its inmate to the sky.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

—◆—
MOUNT NEBO.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH, one of the most prominent of the later German lyric poets, was born at Detmold, June 17, 1810, and early attracted attention as a poet, though he was engaged in mercantile pursuits. He is a liberal in political convictions, and has suffered imprisonment on account of the expression of his views. At one time he lived as a merchant's clerk in London.

UPON the banks of Jordan
The host of Israel's name,
All Jacob's seed, encamped,
Who out of Egypt came.
There lay the tribes, wide-spreading, —
There rest the pilgrims found,
Weary, with long years treading
The sandy desert round.

There from their hands the wanderers
Their staves have laid aside,
And spread them woollen blankets,
Their girdles loosening wide!
And on their robes reclining
In picturesque array,
The brown and swarthy travellers,
With beards dark-curling, lay.

Their tent-staves there were pitched,
Their linen veils outspread,
And in the midst was raised
The tabernacle's head.
Between them and the sunbeams
Green foliage shadow flings:
They filled their leathern bottles
At fresh cool water-springs.

With oil their bodies laving,
They washed away the sand;
The driver there was stroking
The camel with his hand;
And in the pastures round them
The quiet cattle lay;
Wild horses stared and bounded
With flowing manes away.

The weary joined in praises,
With hands upraised to heaven,
That now to all their travels
The longed-for end was given.
But some were busy whetting
Their swords with eager hand,
To combat for the pastures
Of their rich green fatherland.

It seemed for them awaiting, —
A land of endless store,
Like God's own garden smiling
On Jordan's other shore.
Through many a desert-journey
In spirit they had seen
That land of milk and honey,
Now lying there so green!

They shouted in the valley,
"Canaan!" with joyous tone, —
Their leader up the pathway
Of the mountains toiled alone.
His snow-white locks were flowing
About his shoulders spread,
And golden beams were glowing
Upon his reverend head.

To see the promised country,
Before he died, intent,
Rapt in the glorious vision,
He, trembling, forwards bent.
There glittered all the pastures,
With thousand charms outspread, —
The land he sees with longing,
The land he ne'er must tread!

The plains, far out extending,
All rich with corn and vines,
And many a white stream, wending
Through rich green meadows, shines.
With milk and honey flowing
As far as eye can span,
All in the sunshine glowing
From Beersheba to Dan.

"Canaan, mine eyes have seen thee!
Let death undreaded come!
In gentle whispers breathing,
Lord, call thy servant home!"
On light soft clouds descending
Upon the mountain's brow
He came; — the pilgrim people
Have lost their leader now!

Upon the mountain brightening,
'Tis glorious there to die!
When all the clouds are whitening
In the radiant morning sky;

Far down below beholding
Wood, field, and winding stream, —
And lo! above unfolding
Heaven's golden portals gleam.

FERDINAND FREILGRATH. Translated
by J. GOSTICK.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

MRS. ALEXANDER, daughter of Major Humphreys, was born near Strabane, Ireland, and in 1850 became the wife of William Alexander, since 1867 the Bishop of Derry. Her "Hymns for Little Children," published in 1848, has had an immense circulation.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth:
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight:
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,

And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor, —
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him he loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

MIRIAM.

Oh for that day, that day of bliss entrancing,
When Israel stood, her night of bondage o'er,
And leaped in heart to see no more advancing
Egypt's dark host along the desert shore;
For scarce a ripple now proclaimed where lay
The boasting Pharaoh and his fierce array.

Miriam! she silent stood, that sight behold-
ing,
And bowed with sacred awe her wondering
head;
Till lo! no more their hideous spoils with-
holding,
The depths, indignant, spurned their buried
dead;
And all along that sad and vengeful coast
Pale corpses lay, — a monumental host.

Miriam! she saw; then all to life awaking, —
“Sing to the Lord,” with a great voice she
cried:
“Sing to the Lord,” their many timbrels
shaking,
Ten thousand ransomed hearts and tongues
replied;
While, leading on the dance in triumph long,
Thus the great prophetess broke forth in
song:

“Oh, sing to the Lord,
Sing his triumph right glorious;
O'er horse and o'er rider,
Sing his right arm victorious;
Pharaoh's horsemen and chariots
And captains so brave,
The Lord hath thrown down
In the bottomless wave.

“Man of war is the Lord,
And Jehovah his name;
We trusted his pillar
Of cloud and of flame,
Proud boasters, ye followed,
But where are ye gone?
Down, down in the waters,
Ye sank like a stone.

“O Lord, thou didst blow
With thy nostrils a blast,
And, upheaved, the huge billows
Like mountains stood fast.
Egypt shuddered with wonder,
That pathway to see, —
Those depths all congealed
In the heart of the sea.

“I too will march onward
(The enemy cried),
I shall soon overtake;
I the spoil will divide;
I will kill — 'O my God!
The depths fell at thy breath,
And like lead they went down
In those waters of death.

“But o'er us the soft wings
Of thy mercy outspread,
To thy own chosen dwelling
Our feet thou hast led.
Palestrina, affrighted,
The tidings shall hear,
And your hearts, O ye nations,
Shall wither with fear.

“Thus brought in with triumph,
Safe planted and blest,
On thy own holy mountain
Thy people shall rest.
Shout! Pharaoh is fallen —
To rise again never,
Sing! the Lord, he shall reign
Forever and ever.”

E. DUDLEY JACKSON.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

THOMAS MOORE, the great Irish lyric poet, was born in Dublin, May 28, 1779, and died Feb. 25, 1852. He was one of the most melodious and finished writers of English, and his productions, though in his youth marred by loose morality, became purer and more elevated as years passed on.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free.
Sing, — for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and
brave, —

How vain was their boast; for the Lord hath
but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our
sword.

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her
pride?

For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar
of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in
the tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free!

THOMAS MOORE.

1816.

AARON.

HOLINESS on the head;
Light and perfections on the breast;
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead,
To lead them unto life and rest, —
Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profaneness in my head ;
 Defects and darkness in my breast ;
 A noise of passions ringing me for dead
 Unto a place where is no rest, —
 Poor priest, thus am I drest !

Only another head
 I have, another heart and breast,
 Another music, making live, not dead,
 Without whom I could have no rest, —
 In him I am well drest.

Christ is my only head,
 My alone only heart and breast,
 My only music, striking me even dead,
 That to the old man I may rest,
 And be in him new drest.

So, holy in my head,
 Perfect and light in my dear breast,
 My doctrine turned by Christ, who is not dead,
 But lives in me while I do rest, —
 Come, people : Aaron 's drest.

GEORGE HERBERT.

— ◆ —
 JERICHO.

JOSHUA, CHAPTER VI.

I.

AROUND the walls of Jericho
 The Israelitish army go.

With steady tramp, their spears in hand,
 They follow out the Lord's command.

Six days, six journeys, now are past,
 The sun has risen upon the last.

Scarce had the first flushings of the dawn
 Announced that weary night had gone,

When, forth from every well-known tent,
 The mighty hosts of Israel went.

Thus early start they on their way ;
 Seven rounds must be fulfilled to-day.

II.

Within the walls of Jericho
 In stern indifference wait the foe.

What care they for these haggard men
 Who have commenced their march again ?

How can they hope to overthrow,
 In such a way, proud Jericho ?

And so with a laugh and a scornful glance
 They join the wild mazes of the dance.

And pass around the ruddy wine,
 Rarest of all in Palestine.

The sounds of revelry rise high
 Beneath the glare of the noonday sky.

III.

Outside the walls of Jericho
 Steadily on the warriors go.

Six of the rounds are already past,
 And they have now commenced the last.

Throughout those ranks no sound is heard,
 No merry jest, no cheering word.

There rises up no other sound
 Than the steady foot-beat on the ground.

Now suddenly they turn about,
 And with one voice the people shout.

Down fall the walls of Jericho,
 The heathen's power lieth low.

IV.

Low lie the walls of Jericho,
 And through her halls her foemen go.

All hope for the city proud hath fled,
 For all her boasted host are dead ;

And the ringing pavement of the street
 Echoeth nought but the foeman's feet.

Thus did firm faith in God's commands
 Prove mightier than human hands.

Thus did the strong right arm of God
 Scatter the heathen hosts abroad.

Thus did he great honor lay
 Upon the name of Joshua.

V.

In the long march of every life,
 Where there is much of toil and strife,

Remaineth still some Jericho,
 Some firm stronghold where lurks the foe.

And as the Israelites, of old,
 Trusted the promise, we are told,

And had the patience to fulfil
 The unknown mysteries of God's will ;

So we, if we with patience wait,
 Unbought by love, unmoved by hate,
 Shall see the walls of error go
 As went the walls of Jericho.

FRANK FOXCROFT.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE morning broke. Light stole upon the
 clouds

With a strange beauty. Earth received again
 Its garment of a thousand dyes ; and leaves,
 And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
 And everything that bendeth to the dew,
 And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
 Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow ; and the light,
 And loveliness, and fragrant air were sad
 To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth
 Was pouring odors from its spicy pores,
 And the young birds were singing as if life
 Were a new thing to them ; but music came
 Upon her heart like discord, and she felt
 That pang of the unreasonable heart
 That, bleeding amid things it loved so well,
 Would have some sign of sadness as they pass.
 She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were
 pressed

Till the blood started ; and the wandering
 veins
 Of her transparent forehead were swelled out,
 As if her pride would burst them. Her dark
 eye

Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,
 Which made its language legible, shot back
 From her long lashes, as it had been flame.
 Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand
 Clapsed in her own, and his round, delicate
 feet,

Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor,
 Sandalled for journeying. He had looked up
 Into his mother's face until he caught
 The spirit there, and his young heart was
 swelling

Beneath his snowy bosom, and his form
 Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,
 As if his light proportions would have swelled,
 Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now
 Upon his staff so wearily ? His beard
 Is low upon his breast, and his high brow,
 So written with the converse of his God,
 Beareth the swollen vein of agony.

His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
 Of vigor is not there ; and, though the morn
 Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
 Its freshness as it were a pestilence.

He gave to her the water and the bread,
 But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
 To look upon her face, but laid his hand,
 In silent blessing, on the fair-haired boy,
 And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep ? May slighted woman
 turn,
 And ; as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
 Bend lightly to her leaning trust again ?
 Oh no ! by all her loveliness, by all
 That makes life poetry and beauty, no !
 Make her a slave ; steal from her rosy cheek
 By needless jealousies ; let the last star
 Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain ;
 Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
 That makes her cup a bitterness — yet give
 One evidence of love, and earth has not
 An emblem of devotedness like hers.
 But, oh ! estrange her once, it boots not how,
 By wrong or silence, anything that tells
 A change has come upon your tenderness, —
 And there is not a high thing out of heaven
 Her pride o'er-mastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step and
 slow ;
 Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye un-
 dimmed,
 As it had been a diamond, and her form
 Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed
 through.
 Her child kept on in silence, though she
 pressed
 His hand till it was pained ; for he had read
 The dark look of his mother, and the seed
 Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

The morning past, and Asia's sun rode up
 In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat ;
 The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
 And the bright plumage of the Orient lay
 On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
 It was an hour of rest ; but Hagar found
 No shelter in the wilderness. and on
 She kept her weary way, until the boy
 Hung down his head, and opened his parched
 lips
 For water ; but she could not give it him.
 She laid him down beneath the sultry sky, —
 For it was better than the close, hot breath
 Of the thick pines, — and tried to comfort him ;
 But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes

Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not
know

Why God denied him water in the wild.
She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him,
And bore him farther on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub ;
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,
And sat to watch, where he could see her
not,

Till he should die ; and, watching him, she
mourned :—

“ God stay thee in thine agony, my boy ;
I cannot see thee die ; I cannot brook
Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on my cradle joy.
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye !
And could I see thee die ?

“ I did not dream of this when thou wast
straying,
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers ;
Or wearing rosy hours,
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
So beautiful and deep.

“ Oh no ! and when I watched by thee the
while,
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,
How prayed I that my father's land might be
An heritage for thee !

“ And now the grave for its cold breast hath
won thee,
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will
press ;
And oh ! my last caress
Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on
thee.
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there
Upon his clustering hair !”

She stood beside the well her God had
given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
The forehead of her child until he laughed
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thought of gladness at the sight
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

RUTH.

THOMAS HOOD, an English poet, was born in London,
May 23, 1799, and died May 3, 1845. He excelled in poems
of humor and pathos.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened ; — such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell, —
Which were blackest none could tell ;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim ; —
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean ;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

BABYLON.

THE many-colored domes
Yet wore one dusky hue ;
The cranes upon the mosque
Kept their night-clatter still,
When through the gate the early traveller
passed.

And when, at evening, o'er the swampy plain
The bittern's boom came far,
Distinct in darkness seen
Above the low horizon's lingering light,
Rose the near ruins of old Babylon.

Once from her lofty walls the charioteer
Looked down on swarming myriads ; once she
flung

Her arches o'er Euphrates' conquered
tide,

And through her brazen portals when she
poured

Her armies forth, the distant nations
looked

As men who watch the thunder-cloud in
fear,

Lest it should burst above them. She was
fallen !

The Queen of cities, Babylon, was fallen !

Low lay her bulwarks; the black scorpion
 basked
 In the palace-courts; within the sanctu-
 ary
 The she-wolf hid her whelps.
 Is yonder huge and shapeless heap, what
 once
 Hath been the aerial gardens, height on
 height
 Rising like Media's mountains crowned with
 wood,
 Work of imperial dotage? Where the
 fame
 Of Belus? Where the Golden Image
 now,
 Which at the sound of dulcimer and lute,
 Cornet and sackbut, harp and psaltery,
 The Assyrian slaves adored?
 A labyrinth of ruins, Babylon
 Spreads o'er the blasted plain;
 The wandering Arab never sets his tent
 Within her walls; the shepherd eyes afar
 Her evil towers, and devious drives his flock.
 Alone unchanged, a free and bridgeless tide,
 Euphrates rolls along,
 Eternal nature's work.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE BURDEN OF NINEVEH.

In our Museum galleries
 To-day I lingered o'er the prize
 Dead Greece vouchsafes to living eyes, —
 Her Art forever in fresh wise
 From hour to hour rejoicing me.
 Sighing I turned at last to win
 Once more the London dirt and din;
 And as I made the swing-door spin
 And issued, they were hoisting in
 A winged beast from Nineveh.
 A human face the creature wore,
 And hoofs behind and hoofs before,
 And flanks with dark runes fretted o'er.
 'T was bull, 't was mitred Minotaur,
 A dead disbowelled mystery;
 The mummy of a buried faith
 Stark from the charnel without scathe,
 Its wings stood for the light to bathe, —
 Such fossil cerements as might swathe
 The very corpse of Nineveh.
 The print of its first rush-wrapping,
 Wound ere it dried, still ribbed the thing.
 What song did the brown maidens sing,
 From purple mouths alternating,
 When that was woven languidly?

What vows, what rites, what prayers preferred,
 What songs has the strange image heard?
 In what blind vigil stood interred
 For ages, till an English word
 Broke silence first at Nineveh?

Oh, when upon each sculptured court,
 Where even the wind might not resort, —
 O'er which Time passed, of like import
 With the wild Arab boys at sport, —
 A living face looked in to see:
 Oh, seemed it not — the spell once broke —
 As though the carven warriors woke,
 As though the shaft the string forsook,
 The cymbals clashed, the chariots shook,
 And there was life in Nineveh?

On London stones our sun anew
 The beast's recovered shadow threw.
 (No shade that plague of darkness knew,
 No light, no shade, while older grew
 By ages the old earth and sea.)
 Lo thou! could all thy priests have shown
 Such proof to make thy godhead known?
 From their dead Past thou liv'st alone;
 And still thy shadow is thine own
 Even as of yore in Nineveh.

That day whereof we keep record,
 When near thy city-gates the Lord
 Sheltered his Jonah with a gourd,
 This sun (I said), here present, poured
 Even thus this shadow that I see.
 This shadow has been shed the same
 From sun and moon, — from lamps which
 came

For prayer, — from fifteen days of flame,
 The last, while smouldered to a name
 Sardanapalus' Nineveh.

Within thy shadow, haply, once
 Sennacherib has knelt, whose sons
 Smote him between the altar-stones;
 Or pale Semiramis her zones
 Of gold, her incense brought to thee,
 In love for grace, in war for aid: . . .
 Ay, and who else? . . . till 'neath thy shade
 Within his trenches newly made
 Last year the Christian knelt and prayed —
 Not to thy strength — in Nineveh.

Now, thou poor god, within this hall
 Where the blank windows blind the wall
 From pedestal to pedestal,
 The kind of light shall on thee fall
 Which London takes the day to be:
 While school-foundations in the act
 Of holiday, three files compact,

Shall learn to view thee as a fact
 Connected with that zealous tract :
 "Rome, — Babylon and Nineveh."

Deemed they of this, those worshippers,
 When, in some mythic chain of verse
 Which man shall not again rehearse,
 The faces of thy ministers
 Yearned pale with bitter ecstasy ?
 Greece, Egypt, Rome, — did any god
 Before whose feet men knelt unshod
 Deem that in this unblest abode
 Another scarce more unknown god
 Should house with him, from Nineveh ?

Ah ! in what quarries lay the stone
 From which this pygmy pile has grown,
 Unto man's need how long unknown,
 Since thy vast temples, court and cone,
 Rose far in desert history ?
 Ah ! what is here that does not lie
 All strange to thine awakened eye ?
 Ah ! what is here can testify
 (Save that dumb presence of the sky)
 Unto thy day and Nineveh ?

Why, of those mummies in the room
 Above, there might indeed have come
 One out of Egypt to thy home,
 An alien. Nay, but were not some
 Of these thine own "antiquity" ?
 And now, — they and their gods and thou
 All relics here together, — now
 Whose profit ? whether bull or cow,
 Isis or Ibis, who or how,
 Whether of Thebes or Nineveh ?

The consecrated metals found,
 And ivory tablets underground,
 Winged teraphim and creatures crowned,
 When air and daylight filled the mound,
 Fell into dust immediately.
 And even as these, the images
 Of awe and worship, — even as these, —
 So, smitten with the sun's increase,
 Her glory mouldered and did cease
 From immemorial Nineveh.

The day her builders made their halt,
 Those cities of the lake of salt
 Stood firmly 'stablished without fault,
 Made proud with pillars of basalt,
 With sardonyx and porphyry.
 The day that Jonah bore abroad
 To Nineveh the voice of God,
 A brackish lake lay in his road,
 Where erst Pride fixed her sure abode,
 As then in royal Nineveh.

The day when he, Pride's lord and Man's,
 Showed all the kingdoms at a glance
 To Him before whose countenance
 The years recede, the years advance,
 And said, Fall down and worship me : —
 Mid all the pomp beneath that look,
 Then stirred there, haply, some rebuke,
 Where to the wind the salt pools shook,
 And in those tracts, of life forsook,
 That knew thee not, O Nineveh !

Delicate harlot ! On thy throne
 Thou with a world beneath thee prone
 In state for ages sat'st alone ;
 And needs were years and lustres flown
 Ere strength of man could vanquish thee :
 Whom even thy victor foes must bring,
 Still royal, among maids that sing
 As with doves' voices, taboring
 Upon their breasts, unto the King, —
 A kingly conquest, Nineveh !

Here woke my thought. The wind's slow sway
 Had waxed ; and like the human play
 Of scorn that smiling spreads away,
 The sunshine shivered off the day :

The callous wind, it seemed to me,
 Swept up the shadow from the ground :
 And pale as whom the Fates astound,
 The god forlorn stood winged and crowned :
 Within I knew the cry lay bound
 Of the dumb soul of Nineveh.

And as I turned, my sense half shut
 Still saw the crowds of kerb and rut
 Go past as marshalled to the strut
 Of rank in gypsum quaintly cut.

It seemed in one same pageantry
 They followed forms which had been erst ;
 To pass, till on my sight should burst
 That future of the best or worst
 When some may question which was first,
 Of London or of Nineveh.

For as that Bull-god once did stand
 And watched the burial-clouds of sand,
 Till these at last without a hand
 Rose o'er his eyes, another land,

And blinded him with destiny : —
 So may he stand again ; till now,
 In ships of unknown sail and prow,
 Some tribe of the Australian plough
 Bear him afar, — a relic now
 Of London, not of Nineveh !

Or it may chance indeed that when
 Man's age is hoary among men, —
 His centuries threescore and ten, —
 His furthest childhood shall seem then
 More clear than later times may be :

Who, finding in this desert place
This form, shall hold us for some race
That walked not in Chr.'st's lowly ways,
But bowed its pride and vowed its praise
Unto the God of Nineveh.

The smile rose first, — anon drew nigh
The thought: Those heavy wings spread high
So sure of flight, which do not fly;
That set gaze never on the sky;

Those scripted flanks it cannot see;
Its crown a brow-contracting load;
Its planted feet which trust the sod;
(So grew the image as I trod:)
O Nineveh, was this thy God, —
Thine also, mighty Nineveh?

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE CALL OF DAVID.

And the Lord said, "Arise, anoint him, for this is he."
I SAM. xvi. 12.

LATEST born of Jesse's race,
Wonder lights thy bashful face,
While the prophet's gifted oil
Seals thee for a path of toil.
We, thy angels circling round thee,
Ne'er shall find thee as we found thee,
When thy faith first brought us near,
In thy lion-fight severe.

Go! and mid thy flocks awhile
At thy doom of greatness smile;
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road, —
Rocky road, and scarce ascended
Though thy foot be angel-tended!

Twofold praise thou shalt attain
In royal court and battle-plain:
Then come heart-ache, care, distress,
Blighted hope, and loneliness,
Wounds from friend, and gifts from foe,
Dizzied faith, and guilt and woe,
Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
Gleams of wisdom, sin-beguiled,
Sated power's tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood.
Sad success, parental tears.
And a dreary gift of years.

Strange that guileless face and form,
To lavish on the scarring storm!
Yet we take thee in thy blindness,
And we buffet thee in kindness;
Little chary of thy fame, —
Dust unborn may bless or blame, —

But we mould thee for the root
Of man's promised healing Fruit,
And we mould thee hence to rise
As our brother in the skies.

J. H. NEWMAN.

LAZARET, MALTA, Jan. 18, 1833.

THE HEBREW BARD.

SOFTLY the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flowery meads:
He marks their path with notes divine,
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

Rivers of peace attend his song,
And draw their milky train along.
He jars; and, lo, the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.

When kindling with victorious fire,
He shakes his lance across his lyre,
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,
And sets the Thunderer in arms.

Behold the God, the Almighty King,
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing.
His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.

Ten thousand^d cherubs wait his course,
Chariots of fire and flaming horse:
Earth trembles; and her mountains flow,
At his approach, like melting snow.

But who those frowns of wrath can draw,
That strike heaven and earth with awe?
Red lightning from his eyelids broke:
His voice was thunder, hail, and smoke.

He spake; the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed:
While the great master strikes his lyre,
You see the frightened floods retire:

In heaps the frightened billows stand
Waiting the changes of his hand:
He leads his Israel through the sea,
And watery mountains guard their way.

Turning his hand with sovereign sweep,
He drowns all Egypt in the deep:
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band,
Through deserts to the promised land.

Here camps with wide embattled force,
Here gates and bulwarks, stop their course;
He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls,
The harp lies strewn with ruined walls.

See his broad sword flies o'er the strings,
And mows down nations with their kings :
From every chord his bolts are hurled,
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

Lo, the great poet shifts the scene,
And shows the face of God serene.
Truth, meekness, peace, salvation, ride,
With guards of justice, at his side.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

2 SAM xviii. 33.

Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see
In the Chamber over the Gate
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son, who is no more?
O Absalom, my son !

Is it so long ago
That cry of human woe
From the walled city came,
Calling on his dear name,
That it has died away
In the distance of to-day ?
O Absalom, my son !

There is no far nor near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son !

From the ages that are past
The voice comes like a blast,
Over seas that wreck and drown,
Over tumult of traffic and town ;
And from ages yet to be
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son !

Somewhere at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth, and sees the fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet
Of messengers, that bear
The tidings of despair.
O Absalom, my son !

He goes forth from the door,
Who shall return no more.
With him our joy departs ;
The light goes out in our hearts ;

In the Chamber over the Gate
We sit disconsolate.
O Absalom, my son !

That 't is a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief ;
Ours is the bitterest loss,
Ours is the heaviest cross ;
And forever the cry will be,
"Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son !"

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

1879.

LAMENTATION OF DAVID OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

GEORGE SANDYS, an emigrant to Virginia in 1621, and an author there, was born in York, England, in 1577, and died in 1644. He was an extensive traveler in the East, and wrote about his travels. He built the first water-mill, the first iron-works, and the first ship in Virginia. His father was Archbishop of York, and one of the translators of the Bishops' Bible in 1565. The following is a paraphrase of 2 Sam. i. 19-27.

THY beauty, Israel, is fled,
Sunk to the dead ;
How are the valiant fallen ! The slain
Thy mountains stain.
Oh, let it not in Gath be known,
Nor in the streets of Ascalon !

Lest that sad story should excite
Their dire delight ;
Lest in the torrent of our woe
Their pleasure flow ;
Lest their triumphant daughters ring
Their cymbals, and their pæans sing.

You hills of Gilboa, never may
You offerings pay ;
No morning dew, nor fruitful showers,
Clothe you with flowers :
Saul and his arms there made a spoil,
As if untoucht with sacred oil.

The bow of noble Jonathan
Great battles won ;
His arrows on the mighty fed,
With slaughter red.
Saul never raised his arm in vain,
His sword still glutted with the slain.

How lovely, oh, how pleasant, when
They lived with men !
Than eagles swifter ; stronger far
Than lions are ;
Whom love in life so strangely tied,
The stroke of death could not divide

Sad Israel's daughters, weep for Saul ;
Lament his fall,
Who fed you with the earth's increase,
And crowned with peace ;
With robes of Tyrian purple deckt,
And gems which sparkling light reflect.

How are thy worthies by the sword
Of war devoured !
O Jonathan ! the better part
Of my torn heart !
The savage rocks have drunk thy blood :
My brother ! oh, how kind ! how good !

Thy love was great : oh, nevermore
To man, man bore !
No woman when most passionate
Loved at that rate !
How are the mighty fallen in fight !
They and their glory set in night !

GEORGE SANDYS.

OH, WEEP FOR THOSE !

OH, weep for those that wept by Babel's
stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a
dream ;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell ;
Mourn, — where their God hath dwelt, the
godless dwell !

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet ?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem
sweet ?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leaped before its heavenly
voice ?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast
How shall ye flee away and be at rest !
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country, — Israel but the grave.

LORD BYRON.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE
SAT DOWN AND WEPT.

WE sat down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey ;
And ye, O her desolate daughters,
Were scattered all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
Which rolled on in freedom below,
They demanded the song ; but, oh, never
That triumph the stranger shall know !
May this right hand be withered forever,
Ere it string our high harp for the foe !

On the willow that harp is suspended,
O Salem ! its sound should be free ;
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But left me that token of thee :
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me !

LORD BYRON.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SEN-
NACHERIB.

GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD BYRON, was born in London, Jan. 22, 1788, and died at Missolonghi, Greece, April 18, 1824. His erratic and illustrious career is well known.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on
the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and
gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars
on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep
Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is
green,
That host with their banners at sunset were
seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn
hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and
strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on
the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he
passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly
and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever
grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all
wide,
But through them there rolled not the breath
of his pride :
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the
turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his
mail ;

And the tents were all silent, the banners
alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the
sword,

Hath melted like snow in the glance of the
Lord !

LORD BYRON.

DAVID'S THREE MIGHTY ONES.

" And David longed, and said, Oh that one would give me
drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the
gate ! " — 2 SAM. xxiii. 15.

FAINT on Rephaim's sultry side

Sat Israel's warrior-king ;

" Oh for one draught," the hero cried,

" From Bethlehem's cooling spring !

From Bethlehem's spring, upon whose brink
My youthful knee bent down to drink !

" I know the spot, by yonder gate,

Beside my father's home,

Where pilgrims love at eve to wait,

And girls for water come.

Oh for that healing water now,

To quench my lip, to cool my brow !

" But round that gate, and in that home,

And by that sacred well,

Now hostile feet insulting roam,

And impious voices swell.

The Philistine holds Bethlehem's halls,

While we pine here beneath its walls."

Three gallant men stood nigh, and heard

The wish their king expressed ;

Exchanged a glance, but not a word,

And dashed from midst the rest.

And strong in zeal, with ardor flushed,

They up the hill to Bethlehem rushed.

The foe fast mustering to attack.

Their fierceness could not rein ;

No friendly voice could call them back.

" Shall David long in vain ?

Long for a cup from Bethlehem's spring,

And none attempt the boon to bring ?"

And now the city gate they gain,

And now in conflict close ;

Unequal odds ! three dauntless men

Against unnumbered foes.

Yet through their ranks they plough their way

Like galleys through the ocean spray.

The gate is forced, the crowd is passed ;

They scour the open street ;

While hosts are gathering fierce and fast

To block up their retreat.

Haste back ! haste back, ye desperate three !

Or Bethlehem soon your grave must be !

They come again ; and with them bring

Nor gems nor golden prey ;

A single cup from Bethlehem's spring

Is all they bear away ;

And through the densest of the train

Fight back their glorious way again.

O'er broken shields and prostrate foes

They urge their conquering course.

Go, try the tempest to oppose,

Arrest the lightning's force ;

But hope not, Pagans, to withstand

The shock of Israel's chosen band !

Hurrah ! hurrah ! again they're free ;

And 'neath the open sky,

On the green turf they bend the knee,

And lift the prize on high ;

Then onward through the shouting throng

To David bear their spoil along.

All in their blood and dust they sink

Full low before their king.

" Again," they cry, " let David drink

Of his own silver spring ;

And if the draught our lord delight,

His servants' toil 't will well requite."

With deep emotion David took

From their red hands the cup ;

Cast on its stains a shuddering look ;

And held it heavenward up.

" I prize your boon," exclaimed the king,

" But dare not taste the draught you bring.

" I prize the zeal that perilled life

A wish of mine to crown ;

I prize the might that in the strife

Bore foes by thousands down :

But dare not please myself with aught

By Israel's blood and peril bought.

" To Heaven the glorious spoil is due ;

And His the offering be,

Whose arm has borne you safely through,

My brave, but reckless three ! " —

Then on the earth the cup he poured,

A free libation to the Lord.

There is a well in Bethlehem still,
A fountain, at whose brink
The weary soul may rest at will,
The thirsty stoop and drink :
And, unrepelled by foe or fence,
Draw living waters freely thence.

Oh, did we thirst, as David then,
For this diviner spring,
Had we the zeal of David's men
To please a higher king,
What precious draughts we thence might drain,
What holy triumphs daily gain !

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.

RICHARD FREDERICK LITLEDALE, LL.D., a clergyman of the Church of England, was born in Dublin, Ireland, Sept. 14, 1833, and is known as author of a large number of volumes relating to religious subjects. He edited in 1867 "The People's Hymnal," to which he contributed a number of pieces, chiefly translations. Unable, from ill health, to perform parish duties, Dr. Littledale has since 1867 devoted himself almost exclusively to literary work. His hymns have been composed since 1863.

THERE is sound of war in Judah, and over
Ephrath's plain,
Though the fields are ripe for harvest, no
Hebrew reaps the grain ;

For the armies of the heathen have come
with flame and sword
To waste the pleasant dwellings of the peo-
ple of the Lord.

In the valley of the giants Philistine tents are
spread,
And their warriors are marshalled within the
house of bread.

No chief goes forth against them, and no
champion comes to save ;
For Israel's hope, an exile, is pent within a
cave.

Around him still are gathered a chosen faith-
ful few,
Tried in full many a battle, and to his banner
true.

Upon the cliffs of limestone rock the autumn
sunbeams beat,
And glare upon the hunted band with all
their parching heat,

Till David, faint and thirsty, in his longing
speaks to them, —
Would that I had but water from the well of
Bethlehem !

Then up arose three chieftains from the
places where they sate,
To bring their master water from the fount
beside the gate.

They reckon not of the thousand swords which
vain would bar their way,
But calm in strength and valor straight ad-
dress them to the fray.

Three men against an army vast, they have
no thought of flight,
For each against a host of men hath stood
alone in fight.

Too well Philistine widows have learnt those
three names in woe, —
Shammah, and Eleazar, and the peerless
Adino.

Those mighty men have broken through all
that opposing ring,
And have borne the cooling water in triumph
to their king.

But David hath the chalice out before Jehovah
poured,
Saying, "This is blood, not water ; I may not
drink it, Lord !"

O type of future story ! O most deep and
mystic sign
Of the longing of the nations for him of
David's line !

There is sound of war in all lands, and
through its cruel bane,
Though the souls are ripe for harvest, no
reaper stores the grain ;

For the hosts of evil spirits make war with
flame and sword
Against the Gentile watchers who are waiting
for the Lord.

Afar in every country their countless legions
spread,
To turn the poor and hungry from the blessed
house of bread.

And the scorching rays of sorrow on mourners
ever beat,
No rock is in the weary lands to shadow from
the heat.

There is nothing to bring cooling, and naught
may comfort them,
Save the well of living water that springs in
Bethlehem.

But three go forth to seek that fount, in faith
and valor strong,
Three who reckon not of hindrances, nor of
that travail long;

They go o'er hills and deserts with the guid-
ing star before,
Wise Caspar, true Baltasar, and the faithful
Melchior.

In vain the hosts of Satan would beset their
wandering,
For the mighty men break through them to
reach their new-born king.

They haste in eager worship to that long-
expected fight,
To the well of life whose glory gives all be-
lievers light,

To the Chief who comes to vanquish, the
Champion strong to save, —
To Israel's Hope, an infant, now laid within a
cave.

And where the babe is cradled, whom the
three in awe behold,
They lay their three rich offerings, myrrh,
frankincense, and gold.

Then they turn them back in triumph once
more afar to roam,
Till they bear those living waters to thirsting
hearts at home.

And that chalice of thy passion, unto the
Father poured,
Although it is blood, not water, yet we may
drink it, Lord!

O pledge of future glory! O most deep and
mystic sign
Of the healing of the nations by him of Da-
vid's line!

RICHARD FREDERICK LITLEDALE.

CAVE OF ADULLAM.

DAVID and his three captains bold
Kept ambush once within a hold.
It was in Adullam's cave,
Nigh which no water they could have,
Nor spring nor running brook was near
To quench the thirst that parched them there.
Then David, King of Israel,
Straight bethought him of a well,
Which stood beside the city gate

At Bethlehem; where, before his state
Of kingly dignity, he had
Oft drunk his fill, a shepherd lad;
But now his fierce Philistine foe
Encamped before it he does know.
Yet ne'er the less, with heat opprest,
Those three bold captains he address;
And wished that one to him would bring
Some water from his native spring.
His valiant captains instantly
To execute his will did fly.
The mighty three the ranks broke through
Of armed foes, and water drew
For David, their beloved king,
At his own sweet native spring.
Back through their armed foes they haste,
With the hard-earned treasure graded.
But when the good king David found
What they had done, he on the ground
The water poured. "Because," said he,
"That it was at the jeopardy
Of your three lives this thing ye did,
That I should drink it, God forbid."

CHARLES LAMB.

SONG OF TRIUMPH.

PREPARE! your festal rites prepare!
Let your triumphs rend the air!
Idol gods shall reign no more:
We the living Lord adore!
Let heathen hosts on human helps repose,
Since Israel's God has routed Israel's foes.

Let remotest nations know
Proud Goliath's overthrow.
Fallen, Philistia, is thy trust;
Dagon mingles with the dust!
Who fears the Lord of glory, need not fear
The brazen armor or the lifted spear.

See, the routed squadrons fly!
Hark! their clamors rend the sky!
Blood and carnage stain the field!
See, the vanquished nations yield!
Dismay and terror fill the frightened land,
While conquering David routs the trembling
band.

Lo, upon the tented field
Royal Saul has thousands killed!
Lo, upon the ensanguined plain
David has ten thousand slain!
Let mighty Saul his vanquished thousands tell,
While tenfold triumphs David's victories swell!

HANNAH MORE.

SAUL.

SAID Abner, "At last thou art come! Ere I
 tell, ere thou speak,
 Kiss my cheek, wish me well!" Then I
 wished it, and did kiss his cheek.
 And he, "Since the King, O my friend, for thy
 countenance sent,
 Neither drunken nor eaten have we; nor,
 until from his tent
 Thou return with the joyful assurance the
 King liveth yet,
 Shall our lip with the honey be bright, with
 the water be wet.
 For out of the black mid-tent's silence, a space
 of three days,
 Not a sound hath escaped to thy servants, of
 prayer nor of praise,
 To betoken that Saul and the Spirit have
 ended their strife,
 And that, faint in his triumph. the monarch
 sinks back upon life.
 "Yet now my heart leaps, O beloved! God's
 child, with his dew
 On thy gracious gold hair, and those lilies
 still living and blue
 Just broken to twine round thy harp-strings,
 as if no wild heat
 Were now raging to torture the desert!"

Then I, as was meet,
 Knelt down to the God of my fathers, and rose
 on my feet,
 And ran o'er the sand burnt to powder. The
 tent was unlooped;
 I pulled up the spear that obstructed, and
 under I stooped;
 Hands and knees on the slippery grass-patch,
 all withered and gone,
 That extends to the second enclosure, I groped
 my way on,
 Till I felt where the foldskirts fly open. Then
 once more I prayed,
 And opened the foldskirts and entered, and was
 not afraid;
 But spoke, "Here is David, thy servant!"
 And no voice replied.
 At the first I saw nought but the blackness;
 but soon I descried
 A something more black than the blackness—
 the vast, the upright
 Main prop which sustains the pavilion: and
 slow into sight
 Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest
 of all.
 Then a sunbeam, that burst through the tent-
 roof, showed Saul.

He stood as erect as that tent-prop, both arms
 stretched out wide
 On the great cross-support in the centre, that
 goes to each side;
 He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there as,
 caught in his pangs
 And waiting his change, the king-serpent all
 heavily hangs,
 Far away from his kind, in the pine, till de-
 liverance come
 With the-spring time,—so agonized Saul,
 drear and stark, blind and dumb.

Then I tuned my harp,—took off the lilies we
 twine round its chords
 Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noon-
 tide—those sunbeams like swords!
 And I first played the tune all our sheep know,
 as, one after one,
 So docile they come to the pen-door till fold-
 ing be done.
 They are white and untorn by the bushes, for,
 lo, they have fed
 Where the long grasses stifle the water within
 the stream's bed;
 And now one after one seeks its lodging, as
 star follows star
 Into eve and the blue far above us,—so blue
 and so far!

Then the tune, for which quails on the corn-
 land will each leave his mate
 To fly after the player; then, what makes the
 crickets elate
 Till for boldness they fight one another; and
 then, what has weight
 To set the quick jerboa a-musing outside his
 sand house—
 There are none such as he for a wonder, half
 bird and half mouse!
 God made all the creatures and gave them our
 love and our fear,
 To give sign, we and they are his children,
 one family here.

Then I played the help-tune of our reapers,
 their wine-song, when hand
 Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good friend-
 ship, and great hearts expand,
 And grow one in the sense of this world's life.
 And then, the last song
 When the dead man is praised on his journey—
 "Bear, bear him along
 With his few faults shut up like dead flowerets!
 Are balm-seeds not here
 To console us? The land has none left such
 as he on the bier.

Oh, would we might keep thee, my brother!"
 And then, the glad chaunt
 Of the marriage, — first go the youngmaidens,
 next, she whom we vaunt
 As the beauty, the pride of our dwelling. —
 And then, the great march
 Wherein man runs to man to assist him, and
 buttress an arch
 Nought can break; who shall harm them, our
 friends? — then, the chorus intoned
 As the Levites go up to the altar in glory en-
 throned.
 But I stopped here; for here in the darkness
 Saul groaned.
 And I paused, held my breath in such silence,
 and listened apart;
 And the tent shook, for mighty Saul shud-
 dered: and sparkles 'gan dart
 From the jewels that woke in his turban at
 once with a start,
 All its lordly male sapphires, and rubies coura-
 geous at heart.
 So the head: but the body still moved not,
 still hung there erect.
 And I bent once again to my playing, pursued
 it unchecked,
 As I sang, —

“Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No
 spirit feels waste,
 Not a muscle is stopped in its playing, nor
 sinew unbraced.
 Oh the wild joys of living! The leaping from
 rock up to rock,
 The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree,
 the cool silver shock
 Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the
 hunt of the bear,
 And the sultriness showing the lion is couched
 in his lair.
 And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over
 with gold dust divine,
 And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher,
 the full draught of wine,
 And the sleep in the dried river-channel where
 bulrushes tell
 That the water was wont to go warbling so
 softly and well.
 How good is man's life, the mere living! how
 fit to employ
 All the heart and the soul and the senses for-
 ever in joy!
 Hast thou loved the white locks of thy father,
 whose sword thou didst guard
 When he trusted thee forth with the armies,
 for glorious reward?

Didst thou see the thin hands of thy mother,
 held up as men sung
 The low song of the nearly departed, and
 hear her faint tongue
 Joining in while it could to the witness, 'Let
 one more attest,
 I have lived, seen God's hand through a life-
 time, and all was for best!'
 Then they sung through their tears, in strong
 triumph, not much, but the rest.
 And thy brothers, the help and the contest,
 the working whence grew
 Such result as, from seething grape-bundles,
 the spirit strained true:
 And the friends of thy boyhood — that boy-
 hood of wonder and hope,
 Present promise and wealth of the future
 beyond the eye's scope, —
 Till, lo, thou art grown to a monarch; a peo-
 ple is thine;
 And all gifts, which the world offers singly,
 on one head combine!
 On one head, all the beauty and strength,
 love and rage (like the three
 That, a-work in the rock, helps its labor
 and lets the gold go),
 High ambition and deeds which surpass it,
 fame crowning them, — all
 Brought to blaze on the head of one creature.
 — King Saul!"

And lo, with that leap of my spirit, — heart,
 hand, harp, and voice,
 Each lifting Saul's name out of sorrow, each
 bidding rejoice
 Saul's fame in the light it was made for — as
 when, dare I say,
 The Lord's army, in rapture of service, strains
 through its array,
 And upsoareth the cherubim - chariot —
 "Saul!" cried I, and stopped,
 And waited the thing that should follow.
 Then Saul, who hung propped
 By the tent's cross-support in the centre, was
 struck by his name.
 Have ye seen when spring's arrowy sum-
 mons goes right to the aim,
 And some mountain, the last to withstand her,
 that held (he alone,
 While the vale laughed in freedom and flow-
 ers) on a broad bust of stone
 A year's snow bound about for a breastplate,
 — leaves grasp of the sheet?
 Fold on fold all at once it crowds thunder-
 ously down to his feet,
 And there fronts you, stark, black, but alive
 yet, your mountain of old,

With his rents, the successive bequeathings
of ages untold —
Yea, each harm got in fighting your battles,
each furrow and scar
Of his head thrust 'twixt you and the tempest
— all hail, there they are!
— Now again to be softened with verdure,
again hold the nest
Of the dove, tempt the goat and its young to
the green on his crest
For their food in the ardors of summer. One
long shudder thrilled
All the tent till the very air tingled, then sank
and was stilled
At the King's self left standing before me,
released and aware.
What was gone, what remained? All to traverse
'twixt hope and despair.
Death was past, life not come: so he waited.
Awhile his right hand
Held the brow, helped the eyes left too vacant
forthwith to remand
To their place what new objects should enter:
't was Saul as before.
I looked up and dared gaze at those eyes, nor
was hurt any more
Than by slow pallid sunsets in autumn, ye
watch from the shore,
At their sad level gaze o'er the ocean — a sun's
slow decline
Over hills which, resolved in stern silence,
o'erlap and entwine
Base with base to knit strength more intensely:
so arm folded arm
O'er the chest whose slow heavings subsided.

What spell or what charm
(For, awhile there was trouble within me), what
next should I urge
To sustain him where song had restored him?
— Song filled to the verge
His cup with the wine of this life, pressing all
that it yields
Of mere fruitage, the strength and the beauty:
beyond, on what fields,
Glean a vintage more potent and perfect to
brighten the eye
And bring blood to the lip, and commend them
the cup they put by?
He saith, "It is good"; still he drinks not:
he lets me praise life,
Gives assent, yet would die for his own part.

Then fancies grew rife
Which had come long ago on the pasture,
when round me the sheep

Fed in silence — above, the one eagle wheeled
slow as in sleep;
And I lay in my hollow and mused on the
world that might lie
'Neath his ken, though I saw but the strip
'twixt the hill and the sky:
And I laughed — "Since my days are ordained
to be passed with my flocks,
Let me people at least, with my fancies, the
plains and the rocks,
Dream the life I am never to mix with, and
image the show
Of mankind as they live in those fashions I
hardly shall know!
Schemes of life, its best rules and right uses,
the courage that gains,
And the prudence that keeps what men strive
for." And now these old trains
Of vague thought came again; I grew surer;
so, once more the string
Of my harp made response to my spirit, as
thus —

"Yea, my King,"
I began, — "thou dost well in rejecting mere
comforts that spring
From the mere mortal life held in common by
man and by brute:
In our flesh grows the branch of this life, in
our soul it bears fruit.
Thou hast marked the slow rise of the tree, —
how its stem trembled first
Till it passed the kid's lip, the stag's antler;
then safely outburst
The fan-branches all round; and thou mind-
est when these too, in turn,
Broke a-bloom and the palm-tree seemed per-
fect: yet more was to learn,
E'en the good that comes in with the palm-
fruit. Our dates shall we slight,
When their juice brings a cure for all sorrow?
or care for the plight
Of the palm's self whose slow growth pro-
duced them? Not so! stem and branch
Shall decay, nor be known in their place, while
the palm-wine shall stanch
Every wound of man's spirit in winter. I
pour thee such wine.
Leave the flesh to the fate it was fit for! the
spirit be thine!
By the spirit, when age shall o'ercome thee,
thou still shalt enjoy
More indeed, than at first when unconscious,
the life of a boy.
Crush that life, and behold its wine running!
Each deed thou hast done
Dies, revives, goes to work in the world; until
e'en as the sun

Looking down on the earth, though clouds
 spoil him, though tempests efface,
 Can find nothing his own deed produced not,
 must everywhere trace
 The results of his past summer-prime, — so,
 each ray of thy will,
 Every flash of thy passion and prowess, long
 over, shall thrill
 Thy whole people the countless, with ardor,
 till they too give forth
 A like cheer to their sons, who in turn fill the
 South and the North
 With the radiance thy deed was the germ of.
 Carouse in the past!
 But the license of age has its limit; thou diest
 at last.
 As the lion when age dims his eyeball, the
 rose at her height,
 So with man — so his power and his beauty
 forever take flight.
 No! Again a long draught of my soul-wine!
 Look forth o'er the years!
 Thou hast done now with eyes for the actual;
 begin with the seer's!
 Is Saul dead? In the depth of the vale make
 his tomb — bid arise
 A gray mountain of marble heaped four-square,
 till, built to the skies,
 Let it mark where the great First King slumbers:
 whose fame would ye know?
 Up above see the rock's naked face, where
 the record shall go
 In great characters cut by the scribe, — Such
 was Saul, so he did;
 With the sages directing the work, by the
 populace chid, —
 For not half, they'll affirm, is comprised
 there! Which fault to amend,
 In the grove with his kind grows the cedar,
 whereon they shall spend
 (See, in tablets 't is level before them) their
 praise, and record
 With the gold of the graver, Saul's story, —
 the statesman's great word
 Side by side with the poet's sweet comment.
 The river's a-ware
 With smooth paper-reeds grazing each other
 when prophet-winds rave:
 So the pen gives unborn generations their due
 and their part
 In thy being! Then, first of the mighty,
 thank God that thou art!"

And behold while I sang . . . but O Thou who
 didst grant me that day,
 And before it not seldom hast granted thy
 help to essay,

Carry on, and complete an adventure, — my
 shield and my sword
 In that act where my soul was thy servant,
 thy word was my word, —
 Still be with me, who then at the summit of
 human endeavor
 And scaling the highest, man's thought could,
 gazed hopeless as ever
 On the new stretch of heaven above me, —
 till, mighty to save,
 Just one lift of thy hand cleared that distance,
 — God's throne from man's grave!
 Let me tell out my tale to its ending — my
 voice to my heart
 Which can scarce dare believe in what mar-
 vels last night I took part,
 As this morning I gather the fragments, alone
 with my sheep,
 And still fear lest the terrible glory evanish
 like sleep!
 For I wake in the gray dewy covert, while
 Hebron upheaves
 The dawn struggling with night on his shoul-
 der, and Kidron retrieves
 Slow the damage of yesterday's sunshine.

I say then, — my song
 While I sang thus, assuring the monarch, and
 ever more strong
 Made a proffer of good to console him — he
 slowly resumed
 His old motions and habitudes kingly. The
 right hand replumed
 His black locks to their wonted composure,
 adjusted the swathes
 Of his turban, and see — the huge sweat that
 his countenance bathes,
 He wipes off with the robe; and he girds now
 his loins as of yore,
 And feels slow for the armlets of price, with
 the clasp set before.
 He is Saul, ye remember in glory, ere error
 had bent
 The broad brow from the daily communion;
 and still, though much spent
 Be the life and the bearing that front you, the
 same, God did choose,
 To receive what a man may waste, desecrate,
 never quite lose.
 So sank he along by the tent-prop, till, stayed
 by the pile
 Of his armor and war-cloak and garments, he
 leaned there awhile,
 And sat out my singing, — one arm round the
 tent-prop, to raise
 His bent head and the other hung slack —
 till I touched on the praise

I foresaw from all men in all time, to the man
 patient there ;
 And thus ended, the harp falling forward.
 Then first I was 'ware
 That he sat, as I say, with my head just
 above his vast knees
 Which were thrust out on each side around
 me, like oak roots which please
 To encircle a lamb when it slumbers. I
 looked up to know
 If the best I could do had brought solace ;
 he spoke not, but slow
 Lifted up the hand slack at his side, till he laid
 it with care
 Soft and grave, but in mild settled will, on my
 brow : through my hair
 The large fingers were pushed, and he bent
 back my head, with kind power —
 All my face back, intent to peruse it, as men
 do a flower.
 Thus held he me there with his great eyes
 that scrutinized mine —
 And oh, all my heart how it loved him ! but
 where was the sign ?
 I yearned — “ Could I help thee, my father,
 inventing a bliss,
 I would add, to that life of the past, both the
 future and this ;
 I would give thee new life altogether, as good,
 ages hence,
 As this moment, — had love but the warrant,
 love's heart to dispense ! ”

Then the truth came upon me. No harp
 more — no song more ! outbroke —

“ I have gone the whole round of creation :
 I saw and I spoke :
 I, a work of God's hand for that purpose, re-
 ceived in my brain
 And pronounced on the rest of his handwork
 — returned him again
 His creation's approval or censure : I spoke
 as I saw,
 I report, as a man may of God's work — all's
 love, yet all's law.
 Now I lay down the judgeship he lent me.
 Each faculty tasked
 To perceive him, has gained an abyss, where
 a dew-drop was asked.
 Have I knowledge ? confounded it shrivels at
 Wisdom laid bare.
 Have I forethought ? how purblind, how blank,
 to the Infinite Care !
 Do I task any faculty highest, to image suc-
 cess ?

I but open my eyes, — and perfection, no
 more and no less,
 In the kind I imagined, full fronts me, and
 God is seen God
 In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the
 soul and the clod.
 And thus looking within and around me, I
 ever renew
 (With that stoop of the soul which in bending
 upraises it too)
 The submission of man's nothing-perfect to
 God's all complete,
 As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb
 to his feet.
 Yet with all this abounding experience, this
 Deity known,
 I shall dare to discover some province, some
 gift of my own.
 There's a faculty pleasant to exercise, hard
 to hoodwink,
 I am fain to keep still in abeyance (I laugh
 as I think),
 Lest, insisting to claim and parade in it, wot
 ye, I worst
 E'en the Giver in one gift. — Behold, I could
 love if I durst !
 But I sink the pretension as fearing a man
 may o'ertake
 God's own speed in the one way of love : I
 abstain for love's sake.
 “ — What, my soul ! see thus far and no far-
 ther ? when doors great and small,
 Nine-and-ninety flew ope at our touch, should
 the hundredth appall ?
 In the least things have faith, yet distrust in
 the greatest of all ?
 Do I find love so full in my nature, God's
 ultimate gift,
 That I doubt his own love can compete with
 it ? Here, the parts shift ?
 Here, the creature surpass the Creator, — the
 end, what Began ?
 Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all
 for this man,
 And dare doubt he alone shall not help him,
 who yet alone can ?
 Would it ever have entered my mind, the bare
 will, much less power,
 To bestow on this Saul what I sang of, the
 marvellous dower
 Of the life he was gifted and filled with ? to
 make such a soul,
 Such a body, and then such an earth for in-
 sphering the whole ?
 And doth it not enter my mind (as my warm
 tears attest)

These good things being given, to go on, and
 give one more, the best?
 Ay, to save and redeem and restore him,
 maintain at the height
 This perfection, — succeed with life's day-
 spring, death's minute of night?
 Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul,
 the mistake,
 Saul, the failure, the ruin he seems now, —
 and bid him awake
 From the dream, the probation, the prelude,
 to find himself set
 Clear and safe in new light and new life, — a
 new harmony yet
 To be run, and continued, and ended — who
 knows? — or endure!
 The man taught enough by life's dream, of
 the rest to make sure;
 By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning in-
 tensified bliss,
 And the next world's reward and repose, by
 the struggles in this.

“I believe it! ’Tis thou, God, that givest,
 ’t is I who receive:
 In the first is the last, in thy will is my power
 to believe.
 All's one gift: thou canst grant it moreover,
 as prompt to my prayer
 As I breathe out this breath, as I open these
 arms to the air.
 From thy will, stream the worlds, life and
 nature, thy dread Sabaoth:
 I will? — the mere atoms despise me! Why
 am I not loth
 To look that, even that in the face too? Why
 is it I dare
 Think but lightly of such impuissance? What
 stops my despair?
 This; — ’t is not what man Does which exalts
 him, but what man Would do!
 See the King — I would help him but cannot,
 the wishes fall through.
 Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow,
 grow poor to enrich,
 To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would
 — knowing which,
 I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak
 through me now!
 Would I suffer for him that I love? So
 wouldst thou — so wilt thou!
 So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest,
 uttermost crown —
 And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave
 up nor down
 One spot for the creature to stand in! It is
 by no breath,

Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation
 joins issue with death!
 As thy Love is discovered almighty, almighty
 be proved
 Thy power, that exists with and for it, of
 being Beloved!
 He who did most, shall bear most; the
 strongest shall stand the most weak.
 ’T is the weakness in strength, that I cry
 for! my flesh, that I seek
 In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O
 Saul, it shall be
 A Face like my face that receives thee; a
 Man like to me,
 Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a
 Hand like this hand
 Shall throw open the gates of new life to
 thee! See the Christ stand!”

I know not too well how I found my way home
 in the night.
 There were witnesses, cohorts about me, to
 left and to right,
 Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen, the
 alive, the aware:
 I repressed, I got through them as hardly, as
 strugglingly there,
 As a runner beset by the populace famished
 for news —
 Life or death. The whole earth was awak-
 ened, hell loosed with her crews;
 And the stars of night beat with emotion, and
 tingled and shot
 Out in fire the strong pain of pent knowledge:
 but I fainted not,
 For the Hand still impelled me at once and
 supported, suppressed
 All the tumult, and quenched it with quiet,
 and holy behest,
 Till the rapture was shut in itself, and the
 earth sank to rest.
 Anon at the dawn, all that trouble had with-
 ered from earth —
 Not so much, but I saw it die out in the day's
 tender birth;
 In the gathered intensity brought to the gray
 of the hills;
 In the shuddering forests' held breath; in the
 sudden wind-thrills;
 In the startled wild beasts that bore oft, each
 with eye sidling still
 Though averted with wonder and dread; in
 the birds stiff and chill
 That rose heavily, as I approached them,
 made stupid with awe;
 E'en the serpent that slid away silent, he felt
 the new law.

The same stared in the white humid faces
 upturned by the flowers ;
 The same worked in the heart of the cedar
 and moved the vine-bowers :
 And the little brooks witnessing murmured,
 persistent and low,
 With their obstinate, all but hushed voices —
 " E'en so, it is so !"

1842.

ROBERT BROWNING.

 SOLOMON AND THE SOWER.

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT, born at Schweinfurt, Bavaria, May 16, 1783, was one of the greatest of German lyric poets. Educated at Jena, he became professor of Oriental Languages at Erlangen and afterwards at Berlin, and died Jan. 31, 1866, at Coburg, where he spent his last years in literary retirement. He made translations from the Arabic, Persian, and Sanscrit languages. His mastery of the German language was wonderful.

In open field King Solomon
 Beneath the sky sets up his throne ;
 He sees a sower walking, sowing,
 On every side the seed-corn throwing.

" What dost thou there ?" exclaimed the king ;
 The ground here can no harvest bring,
 Break off from such unwise beginning ;
 Thou 'lt get no crop that 's worth the winning."

The sower hears ; his arm he sinks,
 And doubtful he stands still, and thinks ;
 Then goes he forward, strong and steady,
 For the wise king this answer ready : —

" I 've nothing else but this one field ;
 I 've watched it, labored it, and tilled.
 What further use of pausing, guessing ?
 The corn from me, — from God the blessing."

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT. Translated
 by N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

 BELSHAZZAR.

MIDNIGHT came slowly sweeping on ;
 In silent rest lay Babylon.

But in the royal castle high
 Red torches gleam and courtiers cry.

Belshazzar there in kingly hall
 's holding kingly festival.

The vassals sat in glittering line,
 And emptied the goblets with glowing wine.

The goblets rattle, the choruses swell,
 And it pleased the stiff-necked monarch well.

In the monarch's cheeks a wild fire glowed,
 And the wine awoke his daring mood.

And, onward still by his madness spurred,
 He blasphemes the Lord with a sinful word ;

And he brazenly boasts, blaspheming wild,
 While the servile courtiers cheered and smiled.

Quick the king spoke, while his proud glance
 burned,

Quickly the servant went and returned

He bore on his head the vessels of gold,
 Of Jehovah's temple the plunder bold.

With daring hand, in his frenzy grim,
 The king seized a beaker and filled to the
 brim,

And drained to the dregs the sacred cup,
 And foaming he cried, as he drank it up.

" Jehovah, eternal scorn I own
 To thee. I am monarch of Babylon."

Scarce had the terrible blasphemy rolled
 From his lips, ere the monarch at heart was
 cold.

The yelling laughter was hushed, and all
 Was still as death in the royal hall.

And see! and see! on the white wall high
 The form of a hand went slowly by,

And wrote, — and wrote, on the broad wall
 white,
 Letters of fire, and vanished in night.

Pale as death, with a steady stare,
 And with trembling knees, the king sat there ;

The horde of slaves sat shuddering chill ;
 No word they spoke, but were deathlike still.

The Magians came, but of them all,
 None could read the flame-script on the wall.

But that same night, in all his pride,
 By the hands of his servants Belshazzar died.

HEINRICH HEINE. 1820 Translated by
 CHARLES GODFREY LELAND, 1863.

 CHRIST'S COMING TO JERUSALEM
 IN TRIUMPH.

The poems of BISHOP TAYLOR are found in a volume entitled "The Golden Grove," published in 1655.

LORD, come away ;
 Why dost thou stay ?
 Thy road is ready ; and thy paths made
 straight,

With longing expectation wait
 The consecration of thy beauteous feet.
 Ride on triumphantly; behold, we lay
 Our lusts and proud wills in thy way.
 Hosanna, welcome to our hearts! Lord, here
 Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
 As that of Sion; and as full of sin;
 Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein:
 Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the
 floor;
 Crucify them, that they may never more
 Profane that holy place,
 Where thou hast chose to set thy face.
 And then if our stiff tongues shall be
 Mute in the praises of thy deity,
 The stones out of the temple-wall
 Shall cry aloud and call
 Hosanna! and thy glorious footsteps greet.
 Amen.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

POOL OF BETHESDA.

AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,
 Waiting to hear the rustling wing
 Which spoke the angel nigh who gave
 Its virtue to that holy spring,
 With patience, and with hope endued,
 Were seen the gathered multitude.

Among them there was one whose eye
 Had often seen the waters stirred;
 Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,
 The bitter sigh of hope deferred;
 Beholding, while he suffered on,
 The healing virtue given — and gone.

No power had he; no friendly aid
 To him its timely succor brought;
 But, while his coming he delayed,
 Another won the boon he sought;
 Until the Saviour's love was shown,
 Which healed him by a word alone!

Had they who watched and waited there
 Been conscious who was passing by,
 With what unceasing, anxious care
 Would they have sought his pitying eye;
 And craved, with fervency of soul,
 His power divine to make them whole!

But habit and tradition swayed
 Their minds to trust to sense alone;
 They only hoped the angel's aid;
 While in their presence stood, unknown,
 A greater, mightier far than he,
 With power from every pain to free.

Bethesda's pool has lost its power!
 No angel by his glad descent
 Dispenses that diviner dower
 Which with its healing waters went;
 But He, whose word surpassed its wave,
 Is still omnipotent to save.

Saviour! thy love is still the same
 As when that healing word was spoke;
 Still in thine all-redeeming name
 Dwells power to burst the strongest yoke!
 Oh, be that power, that love displayed!
 Help those whom thou alone canst aid.

BERNARD BARTON.

VOX CLAMANTIS.

John the Baptist. Repent! repent! re-
 pent!

For the kingdom of God is at hand,
 And all the land
 Full of the knowledge of the Lord shall be
 As the waters cover the sea,
 And encircle the continent!

Repent! repent! repent!
 For lo, the hour appointed,
 The hour so long foretold
 By the Prophets of old,
 Of the coming of the Anointed,
 The Messiah, the Paraclete,
 The Desire of the Nations, is nigh!
 He shall not strive nor cry,
 Nor his voice be heard in the street;
 Nor the bruised reed shall he break,
 Nor quench the smoking flax;
 And many of them that sleep
 In the dust of earth shall awake,
 On that great and terrible day,
 And the wicked shall wail and weep,
 And be blown like a smoke away,
 And be melted away like wax.
 Repent! repent! repent!

O Priest, and Pharisee,
 Who hath warned you to flee
 From the wrath that is to be?
 From the coming anguish and ire?
 The axe is laid at the root
 Of the trees, and every tree
 That bringeth not forth good fruit
 Is hewn down and cast into the fire!

Ye Scribes, why come ye hither?
 In the hour that is uncertain.

In the day of anguish and trouble,
He that stretcheth the heavens as a curtain
And spreadeth them out as a tent,
Shall blow upon you, and ye shall wither,
And the whirlwind shall take you away as
stubble!

Repent! repent! repent!

Priest. Who art thou, O man of prayer!
In raiment of camel's hair,
Begirt with leathern thong,
That here in the wilderness,
With a cry as of one in distress,
Preachest unto this throng?
Art thou the Christ?

John. Priest of Jerusalem,
In meekness and humbleness,
I deny not, I confess
I am not the Christ!

Priest. What shall we say unto them
That sent us here? Reveal
Thy name, and nought conceal!
Art thou Elias?

John. No!

Priest. Art thou that Prophet, then,
Of lamentation and woe,
Who, as a symbol and sign
Of impending wrath divine
Upon unbelieving men,
Shattered the vessel of clay
In the Valley of Slaughter?

John. Nay,

I am not he thou namest!

Priest. Who art thou, and what is the word
That here thou proclaimest?

John. I am the voice of one
Crying in the wilderness alone:
Prepare ye the way of the Lord;
Make his paths straight
In the land that is desolate!

Priest. If thou be not the Christ,
Nor yet Elias, nor he
That, in sign of the things to be,
Shattered the vessel of clay
In the Valley of Slaughter,
Then declare unto us, and say
By what authority now
Baptizest thou?

John. I indeed baptize you with water
Unto repentance; but He,
That cometh after me,
Is mightier than I and higher;
The latchet of whose shoes
I am not worthy to unloose;
He shall baptize you with fire,
And with the Holy Ghost!
Whose fan is in his hand;
He will purge to the uttermost

His floor, and garner his wheat,
But will burn the chaff in the brand
And fire of unquenchable heat!
Repent! repent! repent!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1872.

ON JORDAN'S BANK.

"Jordanis oras prævia vox ecce Baptistæ quatit."

CHARLES COFFIN was born in 1676, and was principal of the college of Dormans-Beauvais, in the University of Paris, from 1712 until his death in 1749. His Latin hymns were written for the Paris Breviary in 1736. As conductor of the college he was eminently successful.

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh:
Come, then, and hearken; for he brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

E'en now the air, the sea, the land,
Feel that their Maker is at hand;
The very elements rejoice,
And welcome him with cheerful voice.

Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a Guest!
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

For thou art our salvation, Lord, —
Our refuge and our great reward;
Without thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.

Stretch forth thy hand to heal our sore,
And make us rise, to fall no more;
Once more upon thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

To him, who left the throne of heaven
To save mankind, all praise be given!
Like praise be to the Father done,
And Holy Spirit, — Three in One!

From the Latin of CHARLES COFFIN, in the Paris Breviary, 1736. Translated by JOHN CHANDLER, 1837.

THE MARRIAGE IN CANA.

The Musicians. Rise up, my love, my fair
one,

Rise up, and come away,
For lo! the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone,
The flowers appear on the earth,
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

The Bridegroom. Sweetly the minstrels sing
the Song of Songs !

My heart runs forward with it, and I say :
Oh, set me as a seal upon thine heart,
And set me as a seal upon thine arm ;
For love is strong as life, and strong as death,
And cruel as the grave is jealousy !

The Musicians. I sleep, but my heart
awaketh ;

'T is the voice of my beloved
Who knocketh, saying : Open to me,
My sister, my love, my dove,
For my head is filled with dew,
My locks with the drops of the night !

The Bride. Ah yes, I sleep, and yet my
heart awaketh ;

It is the voice of my beloved who knocks.

The Bridegroom. O beautiful as Rebecca
at the fountain,

O beautiful as Ruth among the sheaves !
O fairest among women ! O undefiled !
Thou art all fair, my love, there 's no spot in
thee !

The Musicians. My beloved is white and
ruddy,

The chiefest among ten thousand ;
His locks are black as a raven,
His eyes are the eyes of doves,
Of doves by the rivers of water,
His lips are like unto lilies,
Dropping sweet-smelling myrrh.

Architriclinus. Who is that youth, with
the dark azure eyes,

And hair, in color like unto the wine,
Parted upon his forehead, and behind
Falling in flowing locks ?

Paranymphus. The Nazarene

Who preacheth to the poor in field and village
The coming of God's Kingdom.

Architriclinus. How serene
His aspect is ! manly yet womanly.

Paranymphus. Most beautiful among the
sons of men !

Oft known to weep, but never known to laugh.

Architriclinus. And tell me, she with eyes
of olive tint,

And skin as fair as wheat, and pale brown hair,
The woman at his side ?

Paranymphus. His mother, Mary.

Architriclinus. And the tall figure standing
close behind them,

Clad all in white, with face and beard like
ashes,

As if he were Elias, the White Witness,
Come from his cave on Carmel to foretell
The end of all things ?

Paranymphus. That is Manahem

The Essenian, he who dwells among the palms
Near the Dead Sea.

Architriclinus. He who foretold to Herod
He should one day be King ?

Paranymphus. The same.

Architriclinus. Then why

Doth he come here to sadden with his presence
Our marriage feast, belonging to a sect
Haters of women, and that taste not wine ?

The Musicians. My undefiled is but one,
The only one of her mother,
The choice of her that bare her ;
The daughters saw her and blessed her ;
The queens and the concubines praised her,
Saying : Lo ! who is this

That looketh forth as the morning ?

Manahem (aside). The Ruler of the Feast
is gazing at me,

As if he asked, why is that old man here
Among the revellers ? And thou, the Anointed !
Why art thou here ? I see as in a vision
A figure clothed in purple, crowned with
thorns ;

I see a cross uplifted in the darkness,
And hear a cry of agony, that shall echo
Forever and forever through the world !

Architriclinus. Give us more wine. These
goblets are all empty.

Mary (to Christ). They have no wine !

Christus. O woman, what have I

To do with thee ? Mine hour is not yet come.

Mary (to the servants). Whatever he shall
say to you, that do.

Christus. Fill up these pots with water.

The Musicians. Come, my beloved,

Let us go forth into the field,

Let us lodge in the villages ;

Let us get up early to the vineyards,

Let us see if the vine flourish,

Whether the tender grape appear,

And the pomegranates bud forth.

Christus. Draw out now,

And bear unto the Ruler of the Feast.

Manahem (aside). O thou, brought up
among the Essenians,

Nurtured in abstinence, taste not the wine !

It is the poison of dragons from the vineyards
Of Sodom, and the taste of death is in it.

Architriclinus (to the Bridegroom). All
men set forth good wine at the begin-
ning,

And when men have well drunk, that which is
worse ;

But thou hast kept the good wine until now.

Manahem (aside). The things that have
been and shall be no more,

The things that are, and that hereafter shall be,

The things that might have been, and yet
were not,
The fading twilight of great joys departed,
The daybreak of great truths as yet unrisen,
The intuition and the expectation
Of something, which, when come, is not the
same,

But only like its forecast in men's dreams,
The longing, the delay, and the delight,
Sweeter for the delay; youth, hope, love,
death,

And disappointment which is also death,
All these make up the sum of human life;
A dream within a dream, a wind at night
Howling across the desert in despair,
Seeking for something lost, it cannot find.
Fate or foreseeing, or whatever name
Men call it, matters not; what is to be
Hath been fore-written in the thought divine
From the beginning. None can hide from it,
But it will find him out; nor run from it,
But it o'ertaketh him! The Lord hath said it.

The Bridegroom (to the Bride, on the balcony). When Abraham went with Sarah
into Egypt,

The land was all illumined with her beauty;
But thou dost make the very night itself
Brighter than day! Behold, in glad procession,
Crowding the threshold of the sky above us,
The stars come forth to meet thee with their
lamps;

And the soft winds, the ambassadors of
flowers,
From neighboring gardens and from fields
unseen,

Come laden with odors unto thee, my Queen!
The Musicians. Awake, O North-wind,
And come, thou wind of the South,
Blow, blow upon my garden,
That the spices thereof may flow out.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1872.

A VISIT TO BETHLEHEM IN SPIRIT.

THE scene around me disappears,
And, borne to ancient regions,
While time recalls the flight of years,
I see angelic legions
Descending in an orb of light:
Amidst the dark and silent night
I hear celestial voices.

"Tidings, glad tidings from above
To every age and nation!

Tidings, glad tidings! God is love,
To man he sends salvation!
His Son beloved, his only Son,
The work of mercy hath begun;
Give to his name the glory!"

Through David's city I am led;
Here all around are sleeping;
A light directs to yon poor shed;
There lonely watch is keeping:
I enter; ah, what glories shine!
Is this Immanuel's earthly shrine,
Messiah's infant temple?

It is, it is; and I adore
This Stranger meek and lowly,
As saints and angels bow before
The throne of God thrice holy!
Faith through the veil of flesh can see
The face of thy divinity,
My Lord, my God, my Saviour!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1825.

A LEGENDARY BALLAD.

MRS. MARY HOWITT, whose name has long been familiar to readers of English, was born about 1804, her parents being members of the Society of Friends. She was married to William Howitt in 1823. Her works have been many, both those written alone and those prepared in connection with her husband. She has translated much from the Scandinavian literatures.

AMONG green, pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and the Child.

Here oft, on summer evenings,
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him.

"And now from highest heaven
He doth look down each day,
And sees whate'er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say!"

Thus spoke his tender mother;
And, on an evening bright,
When the red, round sun descended
Mid clouds of crimson light,

Again the boy was playing ;
 And earnestly said he,
 "O beautiful child Jesus !
 Come down and play with me.

"I will find thee flowers the fairest,
 And weave for thee a crown ;
 I will get thee ripe, red strawberries,
 If thou wilt but come down.

"O holy, holy mother !
 Put him down from off thy knee ;
 For in these silent meadows
 There are none to play with me."

Thus spoke the boy so lovely,
 The while his mother heard ;
 And on his prayer she pondered,
 But spoke to him no word.

That self-same night she dreamed
 A lovely dream of joy :
 She thought she saw young Jesus
 There, playing with the boy.

"And for the fruits and flowers
 Which thou hast brought to me,
 Rich blessing shall be given
 A thousand-fold to thee.

"For in the fields of heaven
 Thou shalt roam with me at will ;
 And of bright fruit celestial
 Thou shalt have, dear child, thy fill !"

Thus tenderly and kindly
 The fair child Jesus spoke ;
 And, full of careful musings,
 The anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished :
 In a short month and a day,
 That lovely boy, so gentle,
 Upon his death-bed lay.

And thus he spoke, in dying :
 "O mother dear, I see
 The beautiful child Jesus
 A-coming down to me !

"And in his hand he beareth
 Bright flowers as white as snow,
 And red and juicy strawberries, —
 Dear mother, let me go !"

He died — but that fond mother
 Her sorrow did restrain ;
 For she knew he was with Jesus,
 And she asked him not again !

HERDER. Translated by MARY HOWITT.

THE FIRST MISSIONARY.

ANNA SHIPTON is a lady now living in England, the author of a number of volumes of verse remarkable rather for their spirituality than for their poetic inspiration.

SHE left her pitcher at the well, and to her home returned,
 The welcome words of life to bear, that in her full heart burned :
 Her kindred and the stranger's ear alike the news receive,
 Of water from a hidden spring the Saviour waits to give.

With joyful haste and zealous love she turns to seek her home,
 The ceaseless burden of her theme, "Behold ! the Christ is come !"
 He waits, Messiah waits to bless, as none e'er blessed before ;
 Come, drink ye of the living stream ; believe, and thirst no more.

She left her pitcher at the well, her thoughts still backward bent ;
 Tears marked by Jesu's eye alone fell softly as she went ;
 "He told me all that e'er I did," the contrite sinner cried,
 "Nor to my wounded heart's relief the healing balm denied.

"Yea, line by line, my life's dark page he gently read me o'er ;
 He spake in wisdom and in love, as man ne'er spake before ;
 Against my soul, so stained with sin, no curse of wrath was hurled, —
 Then knew I it was Christ the Lord, the Saviour of the world.

"Come ! and behold Messiah's face, of whom the people tell ;
 Oh, come and hear his holy voice ! He waiteth by the well ;
 Oh, come to Christ !" Samaria's hills echo his name aloud,
 And tidings of Messiah fly amid the wondering crowd.

Come thou where streams of love abound, and near the Fount remain ;
 For he who drinks when Jesus draws shall never thirst again ;
 Linger no more by Meribah, of bitter memories rife,
 Drink of the spring that welleteth up to everlasting life.

Like her of Sychar hast thou drunk of that
 blest Fount? then go,
 Let others learn the priceless gifts that from
 the waters flow ;
 Go forth, and in thy Saviour's strength thy
 voice shall yet be heard,
 And wandering hearts shall turn and bless a
 feeble woman's word.

ANNA SHIPTON.

THE IMPORTUNATE WIDOW.

LUKE xviii. 1-7.

OUR Lord, who knows full well
 The heart of every saint,
 Invites us, by a parable,
 To pray and never faint.

He bows his gracious ear,
 We never plead in vain ;
 Yet we must wait till he appear,
 And pray, and pray again.

Though unbelief suggest,
 Why should we longer wait?
 He bids us never give him rest,
 But be importunate.

'T was thus a widow poor,
 Without support or friend,
 Beset the unjust judge's door
 And gained, at last, her end.

For her he little cared,
 As little for the laws ;
 Nor God nor man did he regard,
 Yet he espoused her cause.

She urged him day and night,
 Would no denial take ;
 At length he said, " I'll do her right,
 For my own quiet's sake."

And shall not Jesus hear
 His chosen when they cry?
 Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
 He'll help them from on high.

His nature, truth, and love
 Engage him on their side ;
 When they are grieved his bowels move,
 And can they be denied?

Then let us earnest be,
 And never faint in prayer ;
 He loves our importunity,
 And makes our cause his care.

1779.

JOHN NEWTON.

"SHE LOVED MUCH."

SHE sat and wept beside his feet. The weight
 Of sin oppressed her heart ; for all the blame,
 And the poor malice of the worldly shame,
 To her was past, extinct, and out of date ;
 Only the *sin* remained, — the leprous state.
 She would be melted by the heat of love,
 By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove
 And purge the silver ore adulterate.
 She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair
 Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch ;
 And he wiped off the soiling of despair
 From her sweet soul, because she loved so
 much.

I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears :
 Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

MARY MAGDALEN.

JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLANAN was born in Cork in 1795,
 and died in Lisbon in 1829. He was a poet of ability, but
 lacked force of character. He was author of "The Recluse
 of Inchidony."

To the hall of the feast came the sinful and
 fair ;
 She heard in the city that Jesus was there ;
 She marked not the splendor that blazed on
 their board,
 But silently knelt at the feet of her Lord.

The hair from her forehead, so sad and so
 meek,
 Hung dark o'er the blushes that burned on
 her cheek ;
 And so still and so lowly she bent in her
 shame,
 It seemed as her spirit had flown from its
 frame.

The frown and the murmur went round through
 them all,
 That one so unhallowed should tread in that
 hall ;
 And some said the poor would be objects more
 meet
 For the wealth of the perfumes she showered
 at his feet.

She marked but her Saviour, she spoke but
 in sighs,
 She dared not look up to the heaven of his
 eyes ;
 And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave
 of her breast,
 As her lips to his sandals she throbbingly
 pressed.

On the cloud, after tempests, as shineth the
 bow,
 In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the
 snow,
 He looked on that lost one, — her sins were
 forgiven;
 And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLANAN.

—◆—
 DORCAS.

If I might guess, then guess I would:
 Amid the gathering folk,
 This gentle Dorcas one day stood,
 And heard what Jesus spoke.

She saw the woven, seamless coat, —
 Half envious for his sake:
 "O happy hands," she said, "that wrought
 That honored thing to make!"

Her eyes with longing tears grow dim;
 She never can come nigh
 To work one service poor for him
 For whom she glad would die!

But hark! he speaks a mighty word:
 She hearkens now indeed!
 "When did we see thee naked, Lord,
 And clothed thee in thy need?"

"The King shall answer, inasmuch
 As to my brothers ye
 Did it, — even to the least of such, —
 Ye did it unto me."

Home, home she went, and plied the loom,
 And Jesus' poor arrayed.
 She died, — they wept about the room,
 And showed the coats she made.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

—◆—
 LAZARUS.

"THERE are twelve hours in the day. If any
 man walk in the daytime
 Such an one stumbleth not, for he seeth the
 daylight around him:
 If a man walk in the night, he stumbleth on
 in his blindness,
 There is no light in him, and this is the cause
 that he stumbleth.
 Our friend Lazarus sleepeth, but I must go
 to awake him."

"Lord, if he sleep it is well: for hard is the
 path of the wayworn;
 Stones and thorns lie around it, and wearily
 children of Adam
 Turn from the labors of life with its care, with
 its toil, with its sorrow,
 When the bright Angel of God takes post for
 the night by their pillow."

"Lazarus sleepeth in death, and we must go
 and behold him,
 I for your sakes am glad that I was not there
 when he slumbered.
 Now will I stablish your faith."

'TWAS thus in mystical warning
 Spake the Christ with his own as they gazed
 on the stream of the Jordan.
 They understood him not as he stood on the
 verge of his Passion,
 Waiting till death should weave the crown of
 thorns for his garland,
 Crown which shall bud with the blossoms of
 life in the valley of Hades,
 E'en in the realms of Death, when Death
 himself is defeated.

They understood him not. Full well the soul
 of the Saviour
 Saw before him the shades of Gethsemane;
 saw the full chalice
 Which he must drink alone, ere they could
 know that in Jesus
 Death is the gate of life, the passage to joys
 immortal.

"Lazarus sleepeth. I go to awake him." Child
 of the Virgin,
 Speak to us thus! Ah, speak to us thus,
 when we too shall slumber
 After the fever of life in the grave of peaceful
 awaiting.

"I am the Resurrection, and I am the Life
 for believers;
 Whoso believeth in me, although he were
 dead, yet he liveth.
 Death hath no more dominion o'er him that
 liveth in Jesus."
 Thus as the years roll on, the voice of the
 priest in the churchyard
 Sweetly greets the departed who come to rest
 in its bosom,
 Bosom pregnant with life — Seed land for the
 Lord of the harvest,
 When he shall send his Angels to bear the
 sheaves to his garner.

"I am the Resurrection, and I am the Life
for believers,"
Spake the sweet voice of the Christ, as he
stood by the grave of the loved one.
He slept calm and still, and his soul was gone
to the mansion
Where the departed await the trumpet call to
the Judgment.
Silent and undisturbed he roamed through
the ivory moonlight,
Bathing in light the dim meadows of Aspho-
del; far in the distance
Saw he the shadowy forms of the patriarch
fathers of Hades,
Wearily waiting the summons of him who
cometh in triumph,
Breaking the brazen gates and their bars of
iron asunder.
Hark! 'tis the voice of the Master! He call-
eth thee! Soul of the sleeper,
Thee alone doth he call; Come forth! Come
forth! he commands thee:
"Lazarus, come thou forth!"

He feels the grave-clothes around him,
Swathing yet once more the form of his
earthly corruption,
As his obedient spirit re-enters the clay of
the body.

"Lazarus, come thou forth! thou must sup
with me ere my Passion:
Life and Death must sit down together at
Bethany. Think not
Thy life's work complete, nor that death
again can infold thee
Ere thou hast stood in the darkness beneath
the cross of thy Saviour,
Guiding the souls of the recognized dead when
the grave shall return them
Here to receive the blessing which quick and
dead must inherit,
Under the outspread arms, the bleeding hands
of Atonement."

1867.

GERARD MOULTRIE.

LAZARUS.

WHEN Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house returned,
Was this demanded,—if he yearned
To hear her weeping by his grave?

"Where wert thou, brother, those four days?"
There lives no record of reply,
Which, telling what it is to die,
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbors met,
The streets were filled with joyful sound;
A solemn gladness even crowned
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unrevealed;
He told it not; or something sealed
The lips of that Evangelist.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

1850.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

AN EPISTLE.

CONTAINING THE STRANGE MEDICAL EXPERIENCE OF KAR-
SHISH, THE ARAB PHYSICIAN.

KARSHISH, the picker-up of learning's crumbs,
The not-incurious in God's handiwork
(This man's-flesh he hath admirably made,
Blown like a bubble, kneaded like a paste,
To coop up and keep down on earth a space
That puff of vapor from his mouth, man's
soul),

— To Abib, all-sagacious in our art,
Breeder in me of what poor skill I boast,
Like me inquisitive how pricks and cracks
Befall the flesh through too much stress and
strain,

Whereby the wily vapor fain would slip
Back and rejoin its source before the term,—
And aptest in contrivance (under God)
To baffle it by deftly stopping such:—
The vagrant Scholar to his Sage at home
Sends greeting (health and knowledge, fame
with peace)

Three samples of true snake-stone, rarer still,
One of the other sort, the melon-shaped,

(But fitter, pounded fine, for charms than drugs)
And writeth now the twenty-second time.

My journeyings were brought to Jericho:
Thus I resume. Who studious in our art
Shall count a little labor unrepaid?
I have shed sweat enough, left flesh and bone
On many a flinty furlong of this land.
Also, the country-side is all on fire
With rumors of a marching hitherward:
Some say Vespasian cometh, some, his son.
A black lynx snarled and pricked a tufted ear;
Lust of my blood inflamed his yellow balls:
I cried and threw my staff and he was gone.
Twice have the robbers stripped and beaten
me,

And once a town declared me for a spy;
But at the end, I reach Jerusalem,
Since this poor covert where I pass the night,
This Bethany, lies scarce the distance thence
A man with plague-sores at the third degree
Runs till he drops down dead. Thou laugh-
est here!

'Sooth, it elates me, thus reposed and safe,
To void the stuffing of my travel-scrip
And share with thee whatever Jewry yields.
A viscid cholera is observable
In tertians, I was nearly bold to say;
And falling-sickness hath a happier cure
Than our school wots of: there 's a spider here
Weaves no web, watches on the ledge of
tombs,
Sprinkled with mottles on an ash-gray back;
Take five and drop them . . . but who knows
his mind,

The Syrian run-a-gate I trust this to?
His service payeth me a sublimate
Blown up his nose to help the ailing eye.
Best wait: I reach Jerusalem at morn,
There set in order my experiences,
Gather what most deserves, and give thee all —
Or I might add, Judæa's gum-tragacanth
Scales off in purer flakes, shines clearer-
grained,

Cracks 'twixt the pestle and the porphyry,
In fine exceeds our produce. Scalp-disease
Confounds me, crossing so with leprosy —
Thou hadst admired one sort I gained at
Zoar —

But zeal outruns discretion. Here I end.

Yet stay: my Syrian blinketh gratefully,
Protesteth his devotion is my price —
Suppose I write what harms not, though he
steal?

I half resolve to tell thee, yet I blush,

What set me off a-writing first of all.
An itch I had, a sting to write, a tang!
For, be it this town's barrenness — or else
The Man had something in the look of him —
His case has struck me far more than 't is
worth.

So, pardon if — (lest presently I lose
In the great press of novelty at hand
The care and pains this somehow stole from
me)

I bid thee take the thing while fresh in mind,
Almost in sight — for, wilt thou have the
truth?

The very man is gone from me but now,
Whose ailment is the subject of discourse.
Thus then, and let thy better wit help all!

'T is but a case of mania — subinduced
By epilepsy, at the turning-point
Of trance prolonged unduly some three days;
When, by the exhibition of some drug
Or spell, exorcisation, stroke of art
Unknown to me and which 't were well to
know,

The evil thing outbreaking all at once
Left the man whole and sound of body in-
deed, —

But, flinging (so to speak) life's gates too wide,
Making a clear house of it too suddenly,
The first conceit that entered might inscribe
Whatever it was minded on the wall
So plainly at that vantage, as it were,
(First come, first served) that nothing subse-
quent

Attaineth to erase those fancy-scribbles
The just-returned and new-established soul
Hath gotten now so thoroughly by heart
That henceforth she will read or these or
none.

And first — the man's own firm conviction
rests

That he was dead (in fact they buried him)
— That he was dead and then restored to life
By a Nazarene physician of his tribe:
— 'Sayeth, the same bade "Rise," and he did
rise.

"Such cases are diurnal," thou wilt cry.
Not so this figment! — not, that such a fume,
Instead of giving way to time and health,
Should eat itself into the life of life,
As saffron tingeth flesh, blood, bones and all!
For see, how he takes up the after-life.

The man — it is one Lazarus a Jew,
Sanguine, proportioned, fifty years of age,
The body's habit wholly laudable,
As much, indeed, beyond the common health
As he were made and put aside to show.

Think, could we penetrate by any drug
And bathe the weary soul and worried flesh,
And bring it clear and fair, by three days'
sleep!

Whence has the man the balm that brightens
all?

This grown man eyes the world now like a
child.

Some elders of his tribe, I should premise,
Led in their friend, obedient as a sheep,
To bear my inquisition. While they spoke,
Now sharply, now with sorrow,—told the
case,—

He listened not except I spoke to him,
But folded his two hands and let them talk,
Watching the flies that buzzed: and yet no
fool.

And that's a sample how his years must go.
Look if a beggar, in fixed middle-life,
Should find a treasure,— can he use the same
With straitened habits and with tastes starved
small,

And take at once to his impoverished brain
The sudden element that changes things,
That sets the undreamed-of rapture at his
hand,

And puts the cheap old joy in the scorned dust?
Is he not such an one as moves to mirth —
Warily parsimonious, when no need,
Wasteful as drunkenness at undue times?
All prudent counsel as to what befits
The golden mean, is lost on such an one:
The man's fantastic will is the man's law.
So here — we call the treasure knowledge, say,
Increased beyond the fleshly faculty —
Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth,
Earth forced on a soul's use while seeing
heaven:

The man is witless of the size, the sum,
The value in proportion of all things,
Or whether it be little or be much.
Discourse to him of prodigious armaments
Assembled to besiege his city now,
And of the passing of a mule with gourds —
'T is one! Then take it on the other side,
Speak of some trifling fact, — he will gaze rapt
With stupor at its very littleness,
(Far as I see) as if in that indeed
He caught prodigious import, whole results;
And so will turn to us the bystanders'
In ever the same stupor (note this point)
That we too see not with his opened eyes.
Wonder and doubt come wrongly into play,
Preposterously, at cross purposes.
Should his child sicken unto death, — why,
look

For scarce abatement of his cheerfulness,

Or pretermission of the daily craft!
While a word, gesture, glance from that same
child

At play or in the school or laid asleep,
Will startle him to an agony of fear,
Exasperation, just as like. Demand
The reason why — "'t is but a word," object —
"A gesture" — he regards thee as our lord
Who lived there in the pyramid alone,
Looked at us (dost thou mind?) when, being
young,

We both would unadvisedly recite
Some charm's beginning, from that book of his,
Able to bid the sun throb wide and burst
All into stars, as suns grown old are wont.
Thou and the child have each a veil alike
Thrown o'er your heads, from under which
ye both

Stretch your blind hands and trifle with a match
Over a mine of Greek fire, did ye know!
He holds on firmly to some thread of life —
(It is the life to lead perforce)
Which runs across some vast distracting orb
Of glory on either side that meagre thread,
Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet —
The spiritual life around the earthly life:
The law of that is known to him as this,
His heart and brain move there, his feet stay
here.

So is the man perplexed with impulses
Sudden to start off crosswise, not straight on,
Proclaiming what is right and wrong across,
And not along, this black thread through the
blaze —

"It should be" balked by "here it cannot be."
And oft the man's soul springs into his face
As if he saw again and heard again
His sage that bade him "Rise" and he did rise.
Something, a word, a tick of the blood within
Admonishes: then back he sinks at once
To ashes, who was very fire before,
In sedulous recurrence to his trade
Whereby he earneth him the daily bread;
And studiously the humbler for that pride,
Professedly the faultier that he knows
God's secret, while he holds the thread of life.
Indeed the especial marking of the man
Is prone submission to the heavenly will —
Seeing it, what it is, and why it is.
'Sayeth, he will wait patient to the last
For that same death which must restore his
being

To equilibrium, body loosening soul
Divorced even now by premature full growth:
He will live, nay, it pleaseth him to live
So long as God please, and just how God
please.

He even seeketh not to please God more
 (Which meaneth, otherwise) than as God please.
 Hence, I perceive not he affects to preach
 The doctrine of his sect whate'er it be,
 Make proselytes as madmen thirst to do :
 How can he give his neighbor the real ground,
 His own conviction ? Ardent as he is —
 Call his great truth a lie, why, still the old
 " Be it as God please " reassureth him.
 I probed the sore as thy disciple should :
 " How, beast," said I, " this stolid carelessness
 Sufficeth thee, when Rome is on her march
 To stamp out like a little spark thy town,
 Thy tribe, thy crazy tale and thee at once ? "
 He merely looked with his large eyes on me.
 The man is apathetic, you deduce ?
 Contrariwise, he loves both old and young,
 Able and weak, affects the very brutes
 And birds — how say I ? flowers of the field —
 As a wise workman recognizes tools
 In a master's workshop, loving what they make.
 Thus is the man as harmless as a lamb :
 Only impatient, let him do his best,
 At ignorance and carelessness and sin —
 An indignation which is promptly curbed ;
 As when in certain travel I have feigned
 To be an ignoramus in our art
 According to some preconceived design,
 And happed to hear the land's practitioners
 Steeped in conceit sublimed by ignorance,
 Prattle fantastically on disease,
 Its cause and cure — and I must hold my
 peace !

Thou wilt object — Why have I not ere this
 Sought out the sage himself, the Nazarene
 Who wrought this cure, inquiring at the source,
 Conferring with the frankness that befits ?
 Alas ! it grieveth me, the learned leech
 Perished in a tumult many years ago,
 Accused, — our learning's fate, — of wizardry,
 Rebellion, to the setting up a rule
 And creed prodigious as described to me.
 His death, which happened when the earth-
 quake fell

(Prefiguring, as soon appeared, the loss
 To occult learning in our lord the sage
 Who lived there in the pyramid alone)
 Was wrought by the mad people — that's their
 wont !

On vain recourse, as I conjecture it,
 To his tried virtue, for miraculous help —
 How could he stop the earthquake ? That's
 their way !

The other imputations must be lies :
 But take one, though I loathe to give it thee,
 In mere respect for any good man's fame.

(And after all, our patient Lazarus
 Is stark mad : should we count on what he
 says ?

Perhaps not : though in writing to a leech
 'T is well to keep back nothing of a case.)
 This man so cured regards the curer, then.
 As — God forgive me ! who but God himself,
 Creator and sustainer of the world,
 That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile !
 — ' Sayeth that such an one was born and lived,
 Taught, healed the sick, broke bread at his
 own house,

Then died, with Lazarus by, for aught I know,
 And yet was . . . what I said nor choose repeat,
 And must have so avouched himself, in fact,
 In hearing of this very Lazarus
 Who saith — but why all this of what he saith ?
 Why write of trivial matters, things of price
 Calling at every moment for remark ?
 I noticed on the margin of a pool
 Blue-flowering borage, the Aleppo sort,
 Aboundeth, very nitrous. It is strange !

Thy pardon for this long and tedious case,
 Which, now that I review it, needs must seem
 Unduly dwelt on, prolixly set forth !
 Nor I myself discern in what is writ
 Good cause for the peculiar interest
 And awe indeed this man has touched me with.
 Perhaps the journey's end, the weariness
 Had wrought upon me first. I met him thus :
 I crossed a ridge of short sharp broken hills
 Like an old lion's cheek teeth. Out there came
 A moon made like a face with certain spots
 Multiform, manifold and menacing :
 Then a wind rose behind me. So we met
 In this old sleepy town at unaware,
 The man and I. I send thee what is writ.
 Regard it as a chance, a matter risked
 To this ambiguous Syrian — he may lose,
 Or steal, or give it thee with equal good.
 Jerusalem's repose shall make amends
 For time this letter wastes, thy time and mine ;
 Till when, once more thy pardon and farewell !

The very God ! think, Abib ; dost thou think ?
 So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too —
 So, through the thunder comes a human voice
 Saying, " O heart I made, a heart beats here !
 Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself.
 Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of
 mine,

But love I gave thee, with myself to love.
 And thou must love me who have died for
 thee ! "

The madman saith He said so : it is strange.

ROBERT BROWNING



Engd by H. H. Hall & Sons N.Y.

Henry W. Longfellow

THE FIRE BY THE SEA.

THERE were seven fishers, with nets in their hands,
And they walked and talked by the seaside sands ;

Yet sweet as the sweet dew-fall
The words they spake, though they spake so low,
Across the long, dim centuries flow,
And we know them, one and all, —
Ay! know them and love them all.

Seven sad men in the days of old,
And one was gentle and one was bold,
And they walked with downward eyes ;
The bold was Peter, the gentle was John,
And they all were sad, for the Lord was gone,
And they knew not if he would rise, —
Knew not if the dead would rise.

The livelong night, till the moon went out
In the drowning waters, they beat about ;
Beat slow through the fog their way ;
And the sails drooped down with wringing wet,
And no man drew but an empty net,
And now 't was the break of the day, —
The great, glad break of the day.

"Cast in your nets on the other side!"
('T was Jesus speaking across the tide ;)
And they cast and were dragging hard ;
But that disciple whom Jesus loved
Cried straightway out, for his heart was moved,
"It is our risen Lord, —
Our Master, and our Lord!"

Then Simon, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets and out of the boat, —
Ay! first of them all was he ;
Repenting sore the denial past,
He feared no longer his heart to cast
Like an anchor into the sea, —
Down deep in the hungry sea.

And the others, through the mists so dim,
In a little ship came after him,
Dragging their net through the tide ;
And when they had gotten close to the land
They saw a fire of coals on the sand,
And, with arms of love so wide,
Jesus, the crucified!

'T is long, and long, and long ago
Since the rosy lights began to flow
O'er the hills of Galilee ;

And with eager eyes and lifted hands
The seven fishers saw on the sands
The fire of coals by the sea, —
On the wet, wild sands by the sea.

'T is long ago, yet faith in our souls
Is kindled just by that fire of coals
That streamed o'er the mists of the sea ;
Where Peter, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets and out of the boat,
To answer, "Lov'st thou me?"
Thrice over, "Lov'st thou me?"

ALICE CARY.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, one of the first of living poets, was born in Portland, Me., Feb. 27, 1807, and has long lived in Cambridge, Mass., where he was for twenty years Professor of Belles Lettres in Harvard University.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits ;
He hears the crowd ; — he hears a breath
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!"
And calls, in tones of agony,
'Ιησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!

The thronging multitudes increase ;
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud ;
Until they say, "He calleth thee!"
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε!

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd, "What wilt thou at my hands?"
And he replies, "Oh, give me light!
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight!"
And Jesus answers, *ἄπαγε·*
'Η πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices Three,
'Ιησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ἄπαγε!
'Η πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

As Jesus went into Jericho town
'T was darkness all, from toe to crown,
About blind Bartimeus.
He said, "When eyes are so very dim,
They are no use for seeing him ;
No matter, — he can see us.

"Cry out, cry out, blind brother, — cry ;
 Let not salvation dear go by.
 Have mercy, Son of David."
 Though they were blind, they both could
 hear, —
 They heard, and cried, and he drew near ;
 And so the blind were saved.

O Jesus Christ, I am very blind ;
 Nothing comes through into my mind ;
 'T is well I am not dumb :
 Although I see thee not, nor hear,
 I cry because thou mayst be near :
 O Son of Mary, come.

I hear it through the all things blind :
 Is it thy voice, so gentle and kind, —
 " Poor eyes, no more be dim " ?
 A hand is laid upon mine eyes ;
 I hear, and hearken, see, and rise, —
 'T is he : I follow him.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

BARTIMEUS.

MARK x. 47, 48.

" MERCY, O thou son of David !"
 Thus blind Bartimeus prayed ;
 " Others by thy word are saved,
 Now to me afford thine aid."
 * Many for his crying chid him,
 But he called the louder still ;
 Till the gracious Saviour bid him
 " Come, and ask me what you will."

Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging used to live ;
 But he asked, and Jesus granted,
 Alms which none but he could give ;
 " Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
 Let my eyes behold the day " ;
 Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
 Followed Jesus in the way.

Oh, methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around,
 " Friends, is not my case amazing ?
 What a Saviour I have found !
 Oh that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advised by me ;
 Surely they would hasten to him,
 He would cause them all to see."

JOHN NEWTON.

RELIGION AND DOCTRINE.

JOHN HAY, one of the younger American authors, was born at Salem, Ind., Oct. 8, 1839, and graduated at Brown University in 1858. He studied law, and was admitted to practice in Illinois in 1861. He was private secretary to President Lincoln, and afterwards occupied positions in the service of his country abroad. He is now Assistant Secretary of State of the United States, his home being in Cleveland, Ohio.

HE stood before the Sanhedrim ;
 The scowling rabbis gazed at him ;
 He recked not of their praise or blame ;
 There was no fear, there was no shame
 For one upon whose dazzled eyes
 The whole world poured its vast surprise.
 The open heaven was far too near,
 His first day's light too sweet and clear,
 To let him waste his new-gained ken
 On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou ?
 What hast thou been ? What art thou now ?
 Thou art not he who yesterday
 Sat here and begged beside the way,
 For he was blind.

*And I am he ;
 For I was blind, but now I see.*

He told the story o'er and o'er ;
 It was his full heart's only lore ;
 A prophet on the Sabbath day
 Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
 And made him see, who had been blind.
 Their words passed by him like the wind
 Which raves and howls, but cannot shock
 The hundred-fathom-rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide ;
 They could not touch his Hebrew pride ;
 Their sneers at Jesus and his band,
 Nameless and homeless in the land,
 Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
 All could not change him by one word.

*I know not what this man may be,
 Sinner or saint ; but as for me,
 One thing I know, that I am he
 Who once was blind, and now I see.*

They were all doctors of renown,
 The great men of a famous town,
 With deep brows, wrinkled, broad and wise,
 Beneath their wide phylacteries ;
 The wisdom of the East was theirs,
 And honor crowned their silver hairs ;
 The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
 Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born ;

But he knew better far than they
 What came to him that Sabbath day ;
 And what the Christ had done for him,
 He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

JOHN HAY.

THE LEPER.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, son of the founder of the Boston Recorder and the Youth's Companion, was born in Portland, Me., Jan. 20, 1807, and died at Idlewild, on the Hudson, Jan. 21, 1867. His contributions to the press were constant after his graduation at Yale College in 1827.

"ROOM for the leper! room!" And, as he came,
 The cry passed on — "Room for the leper!
 room!"

Sunrise was slanting on the city gates
 Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills
 The early risen poor were coming in,
 Duly and cheerfully, to their toil, and up
 Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum
 Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,
 And all that in a city murmur swells,
 Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
 Aching with night's dull silence, or the sick
 Hailing the welcome light, and sounds that chase
 The death-like images of the dark away.

"Room for the leper!" And aside they stood,
 Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood, — all
 Who met him on his way, — and let him pass.
 And onward through the open gate he came,
 A leper with the ashes on his brow,
 Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
 A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
 And with a difficult utterance, like one
 Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
 Crying, "Unclean! Unclean!"

'T was now the first
 Of the Judæan autumn, and the leaves,
 Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
 Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
 Of Judah's palmiest noble. He was young,
 And eminently beautiful, and life
 Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,
 And sparkled in his glance; and in his mien
 There was a gracious pride that every eye
 Followed with benisons, — and this was he!
 With the soft airs of summer there had come
 A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
 Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
 Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that
 stirs

The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
 The blood beat not as wont within his veins;
 Dimness crept o'er his eye; a drowsy sloth
 Fettered his limbs like palsy, and his port,
 With all its loftiness, seemed struck with eld.
 Even his voice was changed, — a languid moan
 Taking the place of the clear, silver key;
 And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light,
 And very air, were steeped in sluggishness.
 He strove with it awhile, as manhood will,
 Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
 Slackened within his grasp, and in its poise
 The arrowy jereed like an aspen shook.
 Day after day he lay as if in sleep.
 His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white
 scales,

Circled with livid purple, covered him.
 And then his nails grew black, and fell away
 From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
 Deepened beneath the hard, unmoistened
 scales,
 And from their edges grew the rank white
 hair,
 — And Helon was a leper!

Day was breaking
 When at the altar of the temple stood
 The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
 Burned with a struggling light, and a low
 chant

Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof
 Like an articulate wail; and there, alone,
 Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
 The echoes of the melancholy strain
 Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
 Struggling with weakness, and bowed down
 his head
 Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
 His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
 And, with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
 Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still
 Waiting to hear his doom: —

Depart! depart, O child
 Of Israel, from the temple of thy God;
 For he has smote thee with his chastening rod,
 And to the desert wild,
 From all thou lov'st, away thy feet must flee,
 That from thy plague his people may be free.

Depart! and come not near
 The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
 Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er,
 And stay thou not to hear
 Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
 From all who in the wilderness pass by.

Wet not thy burning lip
 In streams that to a human dwelling glide;

Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well, or river's grassy brink.

And pass not thou between
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze,
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

And now depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to him
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod.
Depart, O leper, and forget not God!

And he went forth — alone; not one, of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose
name

Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,
Sick and heart-broken, and alone, to die; —
For God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blest — to die!
Footsteps approached, and, with no strength
to flee,

He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! Unclean!" and, in the
folds

Of the coarse sackcloth, shrouding up his
face,

He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and, bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his
name.

— "Helon!" — the voice was like the master-
tone

Of a rich instrument, — most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon, arise!" and he forgot his curse,
And rose, and stood before him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow

The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear; — yet in his mien
Command sat throned serene, and, if he smiled,
A kingly condescension graced his lips,
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
His stature modelled with a perfect grace;
His countenance, the impress of a God,
Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair, unshorn,
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if his heart was moved, and, stooping
down,

He took a little water in his hand,
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And, lo! the scales fell from him, and his
blood

Coursed with delicious coolness through his
veins,

And his dry palms grew moist, and on his
brow

The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped him.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

1849.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

A TRAVELLER fell among the thieves;
He was crushed like autumn leaves:
He was beaten like the sheaves
Upon the threshing-floor.

There, upon the public way,
In the shadowless heat of day,
Bleeding, stripped and bound he lay,
And seemed to breathe no more.

Void of hope was he, when lo!
On his way to Jericho,
Came a priest, serene and slow,
His journey just begun.

Many a silver bell and gem
Glittered on his harness' hem;
Behind him gleamed Jerusalem,
In the unclouded sun.

Broad were his phylacteries,
And his calm and holy eyes
Looked above earth's vanities,
And gazed upon the sky.

He the suffering one descried,
But, with saintly looks of pride,
Passed by on the other side,
And left him there to die.

Then approached with reverend pace
One of the elected race,
The chosen ministers of grace,
Who bore the ark of God.

He, a Levite and a high
Exemplar of humanity,
Likewise passed the sufferer by,
Even as the dust he trod.

Then came a Samaritan,
A despised, rejected man,
Outlawed by the Jewish ban
As one in bonds to sin.

He beheld the poor man's need,
Bound his wounds, and with all speed
Set him on his own good steed,
And brought him to the inn.

When our Judge shall reappear,
Thinkest thou this man will hear,
"Wherefore didst thou interfere
With what concerned not thee?"

No! the words of Christ will run,
"Whatsoever thou hast done
To this poor and suffering one,
That hast thou done to me!"

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE SIFTING OF PETER.

A FOLK-SONG.

"Behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."—LUKE xxii. 31.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old
Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat, to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;

No heart hath armor so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding,
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger,
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1880.

THE THREE TABERNACLES.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN THE CHURCHYARD OF RICHMOND,
YORKSHIRE.

The following strong and original lines founded on Matt. xvii. 1-8, were written by HERBERT KNOWLES, a youth of promise, born in Canterbury, England, in 1793. He was "picked out of an humble situation for his genius," by the Dean of Canterbury, the poet Southey, and others, who intended to give him a thorough education. He died, however, in 1817, only about two months after he had received the news of what was to be done for him.

METHINKS it is good to be here,
If thou wilt let us build,—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass with
gloom
The abode of the dead and the place of the
tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah, no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away,—

For see, they would pin him below
In a dark narrow cave, and, begirt with cold
clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a fear and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah, no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before,
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin that but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which
it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment
allowed,
Save the long winding-sheet and the fringe of
the shroud.

To Riches? Alas, 't is in vain;
Who hide in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
Save the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin
lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah, here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute at their pitiful
cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah, no! They have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above:
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by
side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which Compassion itself could relieve.
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or
fear;
Peace, peace! is the watchword, the only one
here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah, no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath the cold head, and around the dark
stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may dis-
own.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!

The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacri-
fice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose
to the skies.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

COME, son of Israel, scorned in every land,
Outcast and wandering,— come with mourn-
ful step

Down to the dark vale of Jehoshaphat.
And weigh the remnant of thy hoarded gold
To buy thyself a grave among the bones
Of patriarchs and of prophets and of kings.
It is a glorious place to take thy rest,
Poor child of Abraham, mid those awful
scenes,

And sceptred monarchs, who, with faith's keen
eye

Piercing the midnight darkness that o'erhung
Messiah's coming, gave their dying flesh
Unto the worm, with such a lofty trust
In the strong promise of the invisible.

Here are damp gales to lull thy dreamless
sleep,

And murmuring recollections of that lyre
Whose passing sweetness bore King David's
prayer

Up to the ear of Heaven, and of that strain
With which the weeping prophet dirge-like
sung

Doomed Zion's visioned woes. Yon rifted
rocks,

So faintly purpled by the westering sun,
Reveal the unguarded walls, the silent towers,
Where, in her stricken pomp, Jerusalem

Sleeps like a palsied princess, from whose head
The diadem hath fallen. Still half concealed
In the deep bosom of that burial-vale
A fitful torrent, 'neath its time-worn arch,
Hurries with hoarse tale mid the echoing
tombs.

Thou too art near, rude-featured Olivet,
So honored of my Saviour.

Tell me where
His blessed knees thy flinty bosom prest,
When all night long his wrestling prayer went
up,

That I may pour my tear-wet orison
Upon that sacred spot. Thou Lamb of God,
Who for our sakes wert wounded unto death,
Bid blinded Zion turn from Sinai's fires
Her tortured foot, and from the thundering
law

Her terror-stricken ear rejoicing raise
 Unto the gospel's music. Bring again
 Thy scattered people who so long have borne
 A fearful punishment, so long wrung out
 The bitter dregs of pale astonishment
 Into the wine-cup of the wondering earth.
 And oh, to us, who from our being's dawn
 Lisp out salvation's lessons, yet do stray
 Like erring sheep, to us thy spirit give,
 That we may keep thy law and find thy
 fold,
 Ere in the desolate city of the dead
 We make our tenement, while earth doth
 blot
 Our history from the record of mankind.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

REBECCA'S HYMN.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers' God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonished lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow;
 By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answered keen;
 And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
 With priest's and warrior's voice between.
 No portents now our foes amaze, —
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
 Our fathers would not know thy ways,
 And thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen,
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams, —
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
 No censor round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
 But thou hast said, "The blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams, I will not prize, —
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BETHLEHEM AND GOLGOTHA.

"Er ist in Bethlehem geboren."

The city of Shiraz, already referred to on page 158, lies in a Persian valley of surpassing loveliness, at an elevation of forty-five hundred feet above the sea. For five centuries it was a centre of science, art, and literature, and was noted for the splendor of its buildings, as well as for the beauty of its groves, vineyards, and gardens of roses. The Caaba (Al-Kaaba, square house) is a stone building in the mosque of Mecca, enclosing a black stone of an irregular oval shape, about seven inches in diameter, which, before the time of Mohammed, received idolatrous worship from the Arabians, and is still their most sacred object of veneration. Many thousands of pilgrims visit it every year. Every true Mohammedan feels bound to see this stone once if possible.

IN Bethlehem the Lord of glory,
 Who brought us life, first drew his breath;
 On Golgotha, — oh, bloody story! —
 By suffering broke the power of death.
 From Western shores, all danger scorning,
 I travelled through the lands of morning;
 And greater spots I nowhere saw,
 Than Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Where are the seven works of wonder
 The ancient world beheld with pride?
 They all have fallen, sinking under
 The splendor of the Crucified!
 I saw them, as I wandered spying,
 Amid their ruins crumbled, lying;
 None stand in quiet gloria
 Like Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Away, ye pyramids, whose bases
 Lie shrouded in Egyptian gloom!
 Eternal graves! no resting-places,
 Where hope immortal gilds the tomb.
 Ye sphinxes, vain was your endeavor
 To solve life's riddle, dark forever,
 Until the answer came with awe
 From Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Fair paradise, where ever blowing
 The roses of Shiraz expand!
 Ye stately palms of India, growing
 Along her scented ocean-strand!
 I see, amid your loveliest bowers,
 Death stalking in the sunniest hours.
 Look up! To you life comes from far.
 From Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Thou Caaba, half the world, benighted,
 Is stumbling o'er thee, as of old;
 Now, by thy crescent faintly lighted,
 The coming day of doom behold:
 The moon before the sun decreases,
 A sign shall shiver thee to pieces;
 The Hero's sign, "Victoria!"
 Shout Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O Thou who, in a manger lying,
 Wert willing to be born a child,
 And on the cross, in anguish dying,
 The world to God hast reconciled!
 To pride, how mean thy lowly manger!
 How infamous thy cross! yet stranger!
 Humility became the law
 At Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Proud kings, to worship One descended
 From humble shepherds, thither came;
 And nations to the cross have wended,
 As pilgrims, to adore his name.
 By war's fierce tempest rudely battered,
 The world, but not the cross, was shattered,
 When East and West it struggling saw
 Round Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Oh, let us not with mailed legions,
 But with the spirit, take the field,
 To win again those holy regions,
 As Christ compelled the world to yield!
 Let rays of light, on all sides streaming,
 Dart onward, like apostles gleaming,
 Till all mankind their light shall draw
 From Bethlehem and Golgotha!

With staff and hat, the scallop wearing,
 The far-off East I journeyed through;
 And homeward, now, a pilgrim bearing
 This message, I have come to you:
 Go not with hat and staff to wander
 Beside God's grave and cradle yonder;
 Look inward, and behold with awe
 His Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O heart! what profits all thy kneeling,
 Where once he laid his infant head,
 To view with an enraptured feeling
 His grave, long empty of its dead?
 To have him born in thee with power,
 To die to earth and sin each hour,
 And live to him, — this only, ah!
 Is Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Translated from the German of RÜCKERT, by
 THOMAS C. PORTER, 1868.

PAUL.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, author and clergyman, was born in
 Amherst, Mass., Oct. 10, 1822, and graduated at Harvard
 College in 1842. He compiled a book of hymns with the
 Rev. Samuel Longfellow in 1846, and has published elaborate
 works on the religions of India (1872) and China (1879).

The Will Divine that woke a waiting time,
 With desert cry and Calvary's cross sublime,
 Had equal need on thee its power to prove,
 Thou soul of passionate zeal and tenderest
 love!

O slave devout of burdening Hebrew school,
 Proud to fulfil each time-exalted rulle,
 How broke the illusion of thy swelling wrath
 On that meek front of calm, enduring faith!

Then flashed it on thy spirit mightily
 That thou hadst spurned a love that died for
 thee!
 And all the pride went down in whelming
 flood
 Of boundless shame and boundless gratitude.

What large atonement that great conscience
 pays!
 For every wounding slight, a psalm of praise;
 Unending worship shall the debt consume;
 For hours of rage, a life of martyrdom.

Yet in such morning glow, such vital day,
 What chilling sense of claim or debt can stay?
 O wondrous power of noble love, to free
 From binding Law to glorious Liberty!

Dream not that one hath drained the exhaust-
 less sea;
 Full pours the tide in widening stream for
 thee;
 Lift for new liberties that conquering sign;
 Shatter the severing walls with touch divine!

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

THE midday sun, with fiercest glare,
 Broods o'er the hazy, twinkling air;
 Along the level sand
 The palm-tree's shade unwavering lies,
 Just as thy towers, Damascus, rise
 To greet yon wearied band.

The leader of that martial crew
 Seems bent some mighty deed to do,
 So steadily he speeds,
 With lips firm closed and fixed eye,
 Like warrior when the fight is nigh,
 Nor talk nor landscape heeds.

What sudden blaze is round him poured,
 As though all Heaven's refulgent hoard
 In one rich glory shone?
 One moment, — and to earth he falls:
 What voice his inmost heart appalls? —
 Voice heard by him alone.

For to the rest both words and form
 Seem lost in lightning and in storm,
 While Saul, in wakeful trance,

Sees deep within that dazzling field
His persecuted Lord revealed
With keen yet pitying glance :

And hears the meek upbraiding call
As gently on his spirit fall,
As if the Almighty Son
Were prisoner yet in this dark earth,
Nor had proclaimed his royal birth,
Nor his great power begun.

“ Ah ! wherefore persecut’st thou me ? ”
He heard and saw, and sought to free
His strained eye from the sight :
But Heaven’s high magic bound it there,
Still gazing, though untaught to bear
The insufferable light.

“ Who art thou, Lord ? ” he falters forth : —
So shall Sin ask of heaven and earth
At the last awful day
“ When did we see thee suffering nigh,
And passed thee with unheeding eye ?
Great God of judgment, say ! ”

Ah ! little dream our listless eyes
What glorious presence they despise
While, in our noon of life,
To power or fame we rudely press. —
Christ is at hand, to scorn or bless,
Christ suffers in our strife.

And though heaven’s gates long since have
closed,
And our dear Lord in bliss reposed,
High above mortal ken,
To every ear in every land
(Though meek ears only understand)
He speaks as he did then.

“ Ah ! wherefore persecute ye me ?
'T is hard, ye so in love should be
With your own endless woe.
Know, though at God’s right hand I live,
I feel each wound ye reckless give
To the least saint below.

“ I in your care my brethren left,
Not willing ye should be bereft
Of waiting on your Lord.
The meanest offering ye can make —
A drop of water — for love’s sake,
In heaven, be sure, is stored.”

Oh, by those gentle tones and dear,
When thou hast stayed our wild career,
Thou only hope of souls,
Ne’er let us cast one look behind,
But in the thought of Jesus find
What every thought controls.

As to thy last Apostle’s heart
Thy lightning glance did then impart
Zeal’s never-dying fire,
So teach us on thy shrine to lay
Our hearts, and let them day by day
Intenser blaze and higher.

And as each mild and winning note
(Like pulses that round harp-strings float
When the full strain is o’er)
Left lingering on his inward ear
Music, that taught, as death drew near,
Love’s lesson more and more :

So, as we walk our earthly round,
Still may the echo of that sound
Be in our memory stored :
“ Christians, behold your happy state ;
Christ is in these who round you wait ;
Make much of your dear Lord ! ”

JOHN KEBLE.

ST. JOHN.

ST. JOHN, *wandering over the face of the Earth.*

THE Ages come and go,
The Centuries pass as Years ;
My hair is white as the snow,
My feet are weary and slow,
The earth is wet with my tears !
The kingdoms crumble, and fall
Apart, like a ruined wall,
Or a bank that is undermined
By a river’s ceaseless flow,
And leave no trace behind !
The world itself is old ;
The portals of Time unfold
On hinges of iron, that grate
And groan with the rust and the weight,
Like the hinges of a gate
That hath fallen to decay ;
But the evil doth not cease ;
There is war instead of peace,
Instead of love there is hate ;
And still I must wander and wait,
Still I must watch and pray,
Not forgetting in whose sight,
A thousand years in their flight
Are as a single day.

The life of man is a gleam
Of light, that comes and goes
Like the course of the Holy Stream,
The cityless river, that flows
From fountains no one knows,
Through the Lake of Galilee,

Through forests and level lands,
Over rocks, and shallows, and sands
Of a wilderness wild and vast,
Till it findeth its rest at last
In the desolate Dead Sea !
But alas ! alas for me,
Not yet this rest shall be !

What, then ! doth Charity fail ?
Is Faith of no avail ?
Is Hope blown out like a light
By a gust of wind in the night ?
The clashing of creeds, and the strife
Of the many beliefs, that in vain
Perplex man's heart and brain,
Are nought but the rustle of leaves,
When the breath of God upheaves
The boughs of the Tree of Life,
And they subside again !
And I remember still
The words, and from whom they came,
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will !

And Him evermore I behold
Walking in Galilee,
Through the cornfield's waving gold,
In hamlet, in wood, and in wold,
By the shores of the Beautiful Sea.
He toucheth the sightless eyes ;
Before him the demons flee ;
To the dead he sayeth : Arise !
To the living : Follow me !
And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone,
To the centuries that shall be !

From all vain pomps and shows,
From the pride that overflows,
And the false conceits of men ;
From all the narrow rules
And subtleties of Schools,
And the craft of tongue and pen ;
Bewildered in its search,
Bewildered with the cry :
Lo, here ! lo, there, the Church !
Poor, sad Humanity
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the Great Master taught,
And that remaineth still :
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1872.

ST. JOHN.

" Verbum Dei, Deo natum."

From one of the loftiest Latin poems of the Middle Ages,
by an unknown poet, probably trained in the school of Adam
of St. Victor.

THE Word of God, the Eternal Son,
With God, the Uncreated, One,
Came down to earth from heaven ;
To see him, handle him, and show
His heavenly life to men below,
To holy John was given.

Among those four primeval streams
Whose living fount in Eden gleams,
John's record true is known ;
To all the world he poureth forth
The nectar pure of priceless worth
That flows from out the throne.

Beyond the heavens he soared, nor failed,
With all the spirit's gaze unveiled,
To see our true Sun's grace ;
Not as through mists and visions dim.
Beneath the wings of Seraphim
He looked and saw God's face.

He heard where songs and harps resound,
And four and twenty elders round
Sing hymns of praise and joy ;
The impress of the One in Three,
With print so clear that all may see,
He stamped on earth's alloy.

As eagle winging loftiest flight
Where never seer's or prophet's sight
Had pierced the ethereal vast,
Pure beyond human purity,
He scanned, with still undazzled eye,
The future and the past.

The Bridegroom, clad in garments red,
Seen, yet with might unfathomed,
Home to his palace hies ;
Ezekiel's eagle to his bride
He sends, and will no longer hide
Heaven's deepest mysteries.

O loved one, bear, if thou canst tell
Of him whom thou didst love so well,
Glad tidings to the Bride ;
Tell of the angel's food they taste,
Who with the Bridegroom's presence graced
Are resting at his side.

Tell of the soul's true bread unpriced,
Christ's supper, on the breast of Christ
In wondrous rapture ta'en ;
That we may sing before the throne
His praises, whom as Lord we own,
The Lamb we worship slain.

Translated by EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE.



THE POET CONTEMPLATES TIMES
AND SEASONS.



THE GOLDEN YEAR.

WE sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move;
The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun;
The dark Earth follows, wheeled in her ellipse;
And human things, returning on themselves,
Move onward, leading up the Golden Year.

Ah! though the times, when some new thought can bud,
Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
Yet seas, that daily gain upon the shore,
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
And slow and sure comes up the Golden Year,

When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
But, smit with freer light, shall slowly melt
In many streams to fatten lower lands;
And light shall spread, and man be liker man,
Through all the seasons of the Golden Year.

Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But he not less the eagle. Happy days,
Roll onward, leading up the Golden Year!

Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the Press;
Fly, happy with the mission of the Cross;
Knit land to land, and, blowing heavenward
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toll
Enrich the markets of the Golden Year.

But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the Golden Year!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE POET CONTEMPLATES TIMES AND SEASONS.

A PSALM FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

A FRIEND stands at the door ;
In either tight-closed hand
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and three
score ;
Waiting to strew them daily o'er the land
Even as seed the sower.
Each drops he, treads it in and passes by :
It cannot be made fruitful till it die.

O good New Year, we clasp
This warm shut hand of thine,
Loosing forever, with half sigh, half grasp,
That which from ours falls like dead fingers'
twine :

Ay, whether fierce its grasp
Has been, or gentle, having been, we know
That it was blessed : let the old year go.

O New Year, teach us faith !
The road of life is hard :
When our feet bleed and scourging winds us
scathe,
Point thou to him whose visage was more
marred
Than any man's : who saith,
" Make straight paths for your feet," and to
the opprest,
" Come ye to me, and I will give you rest."

Yet hang some lamp-like hope
Above this unknown way,
Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope
And our hands strength to work while it is day.
But if that way must slope
Tombward, oh, bring before our fading eyes
The lamp of life, the hope that never dies.

Comfort our souls with love, —
Love of all human kind ;

Love special, close, in which like sheltered
dove
Each weary heart its own safe nest may find ;
And love that turns above
Adoringly ; contented to resign
All loves, if need be, for the love divine.

Friend, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
We'll hold out patient hands, each in his
place,
And trust thee to the end.
Knowing thou ledest onwards to those
spheres
Where there are neither days nor months nor
years.

The Author of " John Halifax, Gentleman."

1855.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new ;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite ;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1850.

THANKSGIVING.

"He hath put a new song in my mouth, even thanksgiving unto our God."—Ps. xl. 3.

THANKSGIVING and the voice of melody,
 This New Year's morning, call me from my sleep ;

A new, sweet song is in my heart for thee,
 Thou faithful, tender Shepherd of the sheep,
 Thou knowest where to find and how to keep
 The feeble feet that tremble where they stray ;
 O'er the dark mountains, through the whelming deep,
 Thy everlasting mercy makes its way.

The past is not so dark as once it seemed,
 For there thy footsteps, now distinct, I see ;

And seed in weakness sown, from death redeemed,
 Is springing up, and bearing fruit in thee.

Not all that hath been, Lord, henceforth shall be—

A low, sweet, cheering strain is in mine ear,

Thanksgiving and the voice of melody
 Are leading in from heaven a blest New Year.

With voice subdued my listening spirit sings,

As backward on the trodden path I gaze,
 While ministering angels fold their wings
 To fill with lowly thoughts my song of praise.

The shadow of the past on future days
 Will make them clear to my instructed sight:
 For the heart's knowledge of thy sacred ways,
 Even in its deepest, darkest shades, is light.

I am not stronger, — yet I do not fear
 The present pain, the conflict yet to be :
 Experience is a kind voice in mine ear,
 And all my failures bid me lean on thee.
 No future suffering can seem strange to me,
 While in the hidden past I feel and know
 The wisdom of a child at rest and free
 In the tried love whose judgment keeps him low.

Thanksgiving and the voice of melody !
 Oh, to my tranquil heart, how sweet the strain !

Father of mercies ! it arose in thee,
 And to thy bosom it returns again.
 There let my grateful song, my soul remain,
 Calm in the risen Saviour's tender care ;
 And welcome any trial, any pain,
 That serves to keep thy faithful children there.

Thoughts of thy love — and oh, how great the sum !

Enduring grief, obtaining bliss, for me :
 The world, life, death, things present, things to come,

All swell the New Year's opening melody.
 Past, present, future, all things worship thee ;
 And I, through all, with trembling joy behold,

While mountains fall, and treacherous visions flee,

Thy wandering sheep returning to the fold.

ANNA LETITIA WARING.

HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

I TAKE my pilgrim staff anew,
 Life's path, untrodden, to pursue,
 Thy guiding eye, my Lord, I view ;
 My times are in thy hand.

Throughout the year, my heavenly Friend,
 On thy blest guidance I depend ;
 From its commencement to its end
 My times are in thy hand.

Should comfort, health, and peace be mine,
 Should hours of gladness on me shine,
 Then let me trace thy love divine :
 My times are in thy hand.

But shouldst thou visit me again
With languor, sorrow, sickness, pain,
Still let this thought my hope sustain,
My times are in thy hand.

Thy smile alone makes moments bright,
That smile turns darkness into light ;
This thought will soothe grief's saddest night,
My times are in thy hand.

Should those this year be called away
Who lent to life its brightest ray,
Teach me in that dark hour to say,
My times are in thy hand.

A few more days, a few more years, —
Oh, then a bright reverse appears,
Then I shall no more say with tears,
My times are in thy hand.

That hand my steps will gently guide
To the dark brink of Jordan's tide,
Then bear me to the heavenward side :
My times are in thy hand.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

MAY-DAY SONG FOR THE HURSLEY CHILDREN.

APRIL's gone, the king of showers ;
May is come, the queen of flowers ;
Give me something, gentles dear,
For a blessing on the year.
For my garland give, I pray,
Words and smiles, of cheerful May :
Birds of spring to you we come,
Let us pick a little crumb.

JOHN KEBLE

May, 1840.

THE SPRING-TIDE HOUR.

THE spring-tide hour
Brings leaf and flower,
With songs of life and love ;
And many a lay
Wears out the day
In many a leafy grove.
Bird, flower, and tree
Seem to agree
Their choicest gifts to bring ;
But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
In it there is no spring.

Dews fall apace,
The dews of grace,

Upon this soul of sin ;
And love divine
Delights to shine
Upon the waste within :
Yet, year by year,
Fruits, flowers, appear,
And birds their praises sing ;
But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
Its winter has no spring.

Lord, let thy love,
Fresh from above,
Soft as the south-wind blow ;
Call forth its bloom,
Wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow !
And when thy voice
Makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing,
Lord ! make this heart
To bear its part,
And join the praise of spring !

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

SUMMER HYMN.

THE year draws near its golden-hearted prime,
Fulfilled of grandeur rounded into grace ;
We seem to hear sweet notes of joyance chime
From elfin bells through many a greenwood place.

The sovereign summer, robed and garlanded,
Looks, steeped in verdure, up the enchanted skies ;
A crown, sun-woven, round her royal head,
And love's warm languor in her dreamy eyes.

We quaff our fill of beauty, peace, delight :
But mid the entrancing scene a still voice saith,
" If earth, heaven's shadow, shows a face so bright,
What of God's summer past the straits of death ? "

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

SUMMER SONG.

" Geh' aus, mein Herz, und suche Freud'."
Go forth, my heart, nor linger here
In this sweet season of the year,
When God his gifts dispenses ;
See how the gardens in their best
For you and me are gayly drest,
And ravish all the senses !

The trees are standing full of leaves ;
 The dusty earth her carpet weaves
 Of herbage green and tender ;
 The tulip and narcissus glow
 With hues not Solomon could show
 In all his regal splendor.

The lark mounts singing to the skies ;
 The dove forsakes her clefts, and flies
 To shady groves and alleys ;
 The richly gifted nightingale
 Enchants the world with her sad tale,
 And fills woods, hills, and valleys.

The clucking hen leads forth her brood,
 The swallow brings her young ones food,
 The stork her house prepareth ;
 The strong fleet stag, the roe more light,
 Comes bounding from his mountain height,
 And to the plain repairerth.

The brooks are purling through the sand,
 On either side the myrtles stand,
 And fling a cooling shadow ;
 The shepherd and his flock hard by
 With tinkling bells and merry cry
 Move slowly o'er the meadow.

The busy, persevering bees
 Dip in the flowers, and thread the trees,
 In search of precious honey ;
 The vine's sweet sap new vigor gains,
 Flowing like life-blood through the veins,
 When skies grow warm and sunny.

The golden corn now waxes strong,
 Wheat alike both old and young
 Praise God with cheerful voices,
 Who giveth us abundant food,
 And with so many a precious good
 The heart of man rejoices.

I may not and I cannot rest, —
 God's goodness wakens in my breast
 Such gratitude and pleasure :
 I, too, must bear a grateful part,
 And pour out praise from my full heart
 In overflowing measure.

Methinks, if God so gracious be,
 And deals e'en here so lovingly
 With us poor erring mortals,
 How glorious must the mansions be,
 Where we shall dwell eternally
 Within his golden portals.

What light will burst upon mine eyes,
 What joy in God's own Paradise !
 How will the air be ringing

With the sweet songs of Seraphim,
 Who with one heart and voice to him
 Are hallelujahs singing !

Ah, had I reached that blest abode !
 Ah, that I stood e'en now, my God,
 Bearing my palms before thee !
 Then would I like the angels raise
 A thousand anthems to thy praise,
 And with sweet psalms adore thee.

Nor will I, while I here remain,
 And bear this yoke of flesh, refrain
 From praises and thanksgiving ;
 My heart, in this and every place,
 Shall never cease to praise thy grace,
 As long as I am living.

Bless me with blessings from above,
 And cause the fruits of faith and love
 To grow in me and flourish :
 Oh, may the summer of thy grace
 Make fruitful each unfruitful place,
 And every virtue nourish !

Make for thy spirit ample room,
 That thus I may forever bloom,
 Like plants which root have taken :
 Oh, let me in thy garden be
 A flourishing and righteous tree,
 Which never shall be shaken !

Oh, may I grow each day more wise,
 And ripen for the Paradise
 To which my steps are hasting :
 So shall I ever serve thee here,
 And, when I die, still serve thee there,
 In glory everlasting.

PAUL GERHARDT. Translated by
 RICHARD MASSIE, 1863.

THE WINTER IS PAST.

JOSIAH RICE TAYLOR was born in Cambria, N. Y., Oct. 3, 1813. After graduation from Kenyon College (in the class with President Hayes) in 1842, he became a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and has since been in the active performance of the duties of that office. Lately he has been acting as assistant minister of St. George's Church, New York City.

THE spring returns, — the wintry clouds are
 gone ;
 The sunlight sifts through all the tremulous
 air,
 O'er vale and forests wide, — on mountains
 bare ;
 An emerald robe o'er all the fields is drawn : —
 Here are cowslips, there the violets appear ;

The rill's low laughter, children's joyous words,
 The ploughman's chorus, with the song of birds,
 In mingled cadences, are heard afar and near ;
 The heavens above and all that dwell beneath
 Are keeping festival. How good art thou,
 O God, thy hand in blessing on the brow
 Of thine own child, the earth, to lay each year !
 How good to man, with spring's reviving
 breath,
 To bid him hope, and trust, and triumph over
 fear of death !

JOSIAH RICE TAYLOR.

NEW YORK, April 5, 1878.

—◆—
 SUMMER STUDIES.

WHY shouldst thou study in the month of June
 In dusky books of Greek and Hebrew lore,
 When the great teacher of all glorious things
 Passes in hourly light before thy door ?

There is a brighter book unrolling now ;
 Fair are its leaves as is the tree of heaven,
 All veined and dewed and gemmed with won-
 drous signs,
 To which a healing mystic power is given.

A thousand voices to its study call,
 From the fair hill-top, from the waterfall,
 Where the bird singeth, and the yellow bee,
 And the breeze talketh from the airy tree.

Now is that glorious resurrection time
 When all earth's buried beauties have new
 birth :
 Behold the yearly miracle complete, —
 God hath created a new heaven and earth !

No tree that wants its joyful garments now,
 No flower but hastes his bravery to don ;
 God bids thee to this marriage feast of joy,
 Let thy soul put the wedding garment on.

All fringed with festal gold the barberry
 stands ;
 The ferns, exultant, clap their new-made
 wings ;
 The hemlock rustles broideries of fresh green,
 And thousand bells of pearl the blueberry
 rings.

The long, weird fingers of the old white-pines
 Do beckon thee into the flickering wood,
 Where moving spots of light show mystic
 flowers,
 And wavering music fills the dreamy hours.

Hast thou no *time* for all this wondrous
 show, —
 No thought to spare ? Wilt thou forever be
 With thy last year's dry flower-stalk and dead
 leaves,
 And no new shoot or blossom on thy tree ?

See how the pines push off their last year's
 leaves,
 And stretch beyond them with exultant bound :
 The grass and flowers, with living power,
 o'ergrow
 Their last year's remnants on the greening
 ground.

Wilt thou, then, all thy wintry feelings keep,
 The old dead routine of thy book-writ lore,
 Nor deem that God can teach, by one bright
 hour,
 What life hath never taught to thee before ?

See what vast leisure, what unbounded rest,
 Lie in the bending dome of the blue sky :
 Ah ! breathe that life-born languor from thy
 breast,
 And know once more a child's unreasoning
 joy.

Cease, cease to *think*, and be content to *be* ;
 Swing safe at anchor in fair nature's bay ;
 Reason no more, but o'er thy quiet soul
 Let God's sweet teachings ripple their soft way.

Soar with the birds, and flutter with the leaf ;
 Dance with the seeded grass in fringy play ;
 Sail with the cloud, wave with the dreaming
 pine,
 And float with nature all the livelong day.

Call not such hours an idle waste of time, —
 Land that lies fallow gains a quiet power ;
 It treasures, from the brooding of God's wings,
 Strength to unfold the future tree and flower.

And when the summer's glorious show is past,
 Its miracles no longer charm thy sight,
 The treasured riches of those thoughtful hours
 Shall make thy wintry musings warm and
 bright.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

—◆—
 AUTUMNAL HYMN.

THE leaves around me falling
 Are preaching of decay ;
 The hollow winds are calling,
 "Come, pilgrim, come away !"

The day, in night declining,
Says, I must too decline ;
The year its life resigning, —
Its lot foreshadows mine.

The light my path surrounding,
The loves to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing, —
All melt like stars of even,
Before the morning's ray
Pass upward into heaven,
And chide at my delay.

The friends gone there before me
Are calling me from high,
And joyous angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky.
"Why wait," they say, "and wither
Mid scenes of death and sin ?
Oh, rise to glory hither,
And find true life begin !"

I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come, —
A sinner, to salvation ;
An exile, to his home.
But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus, let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and thee.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

BEHOLD the western evening light !
It melts in deepening gloom ;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low ; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree :
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'T is like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
'T is like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night
The yellow star appears !
So faith springs in the hearts of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glories shall restore ;
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

W. B. O. PEABODY, D.D.

1823.

HARVEST HYMN.

LORD of the harvest ! thee we hail ;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crowned ;
Our thanks we pay
This holy day ;
Oh, let our hearts in tune be found !

If spring doth wake the song of mirth ;
If summer warms the fruitful earth ;
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain ;
Still do we sing
To thee, our King ;
Through all their changes thou dost reign.

But chiefly when thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear ;
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we thy common bounties share.

Lord of the harvest, all is thine !
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound !
New, every year,
Thy gifts appear ;
New praises from our lips shall sound !

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY.

1851.

HARVEST.

"Thou visitest the earth and blessest it, thou makest it very plenteous." — Ps. lxx. 9.

LORD, in thy name thy servants plead,
And thou hast sworn to hear ;
Thine is the harvest, thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year :

Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with thee;
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All thine, are ours by prayer.

Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That thee in thy new heaven and earth
We never may forgeto.

JOHN KEBLE.

MALVERN, Aug. 4, 1856.

HARVEST CAROL.

COME forth, come forth, brave reapers!
And bear your sheaves with you,
We come to thank our Master,
That Master good and true:
We toil, we plant, we water,
Our labors never cease,
But God alone is Master,
Who giveth the increase.

We sow in tears and labor,
We reap in joy with strength,
We tread our pathway weeping,
Good seed we bear at length;
Our mouth is filled with laughter,
Our tongue is filled with mirth,
The Harvest is of Heaven,
The labor was of earth.

The Lord of life saith to us,
"Come, gather in your wheat!
But when you keep your harvest,
One thing do not forget:
There comes another harvest
For which no mortal delves,
There I am Harvest-Master,
The sheaves are you yourselves.

"My angels are the reapers,
Both night and day they care
To see the seed grow riper
Within the bending ear:
At last through heaven's bright portal
The guardian angels sweep,
And say, 'The corn is ready,
Give, Lord, the word to reap.'"

And then the word is given,
"Go forth and reap the corn,
The field so white with harvest
Upon this harvest morn:
Go forth, my angel reapers,
And in your bosoms bear
The sheaves to my full garner,
And store the harvest there."

O joy! O life forever!
O life of days to come!
O day which knows no ending!
O endless harvest-home!
A harvest-home whose pleasure
No blight, no storms alloy!
A blest abode! A feast of God!
A Paradise of joy!

GERARD MOULTRIE.

1867.

THE FEAST-TIME OF THE YEAR.

THIS is the feast-time of the year
When hearts grow warm and home more dear;
When autumn's crimson torch expires
To flash again in winter fires;
And they who tracked October's flight
Through woods with gorgeous hues bedight,
In charmed circle sit and praise
The goodly log's triumphant blaze.

This is the feast-time of the year
When Plenty pours her wine of cheer,
And even humble boards may spare
To poorer poor a kindly share.
While bursting barns and granaries know
A richer, fuller overflow,
And they who dwell in golden ease
Bless without toil, yet toil to please.

This is the feast-time of the year:
The blessed Advent draweth near.
Let rich and poor together break
The bread of love for Christ's sweet sake,
Against the time when rich and poor
Must ope for him a common door,
Who comes a guest, yet makes a feast,
And bids the greatest and the least.

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL

HARVEST-HOME.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter-storms begin;

God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied ;
 Come to God's own temple, come ;
 Raise the song of Harvest-home !

What is earth but God's own field,
 Fruit unto his praise to yield ?
 Wheat and tares therein are sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
 Ripening with a wondrous power,
 Till the final Harvest-hour :
 Grant, O Lord of life, that we
 Holy grain and pure may be.

For we know that thou wilt come,
 And wilt take thy people home ;
 From thy field wilt purge away
 All that doth offend, that day ;
 And thine angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast,
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In thy garner evermore.

Come, then, Lord of mercy, come,
 Bid us sing thy Harvest-home !
 Let thy saints be gathered in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
 All upon the golden floor
 Praising thee forevermore ;
 Come, with thousand angels, come ;
 Bid us sing thy Harvest-home !

1844

HENRY ALFORD.

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE, son of the historian of Lorenzo the Magnificent, was born in 1781, and died Oct. 31, 1843. He published a volume of poems in 1834, and was considered the most poetical of his family.

AGAIN thou reignest in thy golden hall,
 Rejoicing in thy sway, fair Queen of night !
 The ruddy reapers hail thee with delight,
 Theirs is the harvest, theirs the joyous call
 For tasks well ended ere the season's fall.
 Sweet orb, thou smilest from thy starry height,
 But whilst on them thy beams are shedding
 bright,
 To me thou com'st o'ershadowed with a pall ;
 To me alone the year hath fruitless flown ;
 Earth hath fulfilled her trust through all her
 lands,
 The good man gathereth now where he had
 sown,
 And the Great Master in his vineyard stands ;
 But I, as if my task were all unknown,
 Come to his gates, alas ! with empty hands.

WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE.

OCTOBER REVERIES.

MISS MARY KENT ADAMS STONE is daughter of the Dean of the Theological School of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Cambridge, Mass., John Seeley Stone, D.D. Her poems have never been collected. She was born in Boston in 1835.

O RARE sweet autumn days that linger still,
 And softly pass, with slow regretful tread ;
 The while my wakened vision heavenwards
 turns !

Such uttermost content breathes in the air,
 As though the golden gates had flown ajar,
 And blessedness and light and love come
 through !

As though once more the earth her Sabbath
 kept,
 And God, who saw, called all things "very
 good !"

Each tree and wild green thing, where'er it
 grew,

Hath lived its own best life, all graciously,
 Whether for beauty, or for lowly use, —
 Content to do God's work, or great or small,
 And trustfully to leave the end with him ;
 And now each life stands crowned and per-
 fected ;

The eager work and striving, all are done ;
 The storms all past, — rest and fruition come !

Once more the year puts on her robes of praise,
 And chants her fullest Benedicite,
 Laying her offering at his throne, whose feet
 Once made the whole wide earth his holy
 ground.

Upon her brow she wears the seal of peace,
 Like some saint-life awaiting its translation ;
 While strange revealings from the bright be-
 yond

Shine out upon her calm, still countenance !

When the near autumn of my days shall come,
 Bringing my soul her latest harvest-home,
 O Lord, be thou thyself my rest and crown !

MARY KENT ADAMS STONE.

NOVEMBER.

DRY leaves upon the wall,
 Which flap like rustling wings and seek
 escape,

A single, comely cluster on the grape
 Hangs heavy — that is all.

It hangs, forgotten quite,
 Forgotten in the purple vintage day,
 Left for the sharp and cruel frosts to slay,
 The daggert of the night.

It felt the thrill of spring,
It had its blossom-time, its perfumed noons,
Its pale green spheres were rounded to
sweet runes
Of Summer's whispering.

Through balmy morns of May,
I through fragrances of June and warm July
And fervid August heats it hung on high,
And purpled day by day.

Of fair and mantling shapes
No braver, sweeter cluster on the tree ;
And what then is this thing has come to thee
Among the other grapes,

Thou lonely tenant of the leafless vine,
Granted the right to grow thy mates beside,
To ripen thy sweet juices, but denied
Thy place among the wine ?

Ah, we are dull and blind, —
The riddle is too hard for us to guess,
The why of happy or un-happiness
Chosen, — or left behind !

But everywhere a host
Of lonely lives shall read their type in thine,
Grapes that shall never swell the tale of wine,
Left out to meet the frost.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

IT chanced upon the merry, merry Christmas
eve

I went sighing past the church, across the
moorland dreary, —

“ Oh ! never sin and want and woe this earth
will leave,

And the bells but mock the wailing round,
they sing so cheery.

How long, O Lord ! how long before thou
come again ?

Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moor-
land dreary

The orphans moan, and widows weep, and
poor men toil in vain,

Till the earth is sick of hope deferred,
though Christmas bells be cheery.”

Then arose a joyous clamor from the wild
fowl on the mere,

Beneath the stars, across the snow, like
clear bells ringing,

And a voice within cried, — “ Listen ! — Christ-
mas carols even here !

Though thou be dumb, yet o'er their work
the stars and snows are singing.

Blind ! I live, I love, I reign ; and all the
nations through

With the thunder of my judgments even
now are ringing ;

Do thou fulfil thy work, but as yon wild fowl
do,

Thou wilt heed no less the wailing yet hear
through it angels' singing.”

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

1850

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

ALFRED DOMMETT was born in England about 1811. The
following is his only production that has come to general
notice. It is understood that he is the person referred to
by Robert Browning in his poem “ Waring.” Dommett
long lived in New Zealand and Australia.

It was the calm and silent night !
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars, —
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain ;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign ;
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

'T was in the calm and silent night !
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home ;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago ?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor ;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed, — for nought
Told what was going on within ;
How keen the stars, his only thought, —
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago !

O strange indifference ! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares ;
The earth was still, — but knew not why
The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever !

To that still moment none would heed ;
 Man's doom was linked, no more to sever, —
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago !

It is the calm and silent night !
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness, — charmed and holy now !
 The night that erst no name had worn
 To it a happy name is given ;
 For in that stable lay, new-born,
 The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago !

ALFRED DOMMETT.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S
 NATIVITY.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
 Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal King,
 Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring ;
 For so the holy sages once did sing,
 That he our deadly forfeit should release,
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
 Wherewith he went at heaven's high council-
 table

To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside ; and here with us to be,
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal
 clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
 Afford a present to the Infant God ?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcome him to this his new abode,
 Now while the heaven, by the sun's team un-
 trod,

Hath took no print of the approaching light,
 And all the spangled host keep watch in
 squadrons bright ?

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet !
 Oh, run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;
 Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the Angel quire.
 From out his secret altar touched with hal-
 lowed fire

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies :
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doff't her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize :
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
 She wooes the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
 Confounded that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
 She, crowned with olive green, came softly
 sliding
 Down through the turning sphere
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds divid-
 ing ;
 And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and
 land.

Nor war, or battle's sound
 Was heard the world around :
 The idle spear and shield were high up-
 hung,
 The hooked chariot stood
 Unstained with hostile blood,
 The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord
 was by.

But peaceful was the night,
 Wherein the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began :
 The winds with wonder whist
 Smoothly the waters kist,
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the
 charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze
 Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence,
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;

But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid
them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no more should
need ;
He saw a greater sun appear,
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree
could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy
keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each
heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfill-
ing ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier
union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night
arrayed ;
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings
displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-
born Heir.

Such music (as 't is said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy chan-
nel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of heaven's deep organ
blow ;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly
mould ;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peer-
ing day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories
wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down
steering :
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace
hall.

But wisest Fate says, no,
This must not yet be so,
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both himself and us to glorify ;
Yet first to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder
through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds
outbrake :
The aged earth aghast,

With terror of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
 When at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread
 his throne.

And then at last our bliss
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins ; for from this happy day
 The old Dragon under ground
 In straiter limits bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
 And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swings the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the arched roof in words de-
 ceiving.
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos
 leaving.
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the pro-
 phetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
 From haunted spring, and dale
 Edged with poplar pale,
 The parting genius is with sighing sent ;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled
 thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth,
 The Lars, and Lemures moan with mid-
 night plaint ;
 In urns, and altars round,
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the Flamens at their service
 quaint ;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar Power foregoes his
 wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
 Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice-battered God of Palestine ;
 And mooned Ashtaroth,
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
 The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded
 Thamuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
 In vain with cymbals' ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue :
 The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshowered grass with low-
 ings loud :
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest,
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his
 shroud ;
 In vain with timbreled anthems dark
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his wor-
 shipped ark.

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky
 eyn ;
 Nor all the Gods beside,
 Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
 Our babe, to show his Godhead true,
 Can in his swaddling bands control the
 damned crew.

So when the sun in bed,
 Curtained with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fettered ghost slips to his several
 grave :
 And the yellow-skirted Fayed
 Fly after the night-steeds, leading their moon-
 loved maze.

But see the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest,
 Time is our tedious song should here have
 ending ;
 Heaven's youngest teemed star
 Hath fixed her polished car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp
 attending ;
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order ser-
 viceable.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK, better known as the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," was born at Stoke-upon-Trent, in 1826. After having achieved fame as a writer of novels of a pure morality, and of graceful poems, she married, in 1865, George Lillie Craik, a nephew of the distinguished historian of literature who bore the same name.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing
you dismay,

For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on
Christmas-day.

The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars
shone through the gray,

When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on
Christmas-day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you
affright,

For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this
happy night;

Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks
sleeping lay,

When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born
on Christmas-day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon this
blessed morn

The Lord of all good Christians was of a
woman born:

Now all your sorrows he doth heal, your sins
he takes away;

For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on
Christmas-day.

The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

A CAROL.

CHRISTIANS, carol sweetly,
Up, to-day, and sing!

'T is the happy birthday
Of our holy King!

Haste we then to greet him,
Humbly falling down,
While our hands entwine him,
Dearest babe, a crown!

Crowds of snow-white angels
Throng the golden stair;

All things are delightful,
All things passing fair;
Bells, clear music making,
Peal the news to earth;
Chimes within, make answer,
All is glee and mirth.

Michael, at the manger,
Bows his royal face;
Gabriel, with lily,
Hides transcendent grace:

For, dear friends, the glory
Of that lowly bed
Overpowers the beauty
On archangels shed.

Shall I tell of Joseph,
Who, with rapt surprise,
Sees the light of Godhead
Fill those infant eyes?
Shall I sing of Mary,
Who upon her breast
Cradles her Creator,
Soothes him to his rest?

Angels, Mary, Joseph,
Yes, I greet you all!
Falling down in worship
At the manger stall!
For you hail our Monarch,
Born a child to-day;
So with you I worship,
And my homage pay.

WILLIAM C. DIX.

THE FIRST WAITS.

A MEDITATION FOR ALL

So, Christmas is here again! —
While the house sleeps, quiet as death,
'Neath the midnight moon come the waits'
shrill tune,
And we listen and hold our breath.

The Christmas that never was, —
On this foggy November air,
With clear pale gleam, like the ghost of a
dream,
It is painted everywhere.

The Christmas that might have been, —
It is borne in the far-off sound,
Down the empty street, with the tread of feet
That lie silent under ground.

The Christmas that yet may be,
Like the Bethlehem star, leads kind:
Yet our life slips past, hour by hour, fast, fast,
Few before and many behind.

The Christmas we have and hold,
With a tremulous, tender strain,
Half joy, half fears — be the psalm of the
years,
"Grief passes, blessings remain!"

The Christmas that sure will come,
 Let us think of, at fireside fair ; —
 When church bells sound o'er one small green
 mound,
 Which the neighbors pass to prayer.

The Christmas that God will give, —
 Long after all these are o'er,
 When is day nor night, for the *Lamb* is our
 light,
 And we live forevermore.
 The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS MORN- ING.

IT is the Christmas time :
 And up and down 'twixt heaven and earth,
 In glorious grief and solemn mirth,
 The shining angels climb.

And unto everything
 That lives and moves, for heaven, on earth,
 With equal share of grief and mirth,
 The shining angels sing : —

"Babes new-born, undefiled,
 In lowly hut, or mansion wide,
 Sleep safely through this Christmas-tide,
 When Jesus was a child.

"Young men, so bold and free,
 In peopled town, or desert grim,
 When ye are tempted like to him,
 'The man Christ Jesus' see.

"Poor mothers, with your hoard
 Of endless love and countless pain,
 Remember all her grief, her gain,
 The mother of the Lord.

"Mourners, half-blind with woe,
 Look up! one standeth in this place,
 And by the pity of His face
 The Man of Sorrows know.

"Wanderers in far countrie,
 Oh, think of Him who came, forgot,
 To His own, and they received Him not, —
 Jesus of Galilee.

"O all ye who have trod
 The wine-press of affliction, lay
 Your hearts before His heart this day, —
 Behold the Christ of God!"

The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, one of the most remarkable of English philosophers, poets, and critics, was born in Devonshire, Oct. 21, 1772, and died July 25, 1834. He was a brother-in-law of the poet Southey, and belonged to the circle of the miscalled Lake Poets.

THE shepherds went their hasty way,
 And found the lowly stable-shed
 Where the virgin-mother lay :
 And now they checked their eager tread,
 For to the babe, that at her bosom clung,
 A mother's song the virgin-mother sung.

They told her how a glorious light,
 Streaming from a heavenly throng,
 Around them shone, suspending night ;
 While sweeter than a mother's song,
 Blessed angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
 Glory to God on high ! and peace on earth.

She listened to the tale divine,
 And closer still the babe she pressed ;
 And while she cried, "The babe is mine !"
 The milk rushed faster to her breast :
 Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn :
 Peace, peace on earth ! the Prince of peace is
 born.

Thou mother of the Prince of peace,
 Poor, simple, and of low estate ;
 That strife should vanish, battle cease,
 Oh ! why should this thy soul elate ?
 Sweet music's loudest note, the poet's story,
 Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory?

And is not War a youthful king,
 A stately hero clad in mail ?
 Beneath his footsteps laurels spring ;
 Him earth's majestic monarchs hail !
 Their friend, their playmate ! and his bold
 bright eye
 Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

"Tell this in some more courtly scene,
 To maids and youths in robes of state !
 I am a woman poor and mean,
 And therefore is my soul elate.
 War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
 That from the aged father tears his child !

"A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,
 He kills the sire and starves the son,
 The husband kills, and from her board
 Steals all his widow's toil had won ;
 Plunders God's world of beauty ; rends away
 All safety from the night, all comfort from the
 day.

“Then wisely is my soul elate,
That strife should vanish, battle cease;
I'm poor, and of a low estate,
The mother of the Prince of peace!
Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn;
Peace, peace on earth! the Prince of peace is
born!”

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

THOMAS CHATTERTON was born at Bristol, Nov. 20, 1752, and died in London, in great destitution, Aug. 24, 1770. He was a precocious and erratic poet of genius.

ALMIGHTY Framer of the skies!
Oh, let our pure devotion rise,
Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade
The texture of our souls was made
Till thy command gave light.

The Sun of glory gleamed the ray,
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapors fly:
Impelled by his eternal love
He left his palaces above
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn;
When the archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise
And hailed salvation's morn!

A humble form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty he bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown:
Though in a human walk he trod,
Still was the man Almighty God,
In glory all his own.

Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears;
Nor bade his vengeance rise;
He saw the creatures he had made,
Revile his power, his peace invade;
He saw with mercy's eyes.

How shall we celebrate his name,
Who groaned beneath a life of shame
In all afflictions tried!
The soul is raptured to conceive
A truth, which being must believe,
The God eternal died.

My soul, exert thy powers, adore,
Upon devotion's plumage soar
To celebrate the day:
The God from whom creation sprung
Shall animate my grateful tongue;
From him I'll catch the lay!

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

CHRISTMAS.

O TIME by holy prophets long foretold,
Time waited for by saints in days of old,
O sweet, auspicious morn
When Christ, the Lord, was born!

Again, the fixed changes of the year
Have brought that season to the world most
dear,
When angels, all aflame,
Bringing good tidings came.

Again we think of her, the meek, the mild,
The dove-eyed mother of the Holy Child,
The chosen, and the best,
Among all women blest.

We think about the shepherds, who, dismayed,
Fell on their faces, trembling and afraid,
Until they heard the cry,
Glory to God on high!

And we remember those who from afar
Followed the changing glory of the star
To where its light was shed
Upon the sacred head!

And how each trembling, awe-struck wor-
shipper
Brought gifts of gold and frankincense and
myrrh,
And spread them on the ground
In reverence profound.

We think what joy it would have been to
share
In their high privilege who came to bear
Sweet spice and costly gem
To Christ, in Bethlehem.

And in that thought we half forget that he
Is wheresoe'er we seek him earnestly;
Still filling every place
With sweet, abounding grace.

And though in garments of the flesh, as then,
No more he walks this sinful earth with men,
The poor, to him most dear,
Are always with us here.

And he saith, Inasmuch as ye shall take
 Good to these little ones for my dear sake,
 In that same measure ye
 Have brought it unto me!

Therefore, O men in prosperous homes who
 live,
 Having all blessings earthly wealth can give,
 Remember their sad doom
 For whom there is no room,—

No room in any home, in any bed,
 No soft white pillow waiting for the head,
 And spare from treasures great
 To help their low estate.

Mothers, whose sons fill all your homes with
 light,
 Think of the sons who once made homes as
 bright,
 Now laid in sleep profound
 On some sad battle-ground;

And into darkened dwellings come with cheer,
 With pitying hand to wipe the falling tear,
 Comfort for Christ's dear sake
 To childless mothers take!

Children whose lives are blest with love un-
 told,
 Whose gifts are greater than your arms can
 hold,
 Think of the child who stands
 To-day with empty hands!

Go fill them up, and you will also fill
 Their empty hearts, that lie so cold and still,
 And brighten longing eyes
 With grateful, glad surprise.

May all who have, at this blest season seek
 His precious little ones, the poor and weak,
 In joyful, sweet accord,
 Thus lending to the Lord.

Yea, crucified Redeemer, who didst give
 Thy toil, thy tears, thy life, that we might live,
 Thy spirit grant, that we
 May live one day for thee!

PHŒBE CARY.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

"Adeste fideles."

OH, come, all ye faithful!
 Triumphantly sing!
 Come, see in the manger
 The angels' dread King!

To Bethlehem hasten
 With joyful accord;
 Oh, hasten, oh, hasten,
 To worship the Lord!

True Son of the Father!
 He comes from the skies;
 The womb of the Virgin
 He doth not despise;
 To Bethlehem hasten
 With joyful accord;
 Oh, hasten, oh, hasten,
 To worship the Lord!

Hark, to the angels!
 All singing in heaven,
 "To God in the highest
 All glory be given."
 To Bethlehem hasten
 With joyful accord;
 Oh, hasten, oh, hasten,
 To worship the Lord!

To thee, then, O Jesu!
 This day of thy birth,
 Be glory and honor
 Through heaven and earth;
 True Godhead Incarnate!
 Omnipotent Word!
 Oh, hasten, oh, hasten,
 To worship the Lord!

Translated from an unknown Latin author
 by E. CASWALL.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

"Jesu Redemptor omnium."

The following belongs to the class of hymns called *Ambrosian*, on account of their austere simplicity, sublimity, and want of rhyme. Archbishop Trench remarks that they are representative of the time when the faith, in actual conflict, was just triumphing over the powers of this world, and naturally exhibited a rock-like firmness.

JESU, Redeemer of the world!
 Who, ere the earliest dawn of light,
 Wast from eternal ages born,
 Immense in glory as in might;

Immortal Hope of all mankind!
 In whom the Father's face we see;
 Hear thou the prayers thy people pour
 This day throughout the world to thee.

Remember, O Creator Lord!
 That in the Virgin's sacred womb
 Thou wast conceived, and of her flesh
 Didst our mortality assume.

This ever-blest recurring day
 Its witness bears, that all alone,
 From thy own Father's bosom forth,
 To save the world thou camest down.

O Day! to which the seas and sky,
 And earth and heaven glad welcome sing;
 O Day! which healed our misery,
 And brought on earth salvation's King.

We too, O Lord, who have been cleansed
 In thy own fount of blood divine,
 Offer the tribute of sweet song,
 On this blest natal day of thine.

O Jesu! born of Virgin bright,
 Immortal glory be to thee;
 Praise to the Father infinite,
 And Holy Ghost eternally.

Translated from the Latin by
 EDWARD CASWALL.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BARTON GREY is the pseudonyme under which Mr. George Herbert Sass has contributed to the press a number of religious poems. Mr. Sass was born in Charleston, S. C., Dec. 24, 1845, and has lived in that city most of his life. He is a lawyer by profession.

COMES it again, the sweet and solemn hour!
 Comes with the pomp of power and of peace;
 Glory for its garment and holiness its dower,
 Love and joy and comfort and pain's surcease.

Pilgrims of time, hasting to your haven,
 Hearts that hunger for the bread of life,
 Feet pressing on to the streets star-paven,
 Hands failing fast in the bitter strife,

High and holy hopes in the hushed heart
 hidden,
 Eyes that long for the coming of His feet,
 Smiling baby-lips by His lips unchidden,
 Old heads bowed in the burden and the
 heat:

Look up, sad eyes, for the gleam is on the
 mountains!
 Faint not, feeble knees, for your rest draws
 nigh!
 Stoop, parched lips, to the everlasting foun-
 tains
 Which human want and woe shall not drain
 dry!

Long have the servants tarried for their
 Master;
 Long have the toilers travailed without rest;

Rough is the road, and the night falls faster;
 Weary are the seekers; barren is the quest.

Comes the help at last when the need is
 sorest;
 Gleams the light of life through the night's
 dark dream;
 Hear the glad tidings whispered through the
 forest,
 Rushing in the whirlwind, lispings in the
 stream:—

Behold a Son born! Behold a Child given!
 Saviour, Prince, Father, Mighty to release!
 Wonderful his name on the earth, in the
 heaven!
 Joy his kingdom, and the end thereof peace!

Though men toil and there be no repayment,
 Though men trust and the reed break and
 fail,
 Creeds fall away like a worn-out raiment,
 Love and truth and hope be a long-told tale,

Yet is there joy though the heart may not
 know it,
 Still is there peace though dull be the ear,
 Still the glory thrills the soul of the poet,
 Still the vision charms the eyes of the seer.

Come, thou Eternal, beloved of the nations!
 Come to the hearts that thirst unsufficed;
 Crown human faith and give to human pa-
 tience

All the peace of God, all the love of Christ!

BARTON GREY.

IN THE LAST DAYS.

ONCE more through storm and calm the
 changeful hours
 Have brought to longing hearts their Christ-
 mas-day;
 And lo! the dying year strews pale snow-
 flowers
 In the great Monarch's way.

Not as before, gold, frankincense, and myrrh,
 But tribute of hushed winds, and clear pure
 skies
 Through whose calm depths life's toil-stained
 wayfarer
 May look with faith-purged eyes,

And see heaven opened, and the great white
 throne
 Gleam glorious with him who sits thereon,

Like to a jasper and a sardine stone, —
As wrote of yore Saint John.

The earth is old, and gray the hairs of Time
Have grown since erst the journeying sages
came
From the far East, on that strange quest
sublime,
Star-led, to Bethlehem.

And we, the latest of Earth's pilgrim sons,
Holding our course through rougher ways
than theirs,
Sternier and sadder than those former ones,
With the whole weight of cares

That load the ages heaped upon our hearts,
Whose hopes and yearnings yet are un-
sufficed,
As step by step the ancient faith departs, —
What do we think of Christ?

Ah, the old question! hoary with the dust
That lies between that bygone day and this,
Yet holding still within it the meek trust
Of saint; — the traitor's kiss!

Where is the promise of his coming? Where
The gracious gleam of those victorious feet?
The day is dim, the night is very near,
Strength fails, and rest is sweet.

And still To-day looks back to Yesterday,
And asks with wistful longing, Did he come?
Shall the old tales we tell, the prayers we
pray,
Shall they henceforth be dumb?

Was there no perfect life in that old land?
Did Judah's vales and storm-stirred Galilee
Hear no calm voice of comfort and command,
Calling, "Come unto me"?

We — ah, we cannot tell. The hopes and
fears
That mark the silent centuries between,
Have dimmed the eyes and dulled the strain-
ing ears
That have not heard nor seen.

Yet up through heaven's deep blue we yearn
and seek
Some answer to the vast and awful doubt;
The golden letters gleam, — our eyes are
weak,
We cannot spell them out.

And so we turn us to our tasks again,
Take up the daily burden we laid by,
And say with quick impatient scorn, What
then?

We still must live — and die.

And still once more our Christmas comes,
and still
Suns shine and seasons change, and men
pass on

By dusty roads and verdant fields, until
The last swift sand be run.

1871.

BARTON GREY.

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS SERMON.

CHILDREN dear, I heard ye say:
"Morrrows, haste and haste away;
Bring the merry Christmas-day!

"Blithest carol, sweetest chime,
Hearts that dance to peal and rhyme,
Welcome in the happy time!

"Starry tree, shine out anew,
Glittering as with golden dew,
Gay with fruits of every hue!"

This is what ye said, I trow:
Little children, hearken now
Ere ye pluck the freighted bough;

Ponder what the carols mean;
What the chime rung out between,
What the laden evergreen.

"Glory be to God most high!"
Sang his angels in the sky
When the Lord to men drew nigh.

"Peace on earth, — good-will and peace;
Love shall reign, and wrong shall cease;
He is born, — the Prince of peace!"

Just for love of us he came,
Took his sweetly tender name, —
Jesus! stooped to our shame.

"I will save you," — thus he said;
"I am life; your life is dead;
I will give you life instead!"

Little children, closest prest
To the loving Saviour's breast,
Surely ye must love him best!

This is love: to do his will;
Speaking truth; forsaking ill;
Bearing and forbearing still;

Battling selfishness within
 (Where he only sees the sin)
 Till through him at last ye win ;

Sorrowing over evil wrought, —
 Open deed or secret thought ;
 Straightway doing as ye ought ;

Blessing all for his dear sake,
 As his blessing ye partakè ;
 Happier, thus, his world to make.

This is love ; a service light,
 Done with all your little might :
 None shall fail to do it right.

Let your little hearts reply
 To the angels in the sky :
 "Love shall reign eternally !

"God is love forevermore ;
 Love we him, and him adore
 In the Christ-child born of yore.

Let your lives ring out his praise
 Like a chime his finger sways :
 Sweet as carols be your days.

Beautiful with holiness,
 Let your daily deeds confess
 In whose name ye seek to bless.

This is what the carols mean ;
 What the chime rung clear between ;
 What the bounteous evergreen.

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN ST. PETER'S.

Low on the marble floor I lie :
 I am alone :

Though friendly voices whisper nigh,
 And foreign crowds are passing by,
 I am alone.

Great hymns float through
 The shadowed aisles. I hear a slow
 Refrain, "Forgive them, for they know
 Not what they do."

With tender joy all others thrill ;
 I have but tears :
 The false priests' voices, high and shrill,
 Reiterate the "Peace, good-will" ;
 I have but tears.
 I hear anew
 The nails and scourge ; then come the low
 Sad words, "Forgive them, for they know
 Not what they do."

Close by my side the poor souls kneel ;
 I turn away ;
 Half-pitying looks at me they steal ;
 They think, because I do not feel,
 I turn away.

Ah ! if they knew,
 How, following them where'er they go,
 I hear, "Forgive them, for they know
 Not what they do" !

Above the organ's sweetest strains
 I hear the groans
 Of prisoners, who lie in chains,
 So near, and in such mortal pains,
 I hear the groans.

But Christ walks through
 The dungeons of St. Angelo,
 And says, "Forgive them, for they know
 Not what they do."

And now the music sinks to sighs ;
 The lights grow dim :

The Pastorella's melodies
 In lingering echoes float and rise :
 The lights grow dim ;
 More clear and true,

In this sweet silence, seem to flow
 The words, "Forgive them, for they know
 Not what they do."

The dawn swings incense, silver gray ;
 The night is past ;
 Now comes, triumphant, God's full day ;
 No priest, no church can bar its way :

The night is past :
 How, on this blue
 Of God's great banner, blaze and glow
 The words, "Forgive them, for they know
 Not what they do" !

MRS. HELEN (FISKE) JACKSON.

ROME, Dec. 26, 1868.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God."—LUKE ii. 13.

WHAT sudden blaze of song
 Spreads o'er the expanse of heaven !
 In waves of light it thrills along,
 The angelic signal given, —
 "Glory to God !" from yonder central fire
 Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry
 quire ;

Like circles widening round
 Upon a clear blue river,
 Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
 Is echoed on forever :

"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love towards men of love, — salvation
and release."

Yet stay, before thou dare
To join that festal throng;
Listen and mark what gentle air
First stirred the tide of song;
'Tis not, "the Saviour born in David's
home,
To whom for power and health obedient
worlds should come":

'Tis not, "the Christ the Lord":
With fixed adoring look
The quire of angels caught the word,
Nor yet their silence broke:
But when they heard the sign, where Christ
should be,
In sudden light they shone and heavenly har-
mony.

Wrapped in his swaddling bands,
And in his manger laid,
The Hope and Glory of all lands
Is come to the world's aid:
No peaceful home upon his cradle smiled,
Guests rudely went and came, where slept the
royal Child.

But where thou dwellest, Lord,
No other thought should be,
Once duly welcomed and adored,
How should I part with thee?
Bethlehem must lose thee soon, but thou
wilt grace
The single heart to be thy sure abiding-place.

Thee, on the bosom laid
Of a pure virgin mind,
In quiet ever, and in shade,
Shepherd and sage may find;
They who have bowed untaught to Na-
ture's sway,
And they who follow Truth along her star-
paved way.

The pastoral spirits first
Approach thee, Babe divine,
For they in lowly thoughts are nursed,
Meet for thy lowly shrine:
Sooner than they should miss where thou
dost dwell,
Angels from heaven will stoop to guide them
to thy cell.

Still, as the day comes round
For thee to be revealed,

By wakeful shepherds thou art found,
Abiding in the field.
All through the wintry heaven and chill
night air,
In music and in light thou dawnest on their
prayer.

O faint not ye for fear; —
What though your wandering sheep,
Reckless of what they see and hear,
Lie lost in wilful sleep?
High Heaven in mercy to your sad annoy
Still greets you with glad tidings of immor-
tal joy.

Think on the eternal home
The Saviour left for you;
Think on the Lord most holy, come
To dwell with hearts untrue:
So shall ye tread untired his pastoral ways,
And in the darkness sing your carol of high
praise.

1827.

JOHN KEBLE.

A CHRISTMAS SYMPHONY.

I.

O CHRISTMAS stars! your pregnant silentness,
Mute syllabled in rhythmic light,
Leads on to-night,
And beckons, as three thousand years ago
It beckoning led. We, simple shepherds,
know
Little we can confess,
Beyond that we are poor, and creep
And wander with our sheep,
Who love and follow us. We hear,
If we attend, a singing in the sky;
But feel no fear,
Knowing that God is always nigh,
And none pass by,
Except his Sons, who cannot bring
Tidings of evil, since they sing.
Wise men with gifts are hurrying,
In haste to seek the meaning of the Star,
In search of worship which is new and far.
We are but humble, so we keep
On through the night, contented with our
sheep,
And with the stars. Between us and the east,
No wall, no tree, no cloud, lifts bar.
We know the sunrise. Not one least
Of all its tokens can escape
Our eyes that watch. But all days are
As nights, and nights as days,
In our still ways.

We have no dread of any shape
 Which darkness can assume or fill;
 We are not weary; we can wait;
 God's hours are never late.
 The wise men say they will return,
 Revealing unto us the things they learn.
 Mayhap! Meantime the Star stands still;
 And, having that, we have the Sign.
 If we mistake, God is divine!

II.

Oh, not alone because his name is Christ,
 Oh, not alone because Judæa waits
 This man-child for her King, the Star stands
 still.
 Its glory reinstates,
 Beyond humiliation's utmost ill,
 On peerless throne, which she alone can fill,
 Each earthly woman. Motherhood is priced
 Of God, at price no man may dare
 To lessen or misunderstand.
 The motherhood which came
 To virgin sets in vestal flame,
 Fed by each new-born infant's hand,
 With Heaven's air,
 With Heaven's food,
 The crown of purest purity revealed,
 Virginity eternal signed and sealed
 Upon all motherhood!

III.

Oh, not alone because his name is Christ,
 Oh, not alone because Judæa waits
 This man-child for her King, the star stands
 still.
 The Babe has mates.
 Childhood shall be forever on the earth;
 And no man who has hurt or lightly priced
 So much as one sweet hair
 On one sweet infant's head,
 But shall be cursed! Henceforth all things
 fulfil
 Protection to each sacred birth.
 No spot shall dare
 Refuse a shelter. Beasts shall tread
 More lightly; and distress
 And poverty and loneliness,
 Yea, and all darkness, shall devise
 To shield each place wherein an infant lies.
 And wisdom shall come seeking it with
 gift,
 And worship it with myrrh and frankincense;
 And kings shall tremble if it lift
 Its hand against a throne.
 But mighty in its own

Great feebleness, and safe in God's defence,
 No harm can touch it, and no death can
 kill,
 Without its Father's will!

IV.

Oh, not alone because his name is Christ,
 Oh, not alone because Judæa waits
 This man-child for her King, the Star stands
 still.
 The universe must utter, and fulfil
 The mighty voice which states,
 The mighty destiny which holds,
 Its key-note and its ultimate design.
 Waste places and the deserts must per-
 ceive
 That they are priced,
 No less than gardens in the Heart Divine.
 Sorrow her sorrowing must leave,
 And learn one sign
 With joy. And loss and gain
 Must be no more.
 And all things which have gone before,
 And all things which remain,
 And all of Life, and all of Death be slain
 In mighty birth, whose name
 Is called Redemption! Praise!
 Praise to God! The same
 To-day and yesterday, and in all days
 Forever! Praise!

V.

O Christmas stars! your pregnant silentness,
 Mute syllabled in rhythmic light,
 Fills all the night.
 No doubt, on all your golden shores,
 Full music rings
 Of happiness
 As sweet as ours.
 Midway in that great tideless stream which
 pours,
 And builds its shining road through track-
 less space,
 From you to us, and us to you, must be
 Some mystic place,
 Where all our voices meet, and melt
 Into this solemn silence which is felt,
 And sense of sound mysterious brings
 Wheresound is not. This is God's secret He
 Sits centred in his myriads of skies,
 Where seas of sound and seas of silence
 rise,
 And break together in one note and key,
 Divinely limitless in harmony!

MRS. HELEN (FISKE) JACKSON.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THERE 's a song in the air!
 There 's a star in the sky!
 There 's a mother's deep prayer
 And a baby's low cry;

And the star rains its fire while the beautiful
 sing,
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!

There 's a tumult of joy
 O'er the wonderful birth,
 For the Virgin's sweet boy
 Is the Lord of the earth.

Ay, the star rains its fire, and the beautiful
 sing,
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!

In the light of that star
 Lie the ages impearled;
 And that song from afar
 Has swept over the world;

Every hearth is aflame, and the beautiful sing,
 In the homes of the nations, that Jesus is king!

We rejoice in the light,
 And we echo the song
 That comes down through the night
 From the heavenly throng.

Ay, we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
 And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and
 King!

J. G. HOLLAND.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

DORA GREENWELL was born at Greenwell Ford, Durham, England, Dec. 6, 1822, and is now living and writing there. She is the author of several volumes of prose and verse, among which are "Songs of Salvation" and "Carmina Crucis."

If ye would hear the angels sing,
 "Peace on earth and mercy mild,"
 Think of Him who was once a child,
 On Christmas-day in the morning.

If ye would hear the angels sing,
 Christians! see ye let each door
 Stand wider than ever it stood before,
 On Christmas-day in the morning.

Rise, and open wide the door;
Christians, rise! the world is wide,
And many there be that stand outside,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.

If ye would hear the angels sing,
 Rise and spread your Christmas fare;
 'T is merrier still the more that share,
 On Christmas-day in the morning.

Rise, and bake your Christmas bread;
Christians, rise! the world is bare
And bleak, and dark with want and care,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.

If ye would hear the angels sing,
 Rise, and light your Christmas fire;
 And see that ye pile the logs still higher,
 On Christmas-day in the morning.

Rise, and light your Christmas fire;
Christians, rise! the world is old,
And time is weary and worn and cold,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.

If ye would hear the angels sing,
 Rise and spice your wassail bowl
 With warmth for body and heart and soul,
 On Christmas-day in the morning.

Spice it warm, and spice it strong,
Christians, rise! the world is gray,
And rough is the road, and short is the day,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.

If ye would hear the angels sing,
 Christians! think on Him who died;
 Think of your Lord, the crucified,
 On Christmas-day in the morning.

DORA GREENWELL.

1863.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

SUNG TO THE KING, IN THE PRESENCE, AT WHITE-HALL.

ROBERT HERRICK, one of the best of English song-writers, was born in London, Aug. 20, 1591, and after graduation at Cambridge, took orders and was Vicar of Dean Priors, Devon, until his death, in October, 1674, though his pastoral relations were suspended during the civil war.

WHAT sweeter music can we bring,
 Than a carol for to sing
 The birth of this our Heavenly King?
 Awake the voice! Awake the string!
 Heart, ear, and eye, and everything
 Awake! the while the active finger
 Runs divisions with the singer.

Dark and dull night, fly hence away,
 And give the honor to this day,
 That sees December turned to May.
 If we may ask the reason, say
 The why, and wherefore all things here
 Seem like the spring-time of the year?

Why does the chilling winter's morn
 Smile, like a field beset with corn?

Or smell, like to a mead new-shorn,
Thus on the sudden? — Come and see
The cause why things thus fragrant be :
'T is He is born, whose quickening birth
Gives light and lustre, public mirth,
To heaven and the under-earth.

CHORUS.

We see him come, and know him ours,
Who, with his sunshine and his showers,
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

The Darling of the world is come,
And fit it is we find a room
To welcome him. — The nobler part
Of all the house here, is the heart,

Which we will give him; and bequeath
This holly, and this ivy wreath,
To do him honor, who's our King,
And Lord of all this revelling.

ROBERT HERRICK.

1648.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND, a lyric poet of the so-called Suabian school, and one of the purest and most patriotic of German poets, was born at Tübingen, April 26, 1787, and died there Nov. 13, 1862. Most of his poems have been translated into English by Longfellow, W. W. Skeat, and others. MISS MOULTRIE was a daughter of Gerard Moultrie, and her verses were included in her father's "Hymns and Lyrics for the Seasons of the Church," published in 1867.

HOLY night, calmly bright!
Watch we where in slumber light
Smileth the softness of motherly joy,
Mary clasping the Heavenly Boy;
Purely, serenely blest,
Loving ones, quietly rest.

Blissful night, peacefully bright!
Shepherds first shall see the sight
While their flocks they are watching around;
Angels' harpings over them sound,
Loud Alleluias they ring,
Jesus the Saviour is King.

Peaceful night, serenely bright!
Ere the rays of morning light,
Beam on the Maiden the Infant's soft eyes,
Bringing us hope from the merciful skies,
Blessings the fond Mother thrill,
Happiness, peaceful and still.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND. Translated by
MISS MARY DUNLOP MOULTRIE, 1867.

A CORNISH CAROL.

WELCOME! that star in Judah's sky,
That voice o'er Bethlehem's palmy glen,
The lamp far sages hailed on high,
The tones that thrilled the shepherd men;
Glory to God in loftiest heaven, —
Thus angels smote the echoing chord, —
Glad tidings unto man forgiven;
Peace from the presence of the Lord.

The shepherds sought that birth divine;
The wise men traced their guided way;
There, by strange light and mystic sign,
The God they came to worship lay:
A human babe in beauty smiled
Where lowing oxen round him trod;
A maiden clasped her awful child,
Pure offspring of the breath of God.

Those voices from on high are mute;
The star the wise men saw is dim;
But hope still guides the wanderer's foot,
And faith renews the angel-hymn:
Glory to God in loftiest heaven, —
Touch with glad hand the ancient chord, —
Good tidings unto man forgiven;
Peace from the presence of the Lord.

R. S. HAWKER.

1827.

CANON FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Χριστός γεννᾶται· δοξάζσατε.

ST. COSMAS of Jerusalem was foster brother of St. John of Damascus. Like him he was a monk in the Convent of St. Sabas, between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. For a time he was Bishop of Miamia, near Gaza. After a life of holiness he died, about 760, in the performance of his episcopal duties. He is called the Melodist.

CHRIST is born! Tell forth his fame!
Christ from heaven! His love proclaim!
Christ on earth! Exalt his name!
Sing to the Lord, O world, with exultation,
Break forth in glad thanksgiving, every nation,
For he hath triumphed gloriously!

Man, in God's own image made,
Man, by Satan's wiles betrayed,
Man, on whom corruption preyed,
Shut out from hope of life and of salvation.
To-day Christ maketh him a new creation,
For he hath triumphed gloriously!

For the Maker, when his foe
Wrought the creature death and woe,
Bowed the heavens, and came below,
And, in the Virgin's womb his dwelling making
Became True Man, man's very nature taking;
For he hath triumphed gloriously!

He, the Wisdom, Word, and Might,
 God, and Son, and Light of light,
 Undiscovered by the sight
 Of earthly monarch, or infernal spirit,
 Incarnate was, that we might heaven inherit;
 For he hath triumphed gloriously!

ST. COSMAS the Melodist. Translated
 by JOHN MASON NEALE.

◆

A CHRISTMAS CHANT.

"UNTO us a Son is born!"
 Sing the song, this Christmas morn,
 Of the old Esaias:
 "Unto us a child is given,"
 And the bands of death are riven,
 In whose thrall the world has striven,
 Warped in sin's dread bias.

"Unto us a Son is born!"
 Thus the prophet, ere the dawn
 Of gospel ages, chanted;
 By the Holy Ghost inspired,
 By a heavenly vision fired,
 Sung — of nations the Desired —
 Of the life they wanted.

Centuries of darkness sped
 O'er Isaiah's mortal bed
 While the vision tarried:
 And the people saw no light
 On the fringes of the night,
 In whose stress of Satan's spite
 Sin and Death were married.

"Unto us a Son is born!"
 Judah springs from grief forlorn,
 Stirred by glad evangels
 Breaking over Bethlehem's plain,
 New, and yet the old again;
 Now no more a prophet's strain,
 But the voice of angels.

And the angels, singing, say,
 "Unto you is born this day,
 In Bethlehem of David,
 Lo! a Saviour, Christ the Lord";
 And by that omnific word,
 O'er the glad earth spread abroad,
 All who hear are saved.

Unto us the anthem breaks
 On this morning's air, and wakes
 Thoughts and memories holy;
 Unto us the angels sung,
 Though no Christmas bells were rung:
 Glory o'er her folds was flung,
 Not for Judæa solely.

Ours the Saviour, ours the Son,
 Born for earth's dominion,
 Reigning in and o'er us:
 "Peace on earth, to men good-will!"
 Let the old evangel fill
 Every vale, till every hill
 Echoes back the chorus.

Ah, if Christmas came no more,
 Fable whelming faith of yore,
 Then had men no Saviour!
 O ye sons of wit and pride,
 Cast your unbelief aside;
 Be not blind yourselves, nor hide,
 By your ill behavior,

From the hearts of men forlorn
 Christ the Lord, in Bethlehem born,
 Deliverer from danger.
 Bring your homage, as of yore
 Persian scholars humbly bore
 Frankincense and precious ore
 To his lowly manger.

In our towers the bells are wild,
 Ringing for the blessed Child
 Born this Christmas morning:
 Born to-day to faith new sprung,
 Born to faith ere prophets sung,
 Born for praise from every tongue,
 Heaven's high court adorning!

WM. C. RICHARDS.

◆

CHRISTMAS-EVE CHANT OF THE
 BRETON PEASANTS.

LAURA C. REDDEN, a lyric poet of some note, was born in Maryland, about 1840. She lost her hearing at the age of twelve. Under the signature "Howard Glyndon" she has been a contributor to the periodical press for some years. In 1860 she became editorially connected with the St. Louis Presbyterian, but now devotes herself to other work.

'T WAS a dim, delicious night;
 The earth, close wrapt in ermined white,
 Lay languid in the misty light.
 The circling spheres were all in tune,
 And, in their midst, the empress moon
 Was brightening to her highest noon.
 It was the night when Bethlehem's star
 Guided the sages from afar.
 It was the night when shepherds heard
 The reverent air by music stirred.
 It was the night of old renown,
 When wondering angel-eyes looked down,
 To see Christ's head, bare of its crown,
 Within the manger laid!

.

There is a sound of thronging feet, —
 What youthful crowds are in the street !
 They go out from the stifling town,
 They seek the white and lonely down ;
 They walk in silence, till they find
 A spot where four roads straitly wind.
 Where four roads meet, about a place
 Made sacred by the cross's grace.
 There, men and maids, in separate file,
 Do range themselves, nor speak the while,
 Nor break the charm, by gest' or smile.
 Till, sudden, breaks upon the air
 A sound of singing, strong and clear.
 Thus chant the hardy Breton youths : —

“ What is new upon the earth ?
 What fresh wonder goeth forth,
 That its ways are full of pilgrims
 And its dwellings full of mirth !

“ Sounds of gladness on the air !
 Happy faces everywhere !
 Tell us, O ye silent virgins !
 Wherefore is the night so fair ? ”

Then, silver-soft, the girlish voices rise,
 And with the sweetness of their meek replies
 Upon the frosty air breed melodies : —

“ Lo ! the sacred hour is near !
 What was darkened now is clear.
 Christ is coming ! raise your voices, —
 Say farewell to doubt and fear ! ”

Resounding through the darkness, then,
 Peal the deep voices of the men,
 Who raise the solemn song again : —

“ Why is all the world abroad,
 Raising midnight prayers to God,
 Till the censored air is heavy
 With its supplicating load ? ”

Then, clearer, purer, richer, rise
 The hidden maidens' sweet replies,
 Like wonders out of mysteries : —

“ Lo, the Prince of peace is born !
 Lo, on high the star of morn !
 And it shall not fade forever,
 Nor its brilliancy be shorn. ”

Then, in concord perfect, sweet,
 Tones of youths and maidens meet ;
 And they gladly sing together,
 This auspicious hour to greet : —

“ Sing to-night, for Christ is born !
 Lo, on high the star of morn !
 And it shall not fade forever,
 Nor its brilliancy be shorn.

“ Sing ! deliverance from our woes,
 By the blood that overflows
 And renews the son of Adam, —
 He no longer burdened goes.

“ Sing ! because it is his feast ;
 Join the princes of the East,
 Bring him gifts amid rejoicings, —
 He will smile upon the least !

“ Sing ! while Christmas crowns ye weave ;
 On the cross a garland leave.
 Lo, the world's one Virgin-mother
 Heals the hurt that came of Eve ! ”

Laura C. Redden.
 (Howard Glyndon.)

CHRISTMAS VESPER HYMN.

DEPART awhile, each thought of care ;
 Be earthly things forgotten all ;
 And speak, my soul, thy vesper prayer,
 Obedient to that sacred call.
 For hark ! the pealing chorus swells ;
 Devotion chants the hymn of praise,
 And now of joy and hope it tells,
 Till, fainting on the ear, it says, —
*Gloria tibi Domine,
 Domine, Domine.*

Thine, wondrous Babe of Galilee ! —
 Fond theme of David's harp and song, —
 Thine are the notes of minstrelsy ;
 To thee its ransomed chords belong.
 And hark ! again the chorus swells,
 The song is wafted on the breeze,
 And to the listening earth it tells, —
 In accents soft and sweet as these, —
Gloria tibi Domine.

My heart doth feel that still he's near,
 To meet the soul in hours like this,
 Else why, oh, why that falling tear,
 When all is peace and love and bliss ?
 But hark ! that pealing chorus swells
 Anew its thrilling vesper strain,
 And still of joy and hope it tells,
 And bids creation sing again, —
Gloria tibi Domine.

FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

HARK! how all the welkin rings!
 Glory to the King of kings!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 Universal nature say,
 "Christ the Lord is born to-day!"

Christ, by highest heaven adored;
 Christ, the Everlasting Lord:
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb:
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail, the Incarnate Deity,
 Pleased as man with men to appear,
 Jesus, our Immanuel here!

Hail! the heavenly Prince of peace!
 Hail! the Son of righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home!
 Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
 Bruise in us the Serpent's head!
 Now display thy saving power,
 Ruined nature now restore,
 Now in mystic union join
 Thine to ours, and ours to thine!

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface;
 Stamp thy image in its place;
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstate us in thy love!
 Let us thee, though lost, regain,
 Thee, the Life, the Inner Man:
 Oh, to all thyself impart,
 Formed in each believing heart!

CHARLES WESLEY.

1739.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

AWAKE, my soul, and come away;
 Put on thy best array,
 Lest, if thou longer stay,
 Thou lose some minutes of so blest a day.
 Go run,
 And bid good-morrow to the sun;
 Welcome his safe return
 To Capricorn,

And that great morn
 Wherein a God was born.
 Whose story none can tell
 But he whose every word 's a miracle.

To-day Almightyness grew weak;
 The Word itself was mute, and could not speak

That Jacob's star which made the sun
 To dazzle if he durst look on,
 Now mantled o'er in Bethlehem's night,
 Borrowed a star to show him light.

He that begirt each zone,
 To whom both poles are one,
 Who grasped the zodiac in his hand,
 And made it move or stand,
 Is now by nature man,
 By stature but a span;
 Eternity is now grown short;
 A king is born without a court;
 The water thirsts; the fountain's dry;
 And life, being born, made apt to die.

CHORUS.

Then let our praises emulate and vie
 With his humility!
 Since he 's exiled from skies
 That we might rise, —
 From low estate of men
 Let's sing him up again!
 Each man wind up his heart
 To bear a part
 In that angelic choir, and show
 His glory high, as he was low.
 Let's sing towards men good-will and charity.
 Peace upon earth, glory to God on high!
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

JEREMY TAYLOR.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS, a clergyman and poet, was born at Sandisfield, Mass., in 1810, and graduated at Union College in 1834, and at the School of Theology of Harvard College in 1837. Oliver Wendell Holmes pronounces the following one of the finest and most beautiful hymns ever written. Dr. Sears was author of "The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ," a work which has commanded much attention. He died at Weston, Mass., Jan. 14, 1876.

CALM on the listening ear of night
 Come heaven's melodious strains,
 Where wild Judæa stretches far
 Her silver-mantled plains;
 Celestial choirs from courts above
 Shed sacred glories there;
 And angels with their sparkling lyres
 Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
 Send back the glad reply,
 And greet from all their holy heights
 The day-spring from on high.
 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm;
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
 Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" The lofty strain
 The realm of ether fills:
 How sweeps the song of solemn joy
 O'er Judah's sacred hills!
 "Glory to God!" The sounding skies
 Loud with their anthems ring:
 "Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
 From Heaven's eternal King!"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
 The Saviour now is born:
 More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
 Breaks the first Christmas morn;
 And brighter on Moriah's brow,
 Crowned with her temple-spires,
 Which first proclaim the new-born light,
 Clothed with its orient fires.

This day shall Christian hearts be mute
 And Christian hearts be cold?
 Oh, catch the anthem that from heaven
 O'er Judah's mountains rolled!
 When nightly burst from seraph-harps
 The high and solemn lay,—
 "Glory to God! on earth be peace;
 Salvation comes to-day!"

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS, D. D.

CHRISTMAS.

MRS. ADELIN D (TRAIN) WHITNEY, wife of Seth D. Whitney, of Milton, Mass., was born in Boston in 1824, and is a favorite writer for young and old.

WHAT is the Christ of God?
 It is his touch, his sign, his making known,
 His coming forth from out the all-alone,
 The stretching of a rod,

Abloom with his intent,
 From the invisible. He made worlds so:
 And souls, whose endless life should be to
 know
 What the worlds meant.

Christ is the dear "I am,"
 The voice that the cool garden-stillness
 brake.—
 The human heart to human hearts that spake,
 Long before Abraham.

The word, the thought, the breath,—
 All chrim of God that in creation lay,—
 Was born unto a life and name this day;
 Jesus of Nazareth!

With man whom he had made
 God came down side by side. Not from the
 skies
 In thunders, but through brother lips and eyes,
 His messages he said.

Close to our sin he leant,
 Whispering, "Be clean!" The high, the
 awful-holy,—
 Utterly meek,—ah! infinitely lowly,—
 Unto our burden bent

The might it waited for.
 "Daughter, be comforted. Thou art made
 whole.
 Son, be forgiven through all thy guilty soul.
 Sin—suffer ye—no more!

"O dumb, deaf, blind, receive!
 Shall he who shaped the ear not hear your cry?
 Doth he not tenderly see, who made the eye?
 Ask me, that I may give!

"O Bethany and Nain!
 I show your hearts how safe they are with me.
 I reach into my deep eternity
 And bring your dead again!

"My kingdom cometh nigh.
 Look up, and see the lightening from afar.
 Over my Bethlehem behold the star
 Quickening the eastward sky!

"From end to end, alway,
 The same Lord, I am with you. Down the
 night,
 My visible steps make all the mystery bright.
 Lo! it is Christmas-day!"

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

A CHRISTMAS CARMEN.

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands,
 The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
 Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the
 morn,
 Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!
 With glad jubilations
 Bring hope to the nations!
 The dark night is ending and dawn has begun:
 Rise, Hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
 All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as
 one!

Sing the bridal of nations! with chorals of
love

Sing out the war-vulture and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the peoples keep time in
accord,

And the voice of the world is the voice of
the Lord!

Clasp hands of the nations

In strong gratulations:

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;

Rise, Hope of the ages, arise like the sun,

All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as
one!

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north, and south, let the long quar-
rel cease:

Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of Glory to God and of good-will to man!

Hark! Joining in chorus

The heavens bend o'er us!

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun:

Rise, Hope of the ages, arise like the sun,

All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as
one!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

As on the night before this blessed morn
A troop of angels unto shepherds told,
Where in a stable he was poorly born,
Whom nor the earth nor heaven of heavens
can hold,

Through Bethlehem rung

This news at their return;

Yea, angels sung,

That GOD WITH US was born:

And they made mirth, because we should not
mourn.

*Their angels' carol sing we then,
To God on high all glory be;
For peace on earth bestoweth he,
And showeth favor unto men.*

This favor Christ vouchsafeth for our sake:
To buy us thrones he in a manger lay;
Our weakness took, that we his strength
might take,

And was disrobed, that he might us array:

Our flesh he wore,

Our sins to wear away:

Our curse he bore,

That we escape it may;

And wept for us, that we might sing for aye.

*With angels therefore sing again,
To God on high all glory be,
For peace on earth bestoweth he,
And showeth favor unto men.*

GEORGE WITHER.

LITTLE GOTTLIEB.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

ACROSS the German Ocean,
In a country far from our own,
Once a poor little boy, named Gottlieb,
Lived with his mother alone.

They dwelt in the part of a village
Where the houses were poor and small,
But the house of little Gottlieb
Was the poorest one of all.

He was not large enough to work,
And his mother could no more,
Though she scarcely laid her knitting down,
Than keep the wolf from the door.

She had to take their threadbare clothes,
And turn, and patch, and darn;
For never any woman yet
Grew rich by knitting yarn.

And oft at night beside her chair
Would Gottlieb sit, and plan
The wonderful things he would do for her
When he grew to be a man.

One night she sat and knitted,
And Gottlieb sat and dreamed,
When a happy fancy all at once
Upon his vision beamed.

'T was only a week till Christmas,
And Gottlieb knew that then
The Christ-child, who was born that day,
Sent down good gifts to men.

But he said, "He will never find us,
Our home is so mean and small.
And we, who have most need of them,
Will get no gifts at all."

When all at once a happy light
Came into his eyes so blue,
And lighted up his face with smiles,
As he thought what he could do.

Next day, when the postman's letters
Came from all over the land,
Came one for the Christ-child, written
In a child's poor trembling hand.

You may think he was sorely puzzled
 What in the world to do;
 So he went to the Burgomaster,
 As the wisest man he knew.

And when they opened the letter,
 They stood almost dismayed
 That such a little child should dare
 To ask the Lord for aid.

Then the Burgomaster stammered,
 And scarce knew what to speak,
 And hastily he brushed aside
 A drop, like a tear, from his cheek.

Then up he spoke right gruffly,
 And turned himself about:
 "This must be a very foolish boy,
 And a small one, too, no doubt."

But when six rosy children
 That night about him pressed,
 Poor, trusting little Gottlieb
 Stood near him with the rest.

And he heard his simple, touching prayer,
 Through all their noisy play;
 Though he tried his very best to put
 The thought of him away.

A wise and learned man was he,
 Men called him good and just;
 But his wisdom seemed like foolishness,
 By that weak child's simple trust.

Now when the morn of Christmas came
 And the long, long week was done,
 Poor Gottlieb, who scarce could sleep,
 Rose up before the sun,

And hastened to his mother,
 But he scarce might speak for fear,
 When he saw her wondering look, and saw
 The Burgomaster near.

He was n't afraid of the Holy Babe,
 Nor his mother, meek and mild;
 But he felt as if so great a man
 Had never been a child.

Amazed the poor child looked, to find
 The hearth was piled with wood,
 And the table, never full before,
 Was heaped with dainty food.

Then half to hide from himself the truth,
 The Burgomaster said,
 While the mother blessed him on her knees,
 And Gottlieb shook for dread:

"Nay, give no thanks, my good dame,
 To such as me for aid,
 Be grateful to your little son,
 And the Lord to whom he prayed!"

Then turning round to Gottlieb,
 "Your written prayer, you see,
 Came not to whom it was addressed,
 It only came to me!

"'T was but a foolish thing you did,
 As you must understand;
 For though the gifts are yours, you know,
 You have them from my hand."

Then Gottlieb answered fearlessly,
 Where he humbly stood apart,
 "But the Christ-child sent them all the same,
 He put the thought in your heart!"

PHÈBE CARV.

◆

THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

"Now, good-wife, bring your precious hoard,"
 The Norland farmer cried;
 "And heap the hearth, and heap the board,
 For the blessed Christmas-tide.

"And bid the children fetch," he said,
 "The last ripe sheaf of wheat,
 And set it on the roof o'erhead,
 That the birds may come and eat.

"And this we do for his dear sake,
 The Master kind and good,
 Who, of the loaves he blest and brake,
 Fed all the multitude."

Then Frederica and Franz and Paul,
 When they heard their father's words,
 Put up the sheaf, and one and all
 Seemed merry as the birds.

Till suddenly the maiden sighed,
 The boys were hushed in fear,
 As, covering all her face, she cried,
 "If Hansei were but here!"

And when, at dark, about the hearth
 They gathered still and slow,
 You heard no more the childish mirth
 So loud an hour ago.

And on their tender cheeks the tears
 Shone in the flickering light;
 For they were four in other years
 Who are but three to-night.

And tears are in the mother's tone ;
As she speaks, she trembles, too :
"Come, children, come, for the supper's done,
And your father waits for you."

Then Frederica and Franz and Paul
Stood each beside his chair ;
The boys were comely lads, and tall,
The girl was good and fair.

The father's hand was raised to crave
A grace before the meat,
When the daughter spake ; her words were
brave,
But her voice was low and sweet.

"Dear father should we give the wheat
To all the birds of the air ?
Shall we let the kite and the raven eat
Such choice and dainty fare ?

"For if to-morrow from our store
We drive them not away,
The good little birds will get no more
Than the evil birds of prey."

"Nay, nay, my child," he gravely said,
"You have spoken to your shame,
For the good, good Father overhead
Feeds all the birds the same.

"He hears the ravens when they cry,
He keeps the fowls of the air ;
And a single sparrow cannot lie
On the ground without his care."

"Yea, father, yea ; and tell me this," —
Her words came fast and wild, —
"Are not a thousand sparrows less
To him than a single child,

"Even though it sinned and strayed from
home ?"
The father groined in pain
As she cried, "Oh, let our Hansei come
And live with us again !

"I know he did what was not right," —
Sadly he shook his head ;
"If he knew I longed for him to-night,
He would not come," he said.

"He went from me in wrath and pride ;
Go I shield him tenderly !
For I hear the wild wind cry outside,
Like a soul in agony."

"Nay, it is a soul!" oh, eagerly
The maiden answered then :
"And, father, what if it should be he
Come back to us again !"

She stops, — the portal open flies ;
Her fear is turned to joy :
"Hansei!" the startled father cries ;
And the mother sobs, "My boy!"

'T is a bowed and humbled man they greet.
With loving lips and eyes,
Who fain would kneel at his father's feet,
But he softly bids him rise ;

And he says, "I bless thee, O mine own ;
Yea, and thou shalt be blest !"
While the happy mother holds her son
Like a baby on her breast.

Their house and love again to share
The prodigal has come!
And now there will be no empty chair
Nor empty heart in their home.

And they think, as they see their joy and pride
Safe back in the sheltering fold,
Of the child that was born at Christmas-tide
In Bethlehem of old.

And all the hours glide swift away
With loving, hopeful words,
Till the Christmas sheaf at break of day
Is alive with happy birds !

PHOEBE CARY.

DAY BREAKS.

WHAT dost thou see, lone watcher on the
tower
Is the day breaking? Comes the wished-for
hour?

Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,
If the bright morning dawns upon the land.

"The stars are clear above me ; scarcely one
Has dimmed its rays in reverence to the sun ;
But I yet see on the horizon's verge
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would
surge."

Look forth again, O watcher on the tower, —
The people wake and languish for the hour ;
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they
pine
For the full daylight that they know must
shine.

"I see not well, — the moon is cloudy still, —
There is a radiance on the distant hill ;
Even as I watch the glory seems to grow ;
But the stars blink, and the night breezes
blow."

And is that all, O watcher on the tower?
 Look forth again; it must be near the hour;
 Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes,
 And the green woods beneath them on the
 slopes?

"A mist envelops them; I cannot trace
 Their outline; but the day comes on apace:
 The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,
 And all the stars grow dim; the morning
 breaks."

We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower:
 But look again, and tell us, hour by hour,
 All thou beholdest: many of us die
 Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply!

"I see the hill-tops now, and chanticleer
 Crows his prophetic carol on mine ear;
 I see the distant woods and fields of corn,
 And ocean gleaming in the light of morn."

Again, again, O watcher on the tower!
 We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,
 Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be
 A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the free?

"I hope, but cannot tell; I hear a song,
 Vivid as day itself, and clear and strong,
 As of a lark — young prophet of the noon —
 Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune."

What doth he say, O watcher on the tower?
 Is he a prophet? Does the dawning hour
 Inspire his music? Is his chant sublime,
 Filled with the glories of the future time?

"He prophesies, — his heart is full; his lay
 Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day;
 A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,
 But sunny for the most, and clear and warm."

We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
 For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour
 When error shall decay, and truth grow strong.
 And light shall rule supreme and conquer
 wrong?

"He sings of brotherhood and joy and peace,
 Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
 When war shall cease, and man's progressive
 mind
 Soar as unfettered as its God designed."

Well done, thou watcher on the lonely tower!
 Is the day breaking? Dawns the happy hour?
 We pine to see it; tell us yet again
 If the broad daylight breaks upon the plain?

"It breaks! it comes! the misty shadows
 fly:

A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;
 The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear,
 The plain is yet in shade, but day is near."

CHARLES MACKAY.

1845.

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE.

As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,
 I saw my lattice pranked upon the wall,
 The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal,
 A sunny phantom interlaced with shade;
 "Thanks be to Heaven," in happy mood I
 said,

"What sweeter aid my matins could befall
 Than this fair glory from the east hath made?
 What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of
 all,

To bid us feel and see! We are not free
 To say we see not for the glory comes
 Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;
 His lustre pierceth through the midnight
 glooms;

And, at prime hour, behold! He follows me
 With golden shadows to my secret rooms!"

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER.

DAY BY DAY.

EVERY day has its dawn,
 Its soft and silent eve,
 Its noontide hours of bliss or bale, —
 Why should we grieve?

Why do we heap huge mounds of years
 Before us and behind,
 And scorn the little days that pass
 Like angels on the wind?

Each turning round a small sweet face
 As beautiful as near;
 Because it has so small a face
 We will not see it clear:

We will not clasp it as it flies,
 And kiss its lips and brow:
 We will not bathe our wearied souls
 In its delicious Now.

And so it turns from us, and goes
 Away in sad disdain:
 Though we would give our lives for it,
 It never comes again.

Yet every day has its dawn,
 Its noontide and its eve :
 Live while we live, giving God thanks, —
 He will not let us grieve.

The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

As MARY LOWE, MRS. DICKINSON has contributed to the religious press, and she still continues to write. She has travelled extensively, and written on foreign subjects. A volume of her poems is entitled "Edelweiss," from one of the pieces it contains.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,

If we had but a day ;

We should drink alone at the purest springs
 In our upward way ;

We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,

If the hours were few ;

We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power

To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills

By the clearest light ;

We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,
 If they lay in sight ;

We should trample the pride and the discontent

Beneath our feet ;

We should take whatever a good God sent,
 With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret,
 If the day were but one ;

If what we remember and what we forget
 Went out with the sun ;

We should be from our clamorous selves set free,

To work or to pray,

And to be what the Father would have us be,
 If we had but a day.

MRS. MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

1876.

THE LOST DAY.

LOST ! lost ! lost !

A gem of countless price,

Cut from the living rock,

And graven in Paradise :

Set round with three times eight

Large diamonds, clear and bright,

And each with sixty smaller ones,

All changeful as the light.

Lost — where the thoughtless throng

In Fashion's mazes wind,

Where trilleth folly's song,

Leaving a sting behind.

Yet to my hand 't was given,

A golden harp to buy,

Such as the white-robed choir attune

To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost ! lost ! lost !

I feel all search is vain ;

That gem of countless cost

Can ne'er be mine again :

I offer no reward, —

For till these heartstrings sever,

I know that Heaven's intrusted gift

Is reft away forever.

But when the sea and land,

Like burning scroll have fled,

I'll see it in his hand,

Who judgeth quick and dead ;

And when of scathe and loss

That man can ne'er repair,

The dread inquiry meets my soul,

What shall it answer there ?

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

SUNLIGHT AND STARLIGHT.

GOD sets some souls in shade, alone ;

They have no daylight of their own :

Only in lives of happier ones

They see the shine of distant suns.

God knows. Content thee with thy night,

Thy greater heaven hath grander light.

To-day is close ; the hours are small ;

Thou sitt'st afar, and hast them all.

Lose the less joy that doth but blind ;

Reach forth a larger bliss to find.

To-day is brief : the inclusive spheres

Rain raptures of a thousand years.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

THE LONGEST DAY.

LET us quit the leafy arbor,

And the torrent murmuring by ;

Sol has dropped into his harbor,

Weary of the open sky.

Evening now unbinds the fetters

Fashioned by the glowing light ;

All that breathe are thankful debtors

To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended
 Eve renews her calm career;
 For the day that now is ended
 Is the longest of the year.

Dora! sport, as now thou sportest,
 On this platform, light and free;
 Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,
 Are indifferent to thee.

Who would check the happy feeling
 That inspires the linnet's song?
 Who would stop the swallow, wheeling
 On her pinions swift and strong?

Yet, at this impressive season,
 Words which tenderness can speak
 From the truths of homely reason,
 Might exalt the loveliest cheek;

And, while shades to shades succeeding
 Steal the landscape from the sight,
 I would urge this moral pleading,
 Last forerunner of "Good night!"

Summer ebbs; — each day that follows
 Is a reflux from on high,
 Tending to the darksome hollows
 Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,
 In his providence, assigned
 Such a gradual declination
 To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not; — fruits redden,
 Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
 And the heart is loath to deaden
 Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful maiden!
 And when thy decline shall come,
 Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,
 Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber,
 Fix thy eyes upon the sea
 That absorbs time, space, and number;
 Look thou to eternity!

Follow thou the flowing river
 On whose breast are thither borne
 All deceived and each deceiver.
 Through the gates of night and morn;

Through the year's successive portals;
 Through the bounds which many a star
 Marks, not mindless of frail mortals,
 When his light returns from far.

Thus when thou with Time hast travelled
 Toward the mighty gulf of things,
 And the mazy stream unravell'd
 With thy best imaginings,

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,
 Think how pitiful that stay,
 Did not virtue give the meanest
 Charms superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,
 Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown,
 Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
 While youth's roses are thy crown.

Grasp it, — if thou shrink and tremble,
 Fairest damsel of the green,
 Thou wilt lack the only symbol
 That proclaims a genuine queen,

And insures those palms of honor
 Which selected spirits wear,
 Bending low before the Donor,
 Lord of heaven's unchanging year!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1817.

MORNING.

"Splendor paternæ gloriæ."

SAINT AMBROSE was born in Gaul, probably at Treves, about the year 340, but removed to Milan, where he obtained distinction at the bar, and was unexpectedly raised to the bishopric without previous preparation for the duties of the office. He died at Milan, April 3, 397, and was buried in the great church which is known as the Basilica Ambrosiana. He is the father of Latin Hymnology, and the reputed author of the *Te Deum*.

O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
 Thou brightness of thy Father's face,
 Thou Fountain of eternal light,
 Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
 Shower down thy radiance from above,
 And to our inward hearts convey
 The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray!

And we the Father's help will claim,
 And sing the Father's glorious name;
 His powerful succor we implore,
 That we may stand, to fall no more.

May he our actions deign to bless,
 And loose the bonds of wickedness;
 From sudden falls our feet defend,
 And bring us to a prosperous end!

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
 Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
 May guile depart, and discord cease,
 And all within be joy and peace!

And Christ shall be our daily food,
Our daily drink his precious blood;
And thus the Spirit's calm excess
Shall fill our souls with holiness.

Oh, hallowed be the approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright!

O Christ! with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne:
Oh, may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in thee!

ST AMBROSE. Translated by
JOHN CHANDLER, 1837.

A MORNING HYMN.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near,
Daystar, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till thy mercy's beams I see.
Till thy inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

1740.

CHARLES WESLEY.

MORNING HYMN.

"Æterna cœli gloria."

ETERNAL glory of the heavens!
Blest hope of all on earth!
God, of eternal Godhead born!
Man, by a virgin birth!

Jesu! be near us when we wake;
And, at the break of day,
With thy blest touch awake the soul,
Her meed of praise to pay.

The star that heralds in the morn
Is fading in the skies;
The darkness melts; — O thou true light!
Upon our souls arise.

Steep all our senses in thy beam;
The world's false night expel;
Purge each defilement from the soul,
And in our bosoms dwell.

Come, early Faith! fix in our hearts
Thy root immovably;
Come, smiling Hope! and, last not least,
Immortal Charity!

To God the Father glory be,
And to his only Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost! to thee,
While ceaseless ages run.

Translated from the Latin by
EDWARD CASWALL.

MATINS.

FOR the dear love that kept us through the
night,
And gave our senses to sleep's gentle
sway, —
For the new miracle of dawning light
Flushing the east with prophecies of day,
We thank thee, O our God!

For the fresh life that through our being flows
With its full tide to strengthen and to
bless —
For calm, sweet thoughts, upspringing from
repose
To bear to thee their song of thankfulness,
We praise thee, O our God!

Day uttereth speech to day, and night to
night
Tells of thy power and glory. So would we,
Thy children, duly, with the morning light,
Or at still eve, upon the bended knee
Adore thee, O our God!

Thou knowest our needs, thy fulness will
supply,
Our blindness, — let thy hand still lead us on,
Till, visited by the dayspring from on high
Our prayer, one only, "Let thy will be done!"
We breathe to thee, O God!

1870.

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

MORNING HYMN.

O GOD, beneath thy wing this night
Have I reposed in slumbers light;
Refreshed, on high I cast my eyes,
And watch the morning sun arise.

Where'er I turn my gaze, I see
Thy loving kindness unto me ;
A song of praise be my first breath,
Thanksgivings be my strain in death !

Thy blessings, like an ocean, roll
Around thy sons from pole to pole ;
And fools alone ne'er call to mind
That they are men among mankind.

Grant, I beseech thee, that I may
Enjoy thy goodness through the day ;
To me misfortune's voice be dumb,
But give me patience if it come.

Thy hand alone can blessings spread,
Pour blessings on my humble shed ;
Oh, let me serve my fellow-man,
And aid him wheresoe'er I can.

A cheerful heart, an upright mind,
The brightest treasures of mankind,
I pray thee, Father, give to me,
That I may go in peace to thee.

JOHANN GOTTFRIED SEUME. Translated by
ALFRED BASKERVILLE, 1853.

SATISFIED.

LIFE is unutterably dear,
God makes to-day so fair ;
Though heaven is better, — being here,
I long not to be there.

The weights of life are pressing still,
Not one of them may fall ;
Yet such strong joys my spirit fill,
That I can bear them all.

Though Care and Grief are at my side,
There would I let them stay,
And still be ever satisfied
With beautiful to-day !

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

1880.

DECEMBER MORNING.

ANNA SEWARD, friend of Major Andre and of Erasmus Darwin, whose poems were published by Sir Walter Scott, was born in 1747, and died at Lichfield, England, March 25, 1809.

I LOVE to rise ere gleams the tardy light,
Winter's pale dawn ; and as warm fires illumine,
And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
Through misty windows bend my musing
sight,
Where, round the dusky lawn, the mansions
white,

With shutters closed peer faintly through the
gloom,
That slow recedes ; while yon gray spires
assume,

Rising from their dark pile, an added height
By indistinctness given, — then to decree
The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold
To friendship or the muse, or seek with glee
Wisdom's rich page. O hours more worth
than gold,

By whose blest use we lengthen life, and free
From drear decays of age, outlive the old !

ANNA SEWARD.

COCK-CROWING.

FATHER of lights ! what sunny seed,
What glance of day hast thou confined
Into this bird ? To all the breed
This busy ray thou hast assigned ;
Their magnetism works all night,
And dreams of Paradise and light.

Their eyes watch for the morning hue ;
Their little grain, expelling night,
So shines and sings, as if it knew
The path unto the house of light :
It seems their candle, howe'er done,
Was tined¹ and lighted at the sun.

If such a tincture, such a touch,
So firm a longing can empower,
Shall thy own image think it much
To watch for thy appearing hour ?
If a mere blast so fill the sail,
Shall not the breath of God prevail ?

O thou immortal Light and Heat,
Whose hand so shines through all this frame,
That by the beauty of the seat
We plainly see who made the same !
Seeing thy seed abides in me,
Dwell thou in it, and I in thee.

To sleep without thee is to die ;
Yea, 't is a death partakes of hell :
For where thou dost not close the eye,
It never opens, I can tell.

In such a dark, Egyptian border,
The shades of death dwell, and disorder

Its joys and hopes and earnest throes,
And hearts whose pulse beats still for light,
Are given to birds, who but thee know
A love-sick soul's exalted flight ?
Can souls be tracked by any eye
But his who gave them wings to fly ?

¹ From *tine*, or *tind*, to set on fire.

Only this veil, which thou hast broke,
And must be broken yet in me ;
This veil, I say, is all the cloak
And cloud which shadows me from thee.

This veil thy full-eyed love denies,
And only gleams and fractions spies.

Oh, take it off. Make no delay,
But brush me with thy light, that I
May shine unto a perfect day,
And warm me at thy glorious eye.

Oh, take it off ; or, till it flee,
Though with no lily, stay with me.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

MORNING HYMN.

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK was born July 2, 1724. At school he became acquainted with the poems of Tasso and Milton, and determined to write an epic poem. His "Messiah" was the result, the first part appearing in 1746 in the *Bremer Beiträge* without the author's name. It was not completed until 1773. He produced other lofty pieces, besides excellent hymns, and has been called the German Milton. He died at Hamburg, March 14, 1803.

WHEN I wake from out that slumber,
Death, in human accents called,
And behold that fairer morning,
By life's cares no more enthralled ;
Other far will wake my soul,
Life's career will reach its goal ;
Pilgrim's sorrows are but dreams
When that brighter morning beams.

Grant that to the Judge, O Giver,
Thou, of immortality,
Grant that not one day may answer,
It hath been profaned by me !
I have seen another day,
Thanks to thee, O Lord, and may
Each day's joy and sorrow be
My unerring guide to thee !

That I gladly may before me
See them, when the last appears !
When to the dark vale I journey,
And my friend laments in tears,
Then, oh, soothe death's agony,
And let me the strongest be,
Me, who point him out thy ways,
Singing, Lord of death, thy praise ?

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK. Translated by
ALFRED BASKERVILLE, 1853.

MORNING.

THE sun is rising in the east,
Clothing the cloud with richest gold ;
O'er mountain, sea, as to a feast,
Marching with glory manifold.

He cometh from the lovely land
Where Paradise reposed sublime ;
Life, joy, he pours, with bounteous hand,
On great and small, from clime to clime.

His rays are smiles which us salute,
From Eden sweet, where angels glowed ;
Where stood the tree with deathless fruit,
Where life's eternal fountain flowed.

He greets us from the home of light,
Where grandest flamed the light of God.
O Star of Bethlehem ! O night
When star-inspired the wise men trod !

Yea, from the East gleams with God's sun
A mystic glory on our race,
A splendor for a world undone,
A reflex glad from God's own face.

And all the stars their homage pay,
When bursts the sun from eastern skies,
Image of a diviner day, —
The Star whose radiance never dies.

O Star of Bethlehem ! be thine
Our hearts, our praise, our fervent love ;
To us may all the beams that shine
Be symbols of the light above.

BERNHARDT SEVERIN INGEMANN. Translated from
the Danish by GILBERT TAIT, 1868.

MORNING.

SEE, the star that leads the day
Rising, shoots a golden ray
To make the shades of darkness go
From heaven above and earth below,
And warn us early with the sight,
To leave the beds of silent night.

From a heart sincere and sound,
From its very deepest ground,
Send devotion up on high
Winged with heat, to reach the sky.
See, the time for sleep has run !
Rise before or with the sun.

Lift thy hands, and humbly pray
The fountain of eternal day,
That, as the light, serenely fair,
Illustrates all the tracts of air,
The sacred Spirit so may rest
With quickening beams upon thy breast,
And kindly clear it all within
From darker blemishes of sin,
And shine with grace until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.

See, the day that dawns in air
 Brings along its toil and care.
 From the lap of night it springs
 With heaps of business on its wings.
 Prepare to meet them in a mind
 That bows submissively resigned ;
 That would to works appointed fall,
 That knows that God has ordered all.

And whether with a small repast
 We break the sober morning fast,
 Or in our thoughts and houses lay
 The future methods of the day,
 Or early walk abroad to meet
 Our business with industrious feet ;
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
 His glory still be kept in view.

O Giver of eternal bliss,
 Grant, heavenly Father, grant me this !
 Grant it to all, as well as me,
 All those whose hearts are fixed on thee,
 Who revere thy Son above,
 Who thy Sacred Spirit love.

THOMAS PARNELL.

◆
 MORNING.

HUES of the rich unfolding morn, —
 That, ere the glorious sun be born,
 By some soft touch invisible
 Around his path are taught to swell ; —

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,
 That dancest forth at opening day,
 And, brushing by with joyous wing,
 Wakenest each little leaf to sing ;

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
 By which deep grove and tangled stream
 Pay, for soft rains in season given,
 Their tribute to the genial heaven ; —

Why waste your treasures of delight
 Upon our thankless, joyless sight ;
 Who day by day to sin awake,
 Seldom of heaven and you partake ?

Oh, timely happy, timely wise,
 Hearts that with rising morn arise,
 Eyes that the beam celestial view,
 Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove ;
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray ;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
 As more of heaven in each we see :
 Some softening gleam of love and prayer
 Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
 Untired we ask, and ask again,
 Ever, in its melodious store,
 Finding a spell unheard before ;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
 When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
 Counting the cost, in all to espy
 Their God, in all themselves deny.

Oh, could we learn that sacrifice,
 What lights would all around us rise !
 How would our hearts with wisdom talk
 Along life's dullest, dreariest walk !

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
 Our neighbor and our work farewell,
 Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
 For sinful man beneath the sky :

The trivial round, the common task,
 Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
 Room to deny ourselves ; a road
 To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more ; content with these,
 Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,
 As Heaven shall bid them, come and go ;
 The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
 Fit us for perfect rest above ;
 And help us, this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

JOHN KEBLE.

1827.

◆
 STILL WITH THEE.

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning
 breaketh,

When the bird waketh and the shadows flee ;
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
 Dawns the sweet consciousness, — I am with
 thee !

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born!
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn!

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with thee! as to each new-born
morning

A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth the blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto thee and
heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil to slum-
ber,

Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,

But sweeter still, to wake and find thee
there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows
flee;

Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, — I am with
thee!

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

1867.

A MORNING HYMN.

THOMAS KEN was born in 1637, at Berkhamstead, Herts, England, and died at Longleate, March 19, 1711. He was a Royalist, and suffered for his devotion to the cause of the Stuarts. He was made Bishop of Bath and Wells by Charles II, but was deprived of the bishopric by William III. His two hymns on morning and evening were serviceable to Whitefield in his college life, as they have been to the Church wherever the English language is spoken. Their closing verse, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," is considered a masterpiece of amplification and compression; probably no single verse is so often sung by Christians of all names as the one that closes this hymn and the two which complement it.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time, misspent, redeem,
Each present day thy last esteem,
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noontide clear,
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine
Let thy own light to others shine,
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

Awake, awake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
Have all day my God in sight,
Perform like you my Maker's will,
Oh, may I never more do ill.

Had I your wings, to heaven I'd fly;
But God shall that defect supply,
And my soul, winged with warm desire,
Shall all day long to heaven aspire.

All praise to thee who safe hath kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

I would not wake nor rise again,
Even heaven itself I would disdain,
Wert thou not there to be enjoyed,
And I in hymns to be employed.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er thou art;
Oh, never, then, from me depart,
For to my soul 't is hell to be
But for one moment void of thee.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEN.

1700.

THE MORNING STAR.

A SINGLE star how bright,
From earth-mists free,
In heaven's deep shrine its image burns!
Star of the morn, my spirit yearns
To be with thee.

Lord of the desert sky!
Night's last, lone heir,
Benign thou smilest from on high,
Pure, calm, as if an angel's eye
Were watching there.

Nor wholly vain I deem
The Magian plan,
That, sphered in thee, a spirit reigns
Who knows this earth, and kindly deigns
To succor man.

Gone are thy glittering peers!
Quenched each bright spark;
Save where some pale sun's lingering ghost,
Dull remnant of a scattered host,
Still spots the dark.

But thou, propitious star,
Night's youngest born,
Wilt not withdraw thy steady light
Till bursts on yonder snow-clad height
The rosy morn.

Fair orb! I love to watch
Thy tranquil ray;
Emblem thou art of hope that springs
When joys are fled, and dreaming brings
The better day.

So, when from my life's course
Its stars are riven,
Dawn on my soul prophetic light,
That gilds old age's winter night
With hope of heaven!

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE, D. D.

THE MORNING CHAMBER.

THIS flower like chamber, delicately walled,
Of softest tints, low-ceiled wide and fair,
Where pensive meditations seem installed
Like cloistered nuns long motionless in prayer:
This lovely chamber, looking south and east
Across green seas of rippling foliage dense,
Whose waiting windows catch the first and
least
Soft glimmer from that heavenly chamber
whence
The sun rejoicing cometh; this sweet room,

While folded yet in slumbers incomplete
The whole fair house beside lies wrapt in
gloom,—

This morning chamber, high above the street,
Day's silent glory floods and overflows
With golden calm that crowns the night's
repose.

High noon! and fuller floods of sunshine pour
Into this shining chamber, till it seems—
The very hidden rafters, secret beams—
To swim in splendor! I but cross the floor,
And I forget 't is winter, keen as clear.
To the swift eyes of mine imagining
Wide stand the windows, and the breath of
spring,

Sweet courier of the violets, is here.
I half resolve to hie me out and see
How like a tiny army they possess
The earth,—the violets, with their loveliness,—
When, of a sudden, breaks my reverie!
But the warm flood fills all the chamber yet,
And, ere it ebbs, *I will again forget!*

Fair as the peace that like a river flows.
Across the room the cloudless moonlight
streams;

Recess and corner dusk its hallowing beams
Suffuse with mist-like glimmer of repose.
So hushed this chamber, and so rapt this tide
Of visible calm, that blessed visions rise
Of the great city of peace beyond the skies,—
Of crystal waters that perpetual glide
From out the throne, swift light, descending
light,

Forever and forever, with a sound
Of inconceivable music, music drowned
In rain of benediction from the night
And majesty of *One* enthroned above,—
The Light of light, whose name of names is
Love!

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

MORNING HYMN.

"Aurora jam spargit pol'um."

THE dawn is sprinkling in the east
Its golden shower, as day flows in;
Fast mount the pointed shafts of light,—
Farewell to darkness and to sin!

Away, ye midnight phantoms all!
Away, despondence and despair!
Whatever guilt the night has brought,
Now let it vanish into air.

So, Lord, when that last morning breaks
Which shrouds in darkness earth and skies,
May it on us, low bending here,
Arrayed in joyful light arise!

To God the Father glory be,
And to his sole-begotten Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost! to thee,
While everlasting ages run.

Ambrosian Hymn. Translated by
EDWARD CASWALL.

MORNING HYMN.

“Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra.”

GREGORY THE GREAT was born in Rome about the year 554. He took the monastic habit, and loved retirement, but in 590 the office of Pope was forced upon him. His life was full of trials and useful work. It was he who sent Augustine to England to convert the Anglo-Saxons, and made him the first Archbishop of Canterbury. He patronized church music, and we are indebted to him for the Gregorian Chant. He died in 604, exhausted by trials and labors. The hymn “Veni Creator Spiritus” is by some attributed to Gregory.

Lo, fainter now lie spread the shades of night,
And upward shoot the trembling gleams of
morn;

Suppliant we bend before the Lord of light,
And pray at early dawn,

That his sweet charity may all our sin
Forgive, and make our miseries to cease;
May grant us health, grant us the gift divine
Of everlasting peace.

Father Supreme! this grace on us confer;
And thou, O Son, by an eternal birth,
With thee, coequal Spirit Comforter!
Whose glory fills the earth.

GREGORY THE GREAT. Translated by
EDWARD CASWALL.

MIDDAY.

WHEN at midday my task I ply
With laboring hand or watchful eye,
I need the timely aid of prayer
To guard my soul from worldly care.

Thou, Lord, didst consecrate this hour
To mind us of thy saving power,
Thy living water's heavenly spell,
The mystery of Jacob's well.

There, about noon, with toil oppressed,
Feebly thy voice its plaint expressed:
“Give me to drink!” O wondrous woe!
God thirsts, from whom all blessings flow!

He needed not, by whom we live,
And only asked that he might give:
A mightier want he felt within,
The thirst to save a soul from sin.

Lord, in our pilgrimage of grace
Thy weary footsteps oft we trace,
And in the inner man renew
The grief thy sacred body knew.

Our spirits faint upon the way,
We bear the burden of the day:
'T is then for strength to thee we turn,
Sit at thy feet, and wisdom learn.

We ask of thee the gift of God,
Pure water from the vital flood,
To cure our feverish thirst of sin,
A well of water deep within.

'T was at midday, on blood intent,
Saul to Damascus raging went:
A light from heaven upon him came,
Putting that midday sun to shame.

The sudden glorious burst appalls;
Dashed to the earth he headlong falls;
A Voice reproves, a Form appears;
Aghast he sees and trembling hears.

Now streams that light with mellowed glow
Around our path, where'er we go;
Inviting us at noon to raise
Our hearts to God in prayer and praise.

And calmly now we hear that word;
It bids us rise and meet the Lord:
What hour he cometh, none can say;
At dead of night, or at midday.

Oh, rise thou then, and strive, my soul,
To reach the beatific goal!
Thy every nerve and sinew strain,
The crown of glory to obtain!

For see, in all this noontide heat,
How worldlings labor for the meat
That perishes and comes to naught,
Like shadow, when we think 't is caught.

And wilt thou then refuse thy pains
For heaven's imperishable gains?
Or canst thou grudge thy utmost toil
For treasures none can steal or spoil?

The sun has its meridian past;
Soon will its beams oblique be cast,
And twilight pale will rise to enshroud
Their radiance in the western cloud.

Yet, for a time, 't is bright and glad ;
But coming night is dark and sad :
The day to man for toil was given,
And none at night can work for heaven.

Sun of my soul, thyself display !
Quicken me, Lord, and cheer my way !
Till, borne upon thy healing wing,
Upward I soar thy praise to sing.

E'en now, when far from thy blest light,
At morn and eve, at noon and night,
I tune my heart betimes to join
Where angels in thy presence shine.

Yet angels, in their loftiest song,
Fail in their flight, and do thee wrong ;
Like as their veiled adoring face
Tells of a glory none can trace !

And now, my midday homage paid,
Life's busy path again I tread ;
Yet happier far its task I ply
From surer trust that thou art nigh, —

Nigh to defend, assist, and bless,
Making my cares and dangers less,
And daily duteous toil the road
That leads to perfect peace in God :

Peace, through the grace of Christ our Lord ;
Rest, in the Father's love restored ;
Joy, by the Spirit's union given ;
The peace, the rest, the joy of Heaven !

1856.

JAMES FORD.

NOONTIDE HYMN.

" Rector potens, verax Deus."

LORD of eternal truth and might !
Ruler of nature's changing scheme !
Who dost bring forth the morning light,
And temper noon's effulgent beam :

Quench thou in us the flames of strife,
And bid the heat of passion cease ;
From perils guard our feeble life,
And keep our souls in perfect peace.

Father of mercies, hear our cry !
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

Ambrosian Hymn. Translated by
EDWARD CASWALL.

EVENING HYMN.

" Rerum Deus tenax vigor."

O THOU true Life of all that live !
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway ;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day :

Thy light upon our evening pour, —
So may our souls no sunset see ;
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

Father of mercies, hear our cry !
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

Ambrosian Hymn. Translated by
EDWARD CASWALL.

A CHAMBER HYMN.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, a holy and devout clergyman of the Church of England, was born in Surrey, in 1740. He was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Dublin, and became a strenuous supporter of Calvinistic views. He died Aug. 11, 1777. Some of his hymns especially "Rock of Ages," are great favorites. The following is generally made to begin with the fourth stanza, which is altered to "Inspirer and bearer of prayer."

WHAT though my frail eyelids refuse
Continual watching to keep,
And punctual as midnight renews,
Demand the refreshment of sleep ;
A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand,
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

From evil secure, and its dread,
I rest, if my Saviour be nigh ;
And songs his kind presence indeed
Shall in the night season supply.
His smiles and my comforts abound,
His grace as the dew shall descend ;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

Kind author and ground of my hope,
Thee, thee for my God I avow,
My glad Eben-ezer set up,
And own thou hast helped me till now.
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence thou hast proved ;
Nor wilt thou relinquish at last
A sinner so signally loved.

Beneficent hearer of prayer,
Thou feeder and guardian of thine,

My all to thy covenant care
 I sleeping and waking resign.
 If thou art my shield and my sun,
 The night is no darkness to me;
 And, fast as my moments roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to thee.

Thy ministering spirits descend
 To watch while thy saints are asleep;
 By day and by night they attend,
 The heirs of salvation to keep.
 Bright seraphs, despatched from the throne,
 Repair to their stations assigned;
 And angels elect are sent down
 To guard the elect of mankind.

Thy worship no interval knows;
 Their fervor is still on the wing;
 And while they protect my repose,
 They chant to the praise of my King.
 I, too, at the season ordained
 Their chorus forever shall join,
 And love and adore, without end,
 Their faithful Creator and mine.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

1776.

EVENING.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, son of a butcher and apprentice of a stocking-weaver, published a volume of poems in his eighteenth year, that attracted much attention and commanded the admiration of the poet Southey. He was born at Nottingham, March 21, 1785, and died from over-study, at Cambridge, Oct. 19, 1806.

O LORD, another day is flown;
 And we, a lonely band,
 Are met once more before thy throne
 To bless thy fostering hand.

And wilt thou lend a listening ear
 To praises low as ours?
 Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
 The song which meekness pours.

And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign
 As we before thee pray;
 For thou didst bless the infant train,
 And we are less than they.

Oh, let thy grace perform its part,
 And let contention cease;
 And shed abroad in every heart
 Thine everlasting peace!

Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
 A flock by Jesus led,
 The Sun of holiness shall shine
 In glory on our head.

And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
 And thou wilt bless our way,
 Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
 The dawn of lasting day!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

1803.

EVENING HYMN. CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

A pleasant incident is related of this hymn by Dr. Putnam in the "Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith." A company of Bostonians, among whom was a daughter of Dr. Robbins, Mrs. Hill, were returning from England in a Cunard steamer. An aged Scotch Presbyterian minister and his wife were among the passengers. The party were singing hymns on deck at the close of a lovely Sabbath day, when the clergyman went to his state-room and brought a book of hymns and tunes to show them what he said was the sweetest hymn he knew, set to the sweetest tune. What was the Boston lady's surprise to hear him repeat the lines which her own father had written, "Lo! the day of rest declineth," and begin to sing "Bedford Street," a tune composed for the words by Mr. L. B. Barnes, President of the Handel and Haydn Society, and named for the author's own church, which was in Bedford Street, Boston.

Lo! the day of rest declineth,
 Gather fast the shades of night;
 May the Sun that ever shineth
 Fill our souls with heavenly light.

Softly now the dew is falling;
 Peace o'er all the scene is spread;
 On his children, meekly calling,
 Purer influence God will shed.

While thine ear of love addressing,
 Thus our parting hymn we sing,—
 Father, give thine evening blessing;
 Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

CHANDLER ROBBINS, D. D.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

JOHN WILSON, better known as Christopher North, under which name he wrote for Blackwood's Magazine a series of papers entitled "Noctes Ambrosianæ," was born at Paisley, May 19, 1785, and died in Edinburgh, April 3, 1851.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun;
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
 Long had I watched the glory moving on,
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below;
 Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated slow:
 Even in its very motion there was rest;
 While every breath of eve that chanced to
 blow
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is
 given;



Henry Kirke White

NEW YORK: LEED MEAD & COMPANY

And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven ;
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

JOHN WILSON.

—◆—
A VESPER PRAYER.

The poet *SHELLEY* was born near Horsham, Sussex, England, Aug. 4, 1792, and died July 8, 1822.

THE day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past ; there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or
seen,

As if it could not be, as if it had not been.

Thus let Thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on thy passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm, to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom Spirit far, thy spells did bind
To fear himself and love all humankind.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

—◆—
VESPER HYMN.

THE day is done ; the weary day of thought
and toil is past,
Soft falls the twilight cool and gray on the
tire earth at last :
By wisest teachers wearied, by gentlest friends
oppressed,
In Thee alone, the soul, outworn, refreshment
finds, and rest.

Bend, Gracious Spirit, from above, like these
o'erarching skies,
And to thy firmament of love lift up these
longing eyes ;
And, folded by thy sheltering hand, in refuge
still and deep,
Let blessed thoughts from thee descend, as
drop the dews of sleep.

And when refreshed the soul once more puts
on new life and power ;
Oh, let thine image, Lord, alone, gild the first
waking hour !
Let that dear Presence dawn and glow, fairer
than morn's first ray,
And thy pure radiance overflow the splendor
of the day.

So in the hastening even, so in the coming
morn,
When deeper slumber shall be given, and
fresher life be born.
Shine out, true Light ! to guide my way amid
that deepening gloom,
And rise, O Morning Star, the first that day-
spring to illumine !

I cannot dread the darkness where thou wilt
watch o'er me,
Nor smile to greet the sunrise unless thy smile
I see ;
Creator, Saviour, Comforter ! on thee my soul
is cast ;
At morn, at night, in earth, in heaven, be thou
my First and Last !

ELIZA SCUDDER.

October, 1874.

—◆—
A VESPER SONG.

MRS. MARGARET E. MUNSON SANGSTER, a constant contributor to the periodical press, was born in 1838, in New Rochelle, N. Y. Many of her productions were given to the press under the signature " M. E. M."

THE clouds of sunset, fold on fold,
Are purple and tawny, and edged with gold.

Soft as the silence after a hymn
Is the hush that falls as the light grows dim.

And the phantom feet of the shadows glide
To the maple tops and the river's tide.

Not even the thought of a sound is heard,
Till the dusk is thrilled by a hidden bird

That suddenly sings, as the light grows dim,
Its wonderful passionate vesper hymn.

Sweet as the voice of an angel's call,
Sent to me from the jasper wall,

Is the music poured from that tiny throat,
A message of comfort in every note.

I know not where in the leafy tree
The dear little warbler's home may be ;

Nor care I to find, by a thoughtful quest,
Its cunningly woven castled nest.

The singer was less to my heart to-night
Than the song he dropped through the part-
ing light.

Its overflow of a joy intense
Came unto me like a recompense

For the undertone of an aching care,
That was near to making my soul despair.

There are in this world where God is king
Some that have nothing to do — but sing!

Some that are all too blithe to keep
Pent in the voice of their rapture deep,

Though it may be low under waves of pain
They found the pearl of their purest strain.

And we who listen have nought to say
Concerning their Master's rule and way,

Only this, — it was surely best,
Since it taught them strains so full of rest ;

And this, — that never a folded wing
Should cover a heart that was meant to sing,

And show the path to a lighted ark,
Perhaps, to some one lost in the dark.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

—◆—
VESPERS.

WHEN I have said my quiet say,
When I have sung my little song,
How sweetly, sweetly dies the day
The valley and the hill along ;
How sweet the summons, " Come away,"
That calls me from the busy throng !

I thought beside the water's flow
Awhile to lie beneath the leaves,
I thought in autumn's harvest glow
To rest my head upon the sheaves ;
But, lo ! methinks the day was brief
And cloudy ; flower, nor fruit, nor leaf
I bring, and yet, accepted, free,
And blest, my Lord, I come to thee.

What matter now for promise lost,
Through blast of spring or summer rains !
What matter now for purpose crost,
For broken hopes and wasted pains ;
What if the olive little yields,
What if the grape be blighted ? Thine
The corn upon a thousand fields,
Upon a thousand hills the vine.

Thou lovest still the poor ; oh, blest
In poverty beloved to be !
Less lowly is my choice confessed,
I love the rich in loving thee !
My spirit bare before thee stands,
I bring no gift, I ask no sign,
I come to thee with empty hands,
The surer to be filled from thine !

DORA GREENWELL.

EVENING.

FATHER, by thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour ;
Light has vanished, labors cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace :
Thou whose genial dews distil
On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father, guard our couch from ill,
Lull thy children to repose.
We to thee ourselves resign ;
Let our latest thoughts be thine.

Saviour, to thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer ;
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We, like sheep, have gone astray ;
Worldly thoughts and thoughts of pride,
Wishes to thy cross untrue,
Secret faults and undescried,
Meet thy spirit-piercing view.
Blessed Saviour, yet, through thee,
Pray that we may pardoned be.

Holy Spirit, breath of balm,
Fall on us in evening's calm ;
Yet awhile, before we sleep,
We with thee will vigil keep.
Lead us on our sins to muse ;
Give us truest penitence ;
Then the love of God infuse,
Breathing humble confidence ;
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

Blessed Trinity, be near
Through the hours of darkness drear ;
When the help of man is far,
Ye more clearly present are.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Watch o'er our defenceless head ;
Let your angels' guardian host
Keep all evil from our bed,
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

JOSEPH ANSTICE.

1836.

—◆—
EVENSONG.

" Sol præceps rapitur. "

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the cross
 His head inclined,
 And to his Father's hands
 His parting soul resigned,

So now herself my soul
 Would wholly give
 Into his sacred charge,
 In whom all spirits live;

So now beneath his eye
 Would calmly rest,
 Without a wish or thought
 Abiding in the breast,

Save that his will be done,
 Whate'er betide;
 Dead to herself, and dead
 In him to all beside.

Thus would I live; yet now
 Not I, but he,
 In all his power and love
 Henceforth alive in me.

One sacred Trinity,
 One Lord Divine,
 May I be ever his,
 And he forever mine.

Translated from an unknown Latin author
 by E. CASWALL 1858.

EVENING HYMN.

SAMUEL WILLARD, for twenty-two years pastor of the Congregational Church at Deerfield, Mass., was born at Petersham, April 19, 1776, and graduated at Harvard College in 1803. He wrote much for publication after the loss of his sight, in 1829, and died Oct. 8, 1859. In 1830 he published a collection of hymns, of which about one hundred and eighty were his own.

WELCOME, ye deep and silent shades
 That veil the glowing west!
 Hour of repose,
 Softly it flows,
 Diffusing balmy rest.

Far from the world we now retire,
 And raise our eyes to God,
 Who, in his love,
 Smiles from above,
 And cheers our dark abode.

Author of all the countless worlds
 The vault of heaven displays,
 Awed by thy power,
 Thee we adore,
 And chant our evening lays.

Under those eyes which never close
 We lay us down to sleep;
 Hearer of prayer,
 Make us thy care,
 And safe our slumbers keep.

Soon as the sun, with new-born rays,
 Relumes the eastern skies,
 Source of all light,
 Beam on our sight,
 And bless our waking eyes.

SAMUEL WILLARD, D. D.

1824.

THE VILLAGE EVENING HYMN.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

HEB. xi. 13

HARK, the nightly church-bell numbers
 One day more with bygone things;
 Saviour, o'er our peaceful slumbers
 Spread thy everlasting wings.

One day less of sin and sadness,
 One day nearer heaven and home:
 Travellers to light and gladness,
 Onward stage by stage we roam.

One day less of toil and labor,
 One day nearer rest and thee.
 Child and parent, friend and neighbor,
 Lift your voice and bend your knee.

Blessed Spirit, hover o'er us,
 Sleeping, waking, be thou near;
 Comrades, there is joy before us,
 Rest in peace, and rise in prayer.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH.

1853.

EVENING CONTEMPLATION.

SOFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, I would commune with thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Naught escapes, without, within!
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon, for me, the light of day
 Shall forever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
 All of man's infirmity!
 Then, from thine eternal throne,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

GEORGE W. DOANE, D. D.

1826.

◆

EVENING HYMN.

INTERVAL of grateful shade,
 Welcome to my weary head!
 Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,
 Tired with glaring vanities!
 My great Master still allows
 Needful periods of repose:
 By my Heavenly Father blest,
 Thus I give my powers to rest;
 Heavenly Father, gracious name!
 Night and day his love the same;
 Far be each suspicious thought,
 Every anxious care forgot;
 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
 Crownest my days with various good:
 Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep
 These defenceless hours shall keep;
 Blest vicissitude to me!
 Day and night I'm still with thee.

What though downy slumbers flee,
 Strangers to my couch and me?
 Sleepless well I know to rest,
 Lodged within my Father's breast.
 While the empress of the night
 Scatters mild her silver light;
 While the vivid planets stray
 Various through their mystic way;
 While the stars unnumbered roll
 Round the ever-constant pole;
 Far above these spangled skies,
 All my soul to God shall rise;
 Midst the silence of the night
 Mingling with those angels bright,
 Whose harmonious voices raise
 Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise:
 Through the throng his gentle ear
 Shall my tuneless accents hear:
 From on high doth he impart
 Secret comfort to my heart.
 He in these serenest hours
 Guides my intellectual powers,
 And his spirit doth diffuse,
 Sweeter far than midnight dews;
 Lifting all my thoughts above,
 On the wings of faith and love.
 Blest alternative to me,
 Thus to sleep, or wake, with thee!

What if death my sleep invade?
 Should I be of death afraid?
 Whilst encircled by thine arm,
 Death may strike, but cannot harm.
 What if beams of opening day
 Shine around my breathless clay?
 Brighter visions from on high
 Shall regale my mental eye;
 Tender friends awhile may mourn
 Me from their embraces torn;
 Dearer, better friends I have
 In the realms beyond the grave.
 See the guardian angels nigh
 Wait to waft my soul on high!
 See the golden gates displayed!
 See the crown to grace my head!
 See a flood of sacred light,
 Which no more shall yield to night.
 Transitory world, farewell!
 Jesus calls, with him to dwell.
 With thy heavenly presence blest,
 Death is life, and labor rest.
 Welcome sleep or death to me,
 Still secure, for still with thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1755-

◆

AN EVENING HYMN.

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
 To die, that this vile body may
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

Oh, may my soul on thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
 Sleep that may me more vigorous make
 To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.

Dull sleep of sense me to deprive,
 I am but half my time alive;
 Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved
 To lie so long of thee bereaved.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains ;
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it an hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfettered are our minds ;
Oh, may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see !

Oh, when shall I in endless day
Forever chase dark sleep away ;
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing and never tire ?

Oh, may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;
His love angelical instil ;
Stop all the avenues of ill.

May he celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse,
Or, in my stead, all the night long
Sing to my God a grateful song.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEN.

1700.

◆
EVENING.

A portion of this poem, beginning with the third stanza, has passed into many hymn-books, and is deservedly very popular.

'T is gone, that bright and orb'd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press ;
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near ;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When round thy wondrous works below
My searching, rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove ; —

Or by the light thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning thy gracious providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense : —

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve, .
For without thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark :
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have thee.

The rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt thee and us ordained to stand,
Guide thou their course, O Lord, aright ;
Let all do all as in thy sight.

Oh, by thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach thou thy priests their daily cross
To bear as thine, nor count it loss !

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE.

1827.

◆
EVENING HYMN.

SAVIOUR ! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing ;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

JAMES EDMESTON.

1820.

—◆—
EVENING HYMN.

Τὴν ἡμέραν διελευσάν : —

THE day is past and over :
All thanks, O Lord, to thee !
I pray thee now, that sinless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu, keep me in thy sight,
And save me through the coming night !

The joys of day are over :
I lift my heart to thee ;
And ask thee, that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night !

The toils of day are over :
I raise the hymn to thee ;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night !

Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I ;
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry :
“ He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night ! ”

Be thou my soul's preserver,
O God, for thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go :
Lover of men, oh, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all !

Attributed to ANATOLIUS. Translated by
JOHN MASON NEALE, 1862.

—◆—
EVENING SONG OF THE WEARY.

FATHER of heaven and earth !
I bless thee for the night,
The soft, still night !
The holy pause of care and mirth,
Of sound and light !

Now, far in glade and dell,
Flower-cup, and bud, and bell
Have shut around the sleeping woodlark's
nest ;
The bee's long murmuring toils are done.
And I, the o'erwearied one,
O'erwearied and o'erwrought,
Bless thee, O God, O Father of the oppressed,
With my last waking thought,
In the still night !
Yes, ere I sink to rest,
By the fire's dying light,
Thou Lord of earth and heaven !
I bless thee, who hast given
Unto life's fainting travellers the night,
The soft, still, holy night !

FELICIA HEMANS.

—◆—
HYMN FOR BEDTIME.

ROUND about my bed abide,
Jesu Lord, at eventide ;
Watch, dear Jesu, watch :
Round about my pillow keep
Watch and vigil while I sleep ;
Watch, dear Jesu, watch ;
Jesu, watch.

Ward away the hosts of hell,
Thou who keepest Israel ;
Watch, dear Jesu, watch :
When thou watchest over me,
Let my spirit watch with thee ;
Watch, dear Jesu, watch ;
Jesu, watch.

Let thy holy angel spread
Dewy wings about my bed :
Watch, dear Jesu, watch :
Let him shed from his pure breast
Dreams of heaven's eternal rest :
Watch, dear Jesu, watch ;
Jesu, watch.

Underneath thy cross's sign
I myself to thee resign :
Watch, dear Jesu, watch :
Hence let Satan flee away !
Only, Jesu, with me stay :
Watch, dear Jesu, watch ;
Jesu, watch.

Friends and kinsmen everywhere, —
All commend I to thy care ;
Watch, dear Jesu, watch :
Let them sleep secure from harm
Underneath thy sheltering arm :
Watch, dear Jesu, watch ;
Jesu, watch.

O'er the sleepers who have gone
 To their rest thy breast upon,
 Watch, dear Jesu, watch :
 Sleep they well, till time shall cease :
 May their spirits rest in peace.
 Watch, dear Jesu, watch ;
 Jesu, watch.

Till, the night of trouble o'er,
 On the everlasting shore
 We all awake, to sleep no more,
 Watch, dear Jesu, we implore :
 Watch, dear Jesu, watch ;
 Jesu, watch.

GERARD MOULTRIE.

1867.

AN EVENING HYMN.

JOSEPH BEAUMONT, a descendant of the ancient family of Leicestershire to which the dramatist, Francis Beaumont, belonged, was born in 1615, and died in 1699. He was at one time Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, and was afterwards Professor of Divinity there. His chief poetical composition was "Psyche, or Love's Mystery," a religious work nearly four times the length of "Paradise Lost," written "for the avoiding of mere idleness." The following is from his "Catherina," written in 1652. It has not been reprinted except by the Rev. F. M. Bird, in the New York Independent, in 1875.

NEVER yet could careless sleep
 On Love's watchful eyelid creep ;
 Never yet could gloomy night
 Damp his eye's immortal light :
 Love is his own ray, and sees
 Whatsoe'er himself doth please :
 Love his piercing look can dart
 Through the shades of my dark heart,
 And read plainer far than I
 All the spots which there do lye.
 Pardon then what thou dost see,
 Mighty Love, in wretched me :
 Let the sweet wrath of thy ray
 Chide my sinful night to day ;
 To the blessed day of grace,
 Whose dear East smiled in thy face,
 So no powers of darkness shall
 In this night my soul appall ;
 So shall I the sounder sleep,
 'Cause my heart awake I keep,
 Meekly waiting upon thee,
 Whilst thou deign'st to watch for me.

JOSEPH BEAUMONT.

1652.

NIGHT.

DOST thou come again, calm, holy mother
 Of bright stars and heavenly aspirations ;
 Dost thou visit us again? Awaiting
 Thy mild presence, Earth and all her flowerets,

Bending down their feeble heads, and thirsting
 For a dewdrop, pant. My sinking spirit,
 Overflowing with a thousand visions,
 Waits the still and sacred visitation
 Of thy gentle influence. Come, inspire me
 With the thoughts of happier worlds, and
 brighter ;
 And with peace my weary bosom quicken.

Star-surrounded, gold-encircled goddess !
 Thou upon whose dark and ample mantle
 Thousand worlds are shining, thou who bear-
 est,
 Gently bearest all — their restless being,
 Fiery courses, ever busy orbits,
 In the strength of everlasting quiet.

What a song of triumph is repeated
 Through all worlds to thee, the living leader
 Of the starry choirs ! a song of glory
 Even to him who stills the storm, whom lan-
 guage,
 Whom the spirit's utterance, whom all voices
 Praise, and sink in silence at his presence.
 Holy silence ! o'er the world now brood-
 ing, —

Gentle stream, that to the eternal borders
 Of unmeasured being rolls sublimely ;
 And thou, noble song of stars and planets,
 Light of light — the peaceful speech of heaven !
 Night environs and invades my spirit ;
 Seas of vast infinity surround me,
 Fill my soul — heaven of all heavens — an
 ocean

Calm and silent, full of glowing beauties
 As heaven's arch is full of fiery sparkles !

Mighty Night ! I bow before thine altar !
 Every spark of this all-filling ether
 Is a frontlet round thy holy temple,
 Bright with heavenly writing. Who can
 read it ?

Flames of fire written by the Uncreated
 On the night's tall brow. It says : " Jehovah
 He is One — his name is Everlasting —
 And his child is Night ; his higher title
 Mystery, whose dark and shadowy mantle
 None may dare uplift ! It hath created
 Worlds and space and time. Its privileged
 children,

Ever in the path of law and order,
 Love and mighty destiny, hasten onward,
 Ever hasten towards the living Father."

Drop the curtain, then, thou holy mother !
 Shut the book that 's full of heavenly writing,
 I can read no more, can soar no higher ;
 Thought is all exhausted. Rather grant me

Thy sweet peace, and gently pour upon me,
 Mother of soft sleep and nightly visions,
 Pour upon me dewdrops of oblivion
 And forgetfulness of earthly sorrow.

Feel I not how thy kind slumber-fetters
 Wrap me all around? Thy hand maternal
 Shuts with tenderest care my falling eyelids? —
 Spirits of the night now glide before me —
 Stately forms, tall and majestic shadows
 From far worlds — a mildened light surrounds
 me ;

Light ne'er seen by mine awakened vision.

What a moon ! what stars of dazzling bright-
 ness !

Do I soar — swim — dream ? or am I sinking
 Down from the Uncreated's throne? — for
 angels,

Angels are around me, lost companions
 Of my childhood, friends long since departed,
 Guardian spirits — some unknown — they
 offer

The warm hand of fellowship, all glowing,
 And I join their everlasting music.

Slumber still, thou dull and drowsy burden
 Of my earthly way! Night spreads her man-
 tle,

Night, and all her lamps that burn so brightly,
 Brightly burn in yonder hallowed circle.

Visitants of heaven sink — rise before me ;
 Dwellers of the stars ; and heaven's bright
 portals,

In my nightly dreams to me are open.
 Every angel, every blessed spirit,
 All heaven's concert, all are smiling on me.
 Moons and suns, up to what sun ascending !
 What's the centre of these endless circles,
 All-creating, all-inspiring spirit ?
 Veiled from this my wandering star, but haply
 Seen by yon far sun's more privileged dwell-
 ers.

See with what a sympathizing spirit
 All those stars are smiling ! Do ye see
 me,

Me, the dust of dust, who dare to hail ye,
 Hail ye as my friends, the loved companions
 Of my sweetest ; dearest, highest pleasures ;
 Gentlest witnesses of peace and virtue ?

Heaven's young offspring, joy-inspiring chil-
 dren

Of enkindled night, and thou, fair sister
 Of my hope, my joy, and my devotion,
 Long ye smiled, and long ye shone rejoicing,
 Clad in all your bright and festal garments,

Ere I was, and ere the earth had being !
 And when I shall be not, when oblivion
 Sweeps away that earth, and in the music
 Of your hymns her voice shall speak no longer ;
 When her dull and distant tones shall perish,
 And the sighs which from her poles are break-
 ing,

In the song of light shall be extinguished —
 Shall I then, fair spirits, dwell among ye ?
 Is there in your amaranthine foliage
 Even for me a wreath of love and glory ?
 That my voice in your soft choir may mingle,
 While I look upon this lowly dwelling,
 To some son of earth a ray of brightness,
 Or a hope-star to some child of sorrow ?

JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER. Trans-
 lated by SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1861.

GOOD NIGHT.

“Gute Nacht.”

The REV. CHARLES T. BROOKS was born in Salem,
 Mass., June 20, 1813, and was educated at Cambridge. After
 studying theology, he began to preach at Nahant, in 1835
 From 1837 to 1871 he was pastor of a church at Newport,
 R. I., where he now lives. His literary work has been exten-
 sive, and his translations from the German are of great merit.
 His original hymns and other poems are scattered through
 the periodicals in which they appeared.

GOOD night !

To each weary, toil-worn wight,
 Now the day so sweetly closes,
 Every aching brow reposes
 Peacefully till morning light.
 Good night !

Home to rest !

Close the eye and calm the breast ;
 Stillness through the streets is stealing,
 And the watchman's horn is pealing,
 And the night calls softly, “Haste !
 Home to rest !”

Sweetly sleep !

Eden's breezes round ye sweep.
 O'er the peace-forsaken lover
 Let the darling image hover,
 As he lies in transport deep,
 Sweetly sleep !

So, good night !

Slumber on till morning light ;
 Slumber till another morrow
 Brings its stores of joy and sorrow ;
 Fearless, in the Father's sight,
 Slumber on. Good night !

KARL THEODOR KÖRNER. Translated by
 CHARLES T. BROOKS.

ANTIOPE.

WRITTEN IN THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

THOMAS HILL was born at New Brunswick, N. J., Jan. 7, 1818. He was educated at Harvard College, and became a Unitarian minister. He was the successor of Horace Mann as President of Antioch College, and for a few years was President of Harvard College. He is now pastor of the First Church in Portland, Me. Dr. Hill has written and translated several hundred hymns and poems which have appeared in the periodicals.

At dead of night a southwest breeze
Came silently stealing along ;
The bluebird followed at break of day,
Singing his low, sweet song.

The breeze crept through the old stone-wall,
And wakened the butterfly there ;
And she came out, as morning broke,
To float through the sunlit air.

Within this stormy, rifted heart
The softening influence stole,
Filling with melodies divine
The chambers of my soul ;

With gentle words of hope and faith,
By lips now sainted spoken ;
With vows of tenderest love toward me,
Which never once were broken.

At morn my soul awoke to life,
And glowed with faith anew ;
The buds that perish swelled without,
Within the immortal grew.

THOMAS HILL, D. D.

1872.

NIGHT STUDY.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BETHUNE was born in New York City, and was educated at Dickinson College and Princeton Seminary. He was pastor of Reformed Dutch churches in Utica, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn, successively. He went to Europe for the benefit of his health in 1861, and died at Florence, April 28, 1862. He published a volume of verse entitled "Lays of Love and Faith," besides a number of prose works. He was an eloquent speaker, and was noted for his humor as well as for his refined literary taste and love of nature.

I AM alone ; and yet
In the still solitude there is a rush
Around me, as were met
A crowd of viewless wings : I hear a gush
Of uttered harmonies, — heaven meeting
earth,
Making it to rejoice with holy mirth.

Ye winged Mysteries,
Sweeping before my spirit's conscious eye,
Beckoning me to arise,

And go forth from my very self, and fly
With you, far in the unknown, unseen
immense
Of worlds beyond our sphere, — what are ye ?
whence ?

Ye eloquent voices,
Now soft as breathings of a distant flute,
Now strong, as when rejoices
The trumpet in the victory or pursuit, —
Strange are ye, yet familiar, as ye call
My soul to wake from earth's sense and its
thrall.

I know ye now, — I see
With more than natural light, — ye are the
good,
The wise *departed*, — ye
Are come from heaven to claim your brother-
hood
With mortal brother, struggling in the strife
And chains which once were yours in this
sad life.

Ye hover o'er the page
Ye traced in ancient days, with glorious
thought
For many a distant age ;
Ye love to watch the inspiration caught
From your sublime examples, and to cheer
The fainting aspirant to your high career.

Ye come to nerve the soul
Like him who near the Atoner stood, when he
Trembling saw round him roll
The wrathful portends of Gethsemane,
With courage strong ; the promise ye have
known
And proved, rapt for me from the eternal
throne.

Still keep, oh, keep me near you,
Compass me round with your immortal wings ;
Still let my glad soul hear you
Striking your triumphs from your golden
strings,
Until with you I mount, and join the song,
An angel like you, mid the white-robed
throng !

GEORGE WASHINGTON BETHUNE, D. D.

A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

My God, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take,
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure !

Blest angels! while we silent lie,
 You hallelujahs sing on high;
 You joyful hymn the Ever-Blest
 Before, the throne, and never rest.

I with your choir celestial join
 In offering up a hymn divine;
 With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
 And bid the night and world farewell.

My soul, when I shake off this dust,
 Lord, in thy arms I will intrust:
 Oh, make me thy peculiar care,
 Some mansion for my soul prepare.

Give me a place at thy saints' feet
 Or some fallen angel's vacant seat:
 I'll strive to sing as loud as they
 Who sit above in brighter day.

Oh, may I always ready stand,
 With my lamp burning in my hand;
 May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
 Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

All praise to thee in light arrayed,
 Who light thy dwelling-place hast made;
 A boundless ocean of bright beams
 From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

The sun in its meridian height
 Is very darkness in thy sight.
 My soul, oh, lighten and inflame
 With thought and love of thy great name!

Blest Jesu, thou, on heaven intent,
 Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
 But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
 And all my zeal is soon expired.

My soul, how canst thou weary grow
 Of antedating bliss below,
 In sacred hymns and heavenly love,
 Which will eternal be above?

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
 Fresh ardors kindle in my heart;
 One ray of thy all-quickenng light
 Disperses the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
 Watch over thine own sacrifice;
 All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
 And make my very dreams devout!

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise him, all creatures here below!
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

THOMAS KEN.

1700.

THE NIGHT.

JOHN iii. 2.

HENRY VAUGHAN, called the Silurist, from the region in Wales in which he was born, was an English physician and poet, born in 1621, who died April 23, 1693. His life was written by the late Henry F. Lyte, the poet.

THROUGH that pure virgin-shrine,
 That sacred veil drawn o'er thy glorious noon,
 That men might look and live, as glow-worms
 shine,
 And face the moon,
 Wise Nicodemus saw such light
 As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he,
 Who in that land of darkness and blind eyes
 Thy long-expected healing wings could see
 When thou didst rise!

And, what can never more be done,
 Did at midnight speak with the sun!

Oh, who will tell me where
 He found thee at that dead and silent hour?
 What hallowed solitary ground did bear
 So rare a flower,
 Within whose sacred leaves did lie
 The fulness of the Deity?

No mercy-seat of gold,
 No dead and dusty cherub, nor carved stone,
 But his own living works did my Lord hold,
 And lodge alone,
 Where trees and herbs did watch and peep
 And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

Dear night! this world's defeat;
 The stop to busy fools; care's check and
 curb;
 The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat
 Which none disturb;
 Christ's progress, and his prayer time,
 The hours to which high heaven doth chime;

God's silent, searching flight;
 When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and
 all
 His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
 His still, soft call;
 His knocking time: the soul's dumb watch.
 When spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
 Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
 Whose peace but by some angel's wing or voice
 Is seldom rent,
 Then I in heaven all the long year
 Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tire
Themselves and others, I consent and run
To every mire ;
And by this world's ill guiding light
Err more than I can do by night.

There is in God, some say,
A deep but dazzling darkness ; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear :
Oh for that night where I in him
Might live invisible and dim !

HENRY VAUGHAN.

NIGHT AND DEATH.

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE, an English man of letters, was a native of Seville, Spain, where his family, originally from Ireland, had lived for generations. He was born July 11, 1775, and became a Catholic priest in 1799. Losing confidence in Catholicism, he renounced it in 1810 and went to England, where he devoted himself to literature. For a time he was tutor in the family of Archbishop Whately, in Dublin, after which he became a Unitarian. He died May 20, 1841. This sonnet was pronounced by Coleridge the finest and most grandly conceived in the English language.

MYSTERIOUS night! when our first parent
knew
Thee from report Divine, and heard thy
name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And lo ! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay
concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us
blind ?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious
strife ?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life ?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

THE GERMAN NIGHT-WATCH- MAN'S SONG.

HARK, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Eight*, good sirs, has struck.
Eight souls alone from death were kept,
When God the earth with deluge swept :
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Nine*, good sirs, has struck.
Nine lepers cleansed returned not ; —
Be not thy blessings, man, forgot !
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Ten*, good sirs, has struck.
Ten precepts show God's holy will ; —
Oh, may we prove obedient still !
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour *Eleven*, good sirs, has struck.
Eleven apostles remained true ; —
May we be like that faithful few !
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Twelve*, good sirs, has struck.
Twelve is of time the boundary ; —
Man, think upon eternity !
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *One*, good sirs, has struck.
One God alone reigns over all,
Naught can without his will befall :
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Two*, good sirs, has struck.
Two ways to walk has man been given ;
Teach me the right, — the path to heaven !
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Three*, good sirs, has struck.
Three Gods in one, exalted most,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
 Man wakes and watches all in vain.
 Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
 Do thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark, while I sing ! our village clock
 The hour of *Four*, good sirs, has struck.
Four seasons crown the farmer's care ; —
 Thy heart with equal toil prepare !
 Up, up ! awake, nor slumber on !
 The morn approaches, night is gone !
 Thank God, who by his power and might
 Has watched and kept us through this
 night !

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

— ◆ —
 TIME HOW SWIFT.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here :

Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.

As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find ;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts and leaves no trace behind ;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
 With eternity in view ;
 Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

JOHN NEWTON.

1779.





THE POET CONTEMPLATES LIFE
AND EXPERIENCE.



MORTAL AND IMMORTAL.

“In soul, man mounts and flies;
In flesh he dies;
Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer;
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,
So may he sip, and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead.”

HERBERT.

I STAND between the Future and the Past, —
That which has been and that which is to be; —
A feeble ray from the Eternal cast;
A scanty rill, that seeks a shoreless sea;
A living soul, treading this earthly sod;
A finite being, yet a child of God!

A body crumbling to the dust away;
A spirit panting for eternal peace;
A heavenly kingdom in a frame of clay;
An infant-angel fluttering for release;
An erring man, whose race has just begun;
A pilgrim, journeying on from sun to sun!

Creature of clay, yet heir of future life;
Dweller upon a world I shall outlive;
Soldier of Christ, battling midst earthly strife,
Yet hoping, by that strength which God may give,
To burst the doors of death, and glorying rise
Triumphant from the grave, to tread the skies!

ROBERT CASSIE WATERSTON, D. D.

THE POET CONTEMPLATES LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

I STOOD by an open casement,
And looked upon the night,
And saw the eastward-going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of their long, triumphal march,

Till the great celestial army,
Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, forever onward,
Red Mars led down the clan,
And the moon, like a mailed maiden,
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small;
But these might be in their greatest height,
The noblest of them all.

Downward, forever downward,
Behind earth's dusky shore,
They passed into the unknown night,
They passed and were no more.

No more? Oh, say not so!
And *downward* is not just;
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim
That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailed moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines
An endless track of sky.

And though the hills of death
May hide the bright array,
The marshalled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its upward way.

Upward, forever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of Time.

And long let me remember
That the palest, faintest one
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blessed sun.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

ALMIGHTY! WHAT IS MAN?

SALOMON BEN JEHUDA ABEN GABIROL, a Spanish poet and philosopher, of Jewish birth, was born at Cordova or Malaga, in 1020, and died at Valencia about 1070. He was known among the Scholastics as Avicbron, a name corrupted from Gabirol.

ALMIGHTY! what is man?
But flesh and blood.
Like shadows flee his days,
He marks not how they vanish from his gaze;
Suddenly must he die,
He droppeth, stunned, into nonentity.

Almighty! what is man?
A body frail and weak,
Full of deceit and lies,
Of vile hypocrisies.
Now like a flower blowing,
Now scorched by sunbeams glowing.
And wilt thou of his trespasses inquire?
How may he ever bear
Thine anger just, thy vengeance dire?
Punish him not, but spare,
For he is void of power and strength.

Almighty! what is man?
 By filthy lust possessed,
 Whirled in a round of lies,
 Fond frenzy swells his breast;
 The pure man sinks in mire and slime,
 The noble shrinketh not from crime.
 Wilt thou resent on him the charms of sin?
 Like fading grass,
 So shall he pass,
 Like chaff that blows
 Where the wind goes.
 Then spare him; be thou merciful, O King,
 Upon the dreaded day of reckoning.

Almighty! what is man?
 The haughty son of time
 Drinks deep of sin,
 And feeds on crime.
 Seething like waves that roll,
 Hot as a glowing coal;
 And wilt thou punish him for sins inborn?
 Lost and forlorn,
 Then like the weakling he must fall,
 Who some great hero strives withal.
 Oh, spare him, therefore! let him win
 Grace for his sin!

Almighty! what is man?
 Spotted in guilty wise,
 A stranger unto faith,
 Whose tongue is stained with lies.
 And shalt thou count his sins, so is he lost!
 Uprooted by thy breath,
 Like to a stream, by tempests tost;
 His life falls from him like a cloak,
 He passes into nothingness like smoke.
 Then spare him, punish not — be kind, I pray,
 To him who dwelleth in the dust, an image
 wrought in clay!

Almighty! what is man?
 A withered bough!
 When he is awe-struck by approaching doom,
 Like a dried blade of grass, so weak, so low,
 The pleasure of his life is changed to gloom.
 He crumbles like a garment spoiled with moth.
 According to his sins wilt thou be wroth?
 He melts like wax before the candle's breath,
 Yea, like thin water, so he vanisheth.
 Oh, spare him, therefore, for thy gracious
 name,
 And be not too severe upon his shame!

Almighty! what is man?
 A faded leaf;
 If thou dost weigh him in the balance — lo!
 He disappears, — a breath that thou dost blow.

His heart is ever filled
 With lust of lies, unstilled.
 Wilt bear in mind his crime
 Unto all time?
 He fades away like clouds sun-kissed
 Dissolves like mist.
 Then spare him! let him love and mercy win.
 According to thy grace, and not according to
 his sin!

GABIROL. Translated from the German of
 DR. SACHS by EMMA LAZARUS.

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

NOT in the world of light alone,
 Where God has built his blazing throne,
 Nor yet alone in earth below,
 With belted seas that come and go,
 And endless isles of sunlit green,
 Is all thy Maker's glory seen:
 Look in upon thy wondrous frame, —
 Eternal wisdom still the same!

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves
 Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
 Whose streams of brightening purple rush,
 Fired with a new and livelier blush,
 While all their burden of decay
 The ebbing current steals away,
 And red with Nature's flame they start
 From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
 Forever quivering o'er his task,
 While far and wide a crimson jet
 Leaps forth to fill the woven net
 Which in unnumbered crossing tides
 The flood of burning life divides,
 Then, kindling each decaying part,
 Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame
 Behold the outward moving frame,
 Its living marbles jointed strong
 With glistening band and silvery thong,
 And linked to reason's guiding reins
 By myriad rings in trembling chains,
 Each graven with the threaded zone
 Which claims it as the Master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
 Is braided out of seven-hued light,
 Yet in those lucid globes no ray
 By any chance shall break astray.
 Hark, how the rolling surge of sound,
 Arches and spirals circling round,

Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear
With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds,
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will;
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads!

O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mould it into heavenly forms!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

—◆—
MAN.

My God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man, to whose creation
All things are in decay?

For man is everything,
And more. He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is or should be more.
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides;
Each part may call the farthest, brother;
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far,
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star:
He is in little all the sphere:
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and foun-
tains flow;

Nothing we see but means our good
As our delight, or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the sun with-
draws.

Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being; — to our mind,
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of Duty:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below our drink: above our meat:
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such
beauty?
Then how are all things neat.

More servants wait on Man
Than he'll take notice of. In every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mighty Love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a palace built, oh, dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit.
That as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.

GEORGE HERBERT.

—◆—
LIFE.

I MADE a posy, while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And withered in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Time's gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye
spent,

Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament;
And, after death, for cures.

I follow straight without complaints or grief,
Since if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

GEORGE HERBERT.

LIFE.

IT is not life upon thy gifts to live,
 But to grow fixed with deeper roots in Thee;
 And when the sun and shower their bounties
 give,
 To send out thick-leaved limbs; a fruitful tree
 Whose green head meets the eye for many a
 mile,
 Whose spreading boughs a friendly shelter rear,
 And full-faced fruits their blushing welcome
 smile
 As to its goodly shade our feet draw near.
 Who tastes its gifts shall never hunger more,
 For 't is the Father spreads the pure repast,
 Who, while we eat, renews the ready store,
 Which at his bounteous board must ever last;
 And, as the more we to his children lend,
 The more to us doth of his bounty send.

JONES VERY.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

LIFE'S mystery — deep, restless as the ocean —
 Hath surged and wailed for ages to and fro;
 Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion
 As in and out its hollow moanings flow;
 Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
 Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in thee!

Life's sorrows, with inexorable power,
 Sweep desolation o'er this mortal plain;
 And human loves and hopes fly as the chaff
 Borne by the whirlwind from the ripened
 grain: —
 Ah, when before that blast my hopes all flee,
 Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in thee!

Between the mysteries of death and life
 Thou standest, loving, guiding, — not ex-
 plaining;
 We ask, and thou art silent, — yet we gaze,
 And our charmed hearts forget their drear
 complaining!
 No crushing fate, no stony destiny?
 Thou Lamb that hast been slain, we rest in
 thee!

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
 The ground-swell that rolls up from other
 lands,
 From far-off worlds, from dim eternal shores
 Whose echo dashes on life's wave-worn
 strands, —
 This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea
 Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord, in
 thee!

Thy pierced hand guides the mysterious
 wheels;

Thy thorn-crowned brow now wears the
 crown of power;
 And when the dark enigma presseth sore,
 Thy patient voice saith, "Watch with me
 one hour!"

As sinks the moaning river in the sea
 In silver peace, so sinks my soul in thee!

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE LAW OF LIFE.

A BRANCH of yellow autumn leaves,
 So steeped in sunshine through and through
 They seemed like stuff that Nature weaves
 When all her homespun work she spurns,
 And from her loom, that glows and burns
 With all the splendors it achieves,
 Doth show what she loves best to do.

I held it 'twixt me and the sun, —
 The lovely, shining beechen spray;
 The breeze blew fresh, and one by one
 Came fluttering down the leaflets fair,
 Till all the twigs were brown and bare.
 "Ah! thus," I said, "my life doth run,
 And thus my hopes are thrown away."

A foolish thought. In vision clear
 God's answer came to comfort me.
 "The golden hopes would soon be sear;
 They dropped away to leave a place
 For nobler life and richer grace;
 Behold where swelling buds appear,
 To crown anew the leafless tree!"

ELIZABETH WORTHINGTON DENISON.

WHAT LIFE SHALL MAN CHOOSE?

Mr. Spedding, editor of Bacon's works, says that this is a
 paraphrase of a Greek epigram, by an unknown poet (Posei-
 dippus, Plato the comic poet, or Crates the Cynic).

THE world's a bubble; and the life of man
 Less than a span.
 In his conception wretched, from the womb
 So to the tomb;
 Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years
 With cares and fears.
 Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
 But limns the water, or but writes in dust.
 Yet since with sorrow here we live opprest,
 What life is best?
 Courts are but only superficial schools
 To dandle fools:

The rural parts are turned into a den
Of savage men :
And where 's a city from all vice so free,
But may be termed the worst of all the three !

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pain his head :
Those that live single take it for a curse,
Or do things worse :
Some would have children ; those that have
them moan
Or wish them gone.

What is it, then, to have, or have no wife,
But single thralldom or a double strife ?

Our own affection still at home to please
Is a disease :
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
Perils and toil :
Wars with their noise affright us : when they
cease,
We are worse in peace.
What then remains, but that we still should cry
Not to be born, or, being born, to die ?

FRANCIS BACON.

IA MEDITATION UPON THE FRAILITY OF THIS LIFE.

O TRIFLING toys that toss the brains,
While loathsome life doth last ;
O wished wealth, O sugared joys,
O life when death is past !
Who loathes exchange of loss with gain ?
Yet loathe we death as hell.
What woful wight would wish his woe ?
Yet wish we here to dwell.
O fancy frail, that feeds on earth,
And stays on slippery joys ;
O noble mind, O happy man,
That can contemn such toys !

Such toys as neither perfect are,
And cannot long endure ;
Our greatest skill, our sweetest joy,
Uncertain and unsure.
For life is short, and learning long,
All pleasure mixt with woe ;
Sickness and sleep steal time unseen,
And joys do come and go.
Thus learning is but learned by halves,
And joy enjoyed no while ;
That serves to show thee what thou want'st,
This helps thee to beguile.

But after death is perfect skill,
And joy without decay ;

When sin is gone, that blinds our eyes,
And steals our joys away ;
No crowing cock shall raise us up,
To spend the day in vain ;
No weary labor shall us drive
To go to bed again.
But for we feel not what we want,
Nor know not what we have,
We love to keep the body's life,
We loathe the soul to save.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

HUMAN LIFE.

ON THE DENIAL OF IMMORTALITY.

IF dead, we cease to be ; if total gloom
Swallow up life's brief flash for aye, we fare
As summer-gusts, of sudden birth and doom,
Whose sound and motion not alone declare,
But are their whole of being ! If the breath
Be life itself, and not its task and tent,
If even a soul like Milton's can know death :
O man ! thou vessel purposeless, unmeant,
Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes !
Surplus of Nature's dread activity,
Which, as she gazed on some high-finished
vase,
Retreating slow, with meditative pause,
She formed with restless hands uncon-
sciously !
Blank accident ! nothing's anomaly !
If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,
Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy hopes, thy
fears,
The counter-weights ! Thy laughter and thy
tears
Mean but themselves, each fittest to create,
And to repay the other ! Why rejoices
Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good ?
Why cowl thy face beneath the mourner's
hood ?
Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,
Image of image, ghost of ghostly elf,
That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or
cold ?
Yet what and whence thy gain, if thou with-
hold
These costless shadows of thy shadowy
self ?
Be sad ! be glad ! be neither ! seek, or shun !
Thou hast no reason why ! Thou canst have
none ;
Thy being's being is contradiction.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

SIR HENRY WOTTON was born in Kent, March 30, 1568, and was educated at Winchester and Oxford. He lived at Geneva once, where he was a friend of Beza, and travelled extensively. His poems have been published with those of Raleigh. He died in 1637. It was he who wrote in an album at Augsburg, when on his way to Venice as English ambassador, "An ambassador is an honest man sent abroad to lie for the good of his country."

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill ;

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

THE DIGNITY OF MAN.

SIR JOHN DAVIES was born in 1570, and educated at Oxford. He was an able writer of prose, and also a poet. He was appointed Lord Chief Justice in 1626, and died Dec 7, the same year. His principal poem is entitled *Nosce Te- ipsum* ("Know Thyself").

OH, what is man, great Maker of mankind !
That thou to him so great respect dost bear ;
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and even an angel's
peer ?

Oh, what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire !

Thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine ;
But thy whole image thou in man hast writ ;
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like thee, it should be infinite :

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how
high
God hath raised man, since God a man
became ;
The angels do admire this mystery,
And are astonished when they view the
same :

Nor hath he given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend :
The soul, though made in time, survives for
aye ;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

THE WORTH OF THE SOUL.

O IGNORANT, poor man ! what dost thou bear
Locked up within the casket of thy breast ?
What jewels and what riches hast thou there ?
What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest ?

Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find.
Like those which drowned Narcissus in the
flood ;
Honor and pleasure both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted good.

Think of her worth, and think that God did
mean
This worthy mind should worthy things
embrace ;
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts un-
clean,
Nor her dishonor with thy passion base.

Kill not her quickening power with surfeitings ;
Mar not her sense with sensuality ;
Cast not her serious wit on idle things ;
Make not her free-will slave to vanity.

And when thou thinkest of her eternity,
Think not that death against our nature is ;
Think it a birth, and when thou goest to die,
Sing a like song as if thou wentest to bliss.

And thou, my soul, which turnest with curious
eye
To view the beams of thine own form divine,
Know that thou canst know nothing perfectly.
While thou art clouded with this flesh of
mine.

Take heed of overweening, and compare
 Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's
 train ;
 Study the best and highest things that are,
 But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
 The glory of thy Maker's sacred name ;
 Use all thy powers that blessed power to praise,
 Which gives thee power to be, and use the
 same.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

HUMAN AND DIVINE.

VILE, and deformed by sin, I stand,
 A creature earthy of the earth ;
 Yet fashioned by God's perfect hand,
 And in his likeness at my birth.

Here in a wretched land I roam,
 As one who had no home but this ;
 Yet am invited to become
 Partaker in a world of bliss.

A tenement of misery,
 Of clay is this to which I cling :
 A royal palace waits for me,
 Built by the pleasure of my king !

My heavenly birthright I forsake, —
 An outcast, and unreconciled ;
 The manner of his love doth make
 My Father own me as his child.

Shortened by reason of man's wrong,
 My evil days I here bemoan ;
 Yet know my life must last as long
 As his, who struck it from his own.

Turned wholly am I from the way, —
 Lost, and eternally undone ;
 I am of those, though gone astray,
 The Father seeketh through the Son.

I wander in a maze of fear,
 Hid in impenetrable night,
 Afar from God, — and yet so near,
 He keeps me always in his sight.

I am as dross, and less than dross,
 Worthless as worthlessness can be ;
 I am so precious that the cross
 Darkened the universe for me !

I am unfit, even from the dust,
 Master ! to kiss thy garment's hem :
 I am so dear, that thou, though just,
 Wilt not despise me nor condemn.

Accounted am I as the least
 Of creatures valueless and mean ;
 Yet heaven's own joy shall be increased
 If ere repentance wash me clean.

Naked, ashamed, I hide my face,
 All seamed by guilt's defacing scars ;
 I may be clothed with righteousness
 Above the brightness of the stars.

Lord, I do fear that I shall go
 Where death and darkness wait for me ;
 Lord, I believe, and therefore know
 I have eternal life in thee !

PHEBE CARY.

A REFLECTION.

FROM "KATHRINA."

OH ! not by bread alone is manhood nourished
 To its supreme estate !
 By every word of God have lived and flour-
 ished
 The good men and the great.
 Ay, not by bread alone !

"Oh ! not by bread alone !" the sweet rose,
 breathing
 In throbs of perfume, speaks ;
 "But myriad hands, in earth and air, are
 wreathing
 The blushes for my cheeks.
 Ay, not by bread alone !"

"Oh ! not by bread alone !" proclaims in
 thunder
 The old oak from his crest ;
 "Put suns and storms upon me, and deep
 under,
 The rocks in which I rest.
 Ay, not by bread alone !"

"Oh ! not by bread alone !" the truth flies
 singing
 In voices of the birds ;
 And from a thousand pastured hills is ringing
 The answer of the herds :
 "Ay, not by bread alone !"

Oh ! not by bread alone ! for life and being
 Are finely complex all,
 And increment, with element agreeing,
 Must feel them, or they fall.
 Ay, not by bread alone !

Oh ! not by love alone, though strongest,
 purest,
 That ever swayed the heart ;

For strongest passion evermore the surest
 Defrauds each manly part.
 Ay, not by love alone !

Oh! not by love alone is power engendered.
 Until within the soul
 The gift of every motive has been rendered,
 It is not strong and whole.
 Ay, not by love alone !

Oh! not by love alone is manhood nourished
 To its supreme estate :
 By every word of God have lived and flourish-
 ed
 The good men and the great.
 Ay, not by love alone !

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

1867.

DISCONTENT.

“ FATHER, what portion of thy goods
 Falleth to me thy son ?
 Why are my brothers better off,
 With much where I have none ? ”

“ My son, and hast thou known my love,
 And dost thou love me now ?
 Then many a far richer man
 Far poorer is than thou.

“ Thou hast thy Bible and thy bread ;
 And waiting, thou wilt see
 The secret meaning of thy life,
 And all my care for thee.

“ Was not earth’s most auspicious hour
 One darksome, sad, and wild ?
 When crucifixion was the birth,
 Redemption was the child.

“ And by thine Elder Brother now
 I am redeeming thee ;
 He gives thee, that thou mayst be rich,
 To feel thy poverty.

“ He gives thee, that thou mayst be kind,
 To grieve at cold neglect ;
 He gives thee, that thou mayst be wise.
 To feel thine own defect.

“ He gives thee, that celestial joy
 Thy common hours may bless,
 To feel in all the shows of earth
 Essential nothingness.

“ One loving Brother, then, thou hast,
 Who makes his wealth thine own :
 He goodness is ; and what are goods
 If God remain unknown ? ”

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH.

1855.

THE PROMISE.

NOT charity we ask,
 Nor yet thy gift refuse ;
 Please thy light fancy with the easy task,
 Only to look and choose.

The little-headed toy
 That wins thy treasured gold
 May be the dearest memory, holiest joy,
 Of coming years untold.

Heaven rains on every heart,
 But there its showers divide,
 The drops of mercy choosing as they part
 The dark or glowing side.

One kindly deed may turn
 The fountain of thy soul
 To love’s sweet day-star, that shall o’er thee
 burn
 Long as its currents roll !

The pleasures thou hast planned, —
 Where shall their memory be
 When the white angel with the freezing hand
 Shall sit and watch by thee ?

Living, thou dost not live,
 If mercy’s spring run dry ;
 What Heaven has lent thee wilt thou freely
 give,
 Dying, thou shalt not die !

HE promised even so !
 To thee his lips repeat, —
 Behold, the tears that soothed thy sister’s woe
 Have washed thy Master’s feet !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

March 20, 1859.

PARABLE OF THE APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

PERFECT LIFE AND WORK.

THE beautiful things of the May are dying,
 The clustered lilacs turn pale and sear ;
 The lilies rusty and limp are lying,
 And we mourn for May with the rosebuds
 near.

The beautiful things of the May are flying,
 The pink and white fruit-blooms wing the
 breeze,
 And oh! what a beautiful death, — in sighing
 To vanish away from sight like these.

The beautiful things of the May are dying,
 But lo! there are some that linger late ; —
 For the apple-blossoms, the winds defying,
 In all their roseate glory wait.

And soon will these beautiful things be flying,
 Before they are touched by a dark decay;
 Yet what they leave here will begin supplying
 * Fruit that will last through another May.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

1880.

BE TRUE.

THOU must be true thyself,
 If thou the truth wouldst teach;
 Thy soul must overflow, if thou
 Another's soul wouldst reach:
 It needs the overflow of heart
 To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
 Shall the world's famine feed;
 Speak truly, and each word of thine
 Shall be a fruitful seed;
 Live truly, and thy life shall be
 A great and noble creed.

HORATIUS BONAR.

1861.

LIFE IS EARNEST.

"Ernst ist das Leben."

OH, leave the world,
 With irksome bustle and fond follies filled!
 Come where its empty shows ye may despise;
 Where the rude clamor of its cries is stilled;
 Where no loud plainings of its woes arise,
 But on all life the heaven of blissful quiet lies;
 Oh, leave the world!

Oh, leave the world!
 The realm abhorred of drear realities;
 Come, steal afar from all its troublous noise;
 Far from mortality's afflicted cries,
 Come ye to happiness that never cloy,
 Where idless ever dreams and gathers golden
 joys;
 Oh, leave the world!

Oh, leave the world!
 Why should ye burden life with loathed toil?
 Why spend on toil the summer of your days?
 But empty are the gains for which ye moil:
 Swiftly the glory of your youth decays,
 And in your onward path cold age its winter
 lays;
 Oh, leave the world!

Oh, leave the world!
 Death laughs in mock of drudgery for gold,
 For which ye lose the years that come no
 more;

For when for it your flower of life is sold,
 A wormy grave he gives for all your store,
 And flings its hoards to those who never toiled
 therefor;

Oh, leave the world!

Oh, leave the world!
 Wherefore thus cling ye so to carking care?
 But shadows on the light of time are ye,
 That for their hour, eternity doth there,
 Dimming its disk with antic mummeries see:
 Oh, of what poor account your labors e'er
 can be!

Oh, leave the world!

Oh, leave the world!
 What is the lasting memory of a name
 But in eternity, a short-lived hour?
 And the vain glory of the longest fame
 Swift comes the hungering future to devour;
 For over all of earth forgetfulness hath power;
 Oh, leave the world!

Oh, leave the world!

Why in vain strife for others lose your days?
 Evil with life hath ever walked the earth;
 Think ye a barrier against woe to raise?
 Ever to misery shall the years give birth,
 And strivings for man's good are aye of little
 worth;

Oh, leave the world!

Oh, leave the world!
 So said the haunting whisper, and each word
 Upon my thought stole with a murmurous
 tone,
 In whose low sounds was lulling sweetness
 heard,
 That lapped the soul in music all its own,
 And ever—evermore was its low speech alone,
 Oh, leave the world!

Oh, leave the world!

And with the lulling murmur of its sound,
 Hunger of dreamy rest upon me stole,
 And slumbrous longings 'gan to gird me round,
 Till of all stirring impulse, slept the whole,
 And echoed back my thought,—my hardly
 striving soul,
 Oh, leave the world!

Oh, leave the world!

But woke again my soul with sudden start,
 And touching thought to life, did counsel take,
 And in its native strength itself did heart
 From the soft siren's charmed wiles to break,
 And loud her answering back, with cold clear
 reason spake,
 Why leave the world?

Why leave the world ?

Though, as thou sayest, it were passing sweet
Afar from high-strung action to recline,
Though with soft ease 't were luxury to re-
treat,

And man's appointed task of work resign ;
Doth sensuous pleasure mount the height of
life's design ?

Why leave the world ?

Why leave the world ?

Not for this grew in thee the might of mind,
The power to will and act thy wish and
thought ;

In the delights of sense if thou wouldst find
All pleasure, life shall set thy aims at nought,
Till evil thou shalt own, for good thou aye
hast sought ;

Why leave the world ?

Why leave the world ?

Though, as thou urgest, waste of life it be
The toys of wealth and power and fame to
seize,

Canst thou not, gazing through existence, see
Aims that, in their far pitch, earth not with
these,

But scale high heaven itself and God himself
do please ?

Why leave the world ?

Why leave the world ?

Not for delight alone was being given ;
Else life, as thou assertest, were a dream,
And but for seemings all high souls have striven ;
But seize the key of this thy mystery ; deem
Duty above delight, and life most real shall
seem ;

Why leave the world ?

Why leave the world ?

Believe thy mission, not alone with good
The measure of thy days of life to fill ;
To heap for others, be it understood,
Even from thy portion, is thy duty still ;
Through suffering, love thy kind, and rule to
love thy will ;

Why leave the world ?

Why leave the world ?

Hath it no misery for thy hands to tend ?
Hath it no wretchedness thou canst relieve ?
No down-trod weakness that thou mayst de-
fend ?

No poverty thy bounty to receive ?
No joy with which to joy, — no grief with
which to grieve ?

Why leave the world ?

Why leave the world ?

Hath it not ignorance that thou mayst unblind ?
Hath it not injuries against which to strive ?
Hath it no slaveries, or of limb or mind,
That from the light of being thou mayst drive ?
Needs earth no martyrs now, or chains or
wrongs to rive ?

Why leave the world ?

Why leave the world ?

Go forth in the resistless strength of love ;
Forth, conquering and to conquer, victor go ;
Warrer for right, be thy crest high above
The thick of fight against all wrongs below ;
Falling or victor wreathed, thou near'st God's
glory so ;

So leave the world.

So leave the world ;

Doth the flesh its departed empire mourn ?
Mourns it the unquestioned rule it holds no
more ?

Know thou self-sacrifice ; of that is born
A calm abiding bliss, all bliss before,
That shall delights more rare than thou re-
sign'st, restore ;

So leave the world.

So leave the world ;

Straight with the words, all languor fled my
frame ;

Champing desires rode tamed beneath my will,
And high resolves upon me crowding came,
Through love, life's lofty purpose to fulfil,
Nor evermore mine ears that low sweet call
did fill,

Oh, leave the world !

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

OPEN SECRETS.

THE truth lies round about us, all
Too closely to be sought, —
So open to our vision that
'T is hidden to our thought.

We know not what the glories
Of the grass, the flower, may be ;
We needs must struggle for the sight
Of what we always see.

Waiting for storms and whirlwinds,
And to have a sign appear,
We deem not God is speaking in
The still small voice we hear.

In reasoning proud, blind leaders of
The blind, through life we go,
And do not know the things we see,
Nor see the things we know.

Single and indivisible,
We pass from change to change,
Familiar with the strangest things,
And with familiar, strange.

We make the light through which we see
The light, and make the dark;
To hear the lark sing, we must be
At heaven's gate with the lark!

ALICE CARY.

That man needs neither towers nor armor for
defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly from thunder's vio-
lence:

He only can behold with unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep and terrors of the
skies;

Thus scorning all the care that fate or fortune
brings,

He makes the heaven his book, his wisdom
heavenly things;

Good thoughts his only friends, his wealth a
well-spent age,

The earth his sober inn and quiet pilgrimage.

FRANCIS BACON.

1630.

THE VANITY OF WORLDLY SCHEMES.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine!
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day!

Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young!

One thing demands our care:
Oh, be it still pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1755.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

THE man of life upright, whose guiltless heart
is free

From all dishonest deeds and thoughts of
vanity:

The man whose silent days in harmless joys
are spent,

Whom hopes cannot delude, nor fortune dis-
content;

GENTILESSE.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the first great poet on the long list of English writers, was born about the year 1340, and died in 1400. His poetry is written in an English that is unfamiliar to present readers, but the difficulties it presents are easily surmounted. His familiarity with the Scriptures, which were for the first time translated into English in 1380, by Wiclif, was very great, and his religious thoughts, like those of Shakespeare, are strewn through his writings. The idea expressed in the following lines, that virtue is not hereditary, and that Christ was the "first father of gentility," is frequently repeated by Chaucer.

THE firste fadir and founder of gentilesse,¹
What man desireth gentle for to be
Moste folowe his trace and alle his wittes
dresse²

Vertu to sew,³ and vicis for to flee;
For unto vertu longeth⁴ dignitee,
And nought the revers, savely dare I deme,
Al were he⁵ mitre, corone, or diademe.

The firste stoke⁶ was ful of rightwisnesse,
Trewe of his word, soboure, pitous and free,
Cleene of his gooste and lovid besynesse,
Ageynste the vice of slowthe, in honeste;
And but his heire love vertu as did he,
He nis not gentille though him riche seme,
Al were he mitre, corone, or diademe.

Vice may wel bee an heyre to olde richesse,
But there may no man, as ye may welle see,
Byquethe his sone his vertuou noblesse;

That is appropriid into noo degree,
But the firste Fadir in Magestee,
Which may his heires deeme hem that him
queme,⁷

Al were he mytre, corone, or diademe.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

¹ That is, Christ. Compare Dekkar's expression, "The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

² Address

³ Pursue.

⁴ Belongeth.

⁵ Although he wear.

⁶ Race.

⁷ Please.

VIRTUE NOT HEREDITARY.

MICHAEL DRAYTON, one of the poets-laureate of England, was born in Warwickshire in 1563, and died in 1631. He is remembered as the author of "Poly-Olbion," a poetical description of the geography of England. The theme he here treats had been a favorite with the poet Chaucer.

THAT height and godlike purity of mind

Resteth not still where titles most adorn:
With any, not peculiarly confined

To names, and to be limited doth scorn:
Man doth the most degenerate from kind,

Richest and poorest, both alike are born;
And to be always pertinently good,
Follows not still the greatness of our blood.

Pity it is, that to one virtuous man

That mark him lent, to gentry to advance,
Which, first by noble industry he wan,

His baser issue after should enhance;
And the rude slave not any good that can
Such should thrust down by what is his by
chance.

As had not he been first that him did raise,
Ne'er had his great heir wrought his grand-
sire's praise.

You that but boast your ancestor's proud style,
And the large stem whence your vain great-
ness grew;

When you yourselves are ignorant and vile,
Nor glorious thing dare actually pursue,
That all good spirits would utterly exile,
Doubting their worth should else discover
you,

Giving yourselves unto ignoble things, —
Base, I proclaim you, though derived from
kings.

Virtue, but poor, God in this earth doth place,
'Gainst this rude world to stand upon his
right:

To suffer sad affliction and disgrace,
Not ceasing to pursue her with despite:
Yet when of all she is accounted base,

And seeming in most miserable plight,
Out of her power new life to her doth take:
Least then dismayed, when all do her forsake.

That is the man of an undaunted spirit,
For her dear sake that offereth him to die;
For whom when him the world doth disinheret,

Looketh upon it with a pleased eye;
What's done for virtue thinking it doth merit,
Daring the proudest menaces defy;

More worth than life, howe'er the base world
rate him,
Beloved of Heaven, although the world doth
hate him.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

GEORGE ZABRISKIE GRAY is a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and Dean of the Faculty of the Episcopal School of Theology in Cambridge, Mass. He is the author of a volume on the Children's Crusade. He was born in New York City, July 14, 1838.

LED by kindlier hand than ours,
We journey through this earthly scene,
And should not, in our weary hours,
Turn to regret what might have been.

And yet these hearts, when torn by pain,
Or wrung by disappointment keen,
Will seek relief from present cares
In thoughts of joys that might have been.

But let us still these wishes vain;
We know not that of which we dream.
Our lives might have been sadder yet;
God only knows what might have been!

Forgive us, Lord, our little faith;
And help us all, from morn till e'en,
Still to believe that lot the best
Which is,— not that which might have been.

And grant we may so pass the days
The cradle and the grave between,
That death's dark hour not darker be
For thoughts of what life might have been.

GEORGE ZABRISKIE GRAY, D. D.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE sacred tree midst the fair orchard grew;
The Phœnix Truth did on it rest,
And built his perfumed nest.

That right Porphyrion tree which did true
logick shew,

Each leaf did learned notions give,
And the apples were demonstrative.

So clear their color and divine,
The very shade they cast did other lights
outshine.

"Taste not," said God; "'tis mine and
Angels' meat;

A certain Death doth sit
Like an ill worm i' th' core of it.

Ye cannot know and live, nor live or know
and eat."

Thus spoke God; yet man did go
Ignorantly, on to know;

Grew so more blind, and she
Who tempted him to this, grew yet more blind
than he.

The only science man by this did get,
Was but to know he nothing knew :
He straight his nakedness did view,
His ignorant poor estate, and was ashamed
of it.

Yet searches probabilities,
And rhetoric and fallacies,
And seeks by useless pride
With slight and withering leaves that naked-
ness to hide.

"Henceforth," said God, "the wretched sons
of earth .

Shall sweat for food in vain
That will not long sustain,
And bring with labor forth each fond abortive
birth.

That Serpent too, their pride,
Which aims at things denied,
That learned and eloquent lust,
Instead of mounting high, shall creep upon
the dust."

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

1660.

IN PRISON.

MISS MAY LOUISE RILEY was born in Brighton, a suburb
of Rochester, N. Y., May 29, 1842. One of her earliest
poems was published in 1867, with the title "If we knew."
She was married in 1872 to the Rev. Albert Smith, and now
lives in Rochester.

GOD pity the wretched prisoners,
In their lonely cells to-day !
Whatever the sins that tripped them,
God pity them ! still I say.

Only a strip of sunshine,
Cleft by rusty bars ;
Only a patch of azure,
Only a cluster of stars ;

Only a barren future,
To starve their hope upon ;
Only stinging memories
Of a past that 's better gone ;

Only scorn from women,
Only hate from men,
Only remorse to whisper
Of a life that might have been.

Once they were little children,
And perhaps their unstained feet
Were led by a gentle mother
Toward the golden street ;

Therefore, if in life's forest
They since have lost their way,
For the sake of her who loved them,
God pity them ! still I say.

O mothers gone to heaven !
With earnest heart I ask
That your eyes may not look earthward
On the failure of your task.

For even in those mansions
The choking tears would rise,
Though the fairest hand in heaven
Would wipe them from your eyes !

And you, who judge so harshly,
Are you sure the stumbling-stone
That tripped the feet of others
Might not have bruised your own ?

Are you sure the sad-faced angel
Who writes our errors down
Will ascribe to you more honor
Than him on whom you frown ?

Or, if a steadier purpose
Unto your life is given ;
A stronger will to conquer,
A smoother path to heaven ;

If, when temptations meet you,
You crush them with a smile ;
If you can chain pale passion
And keep your lips from guile ;

Then bless the hand that crowned you,
Remembering, as you go,
'T was not your own endeavor
That shaped your nature so ;

And sneer not at the weakness
Which made a brother fall,
For the hand that lifts the fallen,
God loves the best of all !

And pray for the wretched prisoners
All over the land to-day,
That a holy hand in pity
May wipe their guilt away.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

HE THAT BELIEVETH SHALL NOT MAKE HASTE.

THE aloes grow upon the sand,
The aloes thirst with parching heat,
Year after year they wait and stand,
Lonely and calm, and front the beat
Of desert winds, and still a sweet
And subtle voice thrills all their veins :
"Great patience wins ; it still remains,
After a century of pains,
For you to bloom and be complete.

"I grow upon a thorny waste,
Hot noontide lies on all the way,
And with its scorching breath makes haste,
Each freshening dawn to burn and slay ;
Yet patiently I bide and stay,
Knowing the secret of my fate.
The hour of bloom, dear Lord, I wait,
Come when it will, or soon or late,
A hundred years is but a day."

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE FREE MIND.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON was born at Newburyport, Mass., Dec. 10, 1805, and died at New York City, May 24, 1879. His life was marked by philanthropy, and especially by aggressive warfare upon negro slavery. Beginning in 1829, he labored unremittingly in this cause, until slavery was abolished in the United States by constitutional amendment in 1865, when he retired into private life; but as long as he lived his pen and voice were still active in behalf of various reformatory movements. The following lines were written in prison in 1839.

HIGH walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways :

Yet scorns the immortal mind this base control!

No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose :
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes !
It leaps from mount to mount ; from vale to vale

It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers ;

It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,

Or, in sweet converse, pass the joyous hours.

'T is up before the sun, roaming afar,
And, in its watches, wearies every star !

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

A PARABLE FOR HAPPY HEARTS.

ON the earth a Flower grew,
From the Sun its being drew ;
Day by day this royal friend
Sent down blessings without end ;
Day by day the Flower held up,
To be filled with light, its cup ;
And the great Sun ne'er forgot
In the universe this dot.

And the Sun said to the ground :
"Take my light and bear it round,

Till my Flower's searching root
Find my blessing underfoot" ;
And he said unto the air :
"Wrap my Flower in tender care,
Whisper to its very heart
That my loving breath thou art."

So the Flower, with gifts bowed down,
Humbled toward the earth its crown :
"Tell me, Sun, for so much treasure
Showered upon me without measure,
Can I nothing give thee back ?
Or, if thou dost nothing lack,
Can I pass these gifts divine
Unto lives less blest than mine ?"

But the Sun said, "Nay, not so
Shall thy heart thanksgiving show ;
Rather make thou full employ
Of thy privilege and joy,
For the best that thou canst *be*,
Is the service asked of thee."

Then the Flower uprose once more,
Stronger-hearted than before, —
Through its seeming useless days
Tried to join earth's hymn of praise
With its given power of bloom,
Grace and color and perfume.

But what joys passed unenjoyed,
What powers only half-employed,
Gifts not to the utmost used,
Grace not in its life transfused ;
What of all its mighty debt
To the Sun the Flower owed yet,
When its happy life was done,
No one knew but Flower and Sun.

HARRIET WARE HALL.

THERE IS A BLEAK DESERT.

THERE is a bleak desert, where daylight
grows weary

Of wasting its smile on a region so dreary, —
What may that desert be ?

'T is life, cheerless life, where the few joys
that come

Are lost like that daylight, for 't is not their
home.

There is a lone pilgrim, before whose faint
eyes

The water he pants for but sparkles and
flies, —

Who may that pilgrim be ?

'T is man, helpless man, through this life
 tempted on
 By fair shining hopes, that in shining are gone.
 There is a bright fountain, through that desert
 stealing,
 To pure lips alone its refreshment revealing, —
 What may that fountain be?
 'T is truth, holy truth, that, like springs under
 ground,
 By the gifted of Heaven alone can be found.
 There is a fair spirit, whose wand hath the
 spell
 To point where those waters in secrecy dwell, —
 Who may that spirit be?
 'T is faith, humble faith, who hath learned
 that, where'er
 Her wand bends to worship, the truth must
 be there!

THOMAS MOORE.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO TRUST AND
 LOVE GOD.

PSALM xxxiv.

NAHUM TATE (son of Dr. Faithful Tate, a profuse sacred poet of the age of Elizabeth), ranked by Southey lowest of all the English poets-laureate, except Shadwell, was an intemperate and improvident poet, born in Dublin in 1652. He was educated at Trinity College, and went to London, where he became an author. He assisted Dryden in writing "Absalom and Achitophel," and made an altered version of "King Lear," which kept the stage for some years. He is now best known as having been associated with Dr. Nicholas Brady in preparing a version of the Psalms commonly printed in the English Book of Common Prayer. Tate died a refugee from his creditors, Aug. 12, 1715.

DR. NICHOLAS BRADY was also a native of Ireland, where he was born in 1650. He was a partisan of the Prince of Orange, and when the prince came to the throne, became one of his chaplains. He made a translation of the Æneid and published other works. He died in 1726.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
 Of his deliverance I will boast
 Till all, who are distrest,
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.
 The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just;
 Protection he affords to all
 Who make his name their trust.
 Oh, make but trial of his love!
 Experience will decide
 How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear;
 Make you his service your delight, —
 Your wants shall be his care.

While hungry lions lack their prey,
 The Lord will food provide
 For such as put their trust in him,
 And see their needs supplied.

TATE AND BRADY.

1696.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING
 SHOW.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow —
 There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even;
 And love and hope and beauty's bloom
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb —
 There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And fancy's flash and reason's ray
 Serve but to light the troubled way —
 There's nothing calm but Heaven!

THOMAS MOORE.

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

MISS ANNIE R. STILLMAN (known as "Grace Raymond," under which pseudonym she has contributed to the Southern press) was born in 1835, and is a resident of Charleston, S. C. Up to the time at which the following lines were written she had been subject to a partial blindness, which affected her at twilight, and was able to discern only an occasional star.

A CHILD! beneath the overhanging night,
 That beamed with stars in constellated light,
 Often to stand, and strive to view, in vain,
 The soft, still splendors of the lustrous train,
 Until at times, on eyeballs long upturned,
 Distant and dim, a twinkling taper burned. —
 One pitying orb, a small and unknown star,
 At eve's wide casement glimmering afar,
 Whose slender flame helped only to descry
 The blank, black darkness of the curtained
 sky.

A girl! to hear gray Science name each gem
 That God had set in Evening's diadem;
 To hear the poet sing of starry eyes,
 Like peeping angels, peering through the
 skies;

To gaze on night and see her bending down
Her bald and gloomy brows without a crown ;
At most, by pin-pricks in the bannered blue,
To see but hints of glory struggling through ;
To be in love with Beauty, and to feel
God did her sweetest majesties conceal.

A woman ! with a woman's growing soul
That ever burned to read the heavenly scroll,
With God's star-language hieroglyphed in
light

Upon the sapphire parchment of the night ;
To gaze for hours with sad and hopeless eyes
Upon the fast-sealed volume of the skies ;
To teach a restless heart to be content
To throb beneath a shrouded firmament ;
Its starry-peopled regions seeing not, —
This, Father, in thy wisdom, was my lot.

Often I prayed, if yearnings deep be prayer,
God's glory once to see the heavens declare ;
Often the wild desire hurt its wings,
Oft tried with vague, unreal imaginings
To paint upon the imprisoning walls of night
Its dreams of those unwitnessed worlds of
light ;

Oft trembling, paused, lest fancy, all too fond,
The bright original had soared beyond, —
Scarce vainer that faint heart which trembled
lest

Heaven than its glowing hopes should prove
less blest !

Still, Father-God, thy providence was dumb,
Until the glad predestined hour was come
Which should unveil the bright, long-hidden
skies,

And give their glories to my longing eyes.
'T was night, and to the cooler outer air
Some viewless power allured me unaware.
One upward glance, — and lo ! with trembling
awe,

With deep intoxicating joy, I saw
The sky in unimagined splendor shine,
And knew at last full well my prayer was
mine !

O night ! O golden night ! O *day* of nights !
Skies filled with glittering, overhanging lights !
Majestic presences, — so dear, so new ;
The bright, still population of the blue ;
A shining senate gathered in the skies,
In ranks on ranks, in tiers on tiers, they rise !
What marvel that, in languageless unrest,
My heart throbbed thickly in my laboring
breast, —

A heart too long grown intimate with pain,
This burdening joy unquiet to contain ?

Still in the sky the shining numbers swelled,
And still untired my ravished eyes beheld
The hovering hosts in milk-white millions
brood,

A hushed and luminous infinitude.
Those star-lit moments, as they fled fast,
Atoned in full for all the darkened past ;
For in their tiny chalices they bore
The compressed nectar of life's stunted store ;
The draught of bliss which God distils from
tears,
The hoarded sweetness of the rifled years.

Nor round red sun, nor silver-shielded moon,
Nor all the blinding glories of the noon,
Nor rainbow's many-tinted arch of light,
Nor jagged lightning leaping through the
night,

Did e'er so rapture this adoring heart,
Or revelations so divine impart
Of the immortal majesty of Him
Before whom kneels the wing-veiled sera-
phim,

As that blest hour which soft undid the bars
That hid the bright eternities of stars.

Author of light, unborn, undying One !
Whose smile begot the bright, refulgent sun ;
Whose fingers bent the young moon's silver
bow ;

Whose handiwork the star-wrought heavens
show ;

Who call'st the rolling planets by their names ;
Who countest their innumerable flames ;
Within whose clouds the quivered lightnings
sleep,

Till bidden forth the heaven-bright arrows
leap, —

Forgive the sinful lips which dare to raise
To thee the accents of earth-fettered praise.

O God ! before thy light-encircled throne
Thy faithfulness my humbled soul would
own ;

To thee my trembling, laden thanks would
mount,

Whose loving-kindnesses the stars outcount ;
Whose tender mercies are extended far
Beyond the limits of the farthest star ;
And strive to praise thee in untutored way,
With all the transports of a new-found lay,
For those illuminated worlds on high,
Though only seen but once before I die !

ANNIE R. STILLMAN.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality !

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time !
I saw the last of human mould
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime !

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan ;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man !
Some had expired in fight, — the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands,
In plague and famine some !
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread :
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sear leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun !
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'T is Mercy bids thee go ;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill ;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth
The vassals of his will ?
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrowned king of day ;
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again :
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe ;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire ;

Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips, that speak thy dirge of death, —
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost !

This spirit shall return to him
Who gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark !
No ! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death !

Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste, —
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE PILGRIM.

These verses are introduced into the author's poem entitled "Sir Eustace Grey." CRABBE was born in Suffolk, England, Dec. 24, 1754, and died Feb. 3, 1832. He was a clergyman of the Establishment.

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate,
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.
Knock, he knows the sinner's cry ;
Weep, he loves the mourner's tears ;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh ;
Wait till heavenly grace appears.

Hark ! it is the Saviour's voice —
" Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest !"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest :
Safe from all the lures of vice ;
Owned by joys the contrite know ;
Bought by love, and life the price ;
Blest the mighty debt to owe.

Holy pilgrim, what for thee
In a world like this remains ?

From thy guarded breast shall flee
 Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pains :
 Fear the hope of heaven shall flee ;
 Shame from glory's view retire ;
 Doubt in full belief shall die ;
 Pain in endless bliss expire.

GEORGE CRABBE.

1807.

THE PILGRIM.

A PILGRIM am I, on my way
 To seek and find the Holy Land.
 Scarce had I started, when there lay
 And marched round me a fourfold band.
 A smiling Joy, a weeping Woe,
 A Hope, a Fear, did with me go ;
 And one may come, or one be gone ;
 But I am never more alone.

My little Hope, she pines and droops,
 And finds it hard to live on earth ;
 But then some pitying angel stoops
 To lift her out of frost and dearth,
 And bears her on before, and up,
 To taste, out of our Saviour's cup,
 Such cheer as here she cannot find,
 While patiently I plod behind.

Thus oft I send her from below —
 Poor little Hope — for change of air.
 I miss her sorely ; but I know
 That God of her is taking care.
 And when my earthly course is done,
 To heaven's gate I'll see her run
 To meet me mid the shining bands,
 With full fruition in her hands.

My Fear I give to Faith to still
 With lullabies upon her breast.
 She sings to him, " Our Father's will,
 Not ours, be done, for his is best,"
 And lays him down to sleep, in bowers —
 Beneath the cross — of passion flowers.
 But ever yet he wakes in pain,
 And finds his way to me again.

But Woe, — she scarce will loose her hold.
 She sits and walks and runs with me,
 And watches. Ere the sun with gold
 Pays to the East his entrance fee
 She stirs, and stares me in the face,
 And drives me from each stopping-place.
 A guardian angel in disguise
 Seems looking through her tearful eyes.

Perhaps she hath a charge from God
 To see that ne'er, through Satan's camp,
 I slumber on my dangerous way
 Too sound or long. A safety lamp,
 Meantime, by Joy is carried nigh,
 Somewhat aloof ; for he is shy,
 Too shy within my grasp to stay,
 Though seldom is he far away.

Thus, fellow-pilgrims, fare we on ;
 But, in what mortals call my death,
 My Fear is doomed to die anon ;
 When Woe shall leave me safe, — so saith
 My sweet-voiced Hope, — and turn to
 bring
 Some other soul ; while Joy shall spring
 With me through heaven's strait door,
 to be
 Forever of my company !

SARAH HAMMOND PALFREY.

SONG OF THE SOJOURNER.

" I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were " — Ps. xxxix. 12.

" Ich bin ein Gast auf Erden."

A PILGRIM and a stranger,
 I journey here below ;
 Far distant is my country,
 The home to which I go.
 Here I must toil and travel,
 Oft weary and opprest,
 But there my God shall lead me
 To everlasting rest.

I've met with storms and danger,
 Even from my early years,
 With enemies and conflicts,
 With fightings and with fears.
 There's nothing here that tempts me
 To wish a longer stay,
 So I must hasten forwards,
 No halting or delay.

It is a well-worn pathway, —
 Many have gone before :
 The holy saints and prophets,
 The patriarchs of yore.
 They trod the toilsome journey
 In patience and in faith ;
 And them I fain would follow,
 Like them in life and death !

Who would share Abraham's blessing,
 Must Abraham's path pursue,
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 Like him, must journey through.

The foes must be encountered,
The dangers must be passed ;
Only a faithful soldier
Receives the crown at last.

So I must hasten forwards, —
Thank God, the end will come !
This land of my sojourning
Is not my destined home.
That evermore abideth,
Jerusalem above,
The everlasting city,
The land of light and love.

There still my thoughts are dwelling,
'T is there I long to be !
Come, Lord, and call thy servant
To blessedness with thee !
Come, bid my toils be ended,
Let all my wanderings cease ;
Call from the wayside lodging,
To the sweet home of peace !

There I shall dwell forever,
No more a stranger guest,
With all thy blood-bought children
In everlasting rest.
The pilgrim toils forgotten,
The pilgrim conflicts o'er,
All earthly griefs behind us,
Eternal joys before !

PAUL GERHARDT. Translated
by JANE BORTHWICK.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

"There remaineth a rest for the people of God."
HEB. iv. 9.

My rest is in heaven ; my rest is not here ;
Then why should I murmur when trials are
near ?
Be hushed, my dark spirit ! the worst that can
come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee
home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss
And building my hopes in a region like this :
I look for a city which hands have not piled ;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may
grow :
I would not lie down upon roses below :
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them, O Lord, in thy sheltering
breast.

Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy ;
One glimpse of thy love turns them all into joy :
And the bitterest tears, if thou smile but on
them,

Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and
gem.

Let doubt then, and danger, my progress
oppose ;
They only make heaven more sweet at the
close.

Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may be-
fall,

An hour with my God will make up for it all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land :
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long ;
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer
it with song.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

"AS STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS."

As strangers, — glad for this good inn
Where nobler wayfarers have been ;
Yet asking but a little rest :
Earth may not keep her spirit-guest.

As those whom no entangling bond
Must draw from life and love beyond,
Strangers to all that lures astray
From one plain path, the homeward way.

How must the pilgrim's load be borne ?
With staggering limbs and look forlorn ?
His Guide chose all that load within ;
There's need of everything, but sin.

So trusting him whose love he knows,
Singing along the road he goes ;
And nightly of his burden makes
A pillow, till the morning breaks.

How thinks the pilgrim of his way
As wanderers homesick and astray ?
The starlight and the dew he sees ;
He feels the blessing of the breeze.

The valley-shades, how cool and still !
What splendor from the beetling hill !
He longs to go, he loves to stay,
For God is both his Home and Way.

Strangers to sin ! beloved of God !
Ye track with heaven-light earth's mean sod :
For, pilgrims dear, he walks with you,
A Guide, — but once a Pilgrim too.

LUCY LARCOM.

MASON LODGE.

"Die Zukunft decket."

CARLYLE, in translating this poem, says that he finds it devout, yet fully credible and veritable, full of piety, yet free from cant. "To me it has something of a modern psalm in it in some measure. It is deep as the foundations, deep and high, and it is true and clear. No clearer man or nobler and grander intellect has lived in the world, I believe, since Shakespeare left it. This is what the poet sings,—a kind of road-melody or marching-music of mankind."

THE future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow ;
We press still thorow,—
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us, — onward.

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark portal ;
Goal of all mortal :—
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent !

While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error ;
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the voices,
Heard are the sages,
The worlds, and the ages :
"Choose well ; your choice is
Brief, and yet endless.

"Here eyes do regard you
In eternity's stillness ;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you ;
Work, and despair not."

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE. Translated
by THOMAS CARLYLE, 1843.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

HEB xi. 13.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE, a reformer in the Church of England, was born in Leicestershire, Nov. 22, 1693. Being discouraged in his efforts for arousing the people from spiritual lethargy, he worked outside the pale of the Establishment like Wesley and Whitefield, and after 1739 preached in Lorimer's Hall, Cripplegate, London, until 1750. Some of his hymns, prepared for his own congregation, are excellent.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven, thy native place :
Sun and moon and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source :
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Forward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Fly me, riches, fly me, cares,
Whilst I that coast explore ;
Flattering world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more !
Pilgrims fix not here their home ;
Strangers tarry but a night ;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE.

1742.

HASTE NOT ! REST NOT !

"Ohne Hast, ohne Rast."

WITHOUT haste ! without rest !
Bind the motto to thy breast ;
Bear it with thee as a spell :
Storm and sunshine guard it well !
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not ! Let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed ;
Ponder well, and know the right ;
Onward, then, with all thy might.
Haste not ! Years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not ! Life is sweeping by ;
Go and dare before you die :
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time !
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not ! Rest not ! Calmly wait ;
Meekly bear the storms of fate !
Duty be thy polar guide,—
Do the right, whate'er betide !
Haste not ! Rest not ! Conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

PILGRIM SONG.

"Audi nos, Rex Christe."

O CHRIST, our King, give ear!
O Lord and Maker, hear!
And guide our footsteps lest they stray!

CHORUS.

Have mercy on us, Lord!
Have mercy on us, Lord,
And guide our footsteps lest they stray!

Oh, ever Three in One,
Protect our course begun,
And lead us on our holy way!

Thy faithful guardian send,
Thy angel, who may tend
And bring us to thy holy seat!

Defend our onward path:
Protect from hostile wrath,
And to our land return our feet!

Thy right hand be stretched out,
Thy left be round about,
In every peril that we meet!

And, O good Lord, at last,
Our many wanderings past,
Give us to see thy realm of light!

Glory to God on high
Be paid eternally,
And laud, and majesty, and might!

Translated from an unknown Latin author by
JOHN MASON NEALE.

BACA.

SAMUEL DOWSE ROBBINS, brother of Dr. Chandler Robbins, was born at Lynn, Mass., March 7, 1812, and was ordained as a Unitarian minister in 1833, in his native town. He retired from the active duties of the ministry in 1873, and has since lived in Concord, Mass.

THROUGH Baca's vale my way is cast, —
Its thorns my feet have trod;
But I have found the well at last,
And quench my thirst in God.

My roof is but an humble home
Hid in the wilderness;
But o'er me springs the eternal dome,
For he my dwelling is.

My raiment rude and lowly seems,
All travel-stained and old;
But with his brightest morning beams
He doth my soul infold.

How scantily is my table spread!
With tears my cup o'erflows:
But he is still my daily bread, —
No want my spirit knows.

Hard is the stony pillow bed;
How broken is my rest!
On him I lean my aching head,
And sleep upon his breast.

For faith can make the desert bloom;
And, through the vistas dim,
Love sees, in sunlight or in gloom,
All pathways lead to him.

SAMUEL DOWSE ROBBINS.

1869.

MY PILGRIMAGE.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, an active public man of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1552, and was beheaded in London, Oct. 29, 1618. He fought for the Huguenots in France in his youth, organized colonies for America, presented the "Faerie Queene" to Queen Elizabeth, for his friend Edmund Spenser, in 1539, cruised with Frobisher in the West Indies, was accused of conspiring to raise Arabe'la Stuart to the throne in 1603, was confined thirteen years in the Tower, and finally, after a temporary release, executed for another offence under the original sentence.

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet;
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage!
Blood must be my body's balmer, —
No other balm will there be given, —
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth toward the land of Heaven;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains:
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,

And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill:
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after, it will thirst no more.
Then by that happy, blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me:
I'll take them first,
To quench their thirst,
And taste of nectar's suckets
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.
And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blest paths we'll travel,

Strowed with rubies thick as gravel.
 Ceilings of diamonds! sapphire floors!
 High walls of coral, and pearly bowers!
 From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
 Where no corrupted voices brawl;
 No conscience molten into gold;
 No forged accuser, bought or sold;
 No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
 For there Christ is the King's Attorney,
 Who pleads for all without degrees,
 And he hath angels, but no fees.
 And when the grand twelve-million jury
 Of our sins, with direful fury,
 'Gainst our souls black verdicts-give,
 Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
 Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
 Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
 Thou giv'st salvation even for alms, —
 Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
 And this is mine eternal plea
 To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
 That, since my flesh must die so soon,
 And want a head to dine next noon, —
 Just at the stroke when my veins start and
 spread,

Set on my soul an everlasting head:
 Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
 To tread those blest paths which before I writ.
 Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
 Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

1603.

HASTE, TRAVELLER, HASTE!

HASTE, traveller, haste! the night comes on,
 And many a shining hour is gone;
 The storm is gathering in the west,
 And thou art far from home and rest;
 Haste, traveller, haste!

Oh, far from home thy footsteps stray;
 Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way;
 And Christ the Light, thy setting Sun,
 Sinks ere thy morning is begun;
 Haste, traveller, haste!

Awake, awake! pursue thy way
 With steady course, while yet 't is day;
 While thou art sleeping on the ground,
 Danger and darkness gather round;
 Haste, traveller, haste!

The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
 The rains descend, the winds are high;
 The waters swell, and death and fear
 Beset thy path, nor refuge near;
 Haste, traveller, haste!

Oh yes! a shelter you may gain,
 A covert from the wind and rain,
 A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
 A refuge from the wrath to come;
 Haste, traveller, haste!

Then linger not in all the plain,
 Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
 Look not behind, make no delay,
 Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way;
 Haste, traveller, haste!

Poor, lost, benighted soul! art thou
 Willing to find salvation now?
 There yet is hope; hear mercy's call;
 Truth, Life, Light, Way, in Christ is all!
 Haste to him, haste!

WILLIAM BENGOLLYER.

1829.

ON THE WAY TO GOD.

THOMAS KELLY, a prolific writer of hymns, and in early life a friend of Edmund Burke, was born in Dublin, July 13, 1769. In 1792 he became a clergyman of the Establishment, afterwards a Dissenter, and from his ample means built a number of churches. His religious experience, like that of many another one who has written hymns that have lived, was of the deepest kind. He died in Dublin, May 14, 1855.

FROM Egypt lately come,
 Where death and darkness reign,
 We seek our new, our better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain.
 Hallelujah!
 We are on our way to God!

To Canaan's sacred bound
 We haste with songs of joy,
 Where peace and liberty are found,
 And sweets that never cloy.
 Hallelujah!
 We are on our way to God!

There sin and sorrow cease,
 And every conflict's o'er;
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,
 And never hunger more.
 Hallelujah!
 We are on our way to God!

There in celestial strains
 Enraptured myriads sing;
 There love in every bosom reigns,
 For God himself is king.
 Hallelujah!
 We are on our way to God!

We soon shall join the throng,
 Their pleasures we shall share,

And sing the everlasting song
 With all the ransomed there.
 Hallelujah!
 We are on our way to God!

How sweet the prospect is!
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast!
 We're journeying through the wilderness,
 But soon shall gain our rest!
 Hallelujah!
 We are on our way to God!

1812.

THOMAS KELLY.

EGYPT LEFT BEHIND.

RISE, my soul, thy God directs thee;
 Stranger hands no more impede;
 Pass thou on, his strength protects thee,
 Strength that has the captive freed.

Is the wilderness before thee,
 Desert lands where drought abides?
 Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,
 Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.

Light divine surrounds thy going,
 God himself shall mark thy way;
 Secret blessings, richly flowing,
 Lead to everlasting day.

God, thine everlasting portion,
 Feeds thee with the mighty's meat;
 Saved from Egypt's hard extortion,
 Egypt's food no more to eat.

Art thou weaned from Egypt's pleasures?
 God in secret shall thee keep;
 There unfold his hidden treasures,—
 There his love's exhaustless deep.

In the desert God will teach thee
 What the God that thou hast found,—
 Patient, gracious, powerful, holy;
 All his grace shall there abound.

On to Canaan's rest still wending,
 E'en thy wants and woes shall bring
 Suited grace from high descending,—
 Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.

Though thy way be long and dreary,
 Eagle strength he'll still renew;
 Garments fresh, and feet unwearied,
 Tell how God hath brought thee through.

When to Canaan's long-loved dwelling
 Love divine thy foot shall bring,
 There, with shouts of triumph swelling,
 Zion's songs in rest to sing,

There no stranger—God shall meet thee;—
 Stranger thou in courts above!
 He who to his rest shall greet thee,
 Greets thee with a well-known love.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

LET US GO FORTH.

HEB. xiii. 13.

SILENT, like men in solemn haste,
 Girded wayfarers of the waste,
 We pass out at the world's wide gate,
 Turning our back on all its state;
 We press along the narrow road
 That leads to life, to bliss, to God.

We cannot and we would not stay;
 We dread the snares that throng the way;
 We fling aside the weight and sin,
 Resolved the victory to win;
 We know the peril, but our eyes
 Rest on the splendor of the prize.

No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
 From Christian toil our limbs to keep;
 No shrinking from the desperate fight,
 No thought of yielding or of flight;
 No love of present gain or ease,
 No seeking man nor self to please;

No sorrow for the loss of fame,
 No dread of scandal on our name;
 No terror for the world's sharp scorn,
 No wish that taunting to return;
 No hatred can our hatred move,
 And enmity but kindles love.

No sigh for laughter left behind,
 Or pleasures scattered to the wind;
 No looking back on Sodom's plains,
 No listening still to Babel's strains;
 No tears for Egypt's song and smile,
 No thirsting for its flowing Nile;

No vanity nor folly now,
 No fading garland round our brow;
 No moody musings in the grove,
 No pang of disappointed love;
 With the brave heart and steady eye
 We onward march to victory.

What though with weariness oppressed?—
 'T is but a little, and we rest.
 This throbbing heart and burning brain
 Will soon be calm and cool again.
 Night is far spent and morn is near,—
 Morn of the cloudless and the clear;

'T is but a little, and we come
To our reward, our crown, our home !
Another year, it may be less,
And we have crossed the wilderness,
Finished the toil, the rest begun,
The battle fought, the triumph won !

We grudge not, then, the toil, the way ;
Its ending is the endless day !
We shrink not from these tempests keen,
With little of the calm between ;
We welcome each descending sun ; —
Ere morn, our joy may be begun !

HORATIUS BONAR.

1861.

REJOICING IN HOPE.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

O ye banished seed, be glad !
Christ our Advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes ;
Brother to our souls becomes.

Glory be to Jesus' name,
Glory be to Christ the Lamb ;
Through thy blood we were redeemed,
When we justly were condemned.

Shout, ye little flock, and blest !
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light !
Zion's city is in sight :
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord ! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee !

For thee all things we forsake,
We in better would partake ;
We to greater blessings soar,
Unto joys forevermore.

Thither, Lord, us quickly bring,
There we with thy host will sing ;
Safely havened once in bliss,
We will praise thy righteousness.

Daily us prepare and fit
On thy holy throne to sit !
More and more adorn thy seed,
Meet to triumph with our Head.

Seal our love, our labors end ;
Let us to thy bliss ascend ;
Let us to thy kingdom come ;
Lord ! we long to be at home.

JOHN CENNICK.

1742.

THUS FAR THE LORD HATH LED US ON.

THUS far the Lord hath led us on, — in dark-
ness and in day,
Through all the varied stages of the narrow
homeward way.

Long since, he took that journey, he trod
that path alone ;

Its trials and its dangers full well himself hath
known.

Thus far the Lord hath led us, — the promise
has not failed,
The enemy encountered oft has never quite
prevailed :

The shield of faith has turned aside or
quenched each fiery dart ;

The Spirit's sword in weakest hands has forced
him to depart.

Thus far the Lord hath led us, — the waters
have been high,

But yet in passing through them we felt that
he was nigh.

A very present helper in trouble we have found,
His comforts most abundant when our sor-
rows did abound.

Thus far the Lord hath led us, — our need has
been supplied,

And mercy has encompassed us about on
every side ;

Still falls the daily manna, the pure rock-foun-
tains flow,

And many flowers of love and hope along the
wayside grow.

Thus far the Lord hath led us, — and will he
now forsake

The feeble ones whom for his own it pleaseth
him to take ?

Oh, never, never! earthly friends may cold
and faithless prove,
But his is changeless pity and everlasting
love.

Calmly we look behind us, on joys and sor-
rows past ;

We know that all is mercy now, and shall be
well at last.

Calmly we look before us, — we fear no future
ill ;

Enough for safety and for peace, if thou art
with us still.

Yes, "They that know thy name, O Lord,
shall put their trust in thee,"

While nothing in themselves but sin and help-
lessness they see.

The race thou hast appointed us, with pa-
tience we can run ;

Thou wilt perform unto the end the work
thou hast begun.

JANE BORTHWICK.

THE LIFE OF MAN

METAPHORICALLY COMPARED TO A SHIP, SAILING
ON THE SEAS IN A TEMPEST.

HASTE homewards, man ! draw nearer to the
shore ;

The skies do scowl, the winds do blow amain ;
The ragged rocks with rumbling noise do roar,
The foggy clouds do threaten storms of rain.
Each thing foreshows a tempest is at hand,
Hoist up thy sails, and haste to happy land.

In worldly seas thy silly ship is tost ;
With waves of woe beset on every side,
Blown here and there, in danger to be lost ;
Dark clouds of sin do cause thee wander wide,
Unless thy God some pity on thee take,
On rocks of ruth thou needs must shipwreck
make.

Cut down the mast of rancor and debate,
Unfreight the ship of all unlawful wares :
Cast overboard the packs of hoarded hate,
Pump out foul vice, the cause of many cares.
If that some leak, it make thee stand in doubt,
Repentance serves to stop the water out.

Let God's pure word thy line and compass be,
And steadfast faith use thou in anchor's stead :
Lament thy sins, then shalt thou shortly see
That power divine will help thee forth at
need.

Fell Satan is chief ruler of these seas :
He seeks our wreck, he doth these tempests
raise.

In what we may, let us always repress
The furious waves of lust and fond desire :
A quiet calm our conscience shall possess
If we do that which duty doth require :
By godly life, in fine, obtain we shall
The port of bliss : to which God send us all.

HUMFREY GIFFORD.

1580.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PROGRESS.

THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie ;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

1806.

WALKING WITH GOD.

GEN. v. 24.

OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1779.

◆
IN DANGER.

"Save, Lord, or we perish !"

MATT. viii. 25.

WHEN throughout the torn sail the wild
tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is
gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to
cherish,
We fly to our Maker : "Help, Lord, or we
perish !"

O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the
billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy
pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Help, Lord, or
we perish !"

And oh, when the whirlwind of passion is
raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is
waging,
Then send down thy Spirit thy redeemed to
cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer : "Help, Lord, or we
perish !"

1827.

REGINALD HEBER.

◆
THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their
streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to
dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt un-
sealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil ;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway
through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew
the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by
thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn !
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn !
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a
voice that sings : —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !
Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unrest-
ing sea !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

◆
A SEA-FOG.

UP from the sea came a chill gray mist,
Between midnight hour and morn.
The stars on high, that were biding tryst,
From watching eyes were borne,
And the sweet fields, late by the sunlight
kissed,
In the darkness lay forlorn.

There seemed no hope in the shrouded sky,
No help in the hills remote ;
'T was as if no more from the greenwood nigh
Should the song of the robin float,
Nor the roses bloom, nor the young birds fly,
Nor the oriole sound a note.

For up from the sea came that mist of death,
So vague, so wan, so white ;

The sea of trouble and woe, and faith
Grew timorous at the sight,
And love sank down, at the shivering breath
Of a cruel and creeping blight.

That hour of waiting, how slowly it wore
Its heart-beats dull away!
Distant and cold seemed the shining shore
Of the beautiful yesterday,
While wearily life its burden bore
Along the sorrowful way.

Fair in the east, lo! a line of light
Pulsed and quivered and broke,
God's finger moved, in its gentle might,
God's silence tenderly spoke, —
The sea-fog lifted! The fears took flight!
The soul from its trance awoke.

Ah! whence shall the wrecked on the perilous
reef
Of doubts that like mists arise,
Find the flash of the lances that bring relief,
If not in the morning skies?
And where shall they cry, through their utter
grief,
Except unto Paradise?

The gloom will pass, and the glory dawn,
When the birds begin to sing,
When the murk of the night is swiftly gone,
In the day's rich blossoming,
And garments of praise the soul puts on,
As it bows to its gracious King.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

1879.

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

CAROLINE ANNE BOWLES SOUTHEY, wife of the poet, was born Dec. 6, 1786, and early became a contributor to the press. She died July 20, 1854. She wrote also in conjunction with her husband after her marriage.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner! Christian, Heaven
speed thee,
Let loose the rudder bands! good angels lead
thee!
Set thy sails warily, tempests will come:
Steer thy course steadily! Christian, steer
home!

Look to the weather bow, breakers are round
thee!
Let fall the plummet now, shallows may ground
thee!
Reef in the foresail there! hold the helm fast!
So — let the vessel wear! there swept the
blast.

What of the night, watchman? what of the
night?

“Cloudy — all quiet — no land yet — all's
right.”

Be wakeful, be vigilant, danger may be
At an hour when all seems securest to thee.

How — gains the leak so fast? clear out the
hold!

Hoist up thy merchandise, — heave out the
gold!

There — let the ingots go! now the ship rights;
Hurrah! the harbor's near, — lo, the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet at inlet or island,
Straight for the beacon steer, — straight for
the highland;

Crowd all thy canvas on, cut through the foam,
Christian! cast anchor now: Heaven is thy
home!

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

THE ELEMENTS.

A TRAGIC CHORUS.

MAN is permitted much
To scan and learn
In Nature's frame;
Till he wellnigh can tame
Brute mischiefs, and can touch
Invisible things, and turn
All warring ills to purposes of good.
Thus, as a God below,
He can control,

And harmonize, what seems amiss to flow,
As severed from the whole
And dimly understood.

But o'er the elements
One hand alone,
One hand has sway.

What influence day by day
In straiter belt prevents
The impious ocean, thrown
Alternate o'er the ever-sounding shore?

Or who has eye to trace
How the plague came?
Forerun the doublings of the tempest's race?
Or the air's weight and flame
On a set scale explore?

Thus God willed
That man, when fully skilled,
Still gropes in twilight dim;
Encompassed all his hours
By fearfullest powers
Inflexible to him.

That so he may discern
His feebleness,

And e'en for earth's success
 To Him in wisdom turn,
 Who holds for us the keys of either home,
 Earth and the world to come.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

AT SEA, June 25, 1833.

THE LONGING.

"Ach, auch dieses Thales Gründen."

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER, the second great German poet, and the illustrious friend of Goethe, was born at Marbach, in Würtemberg, November 10, 1759, and died at Weimar, May 9, 1805. His love of poetry was early manifested, his favorite reading being the works of Klopstock and the poetical parts of the Old Testament. By far the greatest tragic poet of Germany, he was also one of the greatest of all literature. Carlyle tells us that Schiller presents a fine example of the German character, and he has the strongest hold on the German heart. His sentiments are always pure and elevated. He considered literature to include all that speaks to the immortal part of man, and he esteemed Truth as its great end. The following poem is characteristic of his noble aspirations after a higher and better world.

FROM out this dim and gloomy hollow,
 Where hang the cold clouds heavily,
 Could I but gain the clew to follow,
 How blessed would the journey be!
 Aloft I see a fair dominion,
 Through time and change all vernal still;
 But where the power and what the pinion
 To gain that ever-blooming hill?
 Afar I hear the music ringing, —
 The lulling sounds of heaven's repose,
 And the light gales are downward bringing
 The sweets of flowers the mountain knows.
 I see the fruits, all golden glowing,
 Beckon the glossy leaves between,
 And o'er the blooms that there are blowing
 Nor blight nor winter's wrath hath been.
 To suns that shine forever, yonder,
 O'er fields that fade not, sweet to flee:
 The very winds that there may wander,
 How healing must their breathing be!
 But lo, between us rolls a river,
 O'er which the wrathful tempest raves!
 I feel the soul within me shiver
 To gaze upon the gloomy waves.
 A rocking boat mine eyes discover,
 But, woe is me, the pilot fails! —
 In, boldly in, — undaunted over!
 And trust the life that swells the sails!
 Thou must believe, and thou must venture,
 In fearless faith thy safety dwells;
 By miracles alone men enter
 The glorious land of miracles!

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER. Translated by
 SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 1844.

PSALM LXXIII.

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey, one of the most accomplished noblemen of his time, was born about 1516, and was beheaded for constructive treason, Jan. 19, 1547. He was one of the first writers of sonnets in England, and made poetical versions of portions of the Bible, besides composing much other poetry. The following was addressed to George Blage, a friend of the poet, who was himself a writer of verse.

THE sudden storms that heave me to and fro
 Had well near pierced Faith, my guiding sail;
 For I that on the noble voyage go
 To succor truth and falsehood to assail,
 Constrained am to bear my sails full low;
 And never could attain some pleasant gale.
 For unto such the prosperous winds do blow
 As run from port to port to seek away;
 This bred despair; whereof such doubts did
 grow
 That now, my Blage, mine error well I see;
 Such goodly light King David giveth me.

HENRY HOWARD, *Earl of Surrey.*

1550.

WORKING IN THE VINEYARD.

IN the vineyard of our Father
 Daily work we find to do;
 Scattered gleanings we may gather,
 Though we are but young and few;
 Little clusters
 Help to fill the garner too.
 Toiling early in the morning,
 Catching moments through the day,
 Nothing small or lowly scorning,
 While we work, and watch, and pray:
 Gathering gladly
 Free-will offerings by the way.
 Not for selfish praise or glory,
 Not for objects nothing worth,
 But to send the blessed story
 Of the gospel o'er the earth,
 Telling mortals
 Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.
 Up and ever at our calling,
 Till in death our lips are dumb,
 Or till, sin's dominion falling,
 Christ shall in his kingdom come,
 And his children
 Reach their everlasting home.
 Steadfast, then, in our endeavor,
 Heavenly Father, may we be;
 And forever, and forever,
 We will give the praise to thee;
 Hallelujah
 Singing, all eternity!

1849.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

GOD'S VIEW OF SERVICE.

ROBERT BROWNING is one of the most prominent of the poets of England. He was born in London, in 1812, and in 1846 married Elizabeth Barrett. His poetry is subtle and abstruse, and though for that reason never popular, is forcible, and holds the admiration of many.

ALL service ranks the same with God :
If now, as formerly he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work — God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we ; there is no last nor first.

Say not "a small event" ! Why "small" ?
Costs it more pain than this, ye call
A "great event," should come to pass,
Than that ? Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds which make up life, one deed
Power shall fall short in or exceed !

ROBERT BROWNING.

DAILY DUTIES, DEPENDENCE,
AND ENJOYMENT.

ROM. xiv. 8.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, son of the author of the hymn beginning "Arm of the Lord, awake, awake !" who had borne the same name, was born at Sheerness, England, Nov. 21, 1759, and was at first a shipwright, then an accountant. He was an influential worker in the philanthropic enterprises of the day, and wrote both prose and verse for the publications of the Religious Tract Society. He died Aug. 23, 1829.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine :
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

When to Heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend ;
Teach me thy precepts all divine,
And be thy great example mine.

When pain transfixes every part,
And languor settles at the heart ;
When on my bed, diseased, oppress,
I turn and sigh and long for rest,
O Great Physician, see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief.

Should poverty's consuming blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low,
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer ;
Lord, pity and supply my need,
For thou on earth wast poor indeed.

Should Providence profusely pour
Its various blessings on my store,
Oh, keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state ;
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.

When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies.

And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, JR.

1813.

WORK.

WORK, for it is a noble thing,
With worthy ends in view,
To tread the path that God ordains,
With steadfast hearts and true,
That will not quail, whate'er betide,
But bravely bear us through.

It recks not what the place may be
That we are called to fill,
How much there is of seeming good,
How much of seeming ill ;
'T is ours to bend the energies
And consecrate the will.

Work, and with cheerful, earnest hearts,
Your bravest and your best ;
For in a busy world like ours
There is no place of rest ;
And think not they who vainly dream
Their lives away are blest.

For in each weary, painful task
A lesson is inwrought,
If we would read the truth aright,
And let ourselves be taught
Patience and faith and fortitude
And fixedness of thought.

Work with the head and heart and hands,
 And ever bear in mind
 That there are sorrows here to sooth
 And spirits bruised to bind,
 And cords of love in closer bond
 Round human hearts to wind.

'T is true the flesh will oft times fail
 When life is dim and drear ;
 Then closer cling to Him whose voice
 Can still each doubt and fear,
 And shed on these dark hearts of ours
 Heaven's sunshine, calm and clear.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

REMEMBER.

MISS EMMA LAZARUS was born in the city of New York, where she still lives, July 22, 1849. Her first volume of poems was issued in 1866, since which time she has contributed to the press a number of compositions both in prose and verse. This piece is based upon the following passage of Scripture: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth; while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."—
 ECCLES. xii. 1.

REMEMBER Him, the only One.
 Now, ere the years flow by, —
 Now, while the smile is on thy lip,
 The light within thine eye.
 Now, ere for thee the sun have lost
 Its glory and its light,
 And earth rejoice thee not with flowers,
 Nor with its stars the night.
 Now, while thou lovest earth, because
 She is so wondrous fair
 With daisies and with primroses,
 And sunlit, waving air ;
 And not because her bosom holds
 Thy dearest and thy best,
 And some day will thyself infold
 In calm and peaceful rest.
 Now, while thou lovest violets,
 Because mid grass they wave,
 And not because they bloom upon
 Some early shapen grave.
 Now, while thou lovest trembling stars,
 But just because they shine,
 And not because they're nearer one
 Who never can be thine.
 Now, while thou lovest music's strains,
 Because they cheer thy heart,
 And not because from aching eyes
 They make the tear-drops start.
 Now, while thou lovest all on earth,
 And deemest all will last,

Before thy hope has vanished quite,
 And every joy has past ;
 Remember Him, the only One,
 Before the days draw nigh
 When thou shalt have no joy in them,
 And praying, yearn to die.

Jan. 20, 1866.

EMMA LAZARUS.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN daughter of the voice of God !
 O Duty! if that name thou love,
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove ;
 Thou who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe,
 From vain temptations dost set free,
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth :
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
 Who do thy work, and know it not :
 May joy be theirs while life shall last !
 And thou, if they should totter, teach them to
 stand fast !

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And blest are they who in the main
 This faith, even now, do entertain :
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;
 Yet find that other strength, according to their
 need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust ;
 Full oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task imposed, from day to day ;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I
 may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control ;
 But in the quietness of thought :
 Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
 I feel the weight of chance desires :
 My hopes no more must change their name,
 I long for a repose which ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace;
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face.
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
 And fragrance in thy footing treads;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
 And the most ancient heavens, through thee,
 are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power!
 I call thee: I myself commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour;
 Oh, let my weakness have an end!
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;
 The confidence of reason give;
 And, in the light of truth, thy bondman let me
 live!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

DAILY WORK.

IN the name of God advancing,
 Sow thy seed at morning light;
 Cheerily the furrows turning,
 Labor on with all thy might.
 Look not to the far-off future,
 Do the work which nearest lies;
 Sow thou must before thou reapest,
 Rest at last is labor's prize.

Standing still is dangerous ever,
 Toil is meant for Christians now;
 Let there be, when evening cometh,
 Honest sweat upon thy brow;
 And the Master shall come smiling,
 At the setting of the sun,
 Saying, as he pays thy wages,
 "Good and faithful one, well done!"

Translated from the German.

EMPLOYMENT.

IF as a flower doth spread and die,
 Thou wouldst extend me to some good,
 Before I were by frosts' extremity
 Nipt in the bud;

The sweetness and the praise were thine;
 But the extension and the room,
 Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine
 At thy great doom.

For as thou dost impart thy grace,
 The greater shall our glory be.
 The measure of our joys is in this place,
 The stuff with thee.

Let me not languish then, and spend
 A life as barren to thy praise
 As is the dust, to which that life doth tend,
 But with delays.

All things are busy; only I
 Neither bring honey with the bees,
 Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
 To water these.

I am no link of thy great chain,
 But all my company is a weed.
 Lord, place me in thy concert; give one strain
 To my poor reed.

GEORGE HERBERT.

1633.

COME, LABOR ON!

MATT. XX.

COME, labor on:

Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
 While all around him waves the golden grain,
 And every servant hears the Master say,
 "Go, work to-day?"

Come, labor on:

The laborers are few, the field is wide;
 New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied;
 From voices distant far, or near at home,
 The call is "Come."

Come, labor on:

The enemy is watching, night and day,
 To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away;
 While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
 He slumbered not.

Come, labor on:

Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear!
 No arm so weak but may do service here;
 By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
 His righteous will.

Come, labor on:

No time for rest, till glows the western sky.
 While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie
 And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
 "Servants, well done!"

Come, labor on:

The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure;
 Blessed are those who to the end endure;
 How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
 O Lord, with thee!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

WORK AND CONTEMPLATION.

THE woman singeth at her spinning-wheel
 A pleasant chant, ballad or barcarolle ;
 She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,
 Far more than of the flax ; and yet the reel
 Is full, and artfully her fingers feel,
 With quick adjustment, provident control,
 The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll,
 Out to a perfect thread. I hence appeal
 To the dear Christian church, that we may do
 Our Father's business in these temples mirk,
 Thus swift and steadfast ; thus intent and
 strong

While, thus apart from toil, our souls pursue
 Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove our
 work

The better for the sweetness of our song.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING SOME BEAUTIFUL SINGING IN
 A CONVENT CHURCH AT ROME.

SWEET voices ! seldom mortal ear
 Strains of such potency might hear ;
 My soul that listened, seemed quite gone,
 Dissolved in sweetness, and anon
 I was borne upward, till I trod
 Among the hierarchy of God.
 And when they ceased, as time must bring
 An end to every sweetest thing,
 With what reluctancy came back
 My spirits to their wonted track,
 And how I loathed the common life,—
 The daily and recurring strife
 With petty sins, the lowly road,
 And being's ordinary load !
 — Why, after such a solemn mood,
 Should any meaner thought intrude ?
 Why will not heaven hereafter give,
 That we forevermore may live
 Thus at our spirit's topmost bent ?
 So asked I in my discontent.

But give me, Lord, a wiser heart ;
 These seasons come, and they depart,—
 These seasons, and those higher still,
 When we are given to have our fill
 Of strength, and life, and joy with thee,
 And brightness of thy face to see !
 They come, or we could never guess
 Of heaven's sublimer blessedness ;
 They come, to be our strength and cheer
 In other times, in doubt or fear,
 Or should our solitary way
 Lie through the desert many a day.

They go, — they leave us blank and dead,
 That we may learn, when they are fled,
 We are but vapors which have won
 A moment's brightness from the sun,
 And which it may at pleasure fill
 With splendor, or unclothe at will.
 Well for us they do not abide,
 Or we should lose ourselves in pride,
 And be as angels, — but as they
 Who on the battlements of day
 Walked, gazing on their power and might,
 Till they grew giddy in their height.

Then welcome every nobler time,
 When out of reach of earth's dull chime
 'T is ours to drink with purged ears
 The music of the solemn spheres,
 Or in the desert to have sight
 Of those enchanted cities bright,
 Which sensual eye can never see :
 Thrice welcome may such seasons be ;
 But welcome too the common way,
 The lowly duties of the day,
 And all which makes and keeps us low,
 Which teaches us ourselves to know,
 That we who do our lineage high
 Draw from beyond the starry sky,
 Are yet upon the other side —
 To earth and to its dust allied.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

SERVE GOD AND BE CHEERFUL.

The motto of an English Bishop of the seventeenth century. "SOBRIE, JUSTE, PIE, — LAETE," was the kindred and comprehensive motto over the mantelpiece of one of his Puritan contemporaries [Nathaniel Ward], the witty minister of Ipswich, "our St. Hilary," as Mather calls him, or, as he calls himself in his own book, "The Simple Cobler of Agawam." — W. N.

"SERVE God and be cheerful." The motto
 Shall be mine, as the bishop's of old ;
 On my soul's coat-of-arms I will write it
 In letters of azure and gold.

"SERVE God and be cheerful," self-balanced,
 Whether fortune smile sweetly or frown.
 Christ stood king before Pilate. Within me
 I carry the sceptre and crown.

"SERVE God and be cheerful." Make brighter
 The brightness that falls to your lot ;
 The rare or the daily sent blessing
 Profane not with gloom and with doubt.

"SERVE God and be cheerful." Each sorrow
 Is — with your will in God's — for the best.
 O'er the cloud hangs the rainbow. To-morrow
 Will see the blue sky in the west.

“Serve God and be cheerful.” The darkness
Only masks the surprises of dawn;
And the deeper and grimmer the midnight,
The brighter and sweeter the morn.

“Serve God and be cheerful.” The winter
Rolls round to the beautiful spring,
And o'er the green grave of the snowdrift
The nest-building robins will sing.

“Serve God and be cheerful.” Look upward!
God's countenance scatters the gloom;
And the soft summer light of his heaven
Shines over the cross and the tomb.

“Serve God and be cheerful.” The wrinkles
Of age we may take with a smile;
But the wrinkles of faithless foreboding
Are the crow's-feet of Beelzebub's guile.

“Serve God and be cheerful.” Religion
Looks all the more lovely in *while*;
And God is best served by his servant
When, smiling, he serves in the light,

And lives out the glad tidings of Jesus
In the sunshine he came to impart,
For the fruit of his word and his Spirit
“Is love, joy, and peace” in the heart.

“Serve God and be cheerful.” Live nobly,
Do right and do good. Make the best
Of the gifts and the work put before you,
And to God without fear leave the rest.

WILLIAM NEWELL, D. D.

CAMBRIDGE, JAN. 1, 1872.

SOWING AND REAPING.

HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above:
Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
Lo, the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again: the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1836.

THE ABBEY WALK.

ALONE as I went up and down
In an abbey was fair to see,
Thinking what consolation
Was best in adversity,
On case ¹ I cast one side mine eye,
And saw this written on a wall,
“Of what estate, man, that thou be,
Obey, and thank thy God for all.”

Thy kingdom, and thy great empire,
Thy royalty, nor rich array,
Shall nought endure at thy desire,
But, as the wind, will wend away.
Thy gold, and all thy goodes gay,
When fortune list, will from thee fall:
Since thou such samples seest each day,
Obey, and thank thy God for all.

Though thou be blind, or have an halt,
Or in thy face deformed ill,
So it come not through thy default,
No man should thee reprove by skill.²
Blame not thy Lord, so is his will:
Spurn not thy foot against the wall,
But with meek heart and prayer still,
Obey, and thank thy God for all.

God, of his justice, must correct,
And of his mercy, pity have:
He is a judge, to none suspect,
To punish sinful man and save.
Though thou be lord above the laif,³
And afterward made bound and thrall,
A poor beggar with scrip and staiff,
Obey, and thank thy God for all.

In wealth be meek, heich⁴ not thyself,
Be glad in wilful poverty;
Thy power, and thy worldly pelf,
Is nought but very vanity:
Remember him that died on tree,
For thy sake tasted bitter gall;
Who heis⁵ low hearts and lowers high;
Obey, and thank thy God for all.

ROBERT HENRYSON.

THE SCHOOL.

WE are scholars, nothing but scholars,
Little children at school,
Learning our daily lessons,
Subject to law and rule.

¹ By chance.

² By right.

³ The rest.

⁴ Lift up.

⁵ Exalts.

Life is the school, and the Master
Is the man Jesus Christ;
We are his charity scholars,
His the teaching unpriced.

Slowly we learn, all his patience
Is hourly put to the test;
But often the slowest and dullest
He pities and loves the best.

Still, we sit at the feet of our Master,
Very low at his feet,
Study the lessons he sets us,
Sometimes lessons repeat.

Some of the lessons are pleasant,
Pleasant, and easy to learn;
The page of our task-book simple,
Simple and easy to turn.

But anon the reading is painful,
Studied mid sighing and tears;
We stammer and falter over it,
Do not learn it for years.

Yet that is no fault of the Master;
All his lessons are good;
Only our childish folly
Leaves them misunderstood.

And still we go on, learning,
And learning to love our school;
Learning to love our Master,
Learning to love his rule.

And by and by we children
Shall grow into perfect men,
And the loving, patient Master
From school will dismiss us then.

No more tedious lessons,
No more sighing and tears,
But a bound into home immortal,
And blessed, blessed years!

ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS.

HOLY HABITS.

THOMAS DAVIS is a native of Worcester, England, and a graduate of Queens College, Oxford, of 1832. He is the author of "Songs for the Suffering" and of "Devotional Verses for a Month."

SLOWLY fashioned, link by link,
Slowly waxing strong,
Till the spirit never shrink,
Save from touch of wrong.

Holy habits are thy wealth,
Golden, pleasant chains;
Passing earth's prime blessing — health,
Endless, priceless gains;

Holy habits give thee place
With the noblest, best,
All most godlike, of thy race,
And with seraphs blest;

Holy habits are thy joy,
Wisdom's pleasant ways,
Yielding good without alloy,
Lengthening, too, thy days.

Seek them, Christian, night and morn,
Seek them noon and even;
Seek them till thy soul be born
Without stains — in heaven.

THOMAS DAVIS.

WORK.

WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to toil —
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from work
assail.

God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and he assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave
cheer,

And God's grace fructify through thee to
all.

The least flower, with a brimming cup, may
stand

And share its dew-drop with another near.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

GRADATIM.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND, the present editor of Scribner's Magazine, was born at Belchertown, Mass., July 24, 1819, and came to public notice as a writer for the Springfield Republican. His writings have been very popular, both in prose and verse.

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true ;
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet ;
By what we have mastered of good and
gain ;

By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the
night,

Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on
wings

Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men !

We may borrow the wings to find the way, —
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and
pray ;

But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown

From the weary earth to the sapphire walls ;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound ;

But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

MY ONWARD PATH.

MARIAN LONGFELLOW MORRIS, daughter of the late Stephen Longfellow, was born at Portland, Me., April 1, 1849. She married, May 9, 1876, William F. Morris, of Boston, and now lives in that city. The greater number of the poems of Mrs. Morris were written before her marriage.

AND so I take mine onward path, alone,
And yet not quite alone if God decree ;
The way my Lord hath trod shall be mine own,
And so my strength shall be !

What though it lead through tangled brake and
brier,

And sharpest stones shall pierce my
wounded feet ?

Unto that height if my faint soul aspire
These words mine ear might greet : —

“ If thou but follow me through toil and pain,
If thou but take thy cross and follow me,
I will reward thee, when I come again,
For all eternity.

“ But if thou wilt not bear thy cross with me.
Thou canst not hope to win the victor’s
prize ;
No martyr’s crown, no saint’s green palm
shall be
Thy share in Paradise ! ”

And so I fain would take mine onward way
In humble imitation of my Lord.
This hope to bear me in it day by day, —
His never-failing word !

MARIAN LONGFELLOW.

Aug. 31, 1875.

RELIGION AND BUSINESS.

“ And after these things he went forth, and saw a publican named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom : and he said unto him, Follow me. And he left all, rose up, and followed him.” — LUKE v. 27, 28.

YE hermits blest, ye holy maids,
The nearest heaven on earth,
Who talk with God in shadowy glades,
Free from rude care and mirth ;
To whom some viewless teacher brings
The secret lore of rural things,
The moral of each fleeting cloud and gale,
The whispers from above, that haunt the twi-
light vale :

Say, when in pity ye have gazed
On the wreathed smoke afar,
That o’er some town, like mist upraised,
Hung hiding sun and star,
Then as ye turned your weary eye
To the green earth and open sky,
Were ye not fain to doubt how Faith could
dwell

Amid that dreary glare, in this world’s citadel ?

But love’s a flower that will not die
For lack of leafy screen,
And Christian hope can cheer the eye
That ne’er saw vernal green :
Then be ye sure that love can bless
Even in this crowded loneliness,
Where ever-moving myriads seem to say,
Go, — thou art nought to us, nor we to thee, —
away !

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime ;

Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

How sweet to them, in such brief rest
As thronging cares afford,
In thought to wander, fancy-blest,
To where their gracious Lord
In vain, to win proud Pharisees,
Spake, and was heard by fell disease, —
But not in vain, beside yon breezy lake.
Bade the meek Publican his gainful seat for-
sake :

At once he rose, and left his gold ;
His treasure and his heart
Transferred, where he shall safe behold
Earth and her idols part :
While he beside his endless store
Shall sit, and floods unceasing pour
Of Christ's true riches o'er all time and
space,
First angel of his Church, first steward of his
grace.

Nor can ye not delight to think
Where he vouchsafed to eat,
How the Most Holy did not shrink
From touch of sinner's meat :
What worldly hearts and hearts impure
Went with him through the rich man's
door,
That we might learn of him lost souls to
love,
And view his least and worst with hope to
meet above.

These gracious lines shed gospel light
On Mammon's gloomiest cells,
As on some city's cheerless night
The tide of sunrise swells,
Till tower, and dome, and bridge-way
proud
Are mantled with a golden cloud,
And to wise hearts this certain hope is
given :
"No mist that man may raise, shall hide the
eye of Heaven."

And oh ! if even on Babel shine
Such gleams of Paradise,
Should not their peace be peace divine,
Who day by day arise
To look on clearer heavens, and scan
The work of God untouched by man ?
Shame on us, who about us Babel bear,
And live in Paradise, as if God was not there !

JOHN KEBLE.

1827.

TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night ;
There 's a star to guide the humble ; —
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely ! strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning !
Perish all that fears the light !
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no party, sect, or faction ;
Trust no leaders in the fight ;
But in every word and action
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no lovely forms of passion :
Fiends may look like angels bright ;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight :
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

NORMAN MACLEOD.

FORTITUDE.

ANDREWS NORTON, a distinguished scholar, controversialist, and critic, was born at Hingham, Mass., Dec. 31, 1786, and died at Newport, R. I., Sept. 18, 1853. He is known as the author of a volume on the Nature of God and the Person of Christ, and of a powerful work on the Genuineness of the Gospels.

FAINT not, poor traveller, though thy way
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod ;
Though cold and stormy lower the day,
This path of suffering leads to God.

Nay, sink not, though from every limb
Are starting drops of toil and pain ;
Thou dost but share the lot of him,
With whom his followers are to reign.

Thy friends are gone, and thou, alone,
Must bear the sorrows that assail ;
Look upward to the eternal throne,
And know a Friend who cannot fail.

Bear firmly : yet a few more days,
And thy hard trial will be past ;
Then, wrapt in glory's opening blaze,
Thy feet shall rest on heaven at last.

Christian ! thy Friend, thy Master prayed,
When dread and anguish shook his frame ;
Then met his sufferings undismayed, —
Wilt thou not strive to do the same ?

Oh ! think'st thou that his Father's love
Shone round him then with fainter rays
Than now, when, throned all height above,
Unceasing voices hymn his praise ?

Go, sufferer ! calmly meet the woes
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear ;
Then, rising, as thy Saviour rose,
Go ! his eternal victory share.

1822.

ANDREWS NORTON.

CONSTANCY.

Who is the honest man ?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbor, and himself, most true :
Who neither force nor fawning can
Unpin or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind :
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags
behind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shuns them, but doth calmly
stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh :
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,
To use in anything a trick, or sleight ;
For above all things he abhors deceit :
His words and works, and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations : when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run :
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue ; virtue is his sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions
sway,

Allows for that, and keeps his constant way :
Whom others' faults do not defeat ;
But, though men fail him, yet his part doth
play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend the
ill.

This is the marksman, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

1633.

GEORGE HERBERT.

LOSSE IN DELAYES.

SHUN delays, they breed remorse,
Take thy time while time doth serve thee,
Creeping snayles have weakest force,
Flie their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labours come to nought.

Hoys up sayle while gale doth last,
Tide and winde stay no man's pleasure ;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speede is wisdom's leasure.
After-wits are dearely bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead ;
When he flies, he turnes no more,
And behind his scalpe is naked.
Workes adjourned have many staves,
Long demurres breed new delays.

Seeke thy salve while sore is greene,
Festered wounds aske deeper launcing ;
After-cures are seldome seene,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing.
Time and place gives best advice.
Out of season, out of price.

Crush the serpent in the head,
Breake ill eggs ere they be hatched :
Kill bad chickens in the tread ;
Fledged, they hardly can be caught :
In the rising stiffe ill,
Lest it grow against thy will.

Drops do pierce the stubborn flint,
Not by force, but often falling ;
Custome kills with feeble dint,
More by use than strength prevailing :
Single sands have little weight,
Many make a drowning freight.

Tender twigs are bent with ease,
 Aged trees do breake with bending ;
 Young desires make little prease,
 Growth doth make them past amending.
 Happie man that soon doth knocke,
 Babel's babes against the rocke.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, D. D.

1590.

—◆—
 WAITING.

"I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope." — Ps. cxxx. 5.

I STOOD by the Master's vineyard
 In the light of the morning sun ;
 I thought of the day's sweet labor,
 And the great rewards to be won.

For I longed to be up and doing
 In the harvest-fields so rare ;
 That my hands should be busy toiling,
 Plucking the clusters fair.

As I turned to enter the vineyard,
 The sound of coming feet
 Caused me to pause and listen,
 That the comer I might greet.

And my Master stood before me,
 In the golden morning light ;
 His smile cast a heavenly radiance
 That blinded my mortal sight.

But it entered my heart, and filled it
 With a love and a rapture sweet.
 I bowed me in glad adoration
 Before my Master's feet.

And his words, like silvery music
 From the distant, starry sky,
 Came into my listening spirit
 An echo from strains on high.

And thus spake the Master: "Daughter,
 I know thy longing heart,
 In the toil of my rich-laden vineyard,
 Is eager to bear a part.

"But from thee no active labor
 Thy Master's cause demands ;
 Within thy low cottage doorway
 Only sit with folded hands.

"And the patient endurance of sorrow,
 And a burden sore of pain,
 Till I come with a welcome summons,
 Shall bring thee eternal gain."

So he led me to my cottage,
 And left me within the door ;
 But the brightness of his presence
 Stays with me forevermore.

I see on the fair, sweet uplands
 The pleasant vineyard ground ;
 And the echo of happy voices
 Comes to me, a cheering sound.

I wait for his welcome footsteps ;
 Perchance they are coming to me.
 I watch for his radiant smiling,
 That I his face may see.

And this, like a sweet bird, nestles
 In my heart, else desolate:
 "They also serve who patiently
 But fold their hands — and wait."

ANNA MONTAGUE.

—◆—
 COMMISSIONED.

WHAT can I do for thee, Beloved,
 Whose feet so little while ago
 Trod the same wayside dust with mine,
 And now up paths I may not know
 Speed, without sound or sign ?

What *can* I do ? The perfect life,
 All fresh and fair and beautiful,
 Has opened its wide arms to thee ;
 Thy heaven is over-brimmed and full,
 Nothing remains for me.

I used to do so many things,
 Love thee, and chide thee and caress ;
 Brush tny straws from off thy way,
 Tempering with my poor tenderness
 The heat of thy short day.

Little ; but very sweet to give ;
 And it is grief, or griefs to bear
 That all these ministries are o'er,
 And thou, so happy, Love, elsewhere,
 Never can need me more.

And I can do for thee but this :
 (Working on blindly, knowing not
 If I may please thee better so ;)
 Out of my own dull, burdened lot
 I can arise, and go

To sadder hearts and darker homes,
 A messenger, dear Heart, from thee,
 Who wast on earth a comforter ;
 And say to those who welcome me,
 "I am sent forth by *her*."

It will be sweet to work for thee,
 To do thy errand thus ; and think
 It may be in the dim, far space,
 Thou watchest from some heavenly brink,
 A smile upon thy face.

And when the day's work ends with day,
 And star-eyed evening, stealing in,
 Waves a cool hand to flying noon,
 And restless, surging thoughts begin,
 Like sad bells, out of tune, —

I'll pray : " Dear Lord, to whose great love
 Nor bound, nor limit line is set,
 Give to my darling, I implore,
 Some new, strange joy, not tasted yet,
 For I can give no more."

And with the words my thoughts shall climb
 With following feet the heavenly stair
 Up which thy feet so lately sped ;
 And, seeing thee so happy there,
 Come back half comforted.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

1879.

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

WHEN words are weak and foes encountering
 strong,
 Where mightier do assault than do defend,
 The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
 And silent sees that speech could not amend.
 Yet higher powers most think though they
 repine, —
 When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth fly,
 And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish ;
 Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by ;
 These fleet afloat while those do fill the dish.
 There is a time even for the worms to creep,
 And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
 Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase ;
 The tender lark will find a time to fly,
 And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
 He that high-growth on cedars did bestow,
 Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
 Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe ;
 The Lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,
 Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go.
 We trample grass, and prize the flowers of
 May,
 Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, D. D.

NOT MINE.

MRS. JULIA C. (RIPLEY) DORR, was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1825, but has lived chiefly in the Northern States. Her present home is at Rutland, Vt. Mrs. Dorr has written much for the periodical press, and several volumes of prose and verse. Her last work is entitled "Friar Anselmo, and other Poems." Her verse is graceful, and shows her love of home and the homely virtues.

It is not mine to run
 With eager feet
 Along life's crowded ways,
 My Lord to meet.

It is not mine to pour
 The oil and wine,
 Or bring the purple robe
 And linen fine.

It is not mine to break
 At his dear feet
 The alabaster-box
 Of ointment sweet.

It is not mine to bear
 His heavy cross,
 Or suffer, for his sake,
 All pain and loss.

It is not mine to walk
 Through valleys dim,
 Or climb far mountain-heights
 Alone with him !

He hath no need of me
 In grand affairs,
 Where fields are lost, or crowns
 Won unawares.

Yet, Master, if I may
 Make one pale flower
 Bloom brighter, for thy sake,
 Through one short hour ;

If I, in harvest-fields
 Where strong ones reap,
 May bind one golden sheaf
 For Love to keep ;

May speak one quiet word
 When all is still,
 Helping some fainting heart
 To bear thy will ;

Or sing one high, clear song,
 On which may soar
 Some glad soul heavenward,
 I ask no more !

MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

THE MAPLES, 1880.

THE LORD'S CHARGE.

CHARLES WESLEY, the Bard of Methodism, by far the most prolific of English hymn-writers, was born at Epworth, England, where his father was the rector, Dec. 18, 1708, and was educated at Christ Church College, Oxford. He took orders in 1735, and went to Georgia with his brother John, as missionary, but returned the following year. May 21, 1737, he says that he advanced to a higher spiritual plane, and wrote the hymn "Oh for a thousand tongues to sing," in commemoration of the experience. Wesley died in London, March 29, 1788. Southey says of Wesley's hymns, "Perhaps no poems have ever been so devoutly committed to memory as these, nor so often quoted on a death-bed."

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky :

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give !

Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely !
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1762.

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.

MRS. E. A. C. ALLEN, whose first husband was the sculptor, Paul Akers, was born at Strong, Me., Oct. 9, 1832. She has contributed much to the periodical press, and is widely known as the author of the lines, "Rock me to sleep, mother." Her poems were published in volumes by Ticknor and Fields, in 1856 and 1866. Mrs. Allen's maiden name was Elizabeth Chase.

The time for toil is past, and night is come, —
The last and saddest of the harvest eves ;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest ! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain ; —
Master, behold my sheaves !

Few, light, and worthless, — yet their trifling
weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves ;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than
wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks, and with-
ered leaves ;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,
Master, behold my sheaves !

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility ; —
Therefore shall fragraney and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew,
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do ;
And, though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

1858.

MRS. ELIZABETH ANN CHASE ALLEN.
(FLORENCE PERCY.)

FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control,
That o'er thee swell and throng ;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.
OFF SARDINIA, June 20, 1833.

TEMPERANCE.

GOD gives to man five wits :
To see, to hear, to smell, to touch, to taste ;
He gives them all to use, but none to waste ;
To each its rule he fits.

Man may not use his eyes
To turn with longing gaze on distant fields
Whose evil soil malignant fruitage yields,
Though fair its blossoms rise.

Nor may his eager lips,
All careless of the serpent in the vine,
Receive the luring cup of Circe's wine,
That poisons him who sips.



C Wesley

NEW YORK, 1866 MEAD & COMPANY.

But he whose every sense
Is made a gate where nought can enter in
That bears upon its front one mark of sin,
Shall have God's own defence.

It is the Holy Ghost
Who takes man's body for his temple fair ;
And he who guards it with most constant care
Shall please its Tenant best.

CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON.

1879.

—◆—
SIN.

LORD, with what care hast thou begirt us
round !

Parents first season us ; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers :

Pulpits and Sundays ; sorrow dogging sin ;
Afflictions sorted ; anguish of all sizes ;
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in ;
Bibles laid open ; millions of surprises ;

Blessings beforehand ; ties of gratefulness ;
The sound of glory ringing in our ears ;
Without, our shame ; within, our consciences ;
Angels and grace ; eternal hopes and
fears, —

Yet all these fences, and their whole array,
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

GEORGE HERBERT.

1633.

—◆—
THE COMPLAINT OF A SINNER.

LIKE as the thief in prison cast,
With woful wailing moans,
When hope of pardon clean is past,
And sighs with doleful groans.

So I a slave to sin,
With sobs and many a tear,
As one without thine aid forlorn,
Before thy throne appear.

O Lord, in rage of wanton youth
My follies did abound,
And e'er, since that I knew thy truth,
My life has been unsound.

Alas, I do confess
I see the perfect way :
Yet frailty of my feeble flesh
Doth make me run astray.

Ay me, when that some good desire
Would move me to do well,
Affections fond make me retire,
And cause me to rebel.

I wake, yet am asleep,
I see, yet still am blind ;
In ill I run with headlong race,
In good I come behind.

Lo thus in life I daily die,
And dying shall not live,
Unless thy mercy speedily
Some succor to me give.
I die, O Lord, I die,
If thou do me forsake,
I shall be likened unto those
That fall into the lake.

When that one prop, or only stay,
Holds up some house or wall :
If that the prop be taken away,
Needs must the building fall.
O Lord, thou art the prop,
To which I cleave and lean :
If thou forsake, or cast me off,
I still shall live in pain.

Although my hard and stony heart
Be apt to run astray :
Yet let thy goodness me convert,
So shall I not decay :
Sweet God, do rue my plights,
And shield me from annoy :
Then my poor soul, this life once past,
Shall rest with thee in joy.

HUMFREY GIFFORD.

1580.

—◆—
PENITENTIAL.

WILLIAM H. FURNESS, D. D., was born in Boston, April 20, 1802. He graduated from Harvard College in 1820, and from the Theological School in 1823. In 1825 he was ordained pastor of the First Congregational Unitarian Church of Philadelphia, and is still the minister of that society. During his long career of usefulness he has been a prominent and earnest advocate of Freedom and Peace, and has been distinguished in the higher walks of literature.

RICHLY, oh, richly have I been
Blest, gracious Lord, by thee ;
And morning, noon, and night, thou hast
Preserved me tenderly.

Why shouldst thou thus take care of me,
A weak and sinful man,
Who have refused to render thee
The little that I can ?

The love, which thou alone canst claim,
To idols I have given ;
And I have bound to earth the hopes
That know no home but heaven.

Unworthy to be called thy son,
I come with shame to thee;
Father, oh, more than Father thou
Hast always been to me!

Forever blessed be thy name
For all that thou hast done!
That thou wilt pardon me, I know
Through Jesus Christ thy Son.

Help me to break the heavy chains
The world has round me thrown,
And know the glorious liberty
Of an obedient son.

That I may henceforth heed whate'er
Thy voice within me saith,
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
A principle of faith.

Faith, that, like armor in my soul,
Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host
Encamped round about.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, D. D.

1850.

FORGIVENESS OF SINS A JOY UNKNOWN TO ANGELS.

The following is the only hymn of AUGUSTUS LUCAS HILLHOUSE (brother of James Abraham H., who is commonly called "the Poet Hillhouse"), born in 1792, at New Haven, Conn.; graduated at Yale College, 1810; died near Paris, 1859. This hymn was written in Paris, after 1816, and first published in the *Christian Spectator*, New Haven, April, 1822. Dr. Leonard Bacon says that it is "unsurpassed in the English or any other language, and as near perfection as an uninspired composition can be. The thought, the feeling, the imagery, the diction, and the versification are all exquisite." The third stanza is a rare gem.

TREMBLING before thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own:
Justice and Mercy for my life
Contend! — Oh, smile, and heal the strife!

The Saviour smiles! Upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll:
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound!

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven, —
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.

Ye saw of old on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of the Eternal Will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfil;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.

Loud is the song, — the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine:
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear!

AUGUSTUS LUCAS HILLHOUSE.

1822.

PENITENCE.

Πόθεν ἄρξομαι θρηνεῖν.

ST. ANDREW of Crete, sometimes called "of Jerusalem," because he entered the monastic life at the latter city, was born at Damascus, about 660, and died near Mytelene, about 732.

WHENCE shall my tears begin?
What first-fruits shall I bear
Of earnest sorrow for my sin?
Or how my woes declare?
O thou! the Merciful and Gracious One!
Forgive the foul transgressions I have done.

Thou formedst me of clay,
O Heavenly Potter! Thou
In fleshly vesture didst array,
With life and breath endow.
Thou who didst make, didst ransom, and dost
know,
To thy repentant creature pity show!

My guilt for vengeance cries;
But yet thou pardonest all,
And whom thou lov'st thou dost chastise,
And mourn'st for them that fall:
Thou, as a father, mark'st our tears and pain,
And welcomest the prodigal again.

I lie before thy door,
Oh, turn me not away!
Nor in mine old age give me o'er
To Satan for a prey!
But ere the end of life and term of grace,
Thou Merciful! my many sins efface!

Thou spotless Lamb divine,
Who takest sin away,
Remove far off the load that mine
Upon my conscience lay:
And, of thy tender mercy: grant thou me
To find remission of iniquity!

ANDREW of Crete. Translated by
JOHN MASON NEALE.

THE BACKSLIDER.

WILLIAM BENGOLLYER was born at Blackheath, Kent, April 14, 1782, and died Jan. 9, 1854. At the age of twenty he became pastor of the Congregational Church at Peckham, and occupied the position until his death. He was one of the most popular Dissenting ministers in London, crowds being attracted to hear him. He published hymns in 1812 and 1837. He also wrote much in prose.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart,
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.

Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy deep repentant sigh;
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.

Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'T is God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.

Return, O wanderer, return,
Regain thy lost, lamented rest;
Jehovah's melting bowels yearn
To clasp his Ephraim to his breast.

WILLIAM BENGOLLYER, D. D.

1812.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Βυθὸς ἀμαρτημάτων.

THE abyss of many a former sin
Encloses me, and bars me in:
Like billows my transgressions roll:
Be thou the Pilot of my soul:
And to salvation's harbor bring,
Thou Saviour and thou glorious King!

My Father's heritage abused,
Wasted by lust, by sin misused;
To shame and want and misery brought;
The slave to many a fruitless thought,
I cry to thee, who lovest men,
Oh, pity and receive again!

In hunger now, — no more possessed
Of that my portion bright and blest,

The exile and the alien see
Who yet would fain return to thee!
And save me, Lord, who seek to raise
To thy dear love the hymn of praise!

With that blest thief my prayer I make,
Remember for thy mercy's sake!
With that poor publican I cry,
Be merciful, O God most High!
With that lost prodigal I fain
Back to my home would turn again!

Mourn, mourn, my soul, with earnest care
And raise to Christ the contrite prayer: —
O thou, who freely wast made poor,
My sorrows and my sins to cure,
Me, poor of all good works, embrace,
Enriching with thy boundless grace!

JOSEPH of the Studium, translated
by JOHN MASON NEALE.

A LAMENTATION.

O LORD most dear, with many a tear lamenting,
lamenting,
I fall before thy face,
And for this crime, done ere this time, repent-
ing, repenting,
Most humbly call for grace.
Through wanton will I must confess,
Thy precepts still I do transgress;
The world with his vain pleasure,
Bewitched my senses so,
That I could find no leisure,
My vices to forego.
I grant I have through my desert
Deserved great plagues and bitter smart.

But yet, sweet God, do stay thy rod, forgive
me, forgive me,
Which do thine aid implore,
Oh, cease thine ire, I thee desire, believe me,
believe me,
I will so sin no more.
But still shall pray thy holy name
In the right way my steps to frame,
So shall I not displease thee,
Which art my Lord of might.
My heart and tongue shall praise thee
Most humbly day and night;
I will delight continually
Thy name to laud and magnify.

With sighs and sobs my heart it throbs, re-
membering, remembering,
The frailty of my youth;

I ran a race, devoid of grace, not rendering,
 not rendering,
 Due reverence to thy truth.
 Such care I cast on earthly toys,
 That nought I pant for heavenly joys ;
 But now it me repenteth :
 My heart doth bleed for woe,
 Which inwardly lamenteth,
 That e'er it sinned so.
 With many a sigh, and many a groan,
 O Lord, to thee I make my moan.

Though furious fires of fond desires allure me,
 allure me,
 From thee to wander wide :
 Let pitiful eyes and moistened eyes procure
 thee, procure thee,
 To be my Lord and guide.
 As Scripture saith, thou dost not crave
 A sinner's death, but wouldst him save :
 That sinful wretch am I, O Lord, which would
 repent and live ;
 With ceaseless plaints I cry, Lord, thy pardon
 to me give.
 O Lord, for thy sweet Jesus' sake
 Do not shut up thy mercy-gate.

Mercy, mercy, mercy, grant me, I pray thee,
 I pray thee,
 Grant mercy, loving Lord !
 Let not the devil, which means me evil, betray
 me, betray me ;
 Protect me with thy word.
 So shall my heart find sweet relief,
 Which now feels smart and bitter grief ;
 O Lord, I do request thee
 To guide my steps so well,
 That when death shall arrest me
 My soul with thee may dwell
 In heaven above, where angels sing
 Continual praise to thee, their King.

1580.

HUMFREY GIFFORD.

FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
 I look at heaven and long to enter in,
 But there no evil thing may find a home ;
 And yet I hear a voice that bids me " Come."

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
 In the pure glory of that holy land ?
 Before the whiteness of that throne appear ?
 Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me
 near

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
 Evil is ever with me day by day ;
 Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
 " Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from
 all."

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
 His are the hands stretched out to draw me
 near,
 And his the blood that can for all atone,
 And set me faultless there before the throne.

'T was he who found me on the deathly wild,
 And made me heir of heaven, the Father's
 child,
 And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
 Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
 The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
 That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
 May be the garment of thy righteousness.

Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord :
 Thine all the merits, mine the great reward ;
 Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden
 crown ;
 Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe
 Yet let my full heart what it can bestow ;
 Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
 Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

AND WILT THOU PARDON, LORD ?

Τὼν ἁμαρτιῶν μου τὴν πληθύν.

AND wilt thou pardon, Lord,
 A sinner such as I,
 Although thy book his crimes record
 Of such a crimson dye ?

So deep they are engraved,
 So terrible their fear ;
 The righteous scarcely shall be saved,
 And where shall I appear ?

My soul, make all things known
 To him who all things sees :
 That so the Lamb may yet atone
 For thine iniquities.

O thou, Physician blest,
 Make clean my guilty soul !
 And me, by many a sin oppressed,
 Restore and keep me whole !

I know not how to praise
 Thy mercy and thy love :
 But deign thy servant to upraise,
 And I shall learn above !

JOSEPH of the Studium. Translated by
 JOHN MASON NEALE, 1862.

◆

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY DAY OF
 ONE'S CONVERSION.

Of this hymn Sir Roundell Palmer remarks that in the seventeenth edition of "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" (Pine, Bristol, 1773) it was reduced to eleven stanzas ; then beginning with verse seventh, as in the hymn-books usually now. In the "Hymn-Book for Methodists" it consists of ten stanzas, one of which is taken from the earlier edition, and is not in that of 1773.

GLORY to God, and praise and love,
 Be ever, ever given ;
 By saints below and saints above,
 The church in earth and heaven.

On this glad day the glorious Sun
 Of Righteousness arose,
 On my benighted soul he shone,
 And filled it with repose.

Sudden expired the legal strife ;
 'T was then I ceased to grieve.
 My second, real, living life
 I then began to live.

Then with my heart I first believed,
 Believed with faith divine ;
 Power with the Holy Ghost received
 To call the Saviour mine.

I felt my Lord's atoning blood
 Close to my soul applied ;
Me, me he loved, — the Son of God
 For *me*, for *me* he died !

I found, and owned his promise true,
 Ascertained of my part,
 My pardon passed in heaven I knew,
 When written on my heart.

Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise ;
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace !

My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honors of thy name.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'T is music in the sinner's ears,
 'T is life and health and peace.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
 He sets the prisoner free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean ;
 His blood availed for me.

He speaks ; and listening to his voice,
 New life the dead receive ;
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
 The humble poor believe.

Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosened tongues employ ;
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

Look unto him, ye nations ; own
 Your God, ye fallen race ;
 Look, and be saved through faith alone,
 Be justified by grace.

See all your sins on Jesus laid :
 The Lamb of God was slain ;
 His soul was once an offering made
 For every soul of man.

Harlots and publicans and thieves
 In holy triumph join !
 Saved is the sinner that believes,
 From crimes as great as mine.

Murderers, and all ye hellish crew,
 Ye sons of lust and pride,
 Believe the Saviour died for you ;
 For me the Saviour died.

Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
 And Christ shall give you light ;
 Cast all your sins into the deep,
 And wash the Ethiop white.

With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
 Shall feel your sins forgiven ;
 Anticipate your heaven below,
 And own that love is heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1740.

◆

CONVERSION.

This hymn, written before FABER'S secession to Rome, has found its way into many Protestant hymn-books in an abridged form, beginning with the fifth stanza.

O FAITH, thou workest miracles
 Upon the hearts of men,
 Choosing thy home in those same hearts
 We know not how or when.

To one thy grave, unearthly truths
 A heavenly vision seem ;
 While to another's eye they are
 A superstitious dream.

To one the deepest doctrines look
So naturally true,
That when he learns the lesson first
He hardly thinks it new.

To other hearts the selfsame truths
No light nor heat can bring;
They are but puzzling phrases strung
Like beads upon a string.

O gift of gifts, O grace of faith,
My God, how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

There was a place, there was a time,
Whether by night or day,
Thy Spirit came and left that gift,
And went upon his way.

How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

Ah, Grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

How will they die, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
The courage of belief?

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light,
Earth looks so little and so low,
When faith shines full and bright.

Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O faith!
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

Thy choice, O God of goodness! then
I lovingly adore;
Oh, give me grace to keep thy grace,
And grace to merit more!

1840.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE NEW BIRTH.

'T IS a new life; — thoughts move not as they
did,
With slow, uncertain steps across my mind,
In thronging haste fast pressing on they bid
The portals open to the viewless wind

That comes not save when in the dust is laid
The crown of pride that gilds each mortal
brow,
And from before man's vision melting fade
The heavens and earth; — their walls are
falling now.
Fast crowding on, each thought asks utter-
ance strong;
Storm-lifted waves swift rushing to the
shore,
On from the sea they send their shouts along,
Back through the cave-worn rocks their
thunders roar;
And I, a child of God, by Christ made free,
Start from death's slumbers to Eternity!

1839.

JONES VERY.

THE NEW BIRTH.

SAMSON OCKUM was an Indian preacher, born about 1723, at Mohegan, Conn. He died in 1792. This hymn was altered, in 1825, by ASAHEL NETTLETON, a revivalist preacher, author of "Village Hymns." He was born at North Killingworth, Conn., April 21, 1783, and died at East Windsor, May 16, 1844.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.

When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelmed my tortured mind.

Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load;
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

SAMSON OCKUM, 1760.

CONVERSION.

FRANCIS QUARLES, a quaint and voluminous author, once cupbearer to Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia, and chronicler of the city of London, was born in 1592, and died in London, Sept. 8, 1644. He was a Royalist. He is now known as the writer of "Divine Emblems."

WHEN, before, my God commanded
 Anything he would have done,
 I was close and grapple-handed,
 Made an end ere I begun.
 If he thought it fit to lay
 Judgments on me, I could say,
 They are good, but shrink away.

But the case is altered now :
 He no sooner turns his eye,
 But I quickly bend, and bow,
 Ready at his feet to lie :
 Love hath taught me to obey
 All his precepts, and to say,
 Not to-morrow, but to-day.

What he wills, I say I must :
 What I must, I say I will :
 He commanding, it is just
 What he would, I should fulfil.
 Whilst he biddeth, I believe
 What he calls for he will give :
 To obey him, is to live.

His commandments grievous are not,
 Longer than men think them so :
 Though he send me forth, I care not,
 Whilst he gives me strength to go ;
 When or whither, all is one ;
 On his business, not mine own,
 I shall never go alone.

If I be complete in him,
 And in him all fulness dwelleth,
 I am sure aloft to swim,
 Whilst that ocean overswelleth.
 Having him that 's all in all,
 I am confident I shall
 Nothing want, for which I call.

1635.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

ABSENCE FROM GOD.

ANNE STEELE, a not very poetical but intensely spiritual hymn-writer, daughter of a Baptist minister, was born at Broughton, in Hampshire, England, in 1716, and after a life of uncomplaining suffering, died in 1778. Her hymns are often very long, but many of them are in the hymn-books in abbreviated forms.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh,
 Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye ;

See, low before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn ;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 Hast thou not said, Return ?

And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet ?
 Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat !

Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
 Without one cheering ray,
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way !

Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine !
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine !

Thy presence only can bestow
 Delights which never cloy :
 Be this my solace here below,
 And my eternal joy !

1760.

ANNE STEELE.

REASON AND FAITH.

THROUGH paths of pleasant thought I ran ;
 False science sang enchanted airs ;
 She told of nature and of man,
 And of the godlike gifts he bears.
 But when I sat down by the way,
 And thought out life, and thought out sin,
 The burning truths that round me lay,
 And all the weak, proud self within,

Still in my single soul there wrought
 The sense of sin, the curse of doom,
 Till slowly broke upon my thought
 An Eastern olive-garden's gloom.
 Hung on thy cross 'twixt earth and heaven,
 I saw thee, Son of man divine ;
 To thee the bitter pain was given,
 But all the heavy guilt was mine.

I know the serpent touched my heart,
 I saw his trail on hand and brow ;
 No sinless thought, no perfect part,
 But sullied breast and broken vow.

But then I felt my need of thee,
 And pride's illusions passed away ;
 And oh ! that thou hast died for me
 Is more than all the world can say.

The wounded fawn in yonder glade
 Beside the doe seeks rest from harm ;
 The babe that scorned its mother's aid
 Flies to her at the least alarm.

And thus I feel my need of thee,
 When sin and pride would tempt me most,
 And oh! that thou hast died for me
 Is more than all the sceptic's boast.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

TURNING TO GOD.

PIETRO BEMBO was a celebrated Italian scholar and cardinal. He was born at Venice, May 20, 1470, and died Jan. 18, 1547. Among other works he wrote a History of Venice, in Latin

IF, gracious God, in life's green ardent year,
 A thousand times thy patient love I tried;
 With reckless heart, with conscience hard and
 sear.

Thy gifts perverted, and thy power defied!
 Oh, grant me, now that wintry snows appear
 Around my brow, and youth's bright promise
 hide,—

Grant me with reverential awe to hear
 Thy holy voice, and in thy word confide!
 Blot from my book of life its early stain!
 Since days misspent will never more return,
 My future path do thou in mercy trace;
 So cause my soul with pious zeal to burn,
 That all the trust, which in thy name I place,
 Frail as I am, may not prove wholly vain!

PIETRO BEMBO. Translator unknown.

REASON.

THE USE OF IT IN DIVINE MATTERS.

SOME blind themselves, 'cause possibly they
 may

Be led by others a right way;
 They build on sands, which if unmoved they
 find,

'Tis but because there was no wind.
 Less hard 'tis, not to err ourselves, than
 know

If our forefathers erred or no.
 When we trust men concerning God, we then
 Trust not God concerning men.

Visions and inspirations some expect
 Their course here to direct;
 Like senseless chymists their own wealth
 destroy,

Imaginary gold to enjoy:
 So stars appear to drop to us from sky,
 And gild the passage as they fly;
 But when they fall, and meet the opposing
 ground,
 What but a sordid slime is found?

Sometimes their fancies they 'bove reason set,
 And fast, that they may dream of meat;
 Sometimes ill spirits their sickly souls delude,
 And bastard forms obtrude;
 So Endor's wretched sorceress, although
 She Saul through his disguise did know,
 Yet, when the Devil comes up disguised, she
 cries,
 "Behold! the gods arise."

In vain, alas! these outward hopes are tried;
 Reason within 's our only guide;
 Reason, which (God be praised!) still walks,
 for all
 Its old original fall;
 And since itself the boundless Godhead joined
 With a reasonable mind,
 It plainly shows that mysteries divine
 May with our reason join.

The Holy Book, like the eighth sphere, does
 shine
 With thousand lights of truth divine:
 So numberless the stars, that to the eye
 It makes but all one galaxy.
 Yet reason must assist too; for, in seas
 So vast and dangerous as these,
 Our course by stars above we cannot know,
 Without the compass too below.

Though reason cannot through faith's mys-
 teries see,
 It sees that there and such they be;
 Leads to heaven's door, and there does humbly
 keep,
 And there through chinks and key-holes
 peep;
 Though it, like Moses, by a sad command,
 Must not come into the Holy Land,
 Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
 And from afar 't is all descried.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

CHEERFULNESS TAUGHT BY REASON.

I THINK we are too ready with complaint
 In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
 Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
 Of yon gray bank of sky, we might be faint
 To muse upon eternity's constraint
 Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
 Must widen early, is it well to droop
 For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
 O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted,—
 And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,

Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? — At least it may be said,
"Because the way is *short*, I thank thee,
God!"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

UNBELIEF.

FAITHLESS, perverse, and blind,
We sit in our house of fear,
When the winter of sorrow comes to our souls,
And the days of our life are drear.

For when in darkness and clouds
The way of God's concealed,
We doubt the words of his promises,
And the glory to be revealed.

We do but trust in part;
We grope in the dark alone;
Lord, when shall we see thee as thou art,
And know as we are known?

When shall we live to thee
And die to thee, resigned,
Nor fear to hide what we would keep,
And lose what we would find?

For we doubt our Father's care,
We cover our faces and cry,
If a little cloud, like the hand of a man,
Darkens the face of our sky.

We judge of his perfect day
By our life's poor glimmering spark;
And measure eternity's circle
By the segment of an arc.

We say, they have taken our Lord,
And we know not where he lies,
When the light of his resurrection morn
Is breaking out of the skies.

And we stumble at last when we come
On the brink of the grave to stand;
As if the souls that are born of his love
Could slip their Father's hand!

PHŒBE CARY.

A SONG OF DOUBT.

FROM "BITTER SWEET."

THE day is quenched, and the sun is fled;
God has forgotten the world!
The moon is gone, and the stars are dead;
God has forgotten the world!

Evil has won in the horrid feud
Of ages with the throne;
Evil stands on the neck of Good,
And rules the world alone.

There is no good; there is no God;
And faith is a heartless cheat,
Who bares the back for the Devil's rod,
And scatters thorns for the feet.

What are prayers in the lips of death,
Filling and chilling with hail?
What are prayers but wasted breath,
Beaten back by the gale?

The day is quenched, and the sun is fled;
God has forgotten the world!
The moon is gone, and the stars are dead;
God has forgotten the world!

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

1858.

A SONG OF FAITH.

FROM "BITTER SWEET."

DAY will return with a fresher boon;
God will remember the world!
Night will come with a newer moon;
God will remember the world!

Evil is only the slave of good;
Sorrow the servant of joy;
And the soul is mad that refuses food
Of the meanest in God's employ.

The fountain of joy is fed by tears,
And love is lit by the breath of sighs;
The deepest griefs and the wildest fears
Have holiest ministries;

Strong grows the oak in the sweeping storm;
Safely the flower sleeps under the snow;
And the farmer's hearth is never warm
Till the cold wind starts to blow.

Day will return with a fresher boon;
God will remember the world!
Night will come with a newer moon;
God will remember the world!

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

1858.

ART THOU ALSO HIS DISCIPLE?

'T is a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

If I love, why am I thus?
 Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse
 Who have never heard his name!

Could my heart so hard remain,
 Prayer a task and burden prove,
 Every trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love?

When I turn my eyes within
 All is dark, and vain, and wild:
 Filled with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child?

If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mixed with all I do;
 You that love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me, is it thus with you?

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;
 Should I grieve for what I feel
 If I did not love at all?

Could I joy his saints to meet,
 Choose the ways I once abhorred,
 Find at times the promise sweet,
 If I did not love the Lord?

Lord, decide the doubtful case!
 Thou who art thy people's sun,
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.

Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray;
 If I have not loved before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

JOHN NEWTON.

1779.

A DOUBT.

"Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop
 Than when we soar."

WORDSWORTH.

I KNOW not how the right may be:—
 But I give thanks whene'er I see
 Down in the green slopes of the west
 Old Glastonbury's towered crest.

I know not how the right may be:—
 But I have oft had joy to see
 By play of chance my road beside
 The cross on which our Saviour died.

I know not how the right may be:—
 But I loved once a tall elm-tree,
 Because between its boughs on high
 That cross was opened on the sky.

I know not how the right may be:—
 But I have shed strange tears to see,
 Passing an unknown town at night,
 In some warm chamber full of light,
 A mother and two children fair,
 Kneeling with lifted hands at prayer.

I know not how it is, — my boast
 Of reason seems to dwindle down;
 And my mind seems down-argued most
 By forced conclusions not her own.

I know not how it is, — unless
 Weakness and strength are near allied;
 And joys which most the spirit bless
 Are furthest off from earthly pride.

HENRY ALFORD

DOUBT.

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
 Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
 Are tender over drowning flies,
 You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew
 In many a subtle question versed,
 Who touched a jarring lyre at first,
 But ever strove to make it true:

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
 At last he beat his music out.
 There lives more faith in honest doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
 He would not make his judgment blind,
 He faced the spectres of the mind
 And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
 And Power was with him in the night,
 Which makes the darkness and the light,
 And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,
 As over Sinai's peaks of old,
 While Israel made their gods of gold,
 Although the trumpet blew so loud.

1850.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE LARGER HOPE.

OH yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill.
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
 That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete ;

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything ;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last — far off — at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream : but what am I ?
 An infant crying in the night :
 An infant crying for the light :
 And with no language but a cry.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1850.

DIABOLUS THE DOUBTER.

The following lines occur in "The Layman's Breviary," written by SCHEFER on his return from extensive travels with the Prince Puckler-Muskau, whose private secretary he was. The poem exalts the family, the wife, the mother and the child, and exhibits a devout reverence for the Creator. There are meditations for every day of the year, whence the title. The work has been very popular in Germany, where it has passed through many editions.

DIABOLUS the devil is the doubter,
 The caviller, the sceptic, who forever
 Has doubts of being, love, and of the good
 He ought to do ; who in his dark distrust
 Of all the truth that stirs within his heart,
 Would fain exempt himself from virtue's law,
 From action, and at last ends in despair.
 And wouldst thou know who is the angel now?
 He who believes in all the good and fair
 He finds in others, loves to find it there,
 Finds love in God, and God's love everywhere,
 Throughout the universe, and gladliest
 In his own bosom ; who to satisfy
 His honor, to be worthy of himself,
 So lives as if God always looked on him !
 That man, and only he, who lives a life
 Worthy of God, lives the true life of man.

GOTTLIEB LEOPOLD IMMANUEL SCHEFER, 1834.
 Translated by C. T. BROOKS, D. D., 1867.

PROPHETS OF DOUBT.

ONE lifts aloft his vatic cry,
 And bids the race believe in man,
 The possible and perfect Pan,
 Who, if he wills it, may defy

Whate'er of evil shares control
 With good, in his warfaring soul,
 And find his heaven beneath the sky.

One craves with more than Attic zest,
 The fair Greek calm all statue-wrought
 To Phidian fineness, — pleasures caught
 From sensuous nature at her best :
 Too Lotos-lapped, Endymion-wise,
 To front with Eastern-gazing eyes
 The jar and jostle of the West.

One meets us with a rolic air,
 And while he twirls his ring and book,
 Propounds, with serious-comic look,
 Some paradox : yet points us where
 She sings, — "half angel and half bird,"
 Whose faith no Delphic doubt has blurred
 With fumes of a sublime despair.

One, pacing slow beside the seas
 That belt his island-home, can find
 No voice to hush the questioning mind,
 Or win the wrestling spirit ease ;
 No gleam upon "the altar-stairs,"
 No test assured, save his who bears
 Beneath his cloak the jangled "keys."

One, with a pale, pathetic gloom
 About his brows, beats on his breast
 And moans : "I find no anchored rest
 Safe from the surge of doubt or doom :
 I pant to break the bars that prison
 My bonded soul : *Christ is not risen!*
 The seal is yet upon his tomb !"

One dreams above the gray-grown past,
 But with a brow so earthly-sad,
 That even his May-tides scarce seem glad,
 And o'er his happiest skies are cast
 A creeping chill, a curdling breath,
 Like cêrecloth on the face of death,
 Death that still ends the tale at last.

One a new gospel would rehearse
 In place of old dogmatic creed :
 Through culture shall the mind be freed
 From all of past or present curse ;
 Till by its sweetness and its light
 An outgrown god be banished quite
 Beyond the self-caused universe.

And one, the last, his glowing lyre
 Cooled with Arcadian violets, sings,
 Just what the veriest pagan's strings
 Gave forth, before Promethean fire
 Into his leaping pulses stole,
 And taught him how the royal soul
 Disdains the senses' mean attire.

O prophets of a younger day!
 O seers of an unfaith that seems
 To shift with every dreamer's dreams,
 And veer with every meteor's ray, —
 Can phosphorescent sparks like these
 Guide through the trough of gulping seas,
 /Recks drifting in despair away?

What help is here for hearts undone?
 What stay for frantic souls? What hope
 For piercing prayers that wildly grope
 After the peace they have not won,
 Across the abysmal spaces? Who
 Implores not some diviner clew
 To lead him to the central sun?

Keep, then, your sad negotiations, iced
 With darkness, doubt, and frore despair;
 Bind up your vision, and declare
 That no evangel has sufficed,
 (Despite the faith of myriads dead,)
 Upon your deviate paths to shed
 The light ye seek: but leave us Christ!

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

1875.

THE ONE REALITY.

FOG-WREATHS of doubt in blinding eddies
 drifted,

Whirlwinds of fancy, counter-gusts of thought,
 Shadowless shadows where warm lives were
 sought,

Numb feet, that feel not their own tread, up-
 lifted

On clouds of formless wonder, lightning-rifted!
 What marvel that the whole world's life should
 seem,

To helpless intellect, a Brahma-dream,
 From which the real and restful is out-sifted!
 Through the dim storm a white peace-bearing
 Dove

Gleams, and the mist rolls back, the shadows
 flee,

The dream is past. A clear calm sky above,
 Firm rock beneath: a royal-scrolled tree,
 And One, thorn-diademed, the King of love,
 The Son of God who gave himself for me!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

FAITH AND WORKS.

NOT what we think, but what we do,
 Makes saints of us: all stiff and cold,
 The outlines of the corpse show through
 The cloth of gold.

And in despite the outward sin, —
 Despite belief with creeds at strife, —
 The principle of love within
 Leavens the life.

For, 't is for fancied good, I claim,
 That men do wrong, — not wrong's desire;
 Wrapping themselves, as 't were, in flame
 To cheat the fire.

Not what God gives, but what he takes,
 Uplifts us to the holiest height;
 On truth's rough crags life's current breaks
 To diamond light.

From transient evil I do trust
 That we a final good shall draw;
 That in confusion, death, and dust
 Are light and law;

That he whose glory shines among
 The eternal stars, descends to mark
 This foolish little atom swung
 Loose in the dark.

But though I should not thus receive
 A sense of order and control,
 My God, I could not disbelieve
 My sense of soul.

For though, alas! I can but see
 A hand's breadth backward, or before,
 I *am*, and since I am, must be
 Forevermore.

ALICE CARY.

WALKING BY FAITH.

By faith in Christ I walk with God,
 With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
 Supported by his staff and rod,
 My road is safe, and pleasant too.

I travel through a desert wide,
 Where many round me blindly stray;
 But he vouchsafes to be my Guide,
 And will not let me miss my way.

Though snares and dangers throng my path,
 And earth and hell my course withstand,
 I triumph over all by faith,
 Guarded by his Almighty hand.

The wilderness affords no food;
 But God for my support prepares,
 Provides me every needful good,
 And frees my soul from wants and cares.

With him sweet converse I maintain ;
Great as he is, I dare be free ;
I tell him all my grief and pain ;
And he reveals his love to me.

Some cordial from his Word he brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints ;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures, that will quickly end ;
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend !

JOHN NEWTON.

1779.

THE FIGHT OF FAITH.

One of the victims of the persecuting Henry VIII., the author was burnt to death at Smithfield, July 16, 1546. The following was made and sung by her while a prisoner in Newgate.

LIKE as the armed knighte,
Appointed to the fielde,
With this world wil I fight,
And faith shal be my shilde.

Faith is that weapon stronge,
Which wil not faile at nede ;
My foes therefore amonge,
Therewith wil I procede.

As it is had in strengthe,
And force of Christes waye,
It wil prevaile at lengthe,
Though all the devils say *naye*.

Faith of the fathers olde
Obtained right witness,
Which makes me very bolde
To fear no worlds distress:

I now rejoyce in harte,
And hope bides me do so,
For Christ wil take my part,
And ease me of my wo.

Thou sayst, Lord, whoso knocke,
To them wilt thou attende ;
Undo, therefore, the locke,
And thy stronge power sende.

More enemies now I have
Than heeres upon my head ;
Let them not me deprave,
But fight thou in my steade.

On thee my care I cast,
For all their cruell spight ;
I set not by their hast,
For thou art my delight.

I am not she that list
My anker to let fall
For every drislinge mist ;
My shippe 's substantial.

Not oft I use to wright
In prose, nor yet in ryme ;
Yet wil I shewe one sight,
That I saw in my time.

I sawe a royall throne,
Where Justice shulde have sitte ;
But in her steade was one
Of moody cruell witte.

Absorpt was rightwisness,
As by the raginge floude ;
Sathan, in his excess,
Sucute up the guiltlesse bloude.

Then thought I, — Jesus, Lorde,
When thou shalt judge us all,
Harde is it to recorde
On these men what will fall.

Yet, Lorde, I thee desire,
For that they doe to me,
Let them not taste the hire
Of their iniquitie !

ANNE ASKEWE

REST IN FAITH.

“ Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be ; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him ; for we shall see him as he is.” — I JOHN iii. 2.

THERE are, who, darkling and alone,
Would wish the weary night were gone,
Though dawning morn should only show
The secret of their unknown woe :
Who pray for sharpest throbs of pain
To ease them of doubt's galling chain :
“ Only disperse the cloud,” they cry,
“ And if our fate be death, give light and let
us die.”

Unwise I deem them, Lord, unmeet
To profit by thy chastenings sweet,
For thou wouldst have us linger still
Upon the verge of good or ill,
That on thy guiding hand unseen
Our undivided hearts may lean,
And this our frail and foundering bark
Glide in the narrow wake of thy beloved ark.

'T is so in war, — the champion true
Loves victory more, when dim in view
He sees her glories gild afar
The dusky edge of stubborn war,
Than if the untrodden bloodless field
The harvest of her laurels yield ;
Let not my bark in calm abide,
But win her fearless way against the chafing
tide.

'T is so in love, — the faithful heart
From her dim vision would not part,
When first to her fond gaze is given
That purest spot in fancy's heaven,
For all the gorgeous sky beside,
Though pledged her own and sure to abide :
Dearer than every past noonday
That twilight gleam to her, though faint and
far away.

So have I seen some tender flower
Prized above all the vernal bower,
Sheltered beneath the coolest shade,
Embosomed in the greenest glade,
So frail a gem, it scarce may bear
The playful touch of evening air ;
When hardier grown we love it less,
And trust it from our sight, not needing our
caress.

And wherefore is the sweet spring-tide
Worth all the changeful year beside ?
The last-born babe, why lies its part
Deep in the mother's inmost heart ?
But that the Lord and source of love
Would have his weakest ever prove
Our tenderest care, — and most of all
Our frail immortal souls, his work and Satan's
thrall.

So be it, Lord ; I know it best,
Though not as yet this wayward breast
Beat quite in answer to thy voice ;
Yet surely I have made my choice ;
I know not yet the promised bliss,
Know not if I shall win or miss ;
So doubting, rather let me die,
Than close with aught beside, to last eternally.

What is the heaven we idly dream ?
The self-deceiver's dreary theme,
A cloudless sun that softly shines,
Bright maidens and unfailling vines,
The warrior's pride, the hunter's mirth,
Poor fragments all of this low earth :
Such as in sleep would hardly soothe
A soul that once had tasted of immortal truth.

What is the heaven our God bestows ?
No prophet yet, no angel knows ;
Was never yet created eye
Could see across eternity ;
Not seraph's wing forever soaring
Can pass the flight of souls adoring,
That nearer still and nearer grow
To the unapproached Lord, once made fo-
them so low.

Unseen, unfelt their earthly growth,
And self-accused of sin and sloth,
They live and die ; their names decay,
Their fragrance passes quite away ;
Like violets in the freezing blast
No vernal steam around they cast, —
But they shall flourish from the tomb,
The breath of God shall wake them into
odorous bloom.

Then on the incarnate Saviour's breast,
The fount of sweetness, they shall rest,
Their spirits every hour imbued
More deeply with his precious blood.
But peace, — still voice and closed eye
Suit best with hearts beyond the sky,
Hearts training in their low abode,
Daily to lose themselves in hope to find their
God.

1827.

JOHN KEBLE.

◆

FAITH.

SECURELY cabined in the ship below,
Through darkness and through storm I cross
the sea,
A pathless wilderness of waves to me :
But yet I do not fear, because I know
That he who guides the good ship o'er that
waste
Sees in the stars her shining pathway traced.
Blindfold I walk this life's bewildering maze ;
Up flinty steep, through frozen mountain pass,
Through thorn-set barren and through deep
morass ;
But strong in faith I tread the uneven ways,
And bare my head unshrinking to the blast,
Because my Father's arm is round me cast ;
And if the way seems rough, I only clasp
The hand that leads me with a firmer grasp.

ANNE C. LYNCH BOTTA.

◆

ODE TO CHARITY.

O CHARITY, divinely wise,
Thou meek-eyed daughter of the skies !
From the pure fountain of eternal light,
Where fair, immutable, and ever bright,

The beatific vision shines,
 Where angel with archangel joins
 In choral songs to sing his praise,
 Parent of life, Ancient of days,
 Who was ere time existed, and shall be
 Through the wide round of vast eternity,
 Oh, come, thy warm celestial beams impart,
 Enlarge my feelings, and expand my heart!

Descend from radiant realms above,
 Thou effluence of that boundless love
 Whence joy and peace in streams unsullied
 flow,

Oh, deign to make thy loved abode below!
 Though sweeter strains adorned my tongue
 Than saint conceived or seraph sung,
 And though my glowing fancy caught
 Whatever art or nature taught,
 Yet if this hard, unfeeling heart of mine
 Ne'er felt thy force, O Charity divine!
 An empty shadow science would be found:
 My knowledge ignorance, my wit a sound!

Though my prophetic spirit knew
 To bring futurity to view,
 Without thine aid e'en this would not avail,
 For tongues shall cease and prophecies shall
 fail.

Come, then, thou sweet immortal guest,
 Shed thy soft influence o'er my breast,
 Bring with thee Faith, divinely bright,
 And Hope, fair harbinger of light,
 To clear each mist with their pervading ray,
 To fit my soul for heaven and point the way;
 There perfect Happiness her sway maintains,
 For there the God of peace forever reigns.

HANNAH MORE

PRAYER FOR CHARITY.

"So the sun returned ten degrees, by which degrees it was gone down."—ISA. xxxviii. 8. Compare Joshua x. 13.

'T IS true, of old the unchanging sun
 His daily course refused to run,
 The pale moon, hurrying to the west,
 Paused at a mortal's call, to aid
 The avenging storm of war, that laid
 Seven guilty realms at once on earth's defiled
 breast.

But can it be, one suppliant tear
 Should stay the ever-moving sphere?
 A sick man's lowly breathed sigh,
 When from the world he turns away,
 And hides his weary eyes to pray,
 Should change your mystic dance, ye wander-
 ers of the sky?

We too, O Lord, would fain command,
 As then, thy wonder-working hand,
 And backward force the waves of time,
 That now so swift and silent bear
 Our restless bark from year to year;
 Help us to pause and mourn to thee our tale
 of crime.

Bright hopes, that erst the bosom warmed,
 And vows, too pure to be performed,
 And prayers blown wide by gales of
 care,—
 These, and such faint half-waking dreams,
 Like stormy lights on mountain streams,
 Wavering and broken all, athwart the con-
 science glare.

How shall we 'scape the o'erwhelming past?
 Can spirits broken, joys o'er-cast,
 And eyes that never more may smile,—
 Can these the avenging bolt delay,
 Or win us back one little day
 The bitterness of death to soften and beguile?

Father and lover of our souls!
 Though darkly round thine anger rolls,
 Thy sunshine smiles beneath the gloom;
 Thou seek'st to warn us, not confound;
 Thy showers would pierce the hardened
 ground,
 And win it to give out its brightness and per-
 fume.

Thou smilest on us in wrath, and we,
 Even in remorse, would smile on thee;
 The tears that bathe our offered hearts,
 We would not have them, stained and dim,
 But dropped from wings of seraphim,
 All glowing with the light accepted love im-
 parts.

Time's waters will not ebb, nor stay;
 Power cannot change them, but love may;
 What cannot be, love counts it done.
 Deep in the heart, her searching view
 Can read where faith is fixed and true;
 Through shades of setting life can see heaven's
 work begun.

O thou, who keep'st the key of love,
 Open thy fount, eternal Dove,
 And overflow this heart of mine,
 Enlarging as it fills with thee,
 Till in one blaze of charity
 Care and remorse are lost, like motes in light
 divine!

Till as each moment wafts us higher,
 By every gush of pure desire,

And high-breathed hope of joys above,
By every sacred sigh we heave,
Whole years of folly we outlive
In his unerring sight who measures life by
love.

JOHN KEBLE.

1827.

THIS DID NOT ONCE SO TROUBLE
ME.

THIS did not once so trouble me,
That better I could not love Thee ;
But now I feel and know
That only when we love, we find
How far our hearts remain behind
The love they should bestow.

While we had little care to call
On Thee, and scarcely prayed at all,
We seemed enough to pray :
But now we only think with shame
How seldom to thy glorious name
Our lips their offerings pay.

And when we gave yet slighter heed
Unto our brother's suffering need,
Our hearts reproached us then
Not half so much as now, that we
With such a careless eye can see
The woes and wants of men.

In doing is this knowledge won,
To see what yet remains undone ;
With this our pride repress,
And give us grace, a growing store,
That day by day we may do more,
And may esteem it less.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

LOVE BASHFUL.

WHEN Nature tries her finest touch,
Weaving her vernal wreath,
Mark ye, how close she veils her round,
Not to be traced by sight or sound,
Nor soiled by ruder breath ?

Who ever saw the earliest rose
First open her sweet breast ?
Or, when the summer sun goes down,
The first soft star in evening's crown
Light up her gleaming crest ?

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom
On features wan and fair, —
The gazing eye no change can trace,
But look away a little space,
Then turn, and, lo ! 't is there.

But there's a sweeter flower than e'er
Blushed on the rosy spray, —
A brighter star, a richer bloom,
Than e'er did western heaven illumine
At close of summer day.

'T is love, the last best gift of Heaven,
Love, gentle, holy, pure ;
But tenderer than a dove's soft eye,
The searching sun, the open sky,
She never could endure.

Even human love will shrink from sight
Here in the coarse rude earth :
How then should rash intruding glance
Break in upon *her* sacred trance
Who boasts a heavenly birth ?

So still and secret is her growth,
Ever the truest heart,
Where deepest strikes her kindly root
For hope or joy, for flower or fruit,
Least knows its happy part.

God only, and good angels, look
Behind the blissful screen, —
As when, triumphant o'er his woes,
The Son of God by moonlight rose,
By all but Heaven unseen :

As when the Holy Maid beheld
Her risen Son and Lord :
Thought has not colors half so fair
That she to paint that hour may dare,
In silence best adored.

The gracious Dove, that brought from heaven
The earnest of our bliss,
Of many a chosen witness telling,
On many a happy vision dwelling,
Sings not a note of this.

So, truest image of the Christ,
Old Israel's long-lost son,
What time, with sweet forgiving cheer,
He called his conscious brethren near,
Would weep with them alone.

He could not trust his melting soul
• But in his Maker's sight, —
Then why should gentle hearts and true
Bare to the rude world's withering view
Their treasure of delight !

No, — let the dainty rose awhile
Her bashful fragrance hide, —
Rend not her silken veil too soon,
But leave her in her own soft noon
To flourish and abide.

1827.

JOHN KEBLE

OH THE HURT OF LOVE.

Oh the hurt, the hurt, and the hurt of love!
Wherever the sun shines, the waters go,
It hurts the snowdrop, it hurts the dove,
God on his throne, and man below.

But sun would not shine, nor waters go,
Snowdrop tremble, nor fair dove moan,
God be on high, nor man below,
But for love — for the love with its hurt alone.

Thou knowest, O Saviour, its hurt and its sorrows,
Didst rescue its joy by the might of thy pain:
Lord of all yesterdays, days, and to-morrows,
Help us love on in the hope of thy gain;

Hurt as it may, love on, love forever;
Love for love's sake, like the Father above,
But for whose brave-hearted Son we had never
Known the sweet hurt of the sorrowful love.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

LITTLE CHRISTEL.

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only."
JAMES I. 22.

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS is an English writer who chooses to issue his productions under a variety of *noms de guerre*. As "Matthew Browne," he has published "Chaucer's England"; as "Henry Holbeach," he has written the "Shoemaker's Village" and articles in the reviews; and as "Timon Fieldmouse," also, he has contributed to magazine literature. The following is from "Liliput Levee," a collection of verses for children.

I.

GOING home from the house of God,
The flower at her foot, and the sun overhead,
Little Christel so thoughtfully trod,
Pondering what the preacher had said.

"Even the youngest, humblest child
Something may do to please the Lord."
"Now what," thought she, and half-sadly smiled,
"Can I, so little and poor, afford?"

"Never, never a day should pass
Without some kindness kindly shown."
Little Christel looked down at the grass
Rising like incense before the throne.

"Well, a day is before me now;
Yet what," thought she, "can I do if I try?"
If an angel of God should show me how,
But silly am I, — and the hours they fly."

Then a lark sprang singing up from the sod,
And Christel thought, as he rose to the blue,
"Perhaps he will carry my prayer to God;
But who would have thought the little lark knew?"

II.

Now she entered the village street,
With book in hand and face demure;
And soon she came, with sober feet,
To a crying babe at a cottage door.

The child had a windmill that would not move:
It puffed with its round, red cheeks in vain;
One sail stuck fast in a puzzling groove,
And baby's breath could not stir it again.

Poor baby beat the sail, and cried,
While no one came from the cottage door;
But little Christel knelt down by its side,
And set the windmill going once more.

Then babe was pleased, and the little girl
Was glad when she heard it laugh and crow;
Thinking, "Happy windmill, that has but to whirl,
To please the pretty young creature so!"

III.

No thought of herself was in her head,
As she passed out at the end of the street,
And came to a rose-tree tall and red,
Drooping and faint with the summer heat.

She ran to a brook that was flowing by;
She made of her two hands a nice round cup,
And washed the roots of the rose-tree high,
Till it lifted its languid blossoms up.

"O happy brook!" thought little Christel,
"You have done some good this summer's day:
You have made the flower look fresh and well!"
Then she rose, and went on her way.

IV.

But she saw, as she walked by the side of the brook,
Some great rough stones that troubled its course;
And the gurgling water seemed to say, "Look!
I struggle and tumble, and murmur hoarse!"

"How these stones obstruct my road!
How I wish they were off and gone!
Then I could flow as once I flowed,
Singing in silvery undertone."

Then little Christel, as light as a bird,
Put off the shoes from her young white feet;
She moves two stones, she comes to a third,
The brook already sings, "Thanks to you,
sweet!"

Oh! then she hears the lark in the skies,
And thinks, "What is it to God he says?"
And she stumbles and falls, and cannot rise,
For the water stifles her downward face.

The little brook flows on as before,
The little lark sings with as sweet a sound;
The little babe crows at the cottage door,
And the red rose blooms,—but Christel
lies drowned.

v.

Come in softly! this is the room:
Is not that an innocent face?
Yes, those flowers give a faint perfume:
Think, child, of heaven, and the Lord,—
his grace.

Three at the right, and three at the left,
Two at the feet, and two at the head,
The tapers burn. The friends bereft
Have cried till their eyes are swollen and
red.

Who would have thought it when little Christel
Pondered on what the preacher had told?
But the good, wise God does all things well,
And the fair young creature lies dead and
cold.

vi.

Then a little stream crept into the place,
And rippled up to the coffin's side,
And touched the corpse on its pale, round face,
And kissed the eyes till they trembled wide;

Saying, "I am a river of joy from heaven;
You helped the brook, and I help you:
I sprinkle your brow with life-drops seven,
I bathe your eyes with healing dew."

Then a rose-branch in through the window
came,
And colored her cheeks and lips with red:
"I remember, and Heaven does the same."
Was all that the faithful rose-branch said.

Then a bright, small form to her cold neck
clung,

It breathed on her till her breast did fill;
Saying, "I am a cherub, fond and young,
And I saw who breathed on the baby's mill."

Then little Christel sat up and smiled,
And said, "Who put these flowers in my
hand?"

And rubbed her eyes, poor innocent child,
Not being able to understand.

But soon she heard the big bell of the church
Give the hour, which made her say,
"Oh! I have slept and dreamed in the porch:
It is a very drowsy day."

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

THE LOWEST PLACE.

GIVE me the lowest place; not that I dare
Ask for that lowest place, but thou hast died
That I might live and share
Thy glory by thy side.

Give me the lowest place; or if for me
That lowest place too high, make one more
low
Where I may sit and see
My God, and love thee so.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

PRAYER AGAINST CONCEIT.

LUKE vii. 58.

WILLIAM EVERETT, son of the well-known orator and statesman, Edward Everett, was born at Watertown, Mass., Oct. 10, 1839. After graduating at Harvard College and at Trinity College, Cambridge, England, he became a professor in Harvard, and a Unitarian minister. He is now principal of Adams Academy, Quincy, Mass.

DEAR Saviour, in my hour of pride,
When all the world is gay around,
And friends' and flatterers' empty praise
Uplifts me with its charming sound,—

Send down thy word with force divine,
To kill the serpent in my heart:
O thou long-suffering, teach once more
How low am I, how high thou art.

Thou, whose transcendent spirit holds
Creation open to its view,
And, ages ere the worlds were made,
The Father's inmost counsels knew,—

Oh, tame and bind beneath thy hand
The vain conceit that bids me soar!
Show me how poor is all my skill,
How weak my voice, how mean my lore!

But since thy never-dying love
Some boon on every child bestows,
And none that meekly asks a share
Ungifted from thy presence goes, —

Grant those sweet friends thy bounty gives
Thy life inspiring mine may see;
That they whom love to me hath bound
Be ever one in God with thee.

WILLIAM EVERETT.

1869.

PRAYER FOR HUMILITY.

HUMBLE, Lord, my haughty spirit,
Bid my swelling thoughts subside;
Strip me of my fancied merit:
What have I to do with pride?
Was my Saviour meek and lowly?
And shall such a worm as I,
Weak, and earthly, and unholy,
Dare to lift my head on high?

Teach me, Lord, my true condition;
Bring me childlike to thy knee;
Stripped of every low ambition,
Willing to be led by thee.
Guide me by thy Holy Spirit;
Feed me from thy blessed word:
All my wisdom, all my merit,
Borrowed from thyself, O Lord!

Like a little babe, confiding,
Simple, docile, let me be;
Trusting still to thy providing,
Willing to be led by thee.
Thus my all to thee submitting,
I am thine and not my own;
And when earthly hopes are fitting,
Rest secure on God alone.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

1834.

CHARITY AND HUMILITY.

FAR have I clambered in my mind,
But nought so great as love I find:
Deep-searching wit, mount-moving might,
Are nought compared to that good sprite.
Life of delight, and soul of bliss!
Sure source of lasting happiness!
Higher than heaven! lower than hell!
What is thy tent? Where mayst thou dwell?

My mansion hight humility,
Heaven's vastest capability.
The further it doth downward bend,
The higher up it doth ascend;

If it go down to utmost nought,
It shall return with what it sought.
Lord, stretch thy tent in my strait breast;
Enlarge it downward, that sure rest
May there be pight for that pure fire
Wherewith thou wonest to inspire
All self-dead souls: my life is gone;
Sad solitude's my irksome won;¹
Cut off from men and all this world,
In Lethe's lonesome ditch I'm hurled;
Nor might nor sight doth aught me move,
Nor do I care to be above.

O feeble rays of mental light,
That best be seen in this dark night,
What are you? What is any strength
If it be not laid in one length
With pride or love? I nought desire
But a new life, or quite to expire.
Could I demolish with mine eye
Strong towers, stop the fleet stars in sky,
Bring down to earth the pale-faced moon,
Or turn black midnight to bright noon;
Though all things were put in my hand, —
As parched, as dry as the Libyan sand
Would be my life, if charity
Were wanting. But humility
Is more than my poor soul durst crave
That lies entombed in lowly grave;
But if 't were lawful up to send
My voice to Heaven, this should it rend:
"Lord, thrust me deeper into dust,
That thou mayst raise me with the just."

HENRY MORE.

PATIENCE.

SHE hath no beauty in her face
Unless the chastened sweetness there,
And meek long-suffering, yield a grace
To make her mournful features fair: —

Shunned by the gay, the proud, the young,
She roams through dim, unsheltered ways;
Nor lover's vow, nor flatterer's tongue
Brings music to her sombre days: —

At best her skies are clouded o'er,
And oft she fronts the stinging sleet,
Or feels on some tempestuous shore
The storm-waves lash her naked feet.

Where'er she strays, or musing stands
By lonesome beach, by turbulent mart,
We see her pale, half-tremulous hands
Crossed humbly o'er her aching heart!

¹ Dwelling.

Within, a secret pain she bears, —
 A pain too deep to feel the balm
 An April spirit finds in tears;
 Alas! all cureless griefs are calm!

Yet in her passionate strength supreme,
 Despair beyond her pathway flies,
 Awed by the softly steadfast beam
 Of sad, but heaven-enamored eyes!

Who pause to greet her, vaguely seem
 Touched by fine wafts of holier air;
 As those who in some mystic dream
 Talk with the angels unaware!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

ZEAL AND PATIENCE.

"I, Paul, the prisoner of the Lord."
 EPH. iii. 1.

O COMRADE bold of toil and pain!
 Thy trial how severe,
 When severed first by prisoner's chain
 From thy loved labor-sphere!

Say, did impatience first impel
 The Heaven-sent bond to break?
 Or couldst thou bear its hindrance well,
 Loitering for Jesu's sake?

Oh, might we know! for sore we feel
 The languor of delay,
 When sickness lets our fainter zeal,
 Or foes block up our way.

Lord! who thy thousand years dost wait
 To work the thousandth part
 Of thy vast plan, for us create
 With zeal a patient heart.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

OFF SARDINIA, June 19, 1833.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

WHY loves my flower, so high reclined
 Upon these walls of barren gloom,
 To waste her sweetness on the wind,
 And far from every eye to bloom?
 Why joy to twine with golden braid
 This ruined rampart's aged head,
 Proud to expose her gentle form,
 And swing her bright locks in the storm?

That lonely spot is bleak and hoar,
 Where prints my flower her fragrant kiss;
 Yet sorrow hangs not fonder o'er
 The ruins of her faded bliss.

And wherefore will she thus inweave
 The owl's lone couch, and feel at eve
 The wild bat o'er her blossoms fling,
 And strike them down with heedless wing?

Thus gazing on the forest tower
 Of ruined Fore at eventide,
 The Muse addressed a lonely flower,
 That bloomed above in summer pride.
 The Muse's eye, the Muse's ear,
 Can more than others see and hear:
 The breeze of evening murmured by,
 And gave, she deemed, this faint reply: —

"On this lone tower, so wild and drear,
 Mid storms and clouds I love to lie,
 Because I find a freedom here
 Which prouder haunts could ne'er supply.
 Safe on these walls I sit, and stem
 The elements that conquered them;
 And high o'er reach of plundering foe
 Smile on an anxious world below.

"Though envied place I may not claim
 On warrior's crest or lady's hair,
 Though tongue may never speak my name,
 Nor eye behold and own me fair;
 To Him who tends me from the sky,
 I spread my beauties here on high,
 And bid the winds to waft above
 My incense to his throne of love.

"And though in hermit solitude,
 Aloft and wild my home I choose,
 On the rock's bosom pillowed rude,
 And nurtured by the falling dew;
 Yet duly with the opening year
 I hang my golden mantle here.
 A child of God's I am, and he
 Sustains, and clothes, and shelters me.

"Nor deem my state without its bliss:
 Mine is the first young smile of day;
 Mine the light zephyr's earliest kiss;
 And mine the skylark's matin lay.
 These are my joys: with these on high
 In peace I hope to live and die,
 And drink the dew, and scent the breeze.
 As bright a flower as Flora sees."

Bloom on, sweet moralist! Be thine
 The softest shower, the brightest sun!
 Long o'er a world of error shine,
 And teach them what to seek and shun!
 Bloom on, and show the simple glee
 That dwells with those who dwell like thee
 From noise and glare and folly driven
 To thought, retirement, peace, and heaven.

Show them in thine the Christian's lot,
 So dark and drear in worldly eyes,
 And yet he would exchange it not
 For all they most pursue and prize.
 From meaner cares and trammels free,
 He soars above the world, like thee;
 And fed and nurtured from above,
 Returns the debt in grateful love.

Frail, like thyself, fair flower, is he,
 And beat by every storm and shower;
 Yet on a rock he stands, like thee,
 And braves the tempest's wildest power.
 And there he blooms, and gathers still
 A good from every seeming ill;
 And pleased with what his lot has given,
 He lives to God, and looks to heaven.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

1846.

MY MINDE TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

MY minde to me a kingdom is;
 Such perfect joy therein I finde
 As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
 That God or nature hath assignde;
 Though much I want that most would have,
 Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay, —
 I seek no more than may suffice.
 I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
 Look, what I lack my minde supplies.
 Loe, thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my minde doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
 And hastie clymbers soonest fall;
 I see that such as sit aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all.
 These get with toile, and keepe with feare;
 Such cares my minde could never beare.

No princely pompe nor welthie store,
 No force to win the victorie,
 No wylie wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to winne a lover's eye, —
 To none of these I yeeld as thrall;
 For why, my minde despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
 I little have, yet seek no more.
 They are but poore, though much they have,
 And I am rich with little store.
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse.
 I grudge not at another's gain;

No worldly wave my minde can tosse;
 I brooke that is another's bane.
 I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
 I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;
 I weigh not Cresus' wealth a straw;
 For care, I care not what it is;
 I feare not fortune's fatal law;
 My minde is such as may not move
 For beautie bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
 I wander not to seeke for more;
 I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
 In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,
 And laugh at them that toile in vaine
 To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;
 I feigne not love where most I hate;
 I breake no sleepe to winne my will;
 I wayte not at the mightie's gate.
 I scorne no poore, I feare no rich;
 I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court ne cart I like ne loath. —
 Extreames are counted worst of all;
 The golden meane betwixt them both
 Doth surest sit, and feares no fall;
 This is my choyce; for why, I finde
 No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
 My conscience clere my chiefe defence;
 I never seeke by bribes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offence.
 Thus do I live, thus will I die;
 Would all did so as well as I!

SIR EDMUND DYER, altered by
WILLIAM BYRD, 1588

A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

THOMAS PARNELL, a contemporary of Pope, was born in Dublin, in 1679, and died at Chester, Oct. 18, 1718, or July, 1717. He was the author of a popular poem, entitled "The Hermit." He was a clergyman.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!
 Sweet delight of human kind!
 Heavenly born, and bred on high,
 To crown the favorites of the sky
 With more of happiness below
 Than victors in a triumph know!
 Whither, oh, whither art thou fled,
 To lay thy meek, contented head?
 What happy region dost thou please
 To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere
 Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
 Increasing avarice would find
 Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
 The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
 Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
 To gain thy love, and then perceives
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
 The silent heart, which grief assails,
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
 Sees daisies open, rivers run,
 And seeks (as I have vainly done)
 Amusing thought; but learns to know
 That solitude's the nurse of woe.

No real happiness is found
 In trailing purple o'er the ground:
 Or in a soul exalted high,
 To range the circuit of the sky,
 Converse with stars above, and know
 All nature in its forms below;
 The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
 And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
 This world itself, if thou art here,
 Is once again with Eden blest,
 And man contains it in his breast.

'T was thus, as under shade I stood,
 I sung my wishes to the wood,
 And, lost in thought, no more perceived
 The branches whisper as they waved:
 It seemed as all the quiet place
 Confessed the presence of the Grace;
 When thus she spoke: "Go, rule thy will;
 Bid thy wild passions all be still;
 Know God, and bring thy heart to know
 The joys which from religion flow:
 Then every grace shall prove its guest,
 And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh, by yonder mossy seat,
 In my hours of sweet retreat,
 Might I thus my soul employ
 With sense of gratitude and joy;
 Raised as ancient prophets were,
 In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
 Pleasing all men, hurting none,
 Pleased and blessed with God alone:
 Then, while the gardens take my sight
 With all the colors of delight,
 While silver waters glide along
 To please my ear and court my song,
 I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
 And thee, Great Source of Nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
 To light the world and give the day;

The moon that shines with borrowed light;
 The stars that gild the gloomy night;
 The seas that roll unnumbered waves;
 The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
 The field whose ears conceal the grain,
 The yellow treasure of the plain;—
 All of these, and all I see,
 Should be sung, and sung by me:
 They speak their Maker as they can,
 But want and ask the tongue of man.
 Go, search among your idle dreams,
 Your busy or your vain extremes,
 And find a life of equal bliss,
 Or own the *next* begun in *this*.

THOMAS PARNELL, D.D.

—◆—
 "BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART."

THEY who have kept their spirit's virgin
 whiteness
 Undimmed by folly and unstained by sin,
 And made their foreheads radiant with the
 brightness
 Of the pure truth whose temple is within,—
 They shall see God.

Freed from the thrall of every sinful passion,
 Around their pathway beams celestial light;
 They drink with joy the waters of salvation,
 And in his love whose love is infinite,—
 They shall see God.

Though clouds may darken into storms around
 them,
 The promise pours through all its steady
 ray;
 Nor hate can daunt nor obloquy confound
 them,
 Nor earth's temptations lure them from
 the way
 That leads to God.

They shall see God! O glorious fruition
 Of all their hopes and longings here below!
 They shall see God in beatific vision,
 And evermore into his likeness grow,—
 Children of God.

So when the measure of their faith is meted,
 And angels beckon from the courts on high,
 Filled with all grace, the work divine com-
 pleted,
 They shall put on their immortality,
 And dwell with God!

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

VIRTUE.

SWEET Day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night, —
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave; —
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shows ye have your closes; —
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

1633.

SOMETIME.

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been
learned,

And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here
have spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes
wet,

Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are
right,

And how what seems reproof was love most
true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and
sigh,

God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see.

And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth
good.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and
shrink,

Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened
breath

Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings
see,

We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may
rest,

When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the
best!"

MAY RILEY SMITH.

NOT LOST.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, daughter of the late Rev. William Henry Havergal, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born in 1837, when her father was rector of Astley, Worcestershire, and died June 3, 1879; at her home. "The Mumbles," near Swansea, Wales. Miss Havergal was a devoted Christian woman, and wrote many religious verses which endeared her to her readers.

WHERE are the countless crystals,
So perfect and so bright,
That robed in softest ermine
The winter day and night?
Not lost! for, life to many a root,
They rise again in flower and fruit.

Where are the mighty forests,
And giant ferns of old,
That in primeval silence
Strange leaf and frond unrolled?
Not lost! for now they shine and blaze,
The light and warmth of Christmas days.

Where are our early lessons,
The teachings of our youth,
The countless words forgotten
Of knowledge and of truth?
Not lost! for they are living still,
As power to think and do and will.

Where is the seed we scatter,
With weak and trembling hand,
Beside the gloomy waters,
Or on the arid land?
Not lost! for after many days
Our prayer and toil shall turn to praise.

Where are the days of sorrow,
 And lonely hours of pain,
 When work is interrupted,
 Or planned and willed in vain?
 Not lost! it is the thorniest shoot
 That bears the Master's pleasant fruit.

Where, where are all God's lessons,
 His teachings dark or bright?
 Not lost! but only hidden,
 Till, in eternal light,
 We see, while at his feet we fall,
 The reasons and results of all!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

SYMBOLS.

I WATCHED a rosebud very long,
 Brought on by dew and sun and shower,
 Waiting to see the perfect flower:
 Then, when I thought it should be strong,
 It opened at the matin hour
 And fell at evensong.

I watched a nest from day to day,
 A green nest full of pleasant shade,
 Wherein three speckled eggs were laid:
 But when they should have hatched in May,
 The two old birds had grown afraid
 Or tired, and flew away.

Then in my wrath I broke the bough
 That I had tended so with care,
 Hoping its scent should fill the air;
 I crushed the eggs, not heeding how
 Their ancient promise had been fair:
 I would have vengeance now.

But the dead branch spoke from the sod,
 And the eggs answered me again:
 "Because we failed dost thou complain.
 Is thy wrath just? And what if God,
 Who waiteth for thy fruits in vain,
 Should also take the rod?"

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

PEACE.

IF sin be in the heart,
 The fairest sky is foul, and sad the summer
 weather,
 The eye no longer sees the lambs at play
 together,
 The dull ear cannot hear the birds that sing
 so sweetly,
 And all the joy of God's good earth is gone
 completely,
 If sin be in the heart.

If peace be in the heart,
 The wildest winter storm is full of solemn
 beauty,
 The midnight lightning flash but shows the
 path of duty,
 Each living creature tells some new and joy-
 ous story,
 The very trees and stones all catch a ray of
 glory,
 If peace be in the heart.

1879.

CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON.

REST.

REST is not quitting
 This busy career;
 Rest is the fitting
 Of self to one's sphere.

'T is the brook's motion,
 Clear without strife,
 Fleeing to the ocean
 After its life.

'T is loving and serving
 The highest and best;
 'T is onward, unswerving:
 And this is true rest.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

PEACE.

"Der du von dem Himmel bist."

THOU that from the heaven art,
 Every pain and sorrow stillest,
 And the doubly wretched heart
 Doubly with refreshment fillest,
 I am weary with contending!
 Why this rapture and unrest?
 Peace descending,
 Come, ah, come into my breast!

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE. Translated
 by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE SEA-BIRD.

I 'VE watched the sea-bird calmly glide
 Unruffled o'er the ocean tide:
 Unscared she heard the waters roar
 In foaming breakers on the shore;
 Fearless of ill, herself she gave
 To rise upon the lifting wave,
 Or sink, to be awhile unseen,
 The undulating swells between:

Till, as the evening shadows grew,
Noiseless, unheard aloft she flew.
While soaring to her rockbound nest
A sunbeam lighted on her breast,—
A moment glittered in mine eye,
Then quickly vanished through the sky.

While by the pebbly beach I stood,
That sea-bird on the waving flood
Pictured to my enraptured eye
A soul at peace with God: now high,
Now low, upon the gulf of life
Raised or depressed, in peace or strife,
Calmly she kens the changeful wave,
She dreads no storm, — she fears no grave;
To her the world's tumultuous roar
Dies like the echo on the shore.
"Father! thy pleasure all fulfil,
I yield me to thy sovereign will;
Let earthly comforts ebb or rise,
Tranquil on thee my soul relies."
Then, as advance the shades of night,
Long plumed, she takes her heavenward flight;
But, as she mounts, I see her fling
A beam of glory from her wing;
A moment — to my aching sight
Lost in the boundless fields of light!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

QUATRAINS,

IN THE PERSIAN MANNER.

I.

OH, be in God's clear world no dark and trou-
bled sprite!
To Christ, thy Master mild, do no such foul
despite;
But show in look, word, mien, that thou be-
long'st to him,
Who says, "My yoke is easy, and my burden
light."

II.

So long as life's hope-sparkle glows, 't is good;
When death delivers from life's woes, 't is
good.
Oh, praise the Lord, who makes all good and
well!
Whether he life or death bestows, 't is good.

III.

The stars above me mount the heavens with
tranquil beam;
So round my couch, O Lord, may heavenly
warders gleam!
And if my bolster be, like Jacob's, a hard
stone,
Let Jacob's ladder, too, be lifted in my dream!

IV.

There came from heaven a flying turtle-dove,
And brought a leaf of clover from above;
He dropped it, — and oh, happy they that find!
The triple flower is faith and hope and love.

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT. Translated by
N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

THE PULLEY.

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
"Let us," said he, "pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span."

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor,
pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said he,
"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my-gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature;
So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast."

GEORGE HERBERT.

1633.

THE PRIEST.

NICHOLAS BRETON, a pastoral writer of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was born about 1555, and died in 1624. Little is known of his personal history.

I WOULD I were an excellent divine
That had the Bible at my fingers' ends;
That men might hear out of this mouth of
mine

How God doth make his enemies his friends;
Rather than with a thundering and long prayer
Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be,
But a religious servant of my God;
And know there is none other God but he,
And willingly to suffer mercy's rod,
Joy in his grace, and live but in his love,
And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer
For all estates within the state of grace.

That careful love might never know despair,
Nor servile fear might faithful love deface :
And this would I both day and night devise
To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life ;
Persuade the troubled soul to patience ;
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,
To child and servant due obedience ;
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbor peace,
That love might live, and quarrels all might cease.

Prayer for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all ; that all may be amended.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

—◆—
PEACE.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell ? I hum-
bly crave,

Let me once know.

I sought thee in a secret cave ;
And asked if Peace were there.

A hollow wind did seem to answer, " No !
Go, seek elsewhere."

I did ; and, going, did a rainbow note :

" Surely," thought I,

" This is the lace of Peace's coat.
I will search out the matter."

But, while I looked, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy

A gallant flower, —

The crown-imperial. " Sure," said I,
" Peace at the root must dwell."

But, when I digged, I saw a worm devour
What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend, good old man ;
Whom when for Peace

I did demand, he thus began :

" There was a prince of old

At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

He sweetly lived ; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes.

But, after death, out of his grave

There sprang twelve stalks of wheat ;

Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set

" It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth.

For they that taste it do rehearse,
That virtue lies therein, —

A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth,
By flight of sin.

" Take of this grain, which in my garden
grows,

And grows for you :

Make bread of it ; and that repose
And peace which everywhere

With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there."

1633.

GEORGE HERBERT.

—◆—
SOOTHFASTNESS.

FLEE from the press and dwell with Soothfast-
ness ; ¹

Suffice thee thy good, though it be small,
For hoard hath hate and climbing tickleness,

Press hath envy and weal is blent ² o'er all.

Savour no more than thee behoove shall ;

Rule well thyself, that other folk canst reed, ³

And Truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread !

Tempest thee not all crooked to redress

In trust of her that turneth as a ball ;

Great rest stands in little busyness :

Beware also to spurn against an awl,

Strive not as doth the crock with the wall ;

Daunt thyself, that dauntest other's deed,

And Truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread !

That thee is sent, receive in buxomness, ⁴

The wrestling for this world asketh a fall :

Here is no home, here is but wilderness.

Forth, pilgrim, forth ! Forth, beast, out of
thy stall !

Know thy country, look up, thank God of all ;

Hold thee high and let thy ghost ⁵ thee lead,

And Truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread !

L'ENVOY.

Therefore, thou beast, leave thine old wretch-
edness ;

Unto the world leave now to be a thrall ;

Cry him mercy, that of his high goodness

Made thee of nought ; and in special

Draw unto him, and pray in general

For thee, and eke for other, heavenly meed,

And Truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread !

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

1386.

¹ Truth. ² Perverted. ³ Counsel ⁴ Meekness. ⁵ Spirit.

"PRAY YE THEREFORE THE LORD
OF THE HARVEST."

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES OF THE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, JULY 18, 1838.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS WHITNEY, a historical student, was born in Quincy, Mass., Sept. 18, 1812, and graduated at Harvard College in 1833. He has been a most careful and painstaking writer, producing works of reference in which accuracy is indispensable, though seldom commended, and blemishes are promptly pointed out and condemned.

Of old, on priest and prophet came
Thy Spirit's light, thy Spirit's power ;
Of old the altar's kindled flame
Declared thy blessing on the hour.
Thy servants, Lord,
That power require,
That light beam ever o'er their way ;
On waiting hearts
A holier fire
Than fell on Carmel fall this day !

In death as faithful pastors sleep,
On us their mantling spirit spread ;
While whitened harvest still we reap,
Where lived and toiled the sainted dead.
Be ever nigh,
All grace impart,
To teach thy truth, to speed thy will :
Lord, purify
The worldly heart ;
The empty, famished spirit fill.

Then bear our Leader's standard high,
Wide let it wave o'er land and sea ;
Till tongues shall cease, till time shall die,
Its blessed folds, unfurled and free,
Be found where care
And doubt and strife,
Where sin and death their shadows fling ;
Who wins shall wear
A crown of life,
While heavenly choirs their pæan sing.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS WHITNEY.

1838.

THE CHURCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE ORDINATION OF MR. HENRY W. BELLOWS,
AT NEW YORK, 1839.

O LORD of life, and truth, and grace,
Ere nature was begun !
Make welcome to our erring race
Thy Spirit and thy Son.

We hail the Church, built high o'er all
The heathen's rage and scoff ;
Thy providence its fenced wall,
"The Lamb the light thereof."

Thy Christ hath reached his heavenly seat
Through sorrows and through scars ;
The golden lamps are at his feet,
And in his hand the stars.

Oh, may he walk among us here,
With his rebuke and love, —
A brightness o'er this lower sphere,
A ray from worlds above !

Teach thou thy youthful servant, Lord,
The mysteries he reveals,
That reverence may receive the word,
And meekness loose the seals.

NATHANIEL L. FROTHINGHAM, D. D.

1839.

MISSIONARIES.

WILLIAM BINGHAM TAPPAN was born at Beverly, Mass., Oct. 29, 1794. He was for a time a missionary of the American Sunday School Union. In 1837 he removed from Cincinnati, where he had labored, to Boston, and died at West Needham, June 18, 1849.

ONWARD, ye men of prayer !
Scatter in rich exuberance the seed,
Whose fruit is living bread, and all your need
Will God supply ; his harvest ye shall
share.

To him, child of the bow,
The wanderer of his native Oregon,
Tell of that Jesus, who in dying won
The peace-branch of the skies, salvation, for
his foe !

Unfurl the banneret
On other shores ; Messiah's cross bid shine
O'er every lovely hill of Palestine ;
Fair stars of glory that shall never set.

Seek ye the far-off isle ;
The sullied jewel of the deep,
O'er whose remembered beauty angels weep,
Restore its lustre and to God give spoil.

Go, break the chain of caste ;
Go, quench the funeral pyre and bid no more
The Indian river roll its waves of gore ;
Look up, thou East, thy night is overpast.

To heal the bruised, speed ;
Oh, pour on Africa the balm
Of Gilead, and, her agony to calm,
Whisper of fetters broken and the spirit
freed.

And thou, O Church, betake
Thyself to watching, labor, help these men:
God shall thee visit of a surety when
Thou art faithful; Church that Jesus bought,
awake, awake!

WILLIAM BINGHAM TAPPAN.

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

The following missionary hymn, the most popular in the English language, was written for use on Whitsunday, 1819, at Wrexham, England, before a collection for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. It was composed the day before it was first used.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men enlighten'd
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

REGINALD HEBER.

1819.

DEPARTING MISSIONARIES.

SPEED thy servants, Saviour, speed them!
Thou art Lord of winds and waves:
They were bound, but thou hast freed them;
Now they go to free the slaves:
Be thou with them!
'T is thine arm alone that saves.

Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord, they go, at thy command;
As their stay thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
Oh, be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand!

Speed them through the mighty ocean,
In the dark and stormy day,
When the waves in wild commotion
Fill all others with dismay:
Be thou with them!
Drive their terrors far away.

When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears;
Be thou with them!
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

When they think of home, now dearer
Than it ever seem'd before,
Bring the promised glory nearer;
Let them see that peaceful shore,
Where thy people
Rest from toil, and weep no more!

Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again!

In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord, in thee:
When success attends their mission,
Let thy servants humbler be:
Never leave them,
Till thy face in heaven they see;

There to reap, in joy forever,
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;
There to be with him, who never
Ceases to preserve his own,
And with triumph
Sing a Saviour's grace alone!

THOMAS KELLY.

1836.

THE GOSPEL OF MYSTERY.

FROM "THE ELDER'S WIFE."

GOOD tidings every day.
God's messengers ride fast.
We do not hear one half they say,
There is such noise on the highway,
Where we must wait till they ride past.

Their banners blaze and shine
 With Jesus Christ's dear name,
 And story, how by God's design
 He saves us, in his love divine,
 And lifts us from our sin and shame.

Their music fills the air,
 Their songs sing all of heaven ;
 Their ringing trumpet-peals declare
 What crowns to souls who fight and dare,
 And win, shall presently be given.

Their hands throw treasures round
 Among the multitude.
 No pause, no choice, no count, no bound,
 No questioning how men are found,
 If they be evil or be good.

But all the banners bear
 Some words we cannot read ;
 And mystic echoes in the air,
 Which borrow from the song no share,
 In sweetness all the songs exceed.

And of the multitude,
 No man but in his hand
 Holds some great gift misunderstood,
 Some treasure, for whose use or good
 His ignorance sees no demand.

These are the tokens lent
 By immortality ;
 Birth-marks of our divine descent ;
 Sureties of ultimate intent,
 God's gospel of Eternity.

Good tidings every day.
 The messengers ride fast.
 Thanks be to God for all they say ;
 There is such noise on the highway,
 Let us keep still while they ride past.

SAXE HOLME.

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thy hand ;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
 Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
 The highway furrows stock,
 Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
 Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground
 Expect not here nor there ;
 O'er hill and dale alike 't is found ;
 Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
 The late or early sown ;
 Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
 When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain ;
 Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain
 For garnerers in the sky.

Then, when the glorious end,
 The day of God, shall come,
 The angel-reapers shall descend,
 And heaven sing, " Harvest home !"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1832.

MISSIONS.

LYDIA HOWARD HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY, author of fifty-nine volumes of poems, essays, and letters, a writer of considerable popularity, was born at Norwich, Conn., Sept. 1, 1791, and died at Hartford, June 10, 1865. She became the wife of Charles Sigourney in 1819.

Light for the dreary vales
 Of ice-bound Labrador,
 Where the frost-king breathes on the slippery
 sails,
 And the mariner wakes no more ;
 Lift high the lamp that never fails,
 To that dark and sterile shore.

Light for the forest child !
 An outcast though he be,
 From the haunts where the sun of his child-
 hood smiled,
 And the country of the free ;
 Pour the hope of heaven o'er his desert wild,
 For what home on earth has he ?

Light for the hills of Greece !
 Light for that trampled clime
 Where the rage of the spoiler refused to cease
 Ere it wrecked the boast of time ;
*If the Moslem hath dealt the gift of peace,
 Can ye grudge your boon sublime ?*

Light on the Hindoo shed !
 On the maddening idol-train,
 The flame of the suttee is dire and red,
 And the fakir faints with pain,
 And the dying moan on their cheerless bed,
 By the Ganges laved in vain.

Light for the Persian sky !
 The Sophi's wisdom fades,
 And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy
 Armor when Death invades ;
 Hark! hark!—'t is the sainted Martyn's sigh
 From Ararat's mournful shades.

Light for the Burman vales !
 For the islands of the sea !
 For the coast where the slave-ship fills its
 sails
 With sighs of agony,
 And her kidnapped babes the mother wails
 'Neath the lone banana-tree !

Light for the ancient race
 Exiled from Zion's rest !
 Homeless they roam from place to place,
 Benighted and opprest ;
 They shudder at Sinai's fearful base :
 Guide them to Calvary's breast !

Light for the darkened earth !
 Ye blest, its beams who shed,
 Shrink not, till the day-spring hath its birth,
 Till, wherever the footstep of man doth
 tread,
 Salvation's banner, spread broadly forth,
 Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,
 And clear the tomb
 From its lingering gloom,
 For the aged to rest his weary head.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY

PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again :
 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high ;
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.

Surely once thy garden flourished,
 Every part looked gay and green ;
 Then thy word our spirits nourished,
 Happy seasons we have seen !
 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see ;
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
 Help can only come from thee.

Where are those we counted leaders,
 Filled with zeal, and love, and truth,—
 Old professors, tall as cedars,
 Bright examples to our youth ?

Some, in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below ;
 Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
 Scarce a single leaf they show.

Younger plants—the sight how pleasant
 Covered thick with blossoms stood ;
 But they cause us grief at present,
 Frosts have nipped them in the bud !
 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again ;
 Oh, permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain !

Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers ;
 Let each one esteemed thy servant
 Shun the world's bewitching snares ;
 Break the tempter's fatal power ;
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
 And begin, from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh.

JOHN NEWTON

1779.

SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL.

THE morning light is breaking ;
 The darkness disappears ;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears.
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us
 Are opening every hour :
 Each cry, to Heaven going,
 Abundant answer brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.

See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above ;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way ;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay :

Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home ;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, " The Lord is come ! "

1831.

S. F. SMITH, D. D.

MY CREED.

I HOLD that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen ; that when
We climb to heaven, 't is on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
A selfish scheme, a vain pretence ;
Where centre is not — can there be
Circumference ?

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go, —
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nursling bird,
Or the sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes, made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or by some cabin door, a bush
Of ragged flowers.

'T is not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints : we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

ALICE CARY.

MUTUAL KINDNESS.

DEAR ties of mutual succor bind
The children of our feeble race,
And, if our brethren were not kind,
This earth were but a weary place.
We lean on others as we walk
Life's twilight path with pitfalls strewn ;
And 't were an idle boast to talk
Of treading that dim path alone.

Amid the snares misfortune lays
Unseen, beneath the steps of all,

Blest is the Love that seeks to raise
And stay and strengthen those who fall ;
Till, taught by him who, for our sake,
Bore every form of Life's distress,
With every passing year we make
The sum of human sorrows less.

1835.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

CHRISTIAN UNITY AND PROGRESS.

" Igjennem Nat og Trængsel. " —

THE REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD was born at Exeter, England, in 1834, and is rector of East Mersea, Essex. He was a contributor to the " People's Hymnal," and has published works on folk-lore and other subjects. The hymn below is a translation from the Danish of BERNHARDT SEVERIN INGEMANN, a distinguished poet, who was born at Thorkildstrup, Island of Falster, May 28, 1789. He was professor of the literature and language of his native country in Zealand, Denmark, from 1822. He died in 1862.

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.
And before us through the darkness
Gleameth clear the guiding light ;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
And steps fearless through the night.

One the light of God's dear presence,
Never in its work to fail,
Which illumines the wild rough places
Of this gloomy haunted vale.
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

One the strain which mouths of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun ;
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the Resurrection shore,
With one Father o'er us shining
In his love forevermore.

Go we onward, pilgrim brothers ;
Visit first the cross and grave,
Where the cross its shadow flingeth,
Where the boughs of cypress wave.
Then a shaking as of earthquakes,
Then a rending of the tomb,
Then a scattering of all shadows
And an end of toil and gloom.

BERNHARDT SEVERIN INGEMANN. Translated
by REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1867.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

O quam juvat fratres, Deus!

JEAN BAPTISTE DE SANTEUL, called SANTOLIUS VICTORINUS, was born at Paris, May 12, 1630, and became distinguished as an author and hymn-writer. Many of his pieces are in the Breviaries of Paris and Cluny. He died at Dijon, Aug. 5, 1697. His works were published at Amsterdam in 1695, in twelve volumes.

O LORD, how joyful 't is to see
The brethren join in love to thee!
On thee alone their heart relies;
Their only strength thy grace supplies.

How sweet, within thy holy place,
With one accord to sing thy grace,
Besieging thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

Oh, may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode;
Oh, may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy!

The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to thee,
With hearts to thee more wholly given,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on
heaven.

Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

SANTOLIUS VICTORINUS, 1660. Translated by
JOHN CHANDLER, 1837.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP.

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are
one!

To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD.

1797.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, who is represented in most of the hymn-books, was born in Warwickshire, Jan. 23, 1717. His father was the minister of the Baptist Church in Bristol, and the son entered the Baptist College in that city. In 1743 he became pastor of the Baptist Church at Bourton-on-the-Water, and occupied the position until his death, Sept. 3, 1795. His hymns were edited, and much altered, by the celebrated Robert Hall, in 1817. It has been said of his hymns, that, like many "which at first are not very attractive, they become impressive and useful on closer acquaintance. A single idea, often brought out with the terseness and simplicity of the Greek epigram, constitutes the basis of each piece."

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.

Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

Let envy, child of hell!
Be banished far away:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

1769.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

CHILDREN of God, high privilege have we,
For whom, throughout the world, all fellow-
saints

Exalt to heaven their prayers continually:
Not lonely kneel we, nor unpitied faints,
Our heart; nor unaccompanied our low plaints
Ascend: a mighty chain of sympathy
Binds Christian men together, and acquaints
Their souls with love and thoughtful charity.
O joy! that we, who pray for all, by all
Commended are to God in daily prayer:
Yea, now, as in time past, and yet again
Through time to come, that Church which
shall not fall,

From night to morn breathes forth upon the air
Meek intercession for the sons of men!

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

I JOHN iii. 13, 14.

THE clouds that wrap the setting sun
 When autumn's softest gleams are ending,
 Where all bright hues together run
 In sweet confusion blending :—
 Why, as we watch their floating wreath,
 Seem they the breath of life to breathe ?
 To Fancy's eye their motions prove
 They mantle round the Sun for love.

When up some woodland dale we catch
 The many-twinkling smile of ocean,
 Or with pleased ear bewildered watch
 His chime of restless motion ;
 Still as the surging waves retire
 They seem to gasp with strong desire,
 Such signs of love old Ocean gives,
 We cannot choose but think he lives.

Wouldst thou the life of souls discern ?
 Nor human wisdom nor divine
 Helps thee by aught beside to learn ;
 Love is life's only sign.
 The spring of the regenerate heart,
 The pulse, the glow of every part,
 Is the true love of Christ our Lord,
 As man embraced, as God adored.

But he, whose heart will bound to mark
 The full bright burst of summer morn,
 Loves too each little dewy spark
 By leaf or floweret worn :
 Cheap forms and common hues, 't is true,
 Through the bright shower-drop meet his view :
 The coloring may be of this earth ;
 The lustre comes of heavenly birth.

Even so, who loves the Lord aright,
 No soul of man can worthless find ;
 All will be precious in his sight,
 Since Christ on all hath shined :
 But chiefly Christian souls ; for they,
 Though worn and soiled with sinful clay,
 Are yet, to eyes that see them true,
 All glistening with baptismal dew.

Then marvel not, if such as bask
 In purest light of innocence.
 Hope against hope, in love's dear task,
 Spite of all dark offence.
 If they who hate the trespass most,
 Yet, when all other love is lost,
 Love the poor sinner, marvel not :
 Christ's mark outwears the rankest blot.

No distance breaks the tie of blood ;
 Brothers are brothers evermore ;

Nor wrong, nor wrath of deadliest mood,
 That magic may o'erpower ;
 Oft, ere the common source be known,
 The kindred drops will claim their own,
 And throbbing pulses silently
 Move heart towards heart by sympathy.

So is it with true Christian hearts ;
 Their mutual share in Jesus' blood
 An everlasting bond imparts
 Of holiest brotherhood :
 Oh, might we all our lineage prove,
 Give and forgive, do good and love,
 By soft endearments in kind strife
 Lightening the load of daily life !

There is much need ; for not as yet
 Are we in shelter or repose,
 The holy house is still beset
 With leaguer of stern foes ;
 Wild thoughts within, bad men without,
 All evil spirits round about,
 Are banded in unblest device,
 To spoil love's earthly paradise.

Then draw we nearer day by day,
 Each to his brethren, all to God ;
 Let the world take us as she may,
 We must not change our road ;
 Not wondering, though in grief, to find
 The martyr's foe still keep her mind ;
 But fixed to hold love's banner fast,
 And by submission win at last.

JOHN KEBLE.

1827.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

JOSEPH SWAIN, a Baptist minister of London, was born in Birmingham in 1761, and died April 14, 1796.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
 When those that love the Lord
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfil his word !

When each can feel his brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part !
 When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart !

When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
 Our wishes all above,
 Each can his brother's failings hide,
 And show a brother's love !

When love, in one delightful stream,
 Through every bosom flows,
 When union sweet, and dear esteem,
 In every action glows !

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

1792.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

JOHN FAWCETT was born in Yorkshire, England, Jan. 6, 1739, and became a Baptist minister in 1765. In 1772 he was called to a large church, and was preparing to leave his little flock, the farewell sermon having been preached, when the love and tears of his people prevailed upon him to unload the wagons and remain with them. In commemoration of the circumstance the following hymn was written. It has been useful on many occasions of a touching nature. In 1782 Dr. Fawcett published a hymn-book, comprising a number of serviceable pieces, but marked by the highest attributes of poetry. He died in 1817.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love :
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

JOHN FAWCETT.

1772.

PSALM CXXXIII.

GERBRAND BREDERODE was born at Amsterdam, March 16, 1585, and died Aug. 23, 1618. He is chiefly remembered by his comedies.

IF there be one whose thoughts delight to
wander
In pleasure's fields, where love's bright
streams meander,

If there be one who longs to find
Where all the purer blisses are enshrined, —
A happy resting-place of virtuous worth, —
A blessed paradise on earth :

Let him survey the joy-conferring union
Of brothers who are bound in fond communion,
And not by force of blood alone,
But by their mutual sympathies are known,
And every heart and every mind relies
Upon fraternal, kindred ties.

O blest abode, where love is ever vernal,
Where tranquil peace and concord are eternal,
Where none usurp the highest claim,
But each with pride asserts the other's fame !
Oh, what are all earth's joys, compared to
thee,
Fraternal unanimity ?

E'en as the ointment, whose sweet odors
blended,
From Aaron's head upon his beard descended,
Which hung awhile in fragrance there,
Bedewing every individual hair,
And falling thence, with rich perfume ran o'er
The holy garb the prophet wore :

So doth the unity that lives with brothers
Share its best blessings and its joys with others,
And makes them seem as if one frame
Contained their minds, and they were formed
the same,
And spreads its sweetest breath o'er every
part,
Until it penetrates the heart.

E'en as the dew, that, at the break of morning,
All nature with its beauty is adorning,
And flows from Hermon calm and still,
And bathes the tender grass on Zion's hill,
And to the young and withering herb resigns
The drops for which it pines :

So are fraternal peace and concord ever
The cherishers, without whose guidance never
Would sainted quiet seek the breast, —
The life, the soul of unmolested rest, —
The antidote to sorrow and distress,
And prop of human happiness.

Ah ! happy they whom genial concord blesses !
Pleasure for them reserves her fond caresses,
And joys to mark the fabric rare,
On virtue founded, stand unshaken there ;
Whence vanish all the passions that destroy
Tranquillity and inward joy.

Who practise good are in themselves re-
warded,
For their own deeds lie in their hearts re-
corded ;

And thus fraternal love, when bound
By virtue, is with its own blisses crowned,
And tastes, in sweetness that itself bestows,
What use, what power, from concord flows.

God in his boundless mercy joys to meet it ;
His promises of future blessings greet it,
And fixed prosperity, which brings
Long life and ease beneath its shadowing
wings,

And joy and fortune, that remain sublime
Beyond all distance, change, and time.

GERBRAND BREDERODE. Translated by
SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE DEAD CHURCH.

WILD, wild wind, wilt thou never cease thy
sighing ?

Dark, dark night, wilt thou never wear away ?
Cold, cold church, in thy death-sleep lying,
Thy Lent is past, thy Passion here, but not
thine Easter-day.

Peace, faint heart, though the night be dark
and sighing ;

Rest, fair corpse, where thy Lord himself
hath lain ;

Weep, dear Lord, where thy bride is lying ;
Thy tears shall wake her frozen limbs to life
and health again.

1850.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

ONWARD!

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,

Marching as to war,

With the cross of Jesus

Going on before.

Christ, the royal Master,

Leads against the foe ;

Forward into battle,

See, his banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers,

Marching as to war,

With the cross of Jesus

Going on before!

At the sign of triumph

Satan's host doth flee ;

On, then, Christian soldiers,

On to victory!

Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song ;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King ;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!

1865.

SABINE BARING-GOULD

CHRISTIAN MILITANT.

A MAN prepared against all ills to come,
That dares to dead the fire of martyrdom ;
That sleeps at home, and sailing there at
ease,

Fears not the fierce sedition of the seas ;
That's counterproof against the farm's mis-
haps ;

Undreadful too of courtly thunder-claps ;
That wears one face, like heaven, and never
shows

A change, when fortune either comes or
goes ;

That keeps his own strong guard, in the de-
spite

Of what can hurt by day, or harm by night ;

That takes and redelivers every stroke
Of chance, as made up all of rock and oak ;
That sighs at other's death, smiles at his own
Most dire and horrid crucifixion :
Who for true glory suffers thus, we grant
Him to be here our Christian militant.

ROBERT HERRICK.

WATCH.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

Watch, 't is your Lord's command ;
And, while we speak, he 's near ;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand ;
And raise that favorite servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1755.

ONWARD !

The first ten lines of this hymn, says Palmer, were left a fragment by KIRKE WHITE, written on the back of one of his mathematical papers. They came after his death into the hands of Dr. Collyer, who published them, with six lines of his own added, in his Hymn-Book of 1812. The task of finishing it was more happily accomplished by MISS MAITLAND, in the form in which it is here given, and which first appeared in a volume published in 1827.

MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the Bread of Life.

Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Join the war, and face the foe ;
Faint not ! much doth yet remain ;
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians ! will ye yield ?
Will ye quit the painful field ?
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's power ?

Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March, in heavenly armor clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long ;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not woe your course impede ;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move ;
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Fragment by HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1806.
Completed by FANNY FULLER MAITLAND, 1827.

GOOD TIDINGS TO ZION.

ISA. lii. 7.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands :
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful ?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
Cease thy mourning ;
Zion still is well beloved.

God, thy God, will now restore thee ;
He himself appears thy Friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
Here their boasts and triumphs end :
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

Enemies no more shall trouble ;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed ;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blest ;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

THOMAS KELLY.

1806.

"FAINT, YET PURSUING."

A SONG OF THE CHURCH MILITANT.

ALL day among the cornfields of the plain,
Reaping a mighty harvest to the Lord,
Our hands have bound the sheaves ; we come
again,
Shout for the garners stored !

All day among the vineyards of the field
 Our feet have trodden out the red ripe vine :
 Sing ! sing for hearts that have not spared to
 yield
 A yet more purple wine !

All day against the spoilers of our land
 Our arms made bare the keen and glittering
 sword ;
 None turned back, none stayed the lifted hand,
 Sing ! sing unto the Lord !

All day beset by spies, begirt with foes,
 Building a house of holiness ; by night
 We watched beside our weapons ; slow it rose,
 Sing ! sing from Zion's height !

DORA GREENWELL.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Occasioned by the sudden death of the Rev. Thomas Taylor, after having declared, in his last sermon, on a preceding evening, that he hoped to die as an old soldier of Jesus Christ, with his sword in his hand. By omitting large portions, this poem has been made appropriate for use in hymn-books.

“SERVANT of God, well done !
 Rest from thy loved employ :
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy.”
 The voice at midnight came ;
 He started up to hear :
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame ;
 He fell, but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
 It found him in the field,
 A veteran slumbering on his arms,
 Beneath his red-cross shield :
 His sword was in his hand,
 Still warm with recent fight,
 Ready that moment at command,
 Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,
 Of heavenly temper keen ;
 And double were the wounds it made,
 Where'er it smote between :
 'T was death to sin, 't was life
 To all that mourned for sin ;
 It kindled and it silenced strife,
 Made war and peace within.

Oft with its fiery force
 His arm had quelled the foe,
 And laid, resistless in its course,
 The alien armies low :

Bent on such glorious toils,
 The world to him was loss ;
 Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
 He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,
 “To meet thy God prepare !”
 He woke, — and caught his Captain's eye ;
 Then, strong in faith and prayer,
 His spirit with a bound
 Bursts its encumbering clay :
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
 A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are past ;
 Labor and sorrow cease ;
 And life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.
 Soldier of Christ, well done !
 Praise be thy new employ ;
 And, while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1825.

HOLY FORTITUDE.

1 COR. XVI. 13.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb ?
 And shall I fear to own his cause, —
 Or blush to speak his name ?

Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas ?

Are there no foes for me to face ?
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God ?

Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
 Increase my courage, Lord !
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer though they die :
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

ISAAC WATTS.

1720.

THE SECRET OF VICTORY.

MISS CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES, a native of New York City, has spent most of her life in Cambridge, Mass., where she has been engaged in teaching. The poems by her in this volume are from the only collection of her works, entitled "Risk, and other Poems," published in 1879. She is a frequent contributor to the press.

SUCH was the might of Terra's giant son,
He never fought but that he vanquished too;
Thousands and thousands had his power undone,
Yet still the secret of that power none knew.

In this it lay, — his mother's potent touch.
Her fiery heart sent conquest into his.
Yet what if known? Avails a secret much
When wed to knowledge helpless weakness is?

Yet one is strong, and awful Hercules
Now hotly struggles with the wrestler's might;
And throws him, too, but finds by swift degrees
That falls but nerve Antæus for the fight.

Then with strained strength that made his veins stand out
More than all labors he had done before,
And muscles tense as iron through his doubt,
Antæus' clinging feet from earth he tore.

Who strangled serpents in his infant hold,
Strangled this lifted monster in the air;
Although it stands not with the Twelve enrolled,
Which of those Toils can with this one compare?

O Truth! thou art the struggling Hercules
Coping with error of Antæan strength: —
Once wrenched from earth upon thy grappling knees,
In heaven's pure air it shall be slain at length.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife;
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun;
Behold the Christian's life!

Prepared the trumpet's call to greet,
Soldier of Jesus, stand!
Pilgrim of Christ, with ready feet
Await thy Lord's command.

The hosts of Satan pant for spoil;
How can thy warfare close?
Lonely, thou tread'st a foreign soil;
How canst thou hope repose?

Seek, soldier! pilgrim! seek thine home,
Revealed in sacred lore;
The land, whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more:

Where grief shall never wound, nor death
Disturb the Saviour's reign;
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane:

The land, where (suns and moons unknown,
And night's alternate sway)
Jehovah's ever-burning throne
Upholds unbroken day:

The land (for heaven, its bliss unseen,
Bids earthly types suggest)
Where healing leaves and fadeless green
Fruit-laden groves invest:

Where founts of life their treasures yield
In streams that never cease;
Where everlasting mountains shield
Vales of eternal peace:

Where they who meet shall never part;
Where grace achieves its plan;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

1803.

THOMAS GISBORNE.

A BATTLE-CRY.

NORMAN MACLEOD, a prominent Scottish writer and clergyman, was born in Argyleshire, June 3, 1812, and was one of Her Majesty's chaplains. His writings are well known, and his life has been published. He was editor of "Good Words" from its beginning, in 1860. He died June 16, 1872.

BROTHER! up to the breach,
For Christ's freedom and truth,
Let us act as we teach,
With the wisdom of age and the vigor of youth.
Heed not their cannon-balls,
Ask not who stands or falls,
Grasp the sword
Of the Lord,
And forward!

Brother! strong in the faith
That "the right will come right,"
Never tremble at death,
Never think of thyself mid the roar of the fight.

Hark to the battle-cry,
Sounding from yonder sky!
Grasp the sword
Of the Lord,
And forward!

Brother! sing a loud psalm,
Our hope 's not forlorn!
After darkness and twilight breaks forth the
new morn.

Let the mad foe get madder,
Never quail! up the ladder!
Grasp the sword
Of the Lord,
And forward!

Brother! up to the breach,
For Christ's freedom and truth,
If we live we shall teach,
With the strong faith of age and the bright
hope of youth.
If we perish, then o'er us
Will ring the loud chorus,
Grasp the sword
Of the Lord,
And follow!

NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D.

“SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS, ARISE.”

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise,
Gird you with your armor bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.
O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky,
Let it float there wide unfurled,
Bear it onward, lift it high!

Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.
Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.
Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,
Comfort trouble, banish grief;
With the Spirit's sword arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

Be the banner still unfurled,
Bear it bravely still abroad,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.
Praise with songs of holy glee,
Saints of earth and heavenly host,
Godhead one in persons three,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

1854.

CHRISTIAN EXALTATION.

O CHRISTIAN soldier! shouldst thou rue
Life and its toils, as others do, —
Wear a sad frown from day to day,
And garb thy soul in hodden-gray?
Oh! rather shouldst thou smile elate,
Unquelled by sin, unawed by hate, —
Thy lofty-statured spirit dress
In moods of royal stateliness; —
For say, what service so divine
As that, ah! warrior heart, of thine,
High pledged alike through gain or loss,
To thy brave banner of the cross?

Yea! what hast *thou* to do with gloom,
Whose footsteps spurn the conquered tomb?
Thou, that through dreariest dark canst see
A smiling immortality?

Leave to the mournful, doubting slave,
Who deems the whole wan earth a grave,
Across whose dusky mounds forlorn
Can rise no resurrection morn,
The sombre mien, the funeral weed,
That darkly match so dark a creed;
But be *thy* brow turned bright on all,
Thy voice like some clear clarion call,
Pealing o'er life's tumultuous van
The key-note of the hopes of man,
While o'er thee flames through gain, through
loss, —
That fadeless symbol of the cross!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

THE SOLDIER.

Now in myself I notice take
What life we soldiers lead,
My hair stands up, my heart doth ache,
My soul is full of dread;
And to declare
This horrid fear,

Throughout my bones I feel
A shivering cold
On me lay hold,
And run from head to heel.

It is not loss of limbs or breath
Which hath me so dismayed,
Nor mortal wounds, nor groans of death
Have made me thus arrayed:
When cannons roar,
I start no more
Than mountains from their place;
Nor feel I fears,
Though swords and spears
Are darted at my face.

A soldier it would ill become
Such common things to fear;
The shouts of war, the thundering drum,
His courage up doth cheer:
Though dust and smoke
His passage choke,
He boldly marcheth on,
And thinketh scorn
His back to turn,
Till all be lost or won.

The flashing fires, the whizzing shot,
Distemper not his wits;
The barbed steed he dreadeth not,
Nor him who thereon sits;
But through the field,
With sword and shield,
He cutteth forth his way,
And through a flood
Of reeking blood
Wades on without dismay.

That whereupon the dread begins
Which thus appalleth me,
Is that huge troop of crying sins
Which rife in soldiers be;
The wicked mind,
Wherewith I find
Into the field they go,
More terror hath
Than all the wrath
And engines of the foe.

Defend me, Lord, from those misdeeds
Which my profession shame,
And from the vengeance that succeeds
When we are so to blame:
Preserve me far
From acts of war,
When thou dost peace command;
And in my breast
Let mercy rest,
Though justice use my hand.

Be thou my leader to the field,
My head in battle arm;
Be thou a breastplate and a shield,
To keep my soul from harm;
For, live or die,
I will rely
On thee, O Lord, alone;
And in this trust,
Though fall I must,
I cannot be undone.

GEORGE WITHER.

ATHANASIUS CONTRA MUNDUM.

ATHANASIUS was one of the Greek Fathers, and Bishop of Alexandria. He was the champion of orthodoxy against the Arian heresy, and distinguished for fortitude under persecutions. He was born about 296, and attended the Council of Nicæa, in 325, was several times exiled, and died at Alexandria in 373.

WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, was born at Lowell, Mass., in 1838, and graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1859. He was the class poet at the time of his graduation, and the Phi Beta Kappa poet in 1870. He has been rector of a church in Worcester since 1862.

"THE world against me, I against the world!"
Strange words for him who just now stood
On Alexandria's throne, and hurled
His thunders as he would.
But rock is not less rock, though forced at last
To fall before the beating sea;
Nor may I be the less myself, though cast
Away from majesty.

God's truth I stand on, can I need a throne,
Or bishop's vesture, if I feel
His mercy wrap me with a warmth its own,
While at his feet I kneel?
No, let them drive me thrice again from sway,
As they, ere this, three times have driven,
So but the Lord be at my side alway,
I will deem exile heaven.

They call me hasty, of opinion proud,
Untaught to bend a stubborn will;
Ah! little dreams the shallow-hearted crowd
What thoughts this bosom fill,
What loneliness this outer strength doth hide,
What longing lies beneath this calm;
For human sympathy so long untried,
Our earth's divinest balm.

But more than sympathy the truth I prize;
Above my friendships hold I God,
And stricken be these feet ere they despise
The path their Maker trod.
So let my banner be again unfurled,
Again its cheerless motto seen,—
"The world against me, I against the world!"
Judge thou, dear Christ, between!

WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON.

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

This hymn is often attributed to the late Prof. George N. Allen, of Oberlin, Ohio, who altered it, and wrote the tune "Maitland" for it. Professor Allen died in 1877.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

How happy are the saints above,
Who once went mourning here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives, no more to die.

O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the skies come down,
And bear my soul away.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE WHOLE ARMOR.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may overcome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Stand, then, against your foes,
In close and firm array:

Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day:
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Armed in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your Head.

But above all lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repelled his every fiery dart,
And quenched with Jesus' blood.

Jesus hath died for you;
What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jesus reigns;
All power to him is given:
Believe, till freed from sin's remains;
Believe yourselves to heaven.

To keep your armor bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.
Ready for all alarms,
Steadfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms,
And use your every grace.

Pray, without ceasing pray,
Your Captain gives the word;
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing pray.

In fellowship alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the power of prayer:

His mercy now implore,
 And now show forth his praise ;
 In shouts, or silent awe, adore
 His miracles of grace.

To God your spirits dart ;
 Your souls in words declare ;
 Or groan, to him who reads the heart,
 The unutterable prayer :
 His mercy now implore,
 And now show forth his praise ;
 In shouts, or silent awe, adore
 His miracles of grace.

Pour out your souls to God ;
 And bow them with your knees ;
 And spread your heart and hands abroad,
 And pray for Zion's peace :
 Your guides and brethren bear
 Forever on your mind ;
 Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
 In grasping all mankind.

From strength to strength go on ;
 Wrestle and fight and pray ;
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day :
 Still let the Spirit cry,
 In all his soldiers, — Come,
 Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
 And take the conquerors home.

1749.

CHARLES WESLEY.

THE MARTYRS' HYMN.

WILLIAM JOHNSON FOX was born in Suffolk, England, in 1786, and was intended for the ministry of the Independents. He became, however, a preacher of the Unitarians, until he departed still further from the accepted belief and became a bold rationalist preacher. He died in London, June 3, 1864.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,
 Or on the waters cast,
 The martyrs' ashes, watched,
 Shall gathered be at last ;
 And from that scattered dust,
 Around us and abroad,
 Shall spring a plenteous seed
 Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received
 Their latest living breath ;
 And vain is Satan's boast
 Of victory in their death ;
 Still, still, though dead, they speak,
 And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim
 To many a waking land
 The one availing Name.

MARTIN LUTHER. Translated
 by W. J. FOX.

LIKE NOAH'S WEARY DOVE.

LIKE Noah's weary dove,
 That soared the earth around,
 But not a resting-place above
 The cheerless waters found ;

Oh cease, my wandering soul,
 On restless wing to roam ;
 All the wide world, to either pole,
 Has not for thee a home.

Behold the Ark of God,
 Behold the open door ;
 Hasten to gain that dear abode,
 And rove, my soul, no more.

There, safe thou shalt abide,
 There, sweet shall be thy rest,
 And every longing satisfied,
 With full salvation blest.

And, when the waves of ire
 Again the earth shall fill,
 The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,
 Then rest on Sion's hill.

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG, D. D.

1823.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing ;
 Our helper he amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing.
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe ;
 His craft and power are great,
 And, armed with cruel hate,
 On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing, —
 Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing.
 Dost ask who that may be ?
 Christ Jesus, it is he,
 Lord Sabaoth his name,
 From age to age the same,
 And he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us,
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us.

The Prince of Darkness grim,
We tremble not for him,
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His Kingdom is forever.

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE, D. D.

PERSEVERANCE.

My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies

Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

1806.

GEORGE HEATH.

THE WATCHMAN.

A SONG.

FAINT not, and fret not, for threatened woe,
Watchman on truth's grey height!
Few though the faithful, and fierce though the
foe,
Weakness is aye Heaven's might.

Infidel Ammon and niggard Tyre,
Ill-fitted pair, unite;
Some work for love, and some for hire,
But weakness shall be Heaven's might.

Eli's feebleness, Saul's black wrath,
May aid Ahithophel's spite;
And prayers from Gerizim, and curses from
Gath —
Our weakness shall prove Heaven's might.

Quail not, and quake not, thou warder bold,
Be there no friend in sight;
Turn thee to question the days of old,
When weakness was aye Heaven's might.

Moses was one, but he stayed the sin
Of the host, in the presence bright;
And Elias scorned the Carmel din,
When Baal would match Heaven's might.

Time's years are many, eternity one,
And one is the Infinite;
The chosen are few, few the deeds well done,
For scantness is still Heaven's might.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

AT SEA, Dec. 12, 1832.

LET OUR CHOIR NEW ANTHEMS
RAISE.

JOSEPH of the Studium is the first writer of the third period of Greek Hymnology, that of decadence. He was a voluminous author. A native of Sicily, he went to Thessalonica in 830, and embraced the monastic life. Thence he went to Constantinople. On a journey to Rome he was taken prisoner by pirates, and for some years was a slave in Crete. He went into exile with St. Ignatius, and devoted himself to hymnology.

LET our choir new anthems raise:
Wake the morn with gladness:
God himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyrs' sadness
This the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down
And put on the immortal.

Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavor:
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

Faith they had that knew not shame,
Love that could not languish
And eternal Hope o'ercame
Momentary anguish.
He who trod the self-same road,
Death and Hell defeated;
Wherefore these their passions showed,
Calvary repeated.

Up and follow, Christian men !
 Press through toil and sorrow !
 Spurn the night of fear, and then, —
 Oh the glorious morrow !
 Who will venture on the strife ?
 Blest who first begin it !
 Who will grasp the Land of Life ?
 Warriors ! up and win it !

JOSEPH of the Studium. Translated
 by JOHN MASON NEALE.

THE CALL OF THE CHRISTIAN.

NOR always as the whirlwind's rush
 On Horeb's mount of fear,
 Not always as the burning bush
 To Midian's shepherd seer,
 Nor as the awful voice which came
 To Israel's prophet bards,
 Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,
 Nor gift of fearful words, —

Not always thus, with outward sign
 Of fire or voice from Heaven,
 The message of a truth divine,
 The call of God is given !
 Awaking in the human heart
 Love for the true and right, —
 Zeal for the Christian's better part,
 Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone
 The holy influence steals :
 Warm with a rapture not its own,
 The heart of woman feels !
 As she who by Samaria's wall
 The Saviour's errand sought, —
 As those who with the fervent Paul
 And meek Aquila wrought :

Or those meek ones whose martyrdom
 Rome's gathered grandeur saw :
 Or those who in their Alpine home
 Braved the Crusader's war,
 When the green Vaudois, trembling, heard,
 Through all its vales of death,
 The martyr's song of triumph poured
 From woman's failing breath.

And gently, by a thousand things
 Which o'er our spirits pass,
 Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,
 Or vapors o'er a glass,
 Leaving their token strange and new
 Of music or of shade,
 The summons to the right and true
 And merciful is made.

Oh, then, if gleams of truth and light
 Flash o'er thy waiting mind,
 Unfolding to thy mental sight
 The wants of human-kind ;
 If, brooding over human grief,
 The earnest wish is known
 To soothe and gladden with relief
 An anguish not thine own ;

Though heralded with nought of fear,
 Or outward sign or show ;
 Though only to the inward ear
 It whispers soft and low ;
 Though dropping, as the manna fell,
 Unseen, yet from above,
 Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well, —
 Thy Father's call of love !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

SELF-DEDICATION.

As due by many titles, I resign
 Myself to thee, O God. First I was made
 By thee and for thee ; and when I was decayed,
 Thy blood bought that, the which before was
 thine :
 I am thy son, made with thyself to shine ;
 Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still re-
 paid,
 Thy sheep, thine image ; and till I betrayed
 Myself, a temple of thy Spirit divine.
 Why doth the Devil then usurp on me ?
 Why doth he steal, nay, ravish that's thy right ?
 Except thou rise, and for thine own work fight,
 Oh ! I shall soon despair, when I shall see
 That thou lov'st mankind well, yet will not
 choose me,
 And Satan hates me, yet is loath to lose me.

JOHN DONNE.

CHOOSING THE HERITAGE OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

PEOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort nowhere found.
 Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns, a fugitive unblest ;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 Oh, receive me into rest !

Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave.

Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power;
Welcome, poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.
"Follow me!"—I know the voice!
Jesus, Lord! thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice;
Light thy burden now to me.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1819, 1853.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

GERALD JOSEPH GRIFFIN was born at Limerick, Ireland, Dec. 12, 1803, and was for a time a writer for the press in London, but in 1838 entered a religious order. He died at the North Cork Monastery, June 12, 1840.

SHE once was a lady of honor and wealth;
Bright glowed in her features the roses of health;

Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold:

Joy revelled around her, love shone at her side,

And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride;

And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,

When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That called her to live for her suffering race;
And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered, "I come."

She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home with the joy of a bride,

Nor wept at the threshold as onward she moved,—

For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion, to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast,

No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.

Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame:

Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barter for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,

Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands, that once dangled the perfume and gem,

Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
That voice, that once echoed the song of the vain,

Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl,

Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed, a pallet—her trinkets, a bead;
Her lustre—one taper, that serves her to read;

Her sculpture—the crucifix nailed by her bed;
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crowned head;

Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees;

Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease:
The delicate lady lives mortified there,

And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined:

Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief

She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary, she comforts the weak,

And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, mid the vapors of death;

Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,

Unfearing she walks, for she follows her Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,

With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;

Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.

Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men ;
 Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen ;
 How stands in the balance your eloquence
 weighed
 With the life and the deeds of that high-born
 maid ?

GERALD JOSEPH GRIFFIN.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it
 after many days." — ECCLES. xi. 1.

I WEPT and said, "These crumbs cannot be
 worth

The giving unto any ;

They are so small, I will not cast them forth,
 To loss, among so many

Who are starving! Ah me! my heart is sore
 To hear this bitter weeping!

Ah me! ah me! to be so poor,

And have no loaves in keeping

For such as hunger." Then the Master said,
 "O thou unjust and sinning!

Cast forth the crumbs I gave thee. They are
 bread!

Thou knowest that thy beginning

I will fulfil; thy blindness cannot see

Our Father's law of using ;

Nor ever, faithless child, gave I to thee

The liberty of choosing

What thou wouldst do with what is not thine
 own,

But mine!" Then into the waters,

From which came surging up eternal moan

Of starving sons and daughters,

I threw, still faithless, and with shamed hands,

My crumbs. The torrent sweeping

Bore them away, and left me on the sand,

Still faithless, shamed, and weeping.

The years went on, and on, until to me

There came an hour, freighted

With hopeless woe, which darkened earth and
 sea,

And left me desolated

In heart, and home, and substance. Even
 breath

To cry for succor failed me ;

I said, in blasphemy, confronting death,

"Not even God availed me!"

Then sudden, in the chilling, rayless gloom

Which all my way surrounded,

A strange voice called me: "Food, and
 friends, and room,

Our gratitude unbounded

Makes ready, in glad haste for thee." I knew

Not voice, nor hand extended ;

Nor could remember name of one who through
 My help had been befriended.

"'T is not for me," I cried. Then the Master
 said :

"O child! so slow in learning,

These are the *crumbs* I gave thee, now in *bread*

To thine own hand returning!"

MRS. HELEN FISKE JACKSON.

GIVING TO GOD.

O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea!

To thee all praise and glory be ;

How shall we show our love to thee,

Who givest all — who givest all ?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,

Sweet flowers and fruit thy love declare ;

When harvests ripen, thou art there,

Who givest all — who givest all.

For peaceful homes and healthful days,

For all the blessings earth displays,

We owe thee thankfulness and praise,

Who givest all — who givest all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,

For means of grace and hopes of heaven,

What can to thee, O Lord! be given,

Who givest all — who givest all ?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,

We have, as treasures without end,

Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,

Who givest all — who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee,

Repaid a thousand-fold will be ;

Then gladly will we give to thee,

Who givest all — who givest all.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D. D.

1865.

THE WIDOW'S MITES.

Two mites, two drops, yet all her house and
 land,

Fall from a steady heart, though trembling
 hand :

The other's wanton wealth foams high, and
 brave ;

The other cast away, she only gave.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

COMETH A BLESSING DOWN.

MARY FRANCES TYLER married Dr. E. L. Tucker, who died at Chattanooga in 1863. Her home is in Omro, Wis.

NOT to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds,
Not unto craft and cunning,
Not unto human creeds,
Not to the one whose passion
Is for a world's renown,
Not in a form of fashion,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not unto land's expansion,
Not to the miser's chest,
Not to the princely mansion,
Not to the blossomed crest,
Not to the sordid worldling,
Not to the knavish clown,
Not to the haughty tyrant,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not to the folly-blinded,
Not to the steeped in shame,
Not to the carnal-minded,
Not to unholy fame,
Not in neglect of duty,
Not to the jewelled crown,
Not at the smile of beauty,
Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good ;
Unto the one whose storehouse
Yieldeth the hungry food ;
Unto the one who labors
Fearless of foe or frown ;
Unto the kindly-hearted,
Cometh a blessing down.

MARY FRANCES TUCKER.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED."

GIVE! as the morning that flows out of
heaven ;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven ;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given ;
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give.
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glow-
ing,
Not a pale bud from the June rose's blowing ;
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river
Wasting its waters, forever and ever,

Through the burnt sands that reward not the
giver ;
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life as the summer shower's pour-
ing !
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soar-
ing ?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring ?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee !

Give, though thy heart may be wasted and
weary,
Laid on an altar all ashen and dreary ;
Though from its pulses a faint miserere
Beats to thy soul the sad presage of fate,
Bind it with cords of unshrinking devotion ;
Smile at the song of its restless emotion ;
'T is the stern hymn of eternity's ocean ;
Hear ! and in silence thy future await.

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy
roses ?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes ?
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over ;
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from
lover.
What shall thy longing avail in the grave ?
Give as the heart gives whose fetters are
breaking,
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy
waking.
Soon, heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God and the gift that he
gave.

MRS. ROSE TERRY COOKE.

ALMSGIVING.

LORD HOUGHTON, better known as Richard Monckton Milnes, was born June 19, 1809, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He has written two volumes of verse and other volumes in prose. He is a warm advocate of liberty of conscience, and considers "religious equality the birth-right of every Briton."

THERE is a thought so purely blest,
That to its use I oft repair,
When evil breaks my spirit's rest,
And pleasure is but varied care ;

A thought to gild the stormiest skies,
To deck with flowers the bleakest moor;
A thought whose home is paradise, —
The charities of poor to poor.

It were not for the rich to blame,
If they, whom Fortune seems to scorn,
Should vent their ill-content and shame
On others less or more forlorn;
But, that the veriest needs of life
Should be dispensed with freer hand
Than all their stores and treasures rife,
Is not for *them* to understand.

To give the stranger's children bread,
Of your precarious board the spoil;
To watch your helpless neighbor's bed,
And, sleepless, meet the morrow's toil;
The gifts not proffered once alone,
The daily sacrifice of years;
And, when all else to give is gone,
The precious gifts of love and tears!

What record of triumphant deed,
What virtue pompously unfurled,
Can *thus* refute the gloomy creed
That parts from God our living world?
O misanthrope! deny who would —
O moralist! deny who can —
Seeds of almost impossible good
Deep in the deepest life of man.

Therefore lament not, honest soul!
That Providence holds back from thee
The means thou mightst so well control, —
Those luxuries of charity.
Manhood is nobler as thou art;
And, should some chance thy coffers fill,
How art thou sure to keep thine heart,
To hold unchanged thy loving will?

Wealth, like all other power, is blind,
And bears a poison in its core,
To taint the best, if feeble, mind,
And madden that debased before.
It is the battle, not the prize,
That fills the hero's breast with joy;
And industry the bliss supplies,
Which mere possession might destroy.

LORD HOUGHTON.

1850.

A THANKSGIVING.

LORD, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude!

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

1873.

A THANKSGIVING FOR SETTLED HEALTH.

In times of want we feel what bliss
Our years of plenty be;
When war doth rage, the sweets of peace
The meanest wit can see.

And when with sickness we are pained,
We know it just, O Lord!
To render praise and thanks unfeigned,
When health shall be restored.

Sure, then, the many healthful days
And years which I have had,
Deserve that hearty songs of praise
Should for the same be made;

And that whilst health and strength do last,
I should the same employ
To memorize the mercies past,
And those which I enjoy.

Whilst others groan with aching bones,
With wounds or inward pains,
With gouts, or those tormenting stones
Which fret and rend the reins;

Yea, while ten thousands feel the smart
Which on the sick doth seize,
In head, in body, and in heart,
I am at perfect ease.

Lord, ever blessed be thy name,
For this external grace;
Preserve me thankful for the same,
Whilst thou prolong'st my race.

And if to my immortal bliss
It shall not hindrance be,
Nor thou thereby due glory miss,
Thus healthful keep thou me.

But if my patience must be tried
By sickness and by pain,
Let sin thereby be mortified,
And virtue strength obtain.

Be pleased, likewise, that whatsoever
Thy wisdom shall impose,
It be no more than I can bear,
Though strong and sharp it grows.

GEORGE WITHER.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

BEFORE us our repast is spread ;
Before us are thy bounties shed ;
Oh, bless, Most High, these gifts of thine,
That we may grow in grace divine.
To all the creatures lacking food
Thou art the generous and good.

The land with peace and fruitfulness
Enrich; air, earth, and water bless.
Nourish us with the bread of life,
Bought by Christ's grand and deadly strife.
With humble, grateful heart may we
Accept whatever flows from thee !

Translated from the Danish of THOMAS KINGO
by GILBERT TAIT, 1868.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

Now is ended our repast,
And our grateful hands we fold ;
Boundlessly before us cast,
We recall thy gifts untold.
For repose and sweetest peace,
For the joys that never cease,
For what now we ate and drank,
For earth, water, forest, air,
For their treasures, pleasures rare,
We thee, Father, praise and thank.

Lord, how many roam the land,
Pining for a crumb of bread !
Raising famished eye and hand,
Crave they fervent, — go unfed.
Lord, how many, many more,
In heart's wound, in body's sore,
Bear starvation's direst doom !
Morsels of the gifts we waste
They implore, as crushed, defaced,
On they totter to the tomb.

Let us not our basket hide,
Lock and bolt and bar behind,
From the needy who abide
With us, and with patient mind,
Zeal untired, their duty do ;
Bountiful as they are true,

Let us warm, ungrudging give ;
And our store shall not be less,
But increase from love's excess, —
And we shall diviner live.

Bless us in the Saviour's name,
Thou who givest daily food ;
Let us now thy praise proclaim
By our toil and hardihood.
Bless our striving, bless our deed,
Bless our valor, — bless and lead.
May want never, never steep
Our hard, scanty bread in tears ;
And while us abundance cheers,
May we comfort those who weep.

When draws near the closing hour,
And earth's food shrinks from our lips,
Bread of life — thy grace's power —
Grant us in that dread eclipse.
If our spirit we commend
To thee, God, our dearest Friend,
We shall smile at death and pain ;
And, no more by sorrow wrung,
And re-born, — forever young, —
Thine eternal banquet gain.

THOMAS KINGO. Translated by
GILBERT TAIT, 1868.

MY HOME.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR A HOUSE IN THE
GREEN PARISH OF DEVONSHIRE.

LORD, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell,
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof ;
Under the sparres of which I lie,
Both soft and drie ;
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate ;
Both void of state ;
And yet the threshold of my doore
Is worn by the poore,
Who hither come and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchen's small ;
A little butterie, and therein
A little byn,
Which keeps my little loafe of bread
Unchipt, unfled.
Some sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,

Close by whose loving coals I sit,
 And glow like it.
 Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,
 The pulse is thine,
 And all those other bits that bee
 There placed by thee;
 The worts, the purslain, and the messe
 Of water-cresse,
 Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
 And my content
 Makes those and my beloved beet
 More sweet.
 'T is thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltlesse mirth,
 And giv'st me wassaile bowles to drink,
 Spiced to the brink.
 Lord, 't is thy plenty-dropping hand
 That soiles my land,
 And gives me for my bushel sowne,
 Twice ten for one.
 Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
 Her egg each day,
 Besides my healthful ewes to bear
 Me twins each yeare;
 The while the conduits of my kine
 Run creame for wine.
 All these and better thou dost send
 Me to this end,
 That I should render, for my part,
A thankfulle heart,
 Which, fired with incense, I resigne
 As wholly thine;
 But the acceptance, that must be,
 MY CHRIST, by thee.

1661.

ROBERT HERRICK.

A THANKSGIVING.

LORD, in this dust thy sovereign voice
 First quickened love divine;
 I am all thine, — thy care and choice,
 My very praise is thine.

I praise thee, while thy providence
 In childhood frail I trace,
 For blessings given ere dawning sense
 Could seek or scan thy grace;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour,
 Bright dreams and fancyings strange;
 Blessings when reason's awful power
 Gave thought a bolder range;

Blessings of friends, which to my door
 Unasked, unhop'd, have come;
 And, choicer still, a countless store
 Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
 I shrine those seasons sad,
 When, looking up, I saw thy face
 In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
 Heart-pang or throbbing brow;
 Sweet was the chastisement severe,
 And sweet its memory now.

Yes! let the fragrant scars abide,
 Love-tokens in thy stead,
 Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side
 And thorn-encompassed head.

And such thy tender force be still,
 When self would swerve or stray,
 Shaping to truth the froward will
 Along thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth; far, far remove
 The lure of power or name;
 Hope thrives in straits, in weakness love,
 And faith in this world's shame.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

OXFORD, Oct. 20, 1829.





THE DRAMATIST'S VIEW OF LIFE
AND DUTY.



THE USE OF TALENTS.

THYSELF and thy belongings
Are not thy own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues, nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

Measure for Measure, i. 1, 30.

That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes [owns], but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them and they retort that heat again
To the first giver. . . .

No man is the lord of anything,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them formed in the applause
Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat.

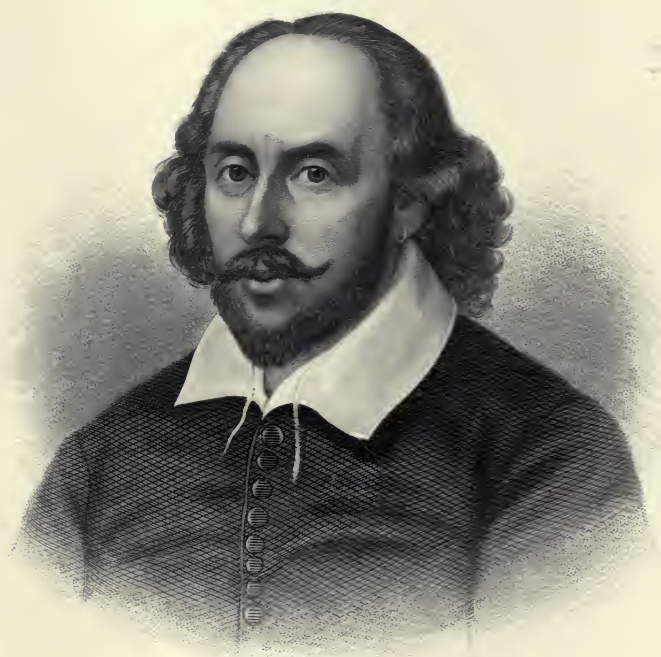
Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3, 96.

King Lear. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. . . . (*The fool goes in.*)

I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

King Lear, iii. 4, 23.

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William Shakespeare

THE DRAMATIST'S VIEW OF LIFE AND DUTY.

SHAKESPEARIAN EXTRACTS.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, called by Carlyle "the melodious Priest of a true Catholicism, — the Universal Church of the future and of all times," was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England, April, 1564, and died at the same place, April 23, 1616. His writings chiefly took the dramatic form, and were not intended to convey moral lessons in a direct way, but they are full of positive teachings of the highest order; some of which are given under appropriate heads below. His writings are marked by the spirit of the Bible, to which he is said to owe more than almost any other author.

GOD'S SOVEREIGNTY.

THE words of Heaven ; on whom it will, it will ;
On whom it will not, so ; yet still 't is just.

Measure for Measure, i. 2, 126.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall : and that should
teach us

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hamlet, v. 2, 8.

THE SAVIOUR.

ALAS, alas !

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once ;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are ! Oh, think on that ;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Measure for Measure, ii. 2, 72.

GOD'S WAYS.

HE that of greatest works is finisher.
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes ; great floods
have flown

From simple sources, and great seas have
dried

When miracles have by the greatest been
denied.

Oft expectation fails and most oft there
Where most it promises, and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.

It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows ;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.

All 's Well that Ends Well, ii. 1, 139.

JUDGMENT. WARPED BY SIN.

WHEN we in our viciousness grow hard —
O misery on 't ! — the wise gods seel our eyes ;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments ;
make us

Adore our errors ; laugh at 's, while we strut
To our confusion.

Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13, 111.

GOD'S HAND IN MAN'S AFFAIRS.

HENRY V., AFTER THE VICTORY OF AGINCOURT.

King Henry. O God, thy arm was here ;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all ! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other ? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine !

Exeter.

'T is wonderful !

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to
the village :
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

King Henry V., iv. 8, 111.

THE STRENGTH OF A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

WHAT stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Second Part of King Henry VI., iii. 2, 232.

THE DIGNITY OF GOOD ACTIONS.

STRANGE is it that our bloods,
Of color, weight, and heat, poured all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off

In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,

The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,

It is a dropsied honor. Good alone
Is good without a name.

All's Well that Ends Well, ii. 3, 126.

THE LESSON OF WOLSEY'S FALL.

Thomas Cromwell (Confidential Servant of Cardinal Wolsey). O my lord,

Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers

Forever and forever shall be yours.

Wolsey. Cromwell, I did not think to shed
a tear

In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me,
Cromwell;

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no
mention

Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught
thee;

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of
honor,

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed
it.

Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that
hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and
fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st,
O Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

King Henry VIII., iii. 2, 422.

THE TRUE WIFE.

Queen Katharine (to Henry VIII.). Alas,
sir,

In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or
sorry

As I saw it inclined: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your
friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to
mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice.

King Henry VIII., ii. 4, 18.

MERCY.

Portia. Do you confess the bond?

Antonio. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shylock. On what compulsion must I? tell
me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes ;
'T is mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
An earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to
render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of
Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the
law.
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1, 181.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one-half so good a grace
As mercy does. *Measure for Measure, ii. 2, 59.*

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?
Draw near them then in being merciful :
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Titus Andronicus, i. 1, 117.

AVARICE.

DESPAIR to gain doth traffic oft for gaining ;
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there 's no death supposed.
Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
For what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less ;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.
The aim of all is but to nurse the life

With honor, wealth, and ease, in waning age,
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage ;
As life for honor in fell battle's rage ;

Honor for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth
cost

The death of all, and all together lost.
So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect ;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have : so then we do neglect

The thing we have ; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Lucrece, 131.

OPPORTUNITY.

UNRULY blasts wait on the tender spring ;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious
flowers ;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing ;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours :

We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.
O Opportunity, thy guilt is great !

'T is thou that executest the traitor's treason :
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may
get ;

Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season ;

'T is thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at
reason ;

And in thy shady cell, where none may spy
him,

Sits sin, to seize the souls that wander by
him. . . .

Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief !
Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast ;
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name ;
Thy sugared tongue to bitter wormwood taste ;
Thy violent vanities can never last.

How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?
When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's
friend,

And bring him where his suit may be
obtained ?

When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to
end,

Or free that soul which wretchedness hath
chained ?

Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained ?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out
for thee ;

But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;
 The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds ;
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds ;
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds ;
 Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's
 rages,

Thy heinous hours wait on them as their
 pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid :
 They buy thy help ; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
 He gratis comes ; and thou art well appaid
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said . . .
 Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
 Guilty of perjury and subornation,
 Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,
 Guilty of incest, that abomination ;
 An accessory by thine inclination

To all sins past, and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the general doom.

Lucrece, 869.

King John. O, when the last account 'twixt
 heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
 Witness against us to damnation !
 How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
 Make deeds ill done ! Hadst not thou been by,
 A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
 Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame,
 This murder had not come into my mind :
 But taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
 Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
 Apt, liable to be employed in danger,
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,
 Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hubert. My lord, —

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head
 or made a pause

When I spake darkly what I purposed,
 Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
 As bid me tell my tale in express words,
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me
 break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears
 in me :

But thou didst understand me by my signs
 And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
 Ye, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And consequently thy rude hand to act
 The deed which both our tongues held vile to
 name.

King John, iv. 2, 216.

Heaven has an end in all : yet, you that hear
 me,

This from a dying man receive as certain :

Where you are liberal of your loves and coun-
 sels

Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make
 friends

And give your hearts to, when they once per-
 ceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away

Like water from ye, never found again

But where they mean to sink ye. All good
 people,

Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye: the last
 hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell. I have done ; and God for-
 give me !

King Henry VIII., ii. 1, 124.

SELF-INDULGENCE.

O GENTLEMEN, the time of life is short !
 To spend that shortness basely were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

First Part of King Henry IV., v. 2, 82.

Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-
 rooted ;

Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the gar-
 den

And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

Second Part of King Henry VI., iii. 1, 31.

Shall we serve heaven
 With less respect than we do minister
 To our gross selves ?

Measure for Measure, ii. 2, 85.

TRUTH PERVERTED.

MARK you this, Bassanio,
 The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
 An evil soul producing holy witness
 Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart :
 O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Merchant of Venice, i. 3, 98.

Men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things them-
 selves.

Julius Caesar, i. 3, 34.

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile :
 Filths savor but themselves.

King Lear, iv. 2, 38.

HYPOCRISY AND DECEIT.

I SHALL the effect of this good lesson keep,
 As watchman to my heart. But, good my
 brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;
Whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede. *Hamlet*, i. 3. 471.

When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows.

Othello, ii. 3. 357.

So may the outward shows be least themselves :

The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts :
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as
false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward searched, have livers white as
milk ;

And these assume but valor's excrement
To render them redoubted ! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the
weight ;

Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it :
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the
wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous
scarf

Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest.

The Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 73.

CHARITABLE JUDGMENTS.

*Queen Katharine (on hearing of the death
of Cardinal Wolsey)*. Prithee, good
Griffith, tell me how he died :

If well, he stepped before me, happily,
For my example.

Griffith. Well, the voice goes, madam :
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him for-
ward,

As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to
Leicester,

Lodged in the abbey ; where the reverend
abbot,

With all his covent, honorably received him :
To whom he gave these words, " O father
abbot,

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity ! "

So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still : and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently
on him !

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
him,

And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one that, by suggestion,
Tied all the kingdom : simony was fair-play ;
His own opinion was his law : ' i' the presence
He would say untruths ; and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning : he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing :
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your high-
ness

To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith ;

I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal.

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honor from his cra-
dle.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one :
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading :
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;
But to those men that sought him sweet as
summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely : ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you.

Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing
God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other
herald,

No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honor from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made
me,

With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honor : peace be with him !
King Henry VIII., iv. 2, 9.

O THOU that judgest all things, stay my
thoughts,
My thoughts, that labor to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's
life !

If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Second Part of King Henry VI., iii. 2, 136.

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Second Part of King Henry VI., iii. 3, 31.

CALUMNY.

GOOD name in man and woman, dear my
lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse steals trash ; 't is some-
thing, nothing ;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to
thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello, iii. 3, 155.

If I am

Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither
know

My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not
stint

Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers.

King Henry VIII, i. 2, 71.

THANKFULNESS.

God's goodness hath been great to thee ;
Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Second Part of King Henry VI., ii. 1, 85

TRUE AND FALSE PRAYER.

MY ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.

The Tempest, Epilogue 15.

It is religion that doth make vows kept.

King John, iii. 1, 279.

The King. O, my offence is rank, it smells
to heaven ;

It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will :
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves
mercy

But to confront the visage of offence ?
And what 's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned being down ? Then I 'll look up ;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ? "Forgive me my foul
murder ?"

That cannot be : since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
May one be pardoned and retain the offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 't is seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law : but 't is not so above ;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature ; and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
Try what repentance can : what can it not ?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent ?
O wretched state ! O bosom black as death !
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged ! Help, angels ! Make assay !
Bow, stubborn knees ; and, heart with strings
of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !
All may be well. [Retires and kneels.]

King (rising). My words fly up, my thoughts
remain below;

Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
Hamlet, iii. 3. 36.

GLORY VAIN.

RENOWNED WARWICK, DYING.

AH, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart
shows,

That I must yield my body to the earth
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeered Jove's spread-
ing tree

And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful
wind.

These eyes, that now are dimmed with death's
black veil,

Have been as piercing as the midday sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now filled with
blood,

Were likened oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his
brow?

Lo, now my glory smeared in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and
dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Third Part of King Henry VI., v. 2. 5.

RICHARD II., MORALIZING AFTER THE LOSS OF HIS
CROWN.

Of comforts no man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs:
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth,
Let's choose executors and talk of wills;
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our
bones.

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:

How some have been deposed; some slain in
war;

Some haunted by the ghosts they have de-
posed;

Some poisoned by their wives; some sleeping
killed;

All murdered: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be feared and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable, and humored thus
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

King Richard II., iii. 2. 144.

ADVERSITY IMPROVED.

Duke. Now, my co-mates and brothers in
exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods

More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
"This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,

Sermons in stones and good in everything.
I would not change it.

Aniens. Happy is your grace.
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

As You Like It, ii. 1

WOLSEY AFTER HIS FALL.

Cardinal Wolsey. Farewell! a long fare-
well, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely

His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride

At length broke under me and now has left me,

Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened.

O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars and women have;

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

(Enter CROMWELL and stands amazed.)

Why, how now Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep.

I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well:

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now; and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,

I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders.

These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would sink a navy, too much honor:

O't is a burthen, Cromwell, 't is a burthen

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

King Henry VIII., iii. 2, 35f.

'T is good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:

And when the mind is quickened, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

King Henry V., iv. 1, 18.

Whate'er I be,
Nor I nor any man that but man is
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing.

King Richard II., v. 5, 38.

My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things.

Timon of Athens, v. 1, 189.

Agamemnon. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promised largeness: checks and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest reared,
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us

That we come short of our suppose so far
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,

Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works,
And call them shames? which are indeed nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men:
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away:
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Troilus and Cressida, i. 3.

RESIGNATION.

Duchess of York. I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dorset. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeased

That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things, 't is called ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

King Richard III., ii. 2, 87.

'T is sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor
bound

In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolment is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 't is unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschooled.

Hamlet, i. 2, 87.

Lady Capulet. O child! O child! my soul,
and not my child!

Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.

Friar Lawrence. Peace, ho, for shame!
confusion's cure lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath
all,

And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion:
For 't was your heaven she should be advanced;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.

Romeo and Juliet, iv. 5, 62.

Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming
hither:

Ripeness is all.

King Lear, v. 2, 9.

DESPAIR.

THE DEATH OF BEAUFORT.

SUDDENLY a grievous sickness took him,
That made him gasp and stare and catch the
air,

Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's
ghost¹

Were by his side; sometime he calls the king
And whispers to his pillow as to him
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Second Part of King Henry VI., iii. 2, 371.

¹ Duke of Gloster murdered by Beaufort's order.

*Enter the KING, SALISBURY, WARWICK, to the CARDINAL
in bed.*

King. How fares my lord? speak, Beau-
fort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee
England's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks
to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will
Died he not in his bed? where should he
die?

Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.

Alive again? then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands
upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

King. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make
him grin!

Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peace-
ably.

King. Peace to his soul, if God's good
pleasure be!

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's
bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive
him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous
life.

King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners
all.

Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation.

Second Part of King Henry VI., iii. 3, 1.

REMORSE.

I HAVE not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Julius Caesar, ii. 1, 62

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

Brakenbury. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clarence. O, I have passed a miserable night,

So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time! . . .

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthened after life :

O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;

Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"

And so he vanished : then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood : and he shrieked out aloud,
"Clarence is come ; false, fleeting, perjured
Clarence,

That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury ;
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!"

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.

Brak. No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted you ;

I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,

Which now bear evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !

O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,

But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone,
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !

I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

King Richard III., i. 4, 1.

Lady Macbeth. Here's the smell of blood still : all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor. What a sigh is there ! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well, —

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice : yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown ; look not so pale. — I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried ; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so ?

Lady M. To bed, to bed ! there's knocking at the gate : come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. — To bed, to bed, to bed !

[*Exit*.

Doct. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad : unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets :

More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all !

Macbeth, v. 1, 56

THE MURDER OF THE TWO YOUNG PRINCES.

Sir James Tyrrel. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,

The most arch act of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Although they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,

Melting with tenderness and kind compassion

Wept like two children in their death's sad stories,

"Lo, thus," quoth Dighton, "lay those tender babes" :

"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another

Within their innocent alabaster arms :
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kissed each other.

A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost changed my mind ;

But oh! the devil" — there the villain stopped ;
 Whilst Dighton thus told on: " We smothered
 The most replenished sweet work of nature,
 That from the prime creation e'er she framed."
 Thus both are gone with conscience and
 remorse ;
 They could not speak ; and so I left them
 both,
 To bring this tidings to the bloody king.

King Richard III., iv. 3. 1.

THE UNREST OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH IN HIS PALACE.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle
 sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
 And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy
 slumber,

Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lulled with sound of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly
 couch

A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his
 brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads and hanging
 them

With deafening clamor in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie
 down!

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Second Part of King Henry IV., iii. 1. 4.

SUICIDE.

O, THAT this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God!
 God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,

Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 Fie on 't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross
 in nature
 Possess it merely.

Hamlet, i. 2, 129.

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them? To die: to
 sleep;

No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural
 shocks

That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep;
 To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there 's
 the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may
 come

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause: there 's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of
 time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
 tumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life.

But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscovered country from whose bourne
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

Hamlet, iii. 1, 56.

PEACEFUL DEATH.

*Queen Katharine (after the vision of an-
 gels, holding up her hands to heaven).
 Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye
 all gone,*

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Griffith. Madam, we are here.

Kath.

It is not you I call for:
 Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif.

None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a
blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I
feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assur-
edly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good
dreams

Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They're harsh and heavy to me. (*Music ceases.*)

Patience. Do you note
How much her grace is altered on the sud-
den?

How long her face is drawn? how pale she
looks,

And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!

Grif. She is going, wench: pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Kath. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I blessed
him,

For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Fare-
well,

My lord. Griffith farewell. Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed:
Call in more women. When I am dead, good
wench,

Let me be used with honor: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may
know

I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueened, yet
like

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.

King Henry VIII., iv. 2, 83.

HOPE IN DEATH.

BE absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus
with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath
thou art,

Servile to all the skye influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labor'st by thy flight to shun

And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art
not noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no
means valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly
fear'st

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not
thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to
get,

And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not
certain:

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt
poor;

For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou
none;

For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigio, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor
youth nor age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and
rich,

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor
beauty,

To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in
this

That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we
fear,

That makes these odds all even.

Measure for Measure, iii. 1, 5.

So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

Third Part of King Henry VI., v. 5, 7.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou
comest.

King Richard II., i. 3, 286.

God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.

Second Part of King Henry VI., ii. 3, 24.

Now, God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Second Part of King Henry VI., ii. 1, 65.



THE POET CONTEMPLATES THE
FAMILY LIFE.



CHRIST'S PRESENCE IN THE HOUSE.

DEAR Friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once at Cana's wedding feast
Turn water into wine:

Come visit us, and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and make us see
Life's water glow as wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes shall grow divine,
When Jesus visits us, to turn
Life's water into wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Shall glow with angels' visits when
The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,
Which knows not mine and thine
The miracle again is wrought,
And water changed to wine.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D. D.

THE POET CONTEMPLATES THE FAMILY LIFE.

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM was born in Blackwood, Dumfrireshire, Scotland, Dec. 7, 1785, and died Oct. 29, 1842. He was the son of a stonemason, and was for a time foreman in the studio of the sculptor Chantry. He wrote for the London papers, but rose to higher work and left a number of volumes of importance.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine!
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,
That thou shalt aye be mine.

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic
bands,
An' the heart that wad part sic luvè!
But there's nae hand can loose my band,
But the finger o' Him abuve.
Though the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
And my claithing ne'er sae mean,
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' luvè, —
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me,
Fu' safter than the down;
And luvè wad winnow owre us his kind, kind
wings,
And sweetly I 'd sleep, and soun.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my luvè!
Come here and kneel wi' me!
The morn is fu' o' the presence o' God,
And I canna pray without thee.

The morn wind is sweet 'mang the beds o'
new flowers,
The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie;

Our gudeman leans owre his kale-yard dike,
And a blythe auld bodie he is.
The Beuk maun be ta'en whan the carle comes
hame,
Wi' the holy psalmodie;
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
And I will speak o' thee.

1847.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

LINES LEFT AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE.

O THOU dread Power, who reign'st above,
I know thou wilt me hear,
When for this scene of peace and love
I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary sire — the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleased to spare
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
Oh, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush, —
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray, —
Thou knowest the snares on every hand,
Guide thou their steps alway!

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven!

ROBERT BURNS.

HEBREW WEDDING.

To the sound of timbrels sweet
 Moving slow our solemn feet,
 We have borne thee on the road
 To the virgin's blest abode ;
 With thy yellow torches gleaming,
 And thy scarlet mantle streaming,
 And the canopy above
 Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,
 And the mirth and wine have ceased ;
 And now we set thee down before
 The jealously unclosing door,
 That the favored youth admits
 Where the veiled virgin sits
 In the bliss of maiden fear,
 Waiting our soft tread to hear,

And the music's brisker din
 At the bridegroom's entering in,
 Entering in, a welcome guest,
 To the chamber of his rest.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Now the jocund song is thine,
 Bride of David's kingly line ;
 How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,
 And thy shrouded eye resembleth
 Violets, when the dews of eve
 A moist and tremulous glitter leave

On the bashful sealed lid !
 Close within the bride-veil hid,
 Motionless thou sitt'st and mute ;
 Save that at the soft salute
 Of each entering maiden friend,
 Thou dost rise and softly bend.

Hark ! a brisker, merrier glee !
 The door unfolds, — 't is he ! 't is he !
 Thus we lift our lamps to meet him,
 Thus we touch our lutes to greet him :
 Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,
 Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting

HENRY HART MILMAN, D. D.

1826.

MARRIAGE SONG.

"THEY have no more wine," she said.
 But they had enough of bread ;
 And the vessels by the door
 Held for thirst a plenteous store ;
 Yes, enough ; but love divine
 Turned the water into wine.

When should wine not water flow,
 But when home two glad hearts go,
 And in sacred bondage bound,
 Soul in soul hath freedom found ?
 Meetly then, a holy sign,
 Turns the water into wine.

Good is all the feasting then ;
 Good the merry words of men ;
 Good the laughter and the smiles ;
 Good the wine that grief beguiles ; —
 Crowning good, the word divine
 Turning water into wine.

Friends, the Master with you dwell,
 Daily work this miracle ;
 When fair things too common grow
 Wake again the heavenly show ;
 Ever at your table dine,
 Turning water into wine.

So at the last you shall descry
 All the patterns of the sky :
 Earth and heaven of short abode :
 Houses temples unto God ;
 Waterpots to visions fine,
 Brimming full of heavenly wine.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

A MARRIAGE-TABLE.

W. H. L. AND F. R.

THERE was a marriage-table where One sate,
 Haply, unnoticed, till they craved his aid :
 Thenceforward does it seem that he has made
 All virtuous marriage-tables consecrate :
 And so, at this, where without pomp or state
 We sit, and only say, or, mute, are fain
 To wish the simple words "God bless these
 twain !"

I think that He who "in the midst" doth wait
 Ofttimes, would not abjure our prayerful cheer,
 But, as at Cana, list with gracious ear
 To us, beseeching that the love divine
 May ever at their household table sit,
 Make all His servants who encompass it,
 And change life's bitterest waters into wine.

The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman".

MARRIAGE HYMN.

How welcome was the call,
 And sweet the festal lay,
 When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
 To bless the marriage day !

And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For he who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

His gracious power divine
The water vessels knew ;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

O Lord of life and love,
Come thou again to-day,
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

Oh, bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride ;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from thy pierced side !

Before thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore ;
As thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore. Amen.

SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER.

1861.

TO MY SISTER, ON THE EVE OF
HER MARRIAGE.

I.

THOU art leaving the home of thy childhood,
Sweet sister mine :
Is the song of the bird of the wild-wood
Faint and far as thine ?

Listless stray thy fingers through the chords,
Thy voice falters in the old familiar words ;
What wilt thou for the young glad voices
Wherewith our earliest home rejoices ?
A father's smile benign,
A mother's love divine,
Sweet sister mine ?

II.

Lay thy hand upon thy mouth, brother,
Lay thy hand upon thy mouth ;
One word thou hast spoken, — but another
Were perhaps too much for truth.
Home is left — oh ! yes, if leaving
Be when home is in our heart :
Grieving — yes, 't is grief, if grieving
Be for those who cannot part.
We are one, brother, we are one, —
Since first the golden cord was spun :
It may lengthen, but it cannot sever,
For, brother, it was twined — and twined for-
ever.

III.

Sister, touch again thy passionate lute, —
Chide no more — chide no more :
Sooner far my voice were ever mute,
Than to whisper our fond love were o'er.
But I grieve for hours gone by,
Of heart to heart, and eye to eye ;
Oh, we cannot have the joy of meeting
Day by day thy sunny, smiling greeting ;
Nor canst thou a brother's fond caress,
Or a sister's searching tenderness ;
Grieve I too for summer flowers,
In calm weather
Culled together,
And the merriment of fireside hours.
Something whispers, though our heartstrings
cannot sever,
These are gone, sister, — gone forever.
And for these I must repine, —
Sweet sister mine.

IV.

And my tears shall flow with thine, brother,
At the sound of those quick chimes ;
And the thought of home — my father and my
mother —
Overfloods my heart at times ;
And my grief will have its way :
And though to-morrow
Joy chaseth sorrow,
Sorrow chaseth joy to-day.

Tell me, wherefore should I lull myself asleep?
Let me weep, brother, — let me weep.

V.

Nay, I will not, cannot, sister, see them flow :
Weep no more, weep no more.
There is solace from the deepest of our woe,
That our partings will erelong be o'er.
We are one in joys undying,
In the family of Heaven,
And we mourn not, like the Pleiads ever
sighing,
"We have lost our sister — we were
seven."
Still, however wide our pilgrim footsteps
roam,
Bright and glorious
Lie before us
Mansions in an everlasting home.
Trust me, sister ; wherefore dost thou weep
so sore ?
Weep no more, sister, — weep no more.
For my spirit catches all the bloom of thine,
Nor can I in thy prime of bliss repine,
Sweet sister mine.

1871.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH.

THE HOUSEHOLD WOMAN.

GRACEFUL may seem the fairy form,
With youth, and health, and beauty warm,
Gliding along the airy dance,
Imparting joy at every glance.

And lovely, too, when o'er the strings
Her hand of music woman flings,
While dewy eyes are upward thrown,
As if from heaven to claim the tone.

And fair is she when mental flowers
Engage her soul's devoted powers,
And wreaths, unfading wreaths of mind,
Around her temples are entwined.

But never in her varied sphere
Is woman to the heart more dear
Than when her homely task she plies,
With cheerful duty in her eyes ;
And, every lowly path well trod,
Looks meekly upward to her God.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

HOLY MATRIMONY.

THERE is an awe in mortals' joy,
A deep mysterious fear
Half of the heart will still employ,
As if we drew too near
To Eden's portal, and those fires
That bicker round in wavy spires,
Forbidding, to our frail desires,
What cost us once so dear.

We cower before the heart-searching eye
In rapture as in pain ;
Even wedded Love, till thou be nigh,
Dares not believe her gain :
Then in the air she fearless springs,
The breath of heaven beneath her wings,
And leaves her woodnote wild, and sings
A tuned and measured strain.

Ill fare the lay, though soft as dew
And free as air it fall,
That, with thine altar full in view,
Thy votaries would enthrall
To a foul dream, of heathen night,
Lifting her torch in Love's despite,
And scaring with base wildfire light
The sacred nuptial hall.

Far other strains, far other fires,
Our marriage offering grace ;
Welcome, all chaste and kind desires,
With even matron pace

Approaching down the hallowed aisle !
Where should ye seek Love's perfect smile,
But where your prayers were learned erewhile,
In her own native place ?

Where, but on His benigntest brow,
Who waits to bless you here ?
Living, he owned no nuptial vow,
No bower to fancy dear :
Love's very self, for him no need
To nurse, on earth, the heavenly seed :
Yet comfort in his eye we read
For bridal joy and fear.

'T is he who clasps the marriage band,
And fits the spousal ring,
Then leaves ye kneeling, hand in hand,
Out of his stores to bring
His Father's dearest blessing, shed
Of old on Isaac's nuptial bed,
Now on the board before ye spread
Of our all-bounteous King.

All blessings of the breast and womb,
Of heaven and earth beneath,
Of converse high, and sacred home
Are yours, in life and death.
Only kneel on, nor turn away
From the pure shrine, where Christ to-day
Will store each flower ye duteous lay,
For an eternal wreath.

JOHN KEBLE.

1827.

HOLY MATRIMONY.

"A threefold cord is not quickly broken."
ECCLES. iv. 12.

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union,
Which nought on earth may break.

Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side :

Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As thou didst bind two natures
In thine eternal bands:

Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

Oh, spread thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to thine altar
The hallowed path they trace,

To cast their crowns before thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise. Amen.

July 12, 1857.

JOHN KEBLE.

MARRIAGE.

LORD, living here are we
As fast united yet,
As when our hands and hearts by thee
Together first were knit.
And in a thankful song,
Now sing we will thy praise,
For that thou dost as well prolong
Our loving as our days.

The frowardness that springs
From our corrupted kind,
Or from those troublous outward things
Which may distract the mind,
Permit not thou, O Lord,
Our constant love to shake,
Or to disturb our true accord,
Or make our hearts to ache.

GEORGE WITHER.

LEMUEL'S SONG.

WHO finds a woman good and wise,
A gem more worth than pearls hath got;
Her husband's heart on her relies;
To live by spoil he needeth not.
His comfort all his life is she;
No wrong she willingly will do;
For wool and flax her searches be,
And cheerful hands she puts thereto.

The merchant-ship, resembling right,
Her food she from afar doth fet.¹

¹ Bring.

Ere day she wakes, that give she might
Her maids their task, her household meat.
A field she views, and that she buys;
Her hand doth plant a vineyard there;
Her loins with courage up she ties,
Her arms with vigor strengthened are.

If in her work she profit feel,
By night her candle goes not out:
She puts her finger to the wheel,
Her hand the spindle turns about.
To such as poor and needy are
Her hand (yea, both hands) reacheth she.
The winter none of hers doth fear,
For double-clothed her household be.
She mantles maketh, wrought by hand,
And silk and purple clothing gets.
Among the rulers of the land
(Known in the gate) her husband sits.
For sale fine linen weaveth she,
And girdles to the merchant sends.
Renown and strength her clothing be,
And joy her later time attends.
She speaks discreetly when she talks;
The law of grace her tongue hath learned;
She heeds the way her household walks,
And feedeth not on bread unearned.
Her children rise, and blest her call:
Her husband thus applaudeth her,
"Oh, thou hast far surpassed them all,
Though many daughters thriving are!"

Deceitful favor quickly wears,
And beauty suddenly decays;
But, if the Lord she truly fears,
That woman well deserveth praise,
The fruit her handywork obtains:
Without repining grant her that,
And yield her when her labor gains,
To do her honor in the gate.

GEORGE WITHER.

A WEDDING SERMON.

COVENTRY KEARSEY DIGHTON PATMORE is the son of the late P. G. Patmore, a man of letters, and was born at Woodford, England, July 2, 1823. For some years he was assistant librarian of the British Museum. He has written "The Angel in the House" and other poems.

THAT good which does itself not know,
Scarce is. Good families are so,
Less through their coming of good kind,
Than having borne it well in mind;
And this does all from honor bar,
The ignorance of that they are,
In the heart of the world, alas! for want
Of knowing aright what light souls taunt
As lightness, but which God has made

Such that for even its feeble shade,
 Evoked by falsely fair ostents
 And soiling of its sacraments,
 Great statesmen, poets, warriors, kings,
 Have honor and all other things
 Gladly accounted nothing, what
 Fell fires of Tophet burn forgot!

The truths of love are like the sea
 For clearness and for mystery.
 Of that sweet love which, startling, wakes
 Maiden and youth, and mostly breaks
 The word of promise to the ear,
 But keeps it, after many a year,
 To the full spirit, how shall I speak?
 My memory with age is weak,
 And I for hopes-do oft suspect
 The things I seem to recollect.
 Yet who but must remember well
 'T was this made heaven intelligible
 As motive, though 't was small the power
 The heart might have, for even an hour,
 To hold possession of the height
 Of nameless pathos and delight!

In Godhead rise, thither flow back
 All loves, which, as they keep or lack,
 In their turn, the course assigned,
 Are virtue or sin. Love's every kind,
 Lofty or low, of spirit or sense,
 Desire is, or benevolence.
 He who is fairer, better, higher
 Than all his works, claims all desire,
 And in his poor, his proxies, asks
 Our whole benevolence: he tasks,
 Howbeit, his people by their powers;
 And if, my children, you, for hours
 Daily untortured in the heart,
 Can worship, and time's other part
 Give, without rough recoils of sense,
 To claims ingrate of indigence,
 Happy are you, and fit to be
 Wrought to rare heights of sanctity
 For the humble to grow humbler at.
 But if the flying spirit falls flat,
 After the modest spell of prayer,
 That saves the day from sin and care,
 And the upward eye a void descries,
 And praises are hypocrisies,
 And in the soul o'erstrained for grace,
 A godless anguish grows apace;
 Or if impartial charity
 Seems, in the act, a sordid lie,
 Do not infer you cannot please
 God, or that he his promises
 Postpones, but be content to love
 No more than he accounts enough.

Every ambition bears a curse;
 And none, if height metes error, worse
 Than his who sets his hope on more
 Godliness than God made him for.
 Account them poor enough who want
 Any good thing which you can grant;
 And fathom well the depths of life
 In loves of husband and of wife,
 Child, mother, father; simple keys
 To all the Christian mysteries.

The love of marriage claims, above
 Each other kind. the name of love,
 As being, though not so saintly high
 As what seeks heaven with single eye,
 Sole perfect. Equal and entire,
 Therein benevolence, desire,
 Elsewhere ill-joined, or found apart,
 Become the pulses of one heart,
 Which now contracts and now dilates,
 And, each to the height exalting, mates
 Self-seeking to self-sacrifice.
 Nay, in its subtle paradise
 (When purest) this one love unites
 All modes of these two opposites,
 All balanced in accord so rich,
 Who may determine which is which?
 Chiefly God's love does in it live,
 And nowhere else so sensitive;
 For each is all that the other's eye,
 In the vague vast of Deity,
 Can comprehend and so contain
 As still to touch and ne'er to strain
 The fragile nerves of joy. And, then,
 'T is such a wise goodwill to men
 And politic economy.
 As in a prosperous state we see,
 Where every plot of common land
 Is yielded to some private hand
 To fence about and cultivate.
 Does narrowness its praise abate?
 Nay, the infinite of man is found
 But in the beating of its bound,
 And if a brook its banks o'erpass,
 'T is not sea, but a morass.

Without God's word, no wildest guess
 Of love's most innocent loftiness
 Had dared to dream of its own height;
 But that bold sunbeam quenched the night,
 Showing heaven's happiest symbols, where
 The torch of Psyche flashed despair;
 Proclaiming love, even in divine
 Realms, to be male and feminine
 (Christ's marriage with the Church is more,
 My children, than a metaphor):
 And aye by names of bride and wife,

Husband and bridegroom heaven's own life
 Picturing, so proved theirs to be
 The earth's unearthliest sanctity.
 Herein I speak of heights, and heights
 Are hardly scaled. The best delights
 Of even this homely passion are
 In the most perfect souls so rare,
 That they who feel them are as men
 Sailing the Southern Ocean, when
 At midnight they look up, and eye
 The starry cross, and a strange sky
 Of brighter stars; and sad thoughts come
 To each how far he is from home!

COVENTRY PATMORE.

O HAPPY HOUSE.

"O selig Haus, wo man Dich aufgenommen."

KARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA was born at Hanover, Aug. 1, 1801, and died Sept. 28, 1859. He was a Lutheran pastor, and one of the most gifted and popular writers of hymns in Germany. He was made known to English readers through the admirable versions of his hymns by Richard Massie in his "Lyra Domestica," published in 1861 and 1863.

O HAPPY house! where thou art loved the best,
 Dear Friend and Saviour of our race,
 Where never comes such welcome, honored
 Guest,

Where none can ever fill thy place;
 Where every heart goes forth to meet thee,
 Where every ear attends thy word,
 Where every lip with blessing greets thee,
 Where all are waiting on their Lord.

O happy house! where man and wife in heart,
 In faith, and hope are one,
 That neither life nor death can ever part
 The holy union here begun;
 Where both are sharing one salvation,
 And live before thee. Lord, always,
 In gladness or in tribulation,
 In happy or in evil days.

O happy house! whose little ones are given
 Early to thee, in faith and prayer,—
 To thee, their Friend, who from the heights
 of heaven

Guards them with more than mother's care.
 O happy house! whose little voices
 Their glad hosannas love to raise,
 And childhood's lisping tongue rejoices
 To bring new songs of love and praise.

O happy house! and happy servitude!
 Where all alike one Master own;
 Where daily duty, in thy strength pursued,
 Is never hard nor toilsome known;

Where each one serves thee, meek and lowly,
 Whatever thine appointment be,
 Till common tasks seem great and holy,
 When they are done as unto thee.

O happy house! where thou art not forgot
 When joy is flowing full and free;
 O happy house! where every wound is brought,
 Physician, Comforter, to thee.
 Until at last, earth's day's work ended,
 All meet thee in that home above,
 From whence thou camest, where thou hast
 ascended,
 Thy heaven of glory and of love!

KARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA. Translated by
 MRS. ERIC FINDLATER. (Slightly altered.)

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor."

GRAY.

ROBERT BURNS, the popular bard of Scotland, and one of the most celebrated lyric poets of modern times, was born at Alloway, near Ayr, Scotland, Jan. 25, 1759. His education was limited. His first verses were published in 1786, to raise money to emigrate to the West Indies, but, finding that they made him famous, he abandoned his resolution. The "Cotter," in the following poem, is an exact picture of his father, in his manners, his family devotions and his exhortations, but the poem does not apply in other respects to the family. The poet seems to have had a sincere reverence for the Bible. He conducted devotions in his father's family, and carefully instructed the younger children in the catechism. Burns died July 21, 1796.

My loved, my honored, much respected
 friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end:
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and
 praise:
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless
 ways;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
 Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier
 there, I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;¹
 The shortening winter-day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;
 The blackening trains o' craws to their re-
 pose:
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,

¹ Moan.

This night his weekly toil is at an end,—
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his
hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor his course does
hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
The expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher¹
through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an'
glee.
His wee bit ingle,² blinking bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wife's
smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his
toil.

Belyve³ the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some ten-
tie⁴ rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town :
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman
gown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new
gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship
be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :⁵
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed
fleet ;
Each tells the uncos⁶ that he sees or hears :
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars⁷ auld claes look amaist as weel's the
new ;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' an' their mistresses' com-
mand
The younkens a' are warned to obey ;
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent⁸ hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play :
"An' O, be sure to fear the Lord alway !

¹ Stagger. ² Fire, or fireplace. ³ By and by.
⁴ Careful. ⁵ Inquires ⁶ News.
⁷ Makes. ⁸ Diligent.

An' mind your duty duly, morn an' night !
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might :
They never sought in vain that sought the
Lord aright !"

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door :
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his
name,
While Jenny hafflins¹ is afraid to speak ;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild,
worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,²
A strappan youth ; he takes the mother's
eye ;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and
kye ;³
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi'
joy.
But blate⁴ and laithfu',⁵ scarce can weel
behave ;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae
grave ;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected
like the lave.⁶

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
O heartfelt raptures ! bliss beyond com-
pare !
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure
spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
evening gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?
Curse on his perjured arts, dissembling
smooth !
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,

¹ Half. ² Into the spence or parlor. ³ Cows.
⁴ Bashful. ⁵ Sheepish ⁶ Rest.

Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The healsome parritch,¹ chief o' Scotia's food:
The soupe their only hawkie² does afford,
That 'yont the hallan³ snugly chows her food:⁴
The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained⁵ kebbuck,⁶ fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
How 't was a towmond⁷ auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.⁸

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets⁹ wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales¹⁰ a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tunè their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beets¹¹ the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian thrills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;

¹ Porridge. ² A white-faced cow. ³ Wall.
⁴ Chews her cud. ⁵ Saved. ⁶ Cheese.
⁷ Twelvemonth. ⁸ Flax was in flower. ⁹ Gray locks.
¹⁰ Chooses. ¹¹ Kindles.

Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He who bore in heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he who lone in Patmos banished
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced
by Heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope springs "exulting on triumphant wing,"¹
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,

¹ Altered from Pope's "Windsor Forest," l. 112.

And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine
 preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 " An honest man's the noblest work of God " ;¹
 And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind :
 What is a lordling's pomp ? A cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined.

O Scotia, my dear, my native soil,
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou, who poured the patriotic tide
 That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart ;
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
 O, never, never Scotia's realm desert !
 But still the patriot and the patriot bard
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

1780.

ROBERT BURNS.

A HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

SAVIOUR of them that trust in thee,
 Once more, with supplicating cries,
 We lift the heart and bend the knee,
 And bid devotion's incense rise.

¹ Pope's " Essay on Man," iv. 248.

For mercies past we praise thee, Lord,
 The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven ;
 Thy helping arm, thy guiding Word,
 And answered prayers, and sins forgiven.

Whene'er we tread on danger's height
 Or walk temptation's slippery way,
 Be still, to steer our steps aright,
 Thy Word our guide, thine arm our stay.

Be ours thy fear and favor still,
 United hearts, unchanging love ;
 No scheme that contradicts thy will,
 No wish that centres not above.

And since we must be parted here,
 Support us when the hour shall come ;
 Wipe gently off the mourner's tear,
 Rejoin us in our heavenly home.

HENRY ALFORD, D. D.

OUR FIRESIDE EVENING HYMN.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS was born at Portsmouth, N. H., Dec. 31, 1820, and was for a long time a member of one of the first publishing firms in America. His poems were published in 1849 and 1858, and his prose compositions have appeared in the best periodicals of the day. He is the editor, with Mr. E. P. Whipple, of a very complete collection of British Poetry, and as a lecturer has won popularity. Mr. Fields has for many years lived in Boston.

HITHER, bright angels, wing your flight,
 And stay your gentle presence here ;
 Watch round, and shield us through the night,
 That every shade may disappear.

How sweet, when Nature claims repose,
 And darkness floats in silence nigh,
 To welcome in, at daylight's close,
 Those radiant troops that gem the sky !

To feel that unseen hands we clasp,
 While feet unheard are gathering round,
 To know that we in faith may grasp
 Celestial guards from heavenly ground !

Oh, ever thus, with silent prayer
 For those we love, may night begin, —
 Reposing safe, released from care,
 Till morning leads the sunlight in.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

CONSECRATION OF A NEW HOUSE.

I BLESS thy new-raised threshold : let us pray
 That never faithless friend, insulting foe,
 O'er this pure stone their hateful shadows
 throw :
 May the poor gather round it day by day.

I bless this hearth: thy children here shall
play:

Here may their graces and their virtues blow:
May sin defile it not; and want and woe
And sickness seldom come, nor come to stay.
I bless thy house. I consecrate the whole
To God. It is his temple. Let it be
Worthy of him, confided thus to thee.
Man's dwelling, like its lord, enshrines a soul:
It hath great destinies, wherein do lie,
Self-sown, the seed, of immortality.

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

"Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are thy rest,
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts;
Thou makest there thy nest."

FABER.

SAMUEL BARRETT SUMNER was born in Boston, March
4, 1797, and now lives in that city.

WHEN all things thou hast made
Thy wondrous love declare,
We would come now, our Father dear,
To breathe a grateful prayer.

In humble trust we come,
Believing in thy Son,
Conscious how often we have erred, —
Of what we've left undone.

Forgive our many sins,
O Father, we implore!
And let thy holy presence still
These erring feet restore.

To-day we would be thine,
Whate'er our trials be;
Earnest in everything to do
Only what pleases thee.

May all who love thy truth
Unite with one accord,
Converting nations in the name
Of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

SAMUEL B. SUMNER.

Nov. 20, 1865.

OUR OWN.

IF I had known, in the morning,
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But — we vex our own with look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night,
And hearts have broken for harsh words
spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah, lip with the curve impatient,
Ah, brow with the shade of scorn,
'T were a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

HYMN FOR THE MOTHER.

MY child is lying on my knees;
The signs of heaven she reads;
My face is all the heaven she sees,
Is all the heaven she needs.

And she is well, yea, bathed in bliss,
If heaven is in my face, —
Behind it is all tenderness
And truthfulness and grace.

I mean her well so earnestly,
Unchanged in changing mood;
My life would go without a sigh
To bring her something good.

I also am a child, and I
Am ignorant and weak;
I gaze upon the starry sky,
And then I must not speak;

For all behind the starry sky,
Behind the world so broad,
Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie
The Infinite of God.

Ay, true to her, though troubled sore,
I cannot choose but be:
Thou who art peace forevermore
Art very true to me.

If I am low and sinful, bring
More love where need is rife;
Thou knowest what an awful thing
It is to be a life.

Hast thou not wisdom to enwrap
My waywardness about,
In doubting safety on the lap
Of Love that knows no doubt?

Lo! Lord, I sit in thy wide space,
My child upon my knee;
She looketh up into my face,
And I look up to thee.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

TO MY MOTHER.

A WAYWARD son oft times I was to thee;
And yet in all our little bickerings,
Domestic jars, there was, I know not what
Of tender feelings that were ill exchanged
For this world's chilling friendships, and their
smiles

Familiar whom the heart call' strangers still.
A heavy lot hath he, most wretched man,
Who lives the last of all his family;
He looks around him, and his eye discerns
The face of the stranger, and his heart is sick.
Man of the world, what canst thou do for him?
Wealth is a burden which he could not bear;
Mirth a strange crime, the which he dare not
act;

And generous wines no cordial to his soul:
For wounds like his Christ is the only cure.
Go, preach thou to him of a world to come,
Where friends shall meet and know each other's
face;

Say less than this, and say it to the winds.

CHARLES LAMB.

OTHER MOTHERS.

MRS. MARY F. BUTTS is a native of Hopkinton, R. I., where she was born in 1837. She is a constant contributor to current literature. Her present home is at Westerly, R. I.

MOTHER, in the sunset glow,
Crooning child-songs sweet and low,
Eyes soft shining, heart at rest,
Rose-leaf cheek against thy breast,

Thinkest thou of those that weep
O'er their babies fast asleep
Where the evening dews lie wet
On their brodered coverlet,

Whose cold cradle is the grave,
Where wild roses nod and wave,
Taking for their blossoms fair
What a spirit once did wear?

Mother, crooning soft and low,
Let not all thy fancies go,
Like swift birds, to the blue skies
Of thy darling's happy eyes.

Count thy baby's curls for beads,
As a sweet saint intercedes,
But on some fair ringlet's gold
Let a tender prayer be told

For the mother, all alone,
Who for singing maketh moan,
Who doth ever vainly seek
Dimpled arms and velvet cheek.

MRS. MARY F. BUTTS.

BEST.

MRS. JACKSON, better known as "H. H." (Helen Hunt), is daughter of the late Prof. N. W. Fiske, of Amherst, Mass., and was born in 1831. She was wife of the late Major E. B. Hunt, of the U. S. engineers, and acquired a brilliant popularity by her verses published under the initials, H. H., which she still uses. Mrs. Jackson's home is at Colorado Springs.

MOTHER, I see you wi' the nursery light
Leading your babies, all in white,

To their sweet rest:

Christ, the Good Shepherd, bears mine to-
night,
And that is best.

I cannot help tears, when I see them twine
Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls
shine

On your warm breast:

But the Saviour's is purer than yours or mine,
He can love best.

You tremble each hour because your arms
Are weak; your heart is wrung with alarms,
And sore opprest:
My darlings are safe, out of reach of harms,
And that is best.

You know over yours may hang even now
Pain and disease, whose fulfilling slow
Nought can arrest:
Mine in God's gardens run to and fro,
And that is best.

You know that of yours, your feeblest one
And dearest may live long years alone,
Unloved, unblest:
Mine are cherished of saints around God's
throne,
And that is best.

You must dread for yours the crime that sears,
 Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears,
 And unconfessed :
 Mine entered betimes on eternal years,
 Oh, how much the best !

But grief is selfish ; I cannot see
 Always why I should so stricken be
 More than the rest ;
 But I know that, as well as for them, for me
 God did the best !

MRS. HELEN FISKE JACKSON.

MOTHERHOOD.

"HER lot is on you,"— woman's lot she meant,
 The singer who sang sweetly long ago ;
 And rose and yew and tender myrtle blent,
 To crown the harp that rang to love and woe.
 Awake, O poetess, and vow one strain
 To sing of motherhood, its joy, its pain

What does it give to us, this mother-love, —
 In verse and tale and legend glorified,
 Chosen by lips divine as type above
 All other passions ? Men have lived and
 died
 For sisters, maiden queens, and cherished
 wives,
 Yet, sealed by God, the one chief love sur-
 vives.

Yet what is it it gives us ? Shrinking dread,
 Peril, and pain, and agony forgot,
 Because we hold the ray of gladness shed
 By the first cry from lips that know us not
 Worth all that has been paid, is yet to pay,
 For the new worship, born and crowned that
 day.

Then nursing, teaching, training, self-denial,
 That never knows itself, so deep it lies,
 The eager taking up of every trial,
 To smooth spring's pathway, light her April
 skies ;
 Watching and guiding, loving, longing, pray-
 ing,
 No coldness daunting, and no wrong dismay-
 ing.

And when the lovely bud to blossom wakes,
 And when the soft shy dawn-star flashes
 bright,
 Another hand the perfect flower takes,
 Another wins the gladness of the light ;
 A sweet, soft, clinging, fond farewell is given ;
 Still a farewell, and then alone with Heaven.

With Heaven ! Will he take the tired heart,
 The God who gave the child and formed the
 mother,

Who sees her strive to play her destined part,
 And, smiling, yield her darling to another ?
 Ay, on his cross he thought of Mary's woe ;
 He pities still the mothers left below.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

BIRTH.

JUST when each bud was big with bloom,
 And as prophetic of perfume,
 When spring, with her bright horoscope,
 Was sweet as an unuttered hope ;

Just when the last star flickered out,
 And twilight, like a soul in doubt,
 Hovered between the dark and dawn,
 And day lay waiting to be born ;

Just when the gray and dewy air
 Grew sacred as an unvoiced prayer,
 And somewhere through the dusk she heard
 The stirring of a nested bird ; —

Four angels glorified the place :
 Wan Pain unveiled her awful face ;
 Joy, soaring, sang ; Love, brooding, smiled ;
 Peace laid upon her breast a child.

ANNIE R. STILLMAN.

THE NEW-BORN BABE.

INTO our home one blessed day
 A wee sweet babe had found its way,

While through the mist of tears and pain
 Sunlight fell on our hearts again !

There it lay in its tender grace, —
 The wee babe in its resting-place.

The father's eye with pride and joy
 Beamed as it rested on his boy !

He saw, as the years roll swift away,
 And time had blanched his locks to gray,

A strong young figure guide his feet
 On until life and death should meet,

And when his days on earth should close,
 The loved one lay him to repose !

But what the voice within *her* ear,
 The mother, — in whose eye a tear

Glistens and falls upon the brow
Of the babe resting by her now ?

She lifts her heart and simply says,
" O God ! I thank thee, give thee praise ! "

She hears a voice within her ear
That breathes this lesson, low, but clear :

" Mother ! to thee this day is given
A soul to keep and fit for heaven.

" Oh, watch and lead the little feet
Through the day's toil and pain and heat,

" Lest from the path they go astray,
And wander from God's fold away !

" And guide the hands that they may know
No other will than his below.

" And train the heart so pure, so mild,
Into the likeness of the Child

" Who came into a world of sin
And gave his life our souls to win !

" Heed well the charge ! nor hope to plead
Thou couldst not know, thou didst not heed ! "

The mother bowed her head in thought,
And then for guidance meekly sought.

Then from her lips arose this prayer :
" Do thou, O Lord, my soul prepare

" To do thy will, and yield to thee
This child, at last, all stainlessly ! "

MARIAN LONGFELLOW.

1879.

GERMAN CRADLE-SONG.

SLEEP on, my baby, sleep and rest, while day
to dusk is turning,

And o'er the sunset's rosy calm one great white
star is burning.

Their glooms against pale deeps of sky dark
castle-walls are showing.

And through the shadowy valley-land the
lovely Rhine is flowing !

Oh, all the sweet babes in the bourg for soft
repose are weary ;

The sunshine only brings them joy, but night
is grim and eerie ;

And, oh, I know that all night long, where
reeds and sedges quiver,

The deadly Lorelei combs her hair beside the
starlit river !

'T is well through day for babes to play where
sunbeams fling their lustre

Amid the arbor's yellowing leaves and light
the purple cluster ;

But, oh, I know where suns are low and stealthy
darkness follows,

With fiery eyes and streaming locks the mad
gnome haunts the hollows !

Oh, fair the river winds all day past towers and
moss-grown churches,

Past hamlets whence the fisher sails to draw
the net he searches ;

But there like phantoms float all night, while
shrill the owl rejoices,

Enchantresses in plumes of swans that sing
with angels' voices !

Sleep, baby, sleep, while watchful love your
rest is warmly screening ;

Above your cradle, meek and pure, Our Lady's
brows are leaning ;

And, oh, I know that by her will some beau-
teous dream has found you,

Some dream from heaven that stoops and
wraps its radiant wings around you !

EDGAR FAWCETT.

MY NURSERY.

The following lines have never before been published.

I THOUGHT that prattling boys and girls
Would fill this empty room,

That my rich heart would gather flowers
From childhood's opening bloom.

One child and two green graves are mine,
This is God's gift to me ;

A bleeding, fainting, broken heart, —
This is my gift to Thee !

ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS.

MY LAMBS.

I LOVED them so,
That when the Elder Shepherd of the fold
Came, covered with the storm, and pale and
cold,

And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet, —
A little fondling thing, that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest —
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,

And yet — and yet —

I laid him down
In those white, shrouded arms, with bitter
tears ;
For some voice told me that, in after-years,
He should know nought of passion, grief, or
fears

As I had known.

And yet again
That Elder Shepherd came. My heart grew
faint.
He claimed another lamb, with sadder plaint,
Another ! She who, gentle as a saint,
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast I turned away !
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam.
I knelt to pray.

"Is it thy will ?
My Father, say, must this pet lamb be given ?
Oh ! thou hast many such, dear Lord, in
heaven."

And a soft voice said : "Nobly hast thou
striven ;
But — peace, be still."

Oh ! how I wept,
And clasped her to my bosom, with a wild
And yearning love, — my lamb, my pleasant
child,
Her, too, I gave. The little angel smiled,
And slept.

"Go ! go !" I cried ;
For once again that Shepherd laid his hand
Upon the noblest of our household band.
Like a pale spectre, there he took his stand,
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet
The look with which he heard my passionate
cry :
"Touch not my lamb ; for him, oh ! let me
die !"

"A little while," he said, with smile and sigh,
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell ;
And when I rose, the light had burned so low,
So faint, I could not see my darling go :
He had not bidden me farewell, but, oh !
I felt farewell

More deeply, far,
Than if my arms had compassed that slight
frame :

Though, could I but have heard him call my
name —
"Dear mother !" — but in heaven 't will be the
same ;
There burns my star !

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought, for only one
Of the dear fold is spared, to be my sun,
My guide, my mourner when this life is done :
My heart would break.

Oh ! with what thrill
I heard him enter ; but I did not know
(For it was dark) that he had robbed me so.
The idol of my soul — he could not go —
O heart ! be still !

Came morning. Can I tell
How this poor frame its sorrowful tenant kept ?
For waking tears were mine ; I, sleeping, wept,
And days, months, years, that weary vigil kept.
Alas ! "Farewell."

How often it is said !
I sit and think, and wonder too, sometime,
How it will seem, when in that happier clime
It never will ring out like funeral chime
Over the dead.

No tears ! no tears !
Will there a day come that I shall not weep ?
For I bedew my pillow in my sleep.
Yes, yes, thank God ! no grief that clime shall
keep,
No weary years.

Ay ! it is well :
Well with my lambs, and with their earthly
guide.
There, pleasant rivers wander they beside,
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide —
Ay ! it is well.

Through the dreary day
They often come from glorious light to me ;
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see,
Yet my soul whispers, they do come to me,
Heaven is not far away.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

MY LITTLE ONE.

GOD bless my little one ! how fair
The mellow lamplight gilds his hair,
Loose on the cradle-pillow there,
God bless my little one !

God love my little one ! as clear,
Cool sunshine holds the first green spear
On April meadows. hold him dear.
God love my little one !

When these fond lips are mute, and when
I slumber, not to wake again,
God bless, God guard, God love him then,
My little one ! Amen.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

A MOTHER'S WAIL.

HENRY TIMROD, a promising poet, was born in Charleston, S. C., Dec. 8, 1829, and after studying awhile at the University of Georgia, became a literary man, contributing to various periodicals. He wrote several war lyrics. His death occurred at Columbia, Oct. 6, 1867.

My babe ! my tiny babe ! my only babe !
My single rosebud in a crown of thorns !
My lamp that in the narrow hut of life,
Whence I looked forth upon a night of storms,
Burned with the lustre of the moon and stars !

My babe ! my tiny babe ! my only babe !
Behold the bud is gone, the thorns remain !
My lamp hath fallen from its niche, — ah me !
Earth drinks the fragrant flame, and I am left
Forever and forever in the dark !

My babe ! my babe ! my own and only babe !
Where art thou now ? If somewhere in the
sky

An angel holds thee in his radiant arms,
I challenge him to clasp thy tender form
With half the fervor of a mother's love.

Forgive me, Lord ! forgive my reckless grief !
Forgive me that this rebel, selfish heart
Would almost make me jealous for my child,
Though thy own lap enthroned him. Lord,
thou hast

So many such ! I have — ah ! had but one !

Oh, yet once more, my babe, to hear thy cry !
Oh, yet once more, my babe, to see thy smile !
Oh, yet once more to feel against my breast
Those cool, soft hands, that warm, wet, eager
mouth,

With the sweet sharpness of its budding
pearls !

But it must never, never more, be mine
To mark the growing meaning in thine eyes,
To watch thy soul unfolding leaf by leaf,
Or catch, with ever fresh surprise and joy,
Thy dawning recognitions of the world.

Three different shadows of thyself, my babe,
Change with each other while I weep. The
first,

The sweetest, yet the not least fraught with
pain,

Clings like my living boy around my neck,
Or purrs and murmurs softly at my feet !

Another is a little mound of earth ;
That comes the oftenest, darling ! In my
dreams

I see it beaten by the midnight rain,
Or chilled beneath the moon. Ah ! what a
couch

For that which I have shielded from a breath
That would not stir the violets on thy grave !

The third, my precious babe ! the third, O
Lord !

Is a fair cherub face beyond the stars,
Wearing the roses of a mystic bliss,
Yet sometimes not unsaddened by a glance
Turned earthward on a mother in her woe !

This is the vision, Lord, that I would keep
Before me always. But alas ! as yet,
It is the dimmest, and the rarest, too !
Oh, touch my sight, or break the cloudy bars
That hide it, lest I madden where I kneel !

HENRY TIMROD.

1866.

THE SLEEPING BABE.

SAMUEL HINDS was born at the Barbadoes in 1793, and graduated at Oxford, England, in 1815. He became a clergyman, and eventually Bishop of Norwich. He died Feb. 7, 1872. He was the author of "Sonnets and Sacred Poems."

The baby wept ;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And soothed its grief, and stilled its vain alarms,
And baby slept.

Again it weeps,
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present pain, and future unknown harms,
And baby sleeps.

SAMUEL HINDS, D. D.

GRACE FOR A CHILD.

HERE a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand ;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat and on us all. Amen.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE CHILDREN WHOM JESUS BLEST.

HAPPY were they, the mothers, in whose sight
 Ye grew, fair children, hallowed from that
 hour
 By your Lord's blessing! surely thence a
 shower
 Of heavenly beauty, a transmitted light
 Hung on your brows and eyelids, meekly
 bright,
 Through all the after years, which saw ye
 move
 Lowly, yet still majestic, in the might,
 The conscious glory of the Saviour's love!
 And honored be all childhood, for the sake
 Of that high love! Let reverential care
 Watch to behold the immortal spirit wake,
 And shield its first bloom from unholy air;
 Owning, in each young suppliant glance, the
 sign
 Of claims upon a heritage divine.

FELICIA HEMANS.

TO A LITTLE DAUGHTER.

COULD thy life, a pleasure boat,
 Ever by the green banks float,
 Gliding gently on the stream,
 I would ne'er of danger dream.

But, my child, the silent tide
 Bears thee to the ocean wide;
 And when there, oh, who can tell
 How the waves may rage and swell?

With no anxious parent near,
 Who the tossing bark will steer?
 Driving fast before the gale,
 Who will watch and furl the sail?

Here's the pilot, here's the friend
 God has given the voyage to tend;
 Trust it, child, with all thy heart;
 Never, never, from it part.

This, an angel, at the helm,
 Thee the waves will not o'erwhelm;
 This, an angel, at thy side,
 Thou the foaming surge may ride.

Then I will not ask to know
 How the tide of years shall flow;
 Smooth, I'll pray, and yet if rough,
 So God be with thee, 't is enough.

W. A. MUHLENBERG, D. D.

CHRIST A PATTERN FOR CHILDREN.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows!
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod;
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
 And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
 Within thy Father's shrine,
 Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
 Were all alike divine;

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still thine own.

1827.

REGINALD HEBER.

HUSH, HUSH THEE, MY BABY.

HUSH, hush thee, my baby, hush, hush thee
 to rest,
 Be still! and I'll sing thee the song thou
 lov'st best,
 For I'll sing of the mother whose blessing
 thou'lt be,
 And of hearts that are glad when they think
 upon thee,
 And of prayers which are rising that thou
 mayst be blest;
 Then hush thee, sweet baby, hush, hush thee
 to rest.

Weep, weep not, my baby, weep, weep not
 to-day,
 I'll sing till I charm thy young sorrows away;
 For my song shall be all of those blessings
 divine,
 Of the home and the hope that, sweet baby,
 are thine,

Of Him who is waiting all bright things to
give,
And of One who has died that my baby may
live!

There are flowers for thee, sweet one, which
never shall die,
Unfed by a tear, and unfanned by a sigh ;
There 's a heritage promised thee fadeless
above,
Whose title is grace, and whose riches are
love,
And a crown of rejoicing to circle thy brow ;
Then who 'll be so portioned, my baby, as thou ?

Sleep, sleep then, my infant, sleep softly the
while
I 'll sing to thee, sweet one ! and watch for
thy smile,
For that answering smile, love, which oft as I
trace
With its soft light of gladness plays over thy
face,
I 'll hail as a dream, sent thee down from the
blest,
And think that my babe's gentle spirit hath
rest.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

WHICH SHALL GO ?

A MOTHER sat with her children three ;
The Angel of Death drew near :
" I come for one of thy babes," quoth he, —
" Of the little band, say, which shall it be ?
I will not choose, but leave it for thee
To give me the one least dear."

The mother started, with movement wild,
And drew them all close to her heart :
The Angel reached forth and touched the
child

Whose placid features, when'er she smiled,
Reflected the mother's beauty mild ;
" With this one," said he, " canst thou
part ?"

" With this one ? O God ! She is our first-
born, —

As well take my life away !
I never lived till that blessed morn
When she, as a bud, on my breast was worn ;
Without her the world would be all forlorn, —
Spare this one, kind Death, I pray !"

The Angel drew backwards, then touched
again ;
This time 't was a noble boy :

" Will it give thee to part with him less pain ?"
" Hold, touch him not !" she cried, " re-
frain !

He 's an only son — if we had but twain —
Oh, spare us our pride and our joy !"

Once more the Angel stood waiting there ;
Then he gently laid his hand
On the shining head of a babe, so fair,
That even Death pitied and touched with
care ;

While the mother prayed, " Merciful Heaven,
forbear !

'T is the pet of our little band !"

" Then *which* ?" said the Angel ; " for God
calls one."

The mother bowed down her head ;
Love's troubled fount was in tears o'errun —
A murmur — a struggle — and Grace had won.
" Not my will," she said, " but thine be
done !"

The pet-lamb of the fold lay dead.

MRS. ELIZABETH C. KINNEY.

A LULLABY.

" He giveth his beloved sleep."

Ps. cxxvii. 2.

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, an English clergyman,
was born in Derry, Ireland, March 2, 1811, and is a graduate
of Trinity College, Dublin. He is one of the best living
hymn writers.

GENTLY there, my child !
Gently there, my child !
Lay thy little head and rest,
Every grief beguiled,
Where thou oft hast smiled,
Smile on thy mother's breast :
There sleep nor ever dream of care,
Time soon enough will bring thy share ;
Sleep there,
Baby fair !
There on thy mother's breast.

When the chill winds blow,
And my babe may know
What it is to long for rest,
That heart not near
He clings to here,
May he find a Saviour's breast !
That when life's weary journey 's o'er,
He may — to wake in sin no more —
Sleep there,
Free from care,
As on his mother's breast.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

THE CHILDREN'S HEAVEN.

THE infant lies in blessed ease
 Upon his mother's breast ;
 No storm, no dark, the baby sees
 Invade his heaven of rest.
 He nothing knows of change or death ;
 Her face his holy skies ;
 The air he breathes his mother's breath ;
 His stars, his mother's eyes.

Yet half the sighs that wander there
 Are born of doubts and fears ;
 The dew slow falling through that air,
 It is the dew of tears.
 And ah ! my child, thy heavenly home
 Hath rain as well as dew ;
 Black clouds fill sometimes all its dome,
 And quench the starry blue.

Her smile would win no smile again,
 If baby saw the things
 That ache across his mother's brain,
 The while she sweetly sings.
 Thy faith in us is faith in vain ;
 We are not what we seem :
 O dreary day, O cruel pain,
 That wakes thee from thy dream !

No ; pity not his dream so fair,
 Nor fear the waking grief ;
 Oh, safer he than though we were
 Good as his vague belief !
 There is a heaven that heaven above,
 Whereon he gazes now ;
 A truer love than in thy kiss ;
 A better friend than thou.

The Father's arms fold like a nest
 His children round about ;
 His face looks down, a heaven of rest,
 Where comes no dark, no doubt.
 Its mists are clouds of stars that move
 In sweet concurrent strife ;
 Its winds the goings of his love ;
 Its dew the dew of life.

We for our children seek thy heart,
 For them the Father's eyes :
 Lord, when their hopes in us depart,
 Let hopes in thee arise.
 When childhood's visions them forsake,
 To women grown and men,
 Thou to thy heart their hearts will take,
 And bid them dream again.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

PHILIP, MY KING.

This poem is said to have been addressed to the writer's godson, now the blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston.

LOOK at me with thy large brown eyes,
 Philip, my king !
 For round thee the purple shadow lies
 Of babyhood's royal dignities.
 Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
 With Love's invisible sceptre laden ;
 I am thine Esther to command,
 Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
 Philip, my king !

Oh the day when thou goest a-wooing,
 Philip, my king !
 When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
 And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
 Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
 Sittest all glorified ! Rule kindly,
 Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
 For we that love, ah, we love so blindly,
 Philip, my king !

I gaze from thy sweet mouth,— up to thy brow,
 Philip, my king !
 The spirit that there lies sleeping now,
 May rise like a giant, and make men bow
 As to one God-throned amidst his peers :
 My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer,
 Let me behold thee in future years ;—
 Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
 Philip, my king !

A wreath not of gold, but palm. One day,
 Philip, my king !
 Thou, too, must tread, as we trod, a way
 Thorny and cruel and cold and gray :
 Rebels within thee and foes without,
 Will snatch at thy crown. But march on,
 glorious
 Martyr, yet monarch : till angels shout,
 As thou sitt'st at the feet of God, victorious,
 " Philip, the king ! "

The Author of " John Halifax, Gentleman. "

1869.

A PARENT'S PRAYER.

LEONARD WITHINGTON, author of " The Puritan, " " Solomon's Song Translated and Explained, " and other works, was born at Dorchester, Mass. in 1789, and graduated at Yale College in 1814. In 1816 he became pastor of the First Congregational Church at Newburyport.

AT this hushed hour, when all my children
 sleep,
 Here, in thy presence, gracious God, I
 kneel ;
 And, while the tears of gratitude I weep,

Would pour the prayer which gratitude must feel :

Parental Love ! Oh, set thy holy seal
On these soft hearts which thou to me hast sent ;

Repel temptation, guard their better weal ;
Be thy pure spirit to their frailty lent,
And lead them in the path their infant Saviour went.

I ask not for them eminence or wealth, —
For these, in wisdom's view, are trifling toys ;

But occupation, competence, and health,
Thy love, thy presence, and the lasting joys
That flow therefrom ; the passion which employs

The breasts of holy men ; and thus to be
From all that taints or darkens or destroys
The strength of principle forever, free ;
This is the better boon, O God, I ask of thee.

This world I know is but a narrow bridge,
And treacherous waters roar and foam below,

With feeble feet we walk the wooden ridge,
Which creaks and shakes beneath us as we go ;

Some fall by accident, and thousands throw
Their bodies headlong in the hungry stream,
Some sink by secret means, and never know
The hand which struck them from their transient dream,

Till wisdom wakes in death, and in despair
they scream.

If these soft feet, which now these feathers press,

Are doomed the paths of ruin soon to tread ;
If Vice, concealed in her unspotted dress,
Is soon to turn to her polluted bed ;

If thy foreseeing eye discerns a thread
Of sable guilt, impelling on their doom,
Oh, spare them not, — in mercy strike them dead ;

Prepare for them an early, welcome tomb,
Nor for eternal blight let my false blossoms bloom.

But if some useful path before them lie
Where they may walk obedient to thy laws,
Though never basking in ambition's eye,
And pampered never with the world's applause,

Active, yet humble, virtuous too, the cause
Of virtue in the dwellings where they dwell,

Still following where thy perfect spirit draws,

Releasing others from the hands of hell, —
If this be life, then let them longer live, 't is well.

How soft they sleep, what innocent repose
Rests on their eyes, from older sorrows free :
Sweet babes, the curtain I would not unclose,

Which wraps the future from your minds and me.

But, Heavenly Father, leaving them with thee,

Whether or high or low may be their lot,
Or early death, or life await them, be
Their Guardian, Saviour, Guide, and bless the spot

Where they shall live or die ; till death, forsake them not.

Though persecution's arches o'er them spread,

Or sickness undermine, consuming slow ;
Though they should lead the life their Saviour led,

And his deep poverty be doomed to know ;
Wherever thou shalt order, let them go ;

I give them up to thee — they are not mine ;
And I could call the swiftest winds that blow
To bear them from me to the Pole or Line
In distant lands to plant the Gospel's bleeding shrine.

When as a scroll these heavens shall pass away,

When the cold grave shall offer up its trust,
When seas shall burn, and the last dreadful day

Restores the spirit to its scattered dust,
Then, thou most merciful, as well as just,
Let not my eye, when elements are tossed
In wild confusion, see that darkest, worst,
Of painful sights, that ever parent crossed, —

Hear my sad, earnest prayer, and let not *mine*
be lost !

LEONARD WITHINGTON, D. D.

THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

THE bells of the churches are ringing, —
Papa and mamma have both gone, —
And three little children sit singing
Together this still Sunday morn.

While the bells toll away in the steeple,
Though too small to sit still in a pew,
These busy religious small people
Determine to have their church too.

So, as free as the birds, or the breezes
By which their fair ringlets are fanned,
Each rogue sings away as he pleases,
With book upside down in his hand.

Their hymn has no sense in its letter,
Their music no rhythm nor tune :
Our worship, perhaps, may be better,
But *theirs* reaches God quite as soon.

Their angels stand close to the Father ;
His heaven is bright with these flowers ;
And the dear God above us would rather
Hear praise from their lips than from ours.

Sing on, little children, — your voices
Fill the air with contentment and love ;
All Nature around you rejoices,
And the birds warble sweetly above.

Sing on, — for the proudest orations,
The liturgies sacred and long,
The anthems and worship of nations,
Are poor to your innocent song.

Sing on, — our devotion is colder,
Though wisely our prayers may be planned,
For often we, too, who are older,
Hold *our* book the wrong way in our hand.

Sing on, — our harmonic inventions
We study with labor and pain ;
Yet often our angry contentions
Take the harmony out of our strain.

Sing on, — all our struggle and battle,
Our cry when most deep and sincere, —
What are they? A child's simple prattle,
A breath in the Infinite ear.

From the German of KARL GEROK. Translated
by J. F. CLARKE, D. D.

BAPTISMAL HYMN.

HENRY ALFORD, Dean of Canterbury, was born in London Oct. 7, 1810, and died Aug. 13, 1871. He was a voluminous writer ; sixty different works, on critical and religious topics, bearing his name, the chief one being "The Greek New Testament, with Notes." His poems appeared in 1835, and his sacred lyrics in a volume of "Psalms and Hymns," which he edited in 1844. He was a profound Biblical critic.

IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee his alone.

IN token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in his name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and his shame.

IN token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath his banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain ;

IN token that thou too shalt tread
The path he travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high ;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for his own :
And may the brow that wears his cross
Hereafter share his crown !

HENRY ALFORD, D. D.

MY BAPTISMAL BIRTHDAY.

God's child in Christ adopted, Christ my all !
What that earth boasts were not lost cheaply,
rather

Than forfeit that blest name, by which I call
The Holy One, the Almighty God, my Father?
Father ! in Christ we live, and Christ in thee, —
Eternal thou, and everlasting we.

The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not
death :

In Christ I live ! in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life ! Let then earth, sea, and sky
Make war against me ! on my front I show
Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try
To end my life, that can but end its woe. —
Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies ? —
Yes ! but not his, — 't is death itself there dies.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ON A BAPTISM.

"The waves of this troublesome world."

NEAR the shore the bark lay floating, by the
sunny waves caressed,
With the darling we were watching cradled
in a dreamy rest.

But, borne o'er that heaving ocean, wilder
sounds our gladness check,
Stormy winds and human wailings : ah ! that
sea bears many a wreck.

Fear not ! hopes no strength could warrant to
the feeblest faith are given ;
Looking forward strains the eyesight, — look-
ing upward opens heaven.

Deeper than that ocean's tempests, softer than
its murmurs be,
Breathes a Voice, — a Voice thou knowest, —
"Trust thy little one to me."

Thou hast brought thy babe to Jesus ; he
hath seen her, he hath blessed ;
In his arms thy faith hath laid her, and he
bears her on his breast.

Gently on thy sleeping darling, eyes, the light
of heaven, shine :

Mother, by the love thou knowest, measure
his ; it passeth thine.

MRS. ELIZABETH (RUNDLE) CHARLES.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING was one of the most gifted poets of modern times. She was born in London in 1800, and died at Florence, June 29, 1861. Her poems are many and well known.

THEY say that God lives very high !

But if you look above the pines,
You cannot see our God. And why ?

And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see him in the gold,
Though from him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, he wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across his face, —
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that his embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things
made,
Through sight and sound of every place :

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night, and said,
" Who kissed you through the dark, dear
guesser ? "

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A SHORT SERMON.

ALICE CARY was born on a farm near Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1820, and died in New York City in 1871. She began to write in 1838. For twenty years she lived with her sister in New York, both supporting themselves by literature.

CHILDREN, who read my lay,
Thus much I have to say :
Each day, and every day,
Do what is right !
Right things, in great and small ;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
You shall have light !

This further I would say :
Be you tempted as you may,

Each day, and every day,
Speak what is true !
True things, in great and small ;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,
Do not out of thistles grow ;
And, though the blossoms blow
White on the tree,
Grapes never, never yet
On the limbs of thorns were set ;
So, if you a good would get,
Good you must be !

Life's journey, through and through,
Speaking what is just and true ;
Doing what is right to do
Unto one and all,
When you work and when you play,
Each day, and every day ;
Then peace shall gild your way,
Though the sky should fall.

ALICE CARY.

HOLY THURSDAY.

WILLIAM BLAKE was an eccentric artist of genius, born in London, Nov. 28, 1757, who wrote poems which he illustrated in an original manner. He published " Songs of Innocence," 1789, " The Gates of Paradise," 1793, and " Songs of Experience," 1794. Some of his illustrations are considered sublime. He died August 12, 1827.

'T WAS on a holy Thursday, their innocent
faces clean,
The children walking two and two, in red and
blue and green ;
Gray-headed beards walked before, with
wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like
Thames' waters flow.

Oh, what a multitude they seemed, these flow-
ers of London town,
Seated in companies they sit, with radiance
all their own ;
The hum of multitudes was there, but multi-
tudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls, raising
their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven
the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of
heaven among :
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guar-
dians of the poor.
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel
from your door.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

BABY BELL.

The following is one of the early productions of the author, who was born at Portsmouth, N. H., Nov. 11, 1836. It appeared in the *Journal of Commerce*, of New York City.

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
 Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
 Hung in the glistening depths of even, —
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
 Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers, — those feet
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers:
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
 Into this world of ours.

She came, and brought delicious May.
 The swallows built beneath the eaves;
 Like sunlight, in and out the leaves
The robins went the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell;
 And o'er the porch the trembling vine
 Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
Oh, earth was full of singing-birds
And opening springtide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
 Came to this world of ours!

Oh, baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
 So full of meaning, pure and bright
 As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of paradise.
And so we loved her more and more:
Ah, never in our hearts before
 Was love so lovely born:
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen —
 The land beyond the morn;
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When baby came from paradise), —
For love of him who smote our lives,
 And woke the chords of joy and pain,

We said, *Dear Christ!* — our hearts bent down
 Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime;
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
 In little Baby Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
 And in her features we could trace,
 In softened curves, her mother's face.
Her angel-nature ripened too:
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now: —
Around her pale angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

God's hand had taken away the seal
 That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
 Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things:
 She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell, —
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguage pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
 Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
 The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow, —
White buds, the summer's drifted snow, —
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers:
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
 Out of this world of ours!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee ?
 Dost thou know who made thee,
 Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
 By the stream and o'er the mead ;
 Gave thee clothing of delight,
 Softest clothing, woolly bright ;
 Gave thee such a tender voice,
 Making all the vales rejoice ?
 Little lamb, who made thee ?
 Dost thou know who made thee ?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee ;
 Little lamb, I'll tell thee ;
 He is called by thy name,
 For he calls himself a Lamb.
 He is meek and he is mild,
 He became a little child, —
 I a child and thou a lamb,
 We are called by his name.
 Little lamb, God bless thee,
 Little lamb, God bless thee !

WILLIAM BLAKE.

CHILDLIKE SIMPLICITY.

The REV. JOHN BERRIDGE was born at Kingston, England, March 1, 1716, and was educated at Cambridge, where he won distinction. He took holy orders, and, after having been curate of Stapleford, and vicar of Everton, began a course of itinerant preaching. He was associated with Wesley, Whitefield, and Lady Huntingdon, and was very popular, thousands flocking to hear him. He had been unsuccessful before, but in 1755, as he states, "the scales fell from his eyes," and he sought salvation by reliance on Christ. He was eccentric, but a faithful preacher. He died Jan. 22, 1793.

JESUS, cast a look on me :
 Give me sweet simplicity ;
 Make me poor, and keep me low
 Seeking only thee to know.

Weaned from my lordly self,
 Weaned from the miser's pelf,
 Weaned from the scorner's ways,
 Weaned from the lust of praise.

All that feeds my busy pride,
 Cast it evermore aside ;
 Bid my will to thine submit,
 Lay me humbly at thy feet.

Make me like a little child,
 Of my strength and wisdom spoiled ;
 Seeing only in thy light,
 Walking only in thy might ;

Leaning on thy loving breast,
 Where a weary soul may rest ;
 Feeling well the peace of God
 Flowing from thy precious blood.

In this posture let me live,
 And hosannas daily give ;
 In this temper let me die,
 And hosannas ever cry.

Altered by JOHN BERRIDGE, 1785, from
 CHARLES WESLEY, 1762.

THE CHILD'S PICTURE.

WHAT IT SUNG TO A SORE HEART.

LITTLE face, so sweet, so fair,
 Pure as a star,
 Through the wilderness of air
 Twinkling afar !

With what melody divine,
 Sweet as a psalm,
 Sing those innocent eyes to mine
 Out of their calm !

And what echoing chords in me
 Wake from their sleep,
 God in me to God in thee,
 Deep unto deep !

Ah, my pain is not yet old ;
 Aching I list,
 And thy loveliness behold
 Dim through a mist.

Thoughts unbid my spirit stir ;
 Fresh in her charms
 Comes my tiny wanderer
 Back to my arms —

Comes my little truant dove,
 Seeking for rest,
 Tired of airy wastes above,
 Home to her nest —

Comes in her own nest to stay,
 Joy in her eyes ;
 But the vision fades away
 Into the skies.

Little face, so pure that art,
 Dreamy and fair,
 Sings thy beauty to my heart
 Hope or despair ?

Is there meaning in thy song,
 Sweet as a bird's ?
 Shall my fear or faith grow strong ?
 Hast thou no words ?

Canst thou mock my spirit so,
 Giving no sign?
 Ah, thou singest clear and low —
 "I am not thine!"

Nay, the beauty that was *mine*
 Sleeps 'neath the sods.
 Softly floats thy lay divine —
 "Beauty is God's!"

Melts for aye the beautiful flake,
 Child of the sky,
 On the bosom of the lake —
 "Spirit am I!"

Out of longing, loss, and pain,
 Is there no gate?
 Shall I clasp my own again?
 "Silently wait!"

Little face, I list with awe;
 Though the storms come,
 Law is love, and love is law —
 Let me be dumb!

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

AN angel with a radiant face,
 Above a cradle bent to look,
 Seemed his own image there to trace,
 As in the waters of a brook.

"Dear child! who me resemblest so,"
 It whispered, "come, oh, come with me!
 Happy together let us go,
 The earth unworthy is of thee!"

"Here none to perfect bliss attain;
 The soul in pleasure suffering lies:
 Joy hath an undertone of pain,
 And even the happiest hours their sighs.

"Fear doth at every portal knock;
 Never a day serene and pure
 From the o'ershadowing tempest's shock
 Hath made the morrow's dawn secure.

"What, then, shall sorrows and shall fears
 Come to disturb so pure a brow?
 And with the bitterness of tears
 These eyes of azure troubled grow?"

"Ah no! into the fields of space,
 Away shalt thou escape with me;
 And Providence will grant thee grace
 Of all the days that were to be.

"Let no one in thy dwelling cower
 In sombre vestments draped and veiled;
 But let them welcome thy last hour,
 As thy first moments once they hailed.

"Without a cloud be there each brow;
 There let the grave no shadow cast;
 When one is pure as thou art now,
 The fairest day is still the last."

And waving wide his wings of white,
 The angel at these words had sped
 Towards the eternal realms of light!
 Poor mother! see, thy son is dead!

JEAN REBOUL. Translated by
 H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you:
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
 For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be
 clever:
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day
 long;
 And so make life, death, and that vast forever
 One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

The following lines were written in a stage-coach for a village school near Poundsford Park, England. The writer, a daughter of Thomas Thompson, a gentleman known for his philanthropy, was born Aug. 19, 1813, and married on the 10th May, 1843, the Rev. Samuel Luke, afterwards minister of an Independent congregation at Clifton in Gloucestershire. From 1841 to 1845 MRS. LUKE edited the *Missionary Repository*, and she had previously used her pen in the *Juvenile Magazine* and in the preparation of books for children.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How he called little children as lambs to his
 fold;
 I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my
 head,
 That his arm had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen his kind look
 when he said,
 "Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,

In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven ;
And many dear children shall be with him
there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

But thousands and thousands who wander and
fall
Never heard of that heavenly home ;
I wish they could know there is room for them
all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, the brightest, the best ;
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest !

MRS. JEMIMA (THOMPSON) LUKE.

1844.

MY BIRD.

EMILY CHUBBUCK JUDSON, known as Fanny Forrester, was born in Morrisville, N. Y., in 1817, and went to Utica early in life as a teacher. There she made her first essay as a writer. In 1846 she became the third wife of the missionary, Adoniram Judson, and with him went to India. She died at Hamilton, N. Y., June 1, 1854.

ERE last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh, so lovingly,
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies ;
Two rose-leaves, with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird,
Broad earth owns not a happier nest ;
O God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters nevermore shall rest !

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me, to *me*, thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue from mine ;
This life which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room,
I tremble with delicious fear ;
The future with its light and gloom,
Time and Eternity, is here.

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise :
Hear, O my God, one earnest prayer !
Room for my bird in paradise ;
And give her angel plumage there !

EMILY CHUBBUCK JUDSON.

Burmah, 1848.

A LITTLE CHILD'S HYMN.

FOR NIGHT AND MORNING.

Ἄφετε τὰ παιδιά ἔρχεσθαι πρὸς με.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, best known as editor of the "Golden Treasury of English Lyrical Poetry," is a son of Sir Francis Cohen Palgrave, and was born in London, Sept. 28, 1824. He has been private secretary to Earl Granville, and has held important offices under the English government. He has published several volumes of original poetry.

THOU that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed
Lay thy hands about my head ;
Let me feel thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night ;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do ;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once wert thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house :
Now thou art above the sky ;
Canst thou hear a baby cry ?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since thou art so far away ;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

SLEEP WELL, MY DEAR.

SLEEP well, my dear, sleep safe and free ;
The holy angels are with thee,
Who always see thy Father's face,
And never slumber, nights nor days.

Thou liest down, soft every way ;
Thy Saviour lay in straw and hay ;
Thy cradle is far better drest
Than the hard crib where he did rest.

None dare disturb thy present ease ;
He had a thousand enemies :
Thou livest in great security ;
But he was punished, and for thee !

God make thy mother's health increase,
To see thee grow in strength and grace,
In wisdom and humility,
As infant Jesus did for thee !

God fill thee with his heavenly light
To steer thy Christian course aright ;
Make thee a tree of blessed root,
That ever bends with godly fruit !

Sleep now, my dear, and take thy rest,
And if with riper years thou 'rt blest,
Increase in wisdom day and night,
Till thou attainest the eternal light !

MARTIN LUTHER. Translated by
JOHN CHRISTIAN JACOBI.

LULLABY.

HUSH, dear child, lie still and slumber.
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe ; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide,
All without thy care and payment ;
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

Was there nothing but a manger
Wretched sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly Stranger ?
Did they thus affront their Lord ?

See the joyful shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky ;
Where they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin-mother by.

'T was to save thee, child, from dying,
That thy blest Redeemer came ;
He by groans and bitter crying
Saved thee from burning flame.

Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days ;
Then go dwell forever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

FOR THE YOUNGEST.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

Fain I would to thee be brought ;
Dearest God, forbid it not :
Give me, dearest God, a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.

Put thy hands upon my head,
Let me in thine arms be stayed ;
Let me lean upon thy breast,
Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.

Hold me fast in thy embrace,
Let me see thy smiling face.
Give me, Lord, thy blessing give ;
Pray for me, and I shall live.

I shall live the simple life,
Free from sin's uneasy strife,
Sweetly ignorant of ill,
Innocent and happy still.

Oh that I may never know
What the wicked people do !
Sin is contrary to thee,
Sin is the forbidden tree.

Keep me from the great offence,
Guard my helpless innocence :
Hide me, from all evil hide,
Self and stubbornness and pride.

Lamb of God, I look to thee ;
Thou shalt my Example be ;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as thou art ;
Give me thy obedient heart.
Thou art pitiful and kind ;
Let me have thy loving mind.

Meek and lowly may I be ;
Thou art all humility.
Let me to my betters bow ;
Subject to thy parents thou.

Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will ;
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek thine own ;
Thou thyself didst never please,
God was all thy happiness.

Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am.
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days :
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy child, in me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1742.

CHILD-SONGS.

STILL linger in our noon of time
And on our Saxon tongue
The echoes of the home-born hymns
The Aryan mothers sung.

And childhood had its litanies
In every age and clime ;
The earliest cradles of the race
Were rocked to poet's rhyme.

Nor sky nor wave nor tree nor flower,
Nor green earth's virgin sod,
So moved the singer's heart of old
As these small ones of God.

The mystery of unfolding life
Was more than dawning morn,
Than opening flower or crescent moon
The human soul new-born !

And still to childhood's sweet appeal
The heart of genius turns,
And more than all the sages teach
From lisping voices learns, —

The voices loved of him who sang
Where Tweed and Teviot glide,
That sound to-day on all the winds
That blow from Rydal-side, —

Heard in the Teuton's household songs,
And folk-lore of the Finn,
Where'er to holy Christmas hearths
The Christ-child enters in !

Before life's sweetest mystery still
The heart in reverence kneels ;
The wonder of the primal birth
The latest mother feels.

We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can ;
God hath his small interpreters ;
The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years,
Our eyes of faith grow dim ;
But he is freshest from His hands
And nearest unto Him !

And haply, pleading long with him
For sin-sick hearts and cold,
The angels of our childhood still
The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom ! — Teach thou us,
O Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of thine !

The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds ;
No cunning finds the key of heaven,
No strength its gate unfolds.

Alone to guilelessness and love
That gate shall open fall ;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The childlike heart is all !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

FOR A CHRISTIAN CHILD.

“Weil ich Jesu Schäfflein bin.”

HENRIETTA LOUISA VON HAVN was born near Frankfurt, May 22, 1724. Her father was master of the Duke of Nassau's hounds. She joined the Moravians in 1744, and became governess of their school, in which position she composed the following hymn. She died Aug. 27, 1782.

SEEING I am Jesus' lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am
O'er my Shepherd kind and good,
Who provides me daily food,
And his lamb by name doth call,
For he knows and loves us all.

Guided by his gentle staff
Where the sunny pastures laugh,

I go in and out and feed,
Lacking nothing that I need;
When I thirst my feet he brings
To the fresh and living springs.

Must I not rejoice for this?
He is mine, and I am his,
And when these bright days are past,
Safely in his arms at last
He will bear me home to heaven:
Ah, what joy hath Jesus given!

LOUISA HENRIETTA VON HAYN. Translated by
CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

—◆—
A ROCKING HYMN.

SWEET baby, sleep! what ails my dear,
What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?
What thing to thee can mischief do?
Thy God is now thy Father dear,
His holy spouse thy mother too.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Though thy conception was in sin,
A sacred bathing thou hast had;
And though thy birth unclean hath been,
A blameless babe thou now art made.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,
For thee great blessings ripening be;
Thine eldest brother is a king,
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear;
For whosoever thee offends
By thy Protector threatened are,
And God and angels are thy friends.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes he took delight;
Sweet innocents as thou, my dear,
Are ever precious in his sight.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was he;
And strength in weakness then was laid
Upon his virgin mother's knee,
That power to thee might be conveyed.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need
He friends and helpers doth prepare,
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,
For of thy weal they tender are.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when he was born,
Had not so much for outward ease;
By him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
Where oxen lay, and asses fed:
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
An easy cradle or a bed.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that he did then sustain
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee;
And by his torments and his pain
Thy rest and ease secured be.
My baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more, to perfect this,
A promise and an earnest got
Of gaining everlasting bliss,
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not;
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

1641.

GEORGE WITHER.

—◆—
PRAYER FOR A BABE.

“O Vaterherz, das Erd' und Himmel schuf.”

ALBERT KNAPP, compiler and editor of the “*Evangelischer Liederschatz*,” one of the most fertile evangelical German hymn-writers of Germany, was born in Tübingen, July 25, 1798, and died June 18, 1864. He was pastor of St. Leonhard, in Stuttgart, after 1836. His collection comprises over three thousand hymns, with notices of their writers.

O FATHER-HEART, who hast created all,
In wisest love, we pray,
Look on this babe, who at thy gracious call
Is entering on life's way:
Bend o'er it now with blessing fraught,
And make thou something out of nought,
O Father-heart!

O Son of God, who diedst for us, behold,
 We bring our child to thee :
 Thou tender Shepherd, take it to thy fold,
 Thine own for aye to be ;
 Defend it through this earthly strife,
 And lead it on the path of life,
 O Son of God !

O Holy Ghost, who broodest o'er the wave,
 Descend upon this child ;
 Give it undying life, its spirit lave
 With waters undefiled ;
 Grant it while yet a babe to be
 A child of God, a home for thee,
 O Holy Ghost !

O Triune God, what thou command'st done ;
 We speak, but thine the might :
 This babe hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,
 Yet on it pour thy light
 Of faith and hope in joy and love,
 Thou Sun of all below, above,
 O Triune God !

Translated by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858, from
 the German of ALBERT KNAPP, 1850.

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Now the day is over,
 Night is drawing nigh,
 Shadows of the evening
 Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
 Stars begin to peep,
 Birds and beasts and flowers
 Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
 Calm and sweet repose,
 With thy tenderest blessing
 May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
 Visions bright of thee,
 Guard the sailors tossing
 On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
 Watching late in pain,
 Those who plan some evil
 From their sin restrain.

Through the long night-watches
 May thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise
 Pure and fresh and sinless
 In thy holy eyes.

Glory to the Father,
 Glory to the Son,
 And to thee, blest Spirit,
 Whilst all ages run. Amen.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE HOLINESS OF CHILDHOOD.

It is a beautiful evening, calm and free ;
 The holy time is quiet as a nun
 Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;

The gentleness of heaven is on the sea.
 Listen, the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder, everlastingly.

Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me
 here,
 If thou appearest untouched by solemn
 thought,
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine :
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year ;
 And worshipp'st at the temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

EUTHANASIA.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, twin brother of Lewis Gay-
 lord Clark, long editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine,
 of New York, was born at Otisco, N. Y., in 1810, and died
 June 12, 1841. During the last of his life he was editor of
 the Philadelphia Gazette.

METHINKS, when on the languid eye
 Life's autumn scenes grow dim ;
 When evening's shadows veil the sky,
 And pleasure's siren hymn
 Grows fainter on the tuneless ear,
 Like echoes from another sphere,
 Or dreams of seraphim —
 It were not sad to cast away
 This dull and cumbrous load of clay.

It were not sad to feel the heart
 Grow passionless and cold ;
 To feel those longings to depart
 That cheered the good of old ;
 To clasp the faith which looks on high,

Which fires the Christian's dying eye,
And makes the curtain-fold
That falls upon his wasting breast,
The door that leads to endless rest.

It seems not lonely thus to lie
On that triumphant bed,
Till the pure spirit mounts on high
By white-winged seraphs led :
Where glories, earth may never know,
O'er "many mansions" lingering glow,
In peerless lustre shed.
It were not lonely thus to soar
Where sin and grief can sting no more.

And though the way to such a goal
Lies through the clouded tomb,
If on the free, unfettered soul
There rest no stains of gloom,
How should its aspirations rise
Far through the blue unpillared skies,
Up to its final home,
Beyond the journeyings of the sun,
Where streams of living waters run !

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

GRAY HAIRS.

THOMAS, LORD VAUX was born at Harrowden, England, about 1510, and died in October, 1556. He was contributor to "The Paradise of Dainty Devices," a collection of verses by various writers.

THESE hairs of age are messengers,
Which bid me fast, repent, and pray ;
They be of death the harbingers,
That do prepare and dress the way ;
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length
How far my race was for to run ;
They say my youth is fled with strength,
And how old age is well begun ;
The which I feel, and you may see
Such lines upon my head to be.

They be the strings of sober sound,
Whose music is harmonical ;
Their tunes declare a time from ground
I came, and how thereto I shall ;
Wherefore I love that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

God grant to those that white hairs have,
No worse them take than I have meant ;
That after they be laid in grave,
Their souls may joy, their lives well spent ;
God grant, likewise, that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

THOMAS, LORD VAUX.

THE NEW BODY.

RED o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crowned the eastern copse ; and chill
and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,
And Echo bids good-night from every glade ;
Yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves float
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide !
And yet no second spring have they in store,
But where they fall, forgotten to abide,
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall
sing,
A thousand wild-flowers round them shall
unfold,
The green buds glisten in the dews of spring,
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,
In all the world of busy life around
No thought of them ; in all the bounteous sky
No drop, for them, of kindly influence found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again —
Yet he complains, while these unmurmuring
part
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and
stain
As his when Eden held his virgin heart.

And haply half unblamed his murmuring voice
Might sound in heaven, were all his second
life
Only the first renewed, the heathen's choice,
A round of listless joy and weary strife.

For dreary were this earth, if earth were all,
Though brightened oft by dear Affection's
kiss :
Who for the spangles wears the funeral pall ?
But catch a gleam beyond it, and 't is bliss.

Heavy and dull this frame of limbs and heart,
Whether slow creeping on cold earth, or
borne

On lofty steed or loftier prow, we dart
O'er wave or field ; yet breezes laugh to
scorn

Our puny speed, and birds, and clouds in
heaven,
And fish, like living shafts that pierce the
main,

And stars that shoot through freezing air at
even, —

Who but would follow, might he break his
chain?

And thou shalt break it soon ; the grovelling
worm

Shall find his wings, and soar as fast and
free

As his transfigured Lord with lightning form
And snowy vest — such grace he won for
thee,

When from the grave he sprung at dawn of
morn,

And led through boundless air thy conquer-
ing road

Leaving a glorious track, where saints, new-
born,

Might fearless follow to their blest abode.

But first, by many a stern and fiery blast

The world's rude furnace must thy blood
refine,

And many a gale of keenest woe be passed,
Till every pulse beat true to airs divine,

Till every limb obey the mounting soul,

The mounting soul, the call by Jesus given.

He who the stormy heart can so control,

The laggard body soon will waft to heaven.

JOHN KEBLE.

1827.

THE AGED PILGRIM.

THY mercy heard my infant prayer ;

Thy love, with kind, paternal care,

Sustained my childish days ;

Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,

And formed my heart to love thy truth,

And filled my lips with praise.

And now, in age and grief, thy name

Doth still my languid heart inflame,

And bow my faltering knee :

Oh, yet this bosom feels the fire ;

This trembling hand and drooping lyre

Have yet a strain for thee !

Yes ; broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,

This voice, transported, shall record

Thy goodness, tried so long ;

Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,

Its feeble murmurs melt away

Into a seraph's song.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

DEATH AND JUDGMENT ANTICI- PATED.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,

A sinful worm I cry,
An half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible !

A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell !

O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom ?

Be this my one great business here, —
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss to ensure !
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure !

Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1749.

LINES WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

E'EN such is time ; which takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust ;
Which in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days:
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE BORDER-LANDS.

MRS. JANE EUPHEMIA SAXBY, author of a volume entitled "The Dove on the Cross," is an English lady whose maiden name was Browne. She was born in 1811.

FATHER, into thy loving hands
My feeble spirit I commit,
While wandering in these border-lands,
Until thy voice shall summon it.

Father, I would not dare to choose
A longer life, an earlier death ;
I know not what my soul might lose
By shortened or protracted breath.

These border-lands are calm and still,
And solemn are their silent shades ;
And my heart welcomes them, until
The light of life's long evening fades.

I hear them spoken of with dread,
As fearful and unquiet places ;
Shades, where the living and the dead
Look sadly in each other's faces.

But since thy hand hath led me here,
And I have seen the border-land ;
Seen the dark river flowing near,
Stood on its brink, as now I stand ;

There has been nothing to alarm
My trembling soul ; how could I fear
While thus encircled with thine arm ?
I never felt thee half so near.

What should appall me in a place
That brings me hourly nearer thee ?
When I may almost see thy face,
Surely 't is here my soul would be !

JANE EUPHEMIA SAXBY.

TO THE MEMORY

OF MY VENERABLE GRANDFATHER-IN-LAW, SAMUEL MARTIN,
WHO WAS TAKEN FROM US IN THE SIXTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF
HIS MINISTRY.

EDWARD IRVING, founder of the communion of Irvingites, or the "Catholic Apostolic Church" as they call themselves, was born at Annan, Scotland, Aug. 4, 1792, and was educated for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church. He was for a time assistant of Dr. Chalmers, but afterwards went to London, where his mighty eloquence attracted many hearers of the higher classes. Having embraced peculiar views on the human nature of Christ, and the revival of the spiritual gifts and offices of the Apostolic Church, he was dismissed from the ministry, and established himself in a room that had been the studio of Benjamin West, the artist, where he framed a ritual. He died in Glasgow, Dec. 8, 1834, and was buried in the cathedral there.

FARE well man's dark last journey o'er the
deep,
Thou sire of sires ! whose bow in strength
hath stood

These threescore years and ten, that thou hast
woood

Men's souls to heaven. In Jesus fallen asleep,
Around thy couch three generations weep,
Reared on thy knees with wisdom's heavenly
food,

And by thy counsels taught to choose the
good ;

Who in thy footsteps press up Zion's steep,
To reach that temple which but now did
ope

And let their father in. O'er his bier wake
No doleful strain, but high the note of hope
And praise uplift to God, who did him
make

A faithful shepherd, — of his church a prop ;
And of his seed did faithful shepherds take !

EDWARD IRVING.

GRADUATED.

JUNE, 1874.

MISS MARY E. BENNETT was born in New Haven, Conn., May 24, 1841, and her life has been passed in that city. She is a contributor to Good Company, St. Nicholas and the Christian Union, and has published "Cyril Rivers," "Six Boys," and other volumes.

A THOUSAND eyes behold the classmates
range

Their semicircles round the rector's chair,
While he, with stately-sounding old-world
words,
Gives parchment honors there.

A thousand shining eyes ! but none descry
The shape that's clearest to my dimming
sight,

A shadow form that in yon goodly throng
Moveth as with a right.

A form as fair as any of the rest,
Pressing, like them, with eager tread of
youth, —

A face that not the brightest may outshine
For lovingness or truth !

See how 't is moved with feelings of the hour !
With boyish pleasure, yet with manly pain ;
Pleased with the prize, yet ready to prefer
The long, sweet strife again.

Ah, tear-dimmed eyes ! it is in vain you try,
With the self-cheating spirit, to restore
That shape unto the place that knew it once,
But knows it now no more.

He is not here, the earnest lad who threw
Himself so lovingly into the round
Of college life, the fullest that as yet
His brief young days had found.

He is not here. Far other prizes now
May beckon him. O dear one, long away,
What high companionships content thee for
Thine absence here to-day?

What happy schools, far off, of love and joy
Have with their charms the gentle grief
consoled
With which thy faithful spirit laid aside
The life it loved of old?

Not all the learning of the wise of earth
Could find an answer. Wearily, mine eye
Turns from the smiling company to seek
Outside the blue June sky.

Through open windows of the crowded church,
In still significance, it looketh down,
And tossing elm-boughs hush themselves to
catch
The word it might make known.

The buzz within, the rector's stately speech,
Grow far off to mine ear, and die away.
I find again the silence of thy strange,
Sad graduation day;

I hear again thy Master's simple words,
So low, so sweet, conferring thy degree:
"Of such my kingdom is; let none forbid
His coming unto me."

MARY E. BENNETT.

PARTING WORDS.

"And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh."
GEN. xxxii. 26.

LET me go, the day is breaking,
Dear companions, let me go;
We have spent a night of waking
In the wilderness below;
Upward now I bend my way,
Part we here at break of day.

Let me go, I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;
Angels wait my soul to carry,
Where my risen Lord appears:
Friends and kindred, weep not so,
If ye love me let me go.

We have travelled long together,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
Both through fair and stormy weather,
And 't is hard, 't is hard to part.
Yet we must: "Farewell!" to you:
Answer, one and all, "Adieu!"

'T is not darkness gathering round me,
Which withdraws me from your sight;
Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
But, translated into light,
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.

Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky;
Am I dead? — Nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die;
Would you solve the mystery,
Come up hither, — come and see!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1837.





THE CHRISTIAN EPIC.



MILTON.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee : she is a fen^a
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
Oh, raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power !
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

London, 1802.

THE CHRISTIAN EPIC.

PARADISE LOST.

JOHN MILTON, after Shakespeare the greatest of English writers, was born in London, England, Dec. 9, 1608, and died in the same city, Nov. 8, 1674. Educated at St. Paul's School, London, and Christ's College, Cambridge, he became a man of the highest cultivation. His attainments were increased by foreign travel, from which he returned in 1639, nobly determining to throw the weight of his influence on the side of liberty and right in the time of his country's peril. He had written his "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity" (see page 256), and other poetry of a high order, before his foreign trip, and had in mind a plan for a lofty epic; but giving up all the poetic aspirations that dominated him, he became a writer of energetic and most eloquent prose, and as the Latin Secretary of Cromwell, wielded a powerful influence in Continental affairs in favor of Protestantism and religious and civil liberty. Upon the restoration of the Stuarts he went into retirement, and devoted himself to poetry. At this period he produced "Paradise Lost," the greatest English epic, and "Paradise Regained." Milton's "Areopagitica" is his best prose work. Lord Macaulay spoke of it as "that sublime treatise, which every statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand and as frontlets between his eyes." It is a splendid argument in favor not only of the freedom of the press, but of intellectual liberty itself.

THE SUBJECT OF THE POEM PROPOSED.

OF man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen
seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos; or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that
flowed
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,

Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the
first

Wast present, and with mighty wings out-
spread

Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for heaven hides nothing from
thy view,

Nor the deep tract of hell; say first, what
cause

Moved our grand parents in that happy state,
Favored of heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heaven, with all his
host

Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious war in heaven and battel
proud,

With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms,
Nine times the space that measures day and
night

To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: but his doom

Reserved him to more wrath ; for now the
 thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him ; round he throws his baleful
 eyes,
 That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
 Mixed with obdurate pride and stedfast hate.
 At once, as far as angels ken, he views
 The dismal situation waste and wild ;
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
 As one great furnace, flamed ; yet from those
 flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible
 Served only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where
 peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
 That comes to all ; but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
 Such place eternal justice had prepared
 For those rebellious.

Book i., lines 1 to 71.

SATAN TO THE ARMY OF FALLEN ANGELS.

WHAT though the field be lost ?

All is not lost ; the unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate
 And courage never to submit or yield,
 And what is else not to be overcome ;
 That glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me : to bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
 Who from the terror of that arm so late
 Doubted his empire, that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath
 This downfall ; since by fate the strength of
 gods
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail ;
 Since through experience of this great event
 In arms not worse, in foresight much ad-
 vanced,
 We may with more successful hope resolve
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in the excess of
 joy
 Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven.
 So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,
 Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair.

Book i., lines 105 to 126.

Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable,
 Doing or suffering : but of this be sure,
 To do ought good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight ;

As being the contrary to his high will,
 Whom we resist. If then his providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labor must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil ;
 Which ofttimes may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destined
 aim.
 But see ! the angry victor hath recalled
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the gates of heaven : the sulphurous
 hail,
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice
 Of heaven received us falling, and the thunder,
 Winged with red lightning and impetuous
 rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases
 now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless
 deep.

Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
 Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
 The seat of desolation, void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid
 flames
 Casts pale and dreadful ? thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves ;
 There rest, if any rest can harbor there,
 And, reassembling our afflicted powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our enemy ; our own loss how repair ;
 How overcome this dire calamity ;
 What reinforcement we may gain from hope ;
 If not, what resolution from despair.

Book i., lines 157 to 191.

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
 His mighty stature ; on each hand the flames
 Driven backward slope their pointing spires,
 and rolled
 In billows leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
 Then with expanded wings he steers his
 flight
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
 He lights, as it were land that ever burned
 With solid, as the lake with liquid, fire ;
 And such appeared in hue, as when the
 force
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
 Of thundering Ætna, whose combustibile
 And fuelled entrails thence conceiving fire,
 Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
 And leave a singed bottom, all involved

With stench and smoke: such resting found
the sole

Of unblest feet. Him followed his next
mate,

Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood,
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost archangel, this the seat
That we must change for heaven, this mourn-
ful gloom

For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,
Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is
best,

Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made
supreme

Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells: hail horrors; hail
Infernal world; and thou profoundest hell
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at
least

We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition; though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.

Book i., lines 221 to 264

SATAN'S FIRST VIEW OF ADAM AND EVE IN PARADISE.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honor clad
In naked majesty, seemed lords of all,
And worthy seemed: for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal, seemed;
For contemplation he and valor formed,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders
broad:

She as a veil down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore

Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils, which im-
plied

Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.

Nor those mysterious parts were then con-
cealed;

Then was not guilty shame; dishonest shame
Of Nature's works, honor dishonorable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming
pure,

And banished from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!

So passed they naked on, nor shunned the
sight

Of God or angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest
pair

That ever since in love's embraces met,
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.

Book iv., lines 288 to 324.

Close the serpent sly
Insinuating wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
Couched, and now filled with pasture gazing
sat,

Or bedward ruminating: for the sun
Declined was hastening now with prone career
To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale
Of heaven the stars that usher evening rose:
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length failed speech recovered
sad.

O hell! what do mine eyes with grief be-
hold,

Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
Not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that formed them on their shape
hath poured!

Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these de-
lights

Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy:
Happy, but for so happy ill secured
Long to continue; and this high seat your
heaven

Ill fenced for heaven to keep out such a foe
As now is entered: yet no purposed foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,
And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not
please,

Like this fair paradise, your sense; yet such
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give: hell shall unfold
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings: there will be
room,

Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you, who wrong me not, for him who
wronged.

And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honor and empire with revenge enlarged,
By conquering this new world, compels me
now

To do, what else, though damned, I should
abhor.

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.

Book iv., lines 347 to 394

ADAM AND EVE CONVERSE.

SOLE partner and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all, needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite,
That raised us from the dust and placed us
here

In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need, he who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only Tree
Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life;
So near grows death to life; whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou
know'st

God hath pronounced it death to taste that
tree,

The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of power and rule
Conferred upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that possess

Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think
hard

One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and
choice

Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task
To prune these growing plants, and tend these
flowers:

Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were
sweet.

To whom thus Eve replied. O thou, for
whom

And from whom I was formed flesh of thy
flesh,

And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and
right:

For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade on flowers, much wondering
where

And what I was, whence thither brought, and
how.

Not distant far from thence a murmuring
sound

Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of heaven; I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me
down

On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appeared
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon returned,
Pleased it returned as soon with answering
looks

Of sympathy and love: there I had fixed
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warned me, What thou
seest,

What there thou seest, fair creature, is thy-
self;

With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces; he
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called

Mother of human race. What could I do,
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
 Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a platane; yet, methought, less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
 Than that smooth watery image; back I
 turned,
 Thou following criedst aloud, Return, fair Eve,
 Whom fliest thou? whom thou fliest, of him
 thou art,
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear:
 Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim,
 My other half. With that thy gentle hand
 Seized mine; I yielded, and from that time
 see
 How beauty is excelled by manly grace
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

Book iv., lines 411 to 491.

MORNING IN PARADISE.

Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern
 clime
 Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,
 When Adam waked, so customed, for his
 sleep
 Was aery light, from pure digestion bred,
 And temperate vapors bland, which the only
 sound
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
 Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
 Of birds on every bough: so much the more
 His wonder was to find unawakened Eve
 With tresses discomposed and glowing cheek,
 As through unquiet rest: he, on his side
 Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love
 Hung over her enamored, and beheld
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces: then with voice
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whispered thus:
 Awake,
 My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight,
 Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh
 field
 Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how
 spring
 Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy
 reed,
 How nature paints her colors, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Book v., lines 1 to 25.

THE DREAM OF EVE.

O SOLE in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection, glad I see
 Thy face, and morn returned; for I this night,
 Such night till this I never passed, have
 dreamed,
 If dreamed, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day passed, or morrow's next design,
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night: methought
 Close at mine ear one called me forth to walk
 With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it said,
 Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant
 time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
 Tunes sweetest his love-labored song; now
 reigns
 Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing
 light
 Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
 If none regard: heaven wakes with all his eyes,
 Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire,
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
 To find thee I directed then my walk;
 And on, methought, alone I passed through
 ways
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree
 Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seemed,
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
 And as I wondering looked, beside it stood
 One shaped and winged like one of those from
 heaven
 By us oft seen; his dewy locks distilled
 Ambrosia; on that tree he also gazed;
 And O fair plant, said he, with fruit sur-
 charged,
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy
 sweet,
 Nor God, nor man; is knowledge so despised?
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
 Longer thy offered good; why else set here?
 This said, he paused not, but with venturous
 arm
 He plucked, he tasted; me damp horror
 chilled
 At such bold words vouched with a deed so
 bold.
 But he thus overjoyed: O fruit divine,
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus
 cropped,
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
 For gods, yet able to make gods of men.

And why not gods of men, since good, the
more

Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impaired, but honored more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou also; happy though thou art,
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods
Thyself a goddess, not to earth confined,
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
Ascend to heaven, by merit thine, and see
What life the gods live there, and such live
thou.

So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held
part

Which he had plucked; the pleasant savory
smell

So quickened appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the
clouds

With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretched immense, a prospect
wide

And various: wondering at my flight and
change

To this high exaltation, suddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk
down,

And fell asleep: but oh, how glad I waked
To find this but a dream!

Book v., lines 28 to 93.

ADAM COMFORTS EVE.

BEST image of myself and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear:
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbor none,
Created pure. But know that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties that serve
Reason as chief: among these fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, aery shapes,
Which reason joining, or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes
To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream,
But with addition strange; yet be not sad:

Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind; which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not disheartened then, nor cloud those
looks

That wont to be more cheerful and serene
Than when fair morning first smiles on the
world;

And let us to our fresh employments rise,
Among the groves, the fountains, and the
flowers,

That open now their choicest bosomed smells,
Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store.

So cheered he his fair spouse, and she was
cheered;

But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wiped them with her hair:
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kissed as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,
And pious awe that feared to have offended.

Book v., lines 95 to 135.

THE MORNING WORSHIP OF GOD

SOON as they forth were come to open sight
Of dayspring and the sun, who, scarce uprisen
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landscape all the east
Of paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bowed adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flowed from their lips, in prose or numerous
verse,

More tunable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of
good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous
then!

Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power
divine.

Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing, ye in heaven,

On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling
morn

With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy
sphere

While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and
soul,

Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when
thou fallst.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now
fliest,

With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that
flies,

And ye five other wandering fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up
light.

Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless
change

Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored
sky,

Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters
blow,

Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye
pines,

With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his
praise;

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So prayed they innocent, and to their
thoughts
Firm peace recovered soon and wonted calm.

Book v., lines 138 to 210.

GOD SENDS AN ANGEL TO WARN ADAM OF SATAN.

RAPHAEL, said he, thou hear'st what stir
on earth
Satan, from hell scaped through the dark-
some gulf,

Hath raised in paradise, and how disturbed
This night the human pair; how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind:
Go, therefore, half this day as friend with
friend

Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retired,
To respite his day-labor with repast,
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
As may advise him of his happy state,
Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He swerve not too secure: tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fallen himself from heaven, is plotting
now

The fall of others from like state of bliss.

Book v., lines 224 to 241.

ADAM'S SECOND WARNING.

After a long conversation with the Angel, Adam asks why
he needs to be admonished, and receives a reply.

To whom the patriarch of mankind replied.
O favorable spirit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might di-
rect

Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
From centre to circumference, whereon
In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution joined, if ye be found
Obedient? Can we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert,
Who formed us from the dust and placed us
here

Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the angel. Son of heaven and
earth

Attend: that thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution given thee; be advised.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;

And good he made thee, but to persevere
 He left it in thy power, ordained thy will
 By nature free, not overruled by fate
 Inextricable, or strict necessity :
 Our voluntary service he requires,
 Not our necessitated, such with him
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
 Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they
 serve

Willing or no, who will but what they must
 By destiny, and can no other choose ?
 Myself and all the angelic host, that stand
 In sight of God enthroned, our happy state
 Hold, as you yours, while our obédience holds ;
 On other surety none ; freely we serve,
 Because we freely love, as in our will
 To love or not ; in this we stand or fall.
 And some are fallen, to disobedience fallen,
 And so from heaven to deepest hell : O fall
 From what high state of bliss into what woe !

Book v., lines 506 to 543.

THE ORIGIN OF SATAN'S REBELLION.

At Adam's request Raphael relates the origin of Satan's rebellion.

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
 Reigned where these heavens now roll, where
 earth now rests

Upon her centre poised, when on a day,
 For time, though in eternity, applied
 To motion, measures all things durable
 By present, past, and future ; on such day
 As heaven's great year brings forth, the em-
 pyreal host

Of angels, by imperial summons called,
 Innúmerable before the Almighty's throne
 Forthwith from all the ends of heaven ap-
 peared ;

Under their hierarchs in orders bright
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,
 Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees :
 Or in their glittering tissues bear emblazed
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
 Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
 By whom in bliss imbosomed sat the Son,
 Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye angels, progeny of light,
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
 Powers,

Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand.
 This day I have begot whom I declare

My only Son, and on this holy hill
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
 At my right hand ; your head I him appoint ;
 And by my Self have sworn to him shall
 bow

All knees in heaven, and shall confess him
 Lord.

Under his great vicegerent reign abide
 United, as one individual soul,
 Forever happy : him who disobeys,
 Me disobeys, breaks union, and, that day
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
 Into utter darkness, deep engulfed, his place
 Ordained without redemption, without end.

So spake the Omnipotent, and with his
 words

All seemed well pleased ; all seemed, but were
 not all.

Book v., lines 577 to 611.

Satan, so call him now, his former name
 Is heard no more in heaven : he of the first,
 If not the first archangel, great in power,
 In favor and pre-eminence, yet fraught
 With envy against the Son of God, that day
 Honored by his great Father, and proclaimed
 Messiah, King anointed, could not bear
 Through pride that sight, and thought himself
 impaired.

Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky
 hour,

Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
 Unworshipped, unobeyed, the throne supreme.

Book v., lines 658 to 670.

MESSIAH'S OFFER.

After Raphael had related the two days' terrific battle
 between the hosts of Satan and the angels of God, he tells
 Adam that God called upon the Son to finish the war, and
 Messiah replies.

O FATHER, O Supreme of heavenly thrones,
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always
 seek'st

To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
 As is most just ; this I my glory account,
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,
 That thou in me well pleased declar'st thy will
 Fulfilled, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
 Sceptre, and power, thy giving, I assume,
 And gladder shall resign, when in the end
 Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
 Forever, and in me all whom thou lov'st :
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
 Image of thee in all things ; and shall soon,
 Armed with thy might, rid heaven of these
 rebelled,

To their prepared ill mansion driven down
 To chains of darkness and the undying worm ;
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.
 Then shall thy saints unmixed, and from the
 impure

Far separate, circling thy holy mount
 Unfained hallelujahs to thee sing,
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.

Book vi., lines 723 to 745.

MESSIAH ADDRESSES HIS ANGELS.

STAND still in bright array, ye saints, here
 stand,

Ye angels armed, this day from battle rest ;
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause,
 And as ye have received, so have ye done
 Invincibly : but of this cursed crew
 The punishment to other hand belongs ;
 Vengeance is his, or whose he solé appoints :
 Number to this day's work is not ordained,
 Nor multitude, stand only and behold
 God's indignation on these godless poured
 By me : not you, but me they have despised,
 Yet envied : against me is all their rage,
 Because the Father, to whom in heaven su-
 preme

Kingdom, and power, and glory appertains,
 Hath honored me according to his will.
 Therefore to me their doom he hath assigned,
 That they may have their wish, to try with me
 In battel which the stronger proves, they all,
 Or I alone against them ; since by strength
 They measure all, of other excellence
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels ;
 Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.

Book vi., lines 801 to 823.

MESSIAH'S VICTORY.

So spake the Son, and into terror changed
 His countenance, too severe to be beheld
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
 At once the four spread out their starry wings
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
 Of his fierce chariot rolled, as with the sound
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
 He on his impious foes right onward drove,
 Gloomy as night ; under his burning wheels
 The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
 Among them he arrived, in his right hand
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he
 sent

Before him, such as in their souls infixed

Plagues : they astonished all resistance lost,
 All courage ; down their idle weapons dropped ;
 O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he
 rode

Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
 That wished the mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the fourfold visaged Four,
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes ;
 One spirit in them ruled, and every eye
 Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among the accurst, that withered all their
 strength,

And of their wonted vigor left them drained,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but
 checked

His thunder in mid volley, for he meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven.
 The overthrown he raised, and as a herd
 Of goats or timorous flock together thronged
 Drove them before him thunder-struck, pur-
 sued

With terrors and with furies to the bounds
 And crystal wall of heaven, which opening
 wide

Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
 Into the wasteful deep ; the monstrous sight
 Struck them with horror backward ; but far
 worse

Urged them behind ; headlong themselves
 they threw

Down from the verge of heaven, eternal wrath
 Burned after them to the bottomless pit.
 Hell heard the unsufferable noise, hell saw
 Heaven ruining from heaven, and would have
 fled

Affrighted ; but strict fate had cast too deep
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
 Nine days they fell ; confounded Chaos
 roared,

And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
 Through his wild anarchy ; so huge a rout
 Incumbered him with ruin : hell at last
 Yawning received them whole, and on them
 closed,

Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
 Disburdened heaven rejoiced, and soon re-
 paired

Her mural breach, returning whence it rolled.

Sole victor from the expulsion of his foes
 Messiah his triumphal chariot turned :

To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
 Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,

With jubilee advanced; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid heaven, into the
courts

And temple of his mighty Father throned
On high; who into glory him received,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Book vi., lines 824 to 892.

ADAM'S THIRD WARNING BY RAPHAEL.

THUS measuring things in heaven by things
on earth,

At thy request, and that thou mayst beware
By what is past, to thee I have revealed
What might have else to human race been hid;
The discord which befell, and war in heaven
Among the angelic powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebelled
With Satan, he who envies now thy state,
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him
Bereaved of happiness thou mayst partake
His punishment, eternal misery,
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite done against the Most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But listen not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
By terrible example the reward
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood.
Yet fell: remember, and fear to transgress.

Book vi., lines 893 to 912.

THE TEMPTATION.

SATAN DISCOVERS EVE ALONE.

HE sought them both, but wished his hap
might find

Eve separate; he wished, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanced, when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she
stood,

Half spied, so thick the roses bushing round
About her glowed, oft stooping to support
Each flower of slender stalk, whose head
though gay

Carnation, purple, azure, or specked with gold,
Hung drooping unsustained; them she up-
stairs

Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while,

Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so
nigh.

Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine or palm.

Book ix., lines 421 to 435.

EVE'S BEAUTY CAUSES SATAN TO FALTER IN HIS RESOLUTION.

MUCH he the place admired, the person more.
As one who long in populous city pent
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the
air,

Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives
delight,

The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin
pass,

What pleasing seemed, for her now pleases
more,

She most, and in her look sums all delight:
Such pleasure took the serpent to behold
This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus early, thus alone: her heavenly form
Angelic, but more soft and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture or least action, overawed
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.
That space the evil one abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remained
Stupidly good, of enmity disarmed,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;
But the hot hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid heaven, soon ended his de-
light,

And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure not for him ordained: then soon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with
what sweet

Compulsion thus transported to forget
What hither brought us! hate, not love; nor
hope

Of paradise for hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure; but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying; other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles; behold alone
The woman opportune to all attempts,
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun.

Book ix., lines 441 to 483

Satan commends the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge to Eve as essential to her highest development.

The tempter all impassioned thus began.

O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,
Mother of science, now I feel thy power
Within me clear, not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deemed however wise.
Queen of this universe, do not believe
Those rigid threats of death; ye shall not die:
How should ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge: by the threatener? look on me,
Me who have touched and tasted, yet both
live,

And life more perfect have attained than fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,
Deterred not from achieving what might
lead

To happier life, knowledge of good and evil?
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunned?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;
Not just, not God; not feared then, nor
obeyed:

Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe.
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers; he knows that in the day
Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Opened and cleared, and ye shall be as gods,
Knowing both good and evil as they know.
That ye should be as gods, since I as man,
Internal man, is but proportion meet,
I, of brute, human; ye, of human, gods.
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on gods; death to be wished.
Though threatened, which no worse than this
can bring.

And what are gods that man may not become
As they, participating godlike food?
The gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds;
I question it, for this fair earth I see,
Warmed by the sun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: if they all things, who
enclosed

Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
The offence, that man should thus attain to
know?

What can your knowledge hurt him, or this
tree

Impart against his will if all be his?

Or is it envy; and can envy dwell
In heavenly breasts? These, these and many
more

Causes import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.

Book ix., lines 678 to 732.

EVE EATS OF THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

HE ended, and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too easy entrance won:
Fixed on the fruit she gazed, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth:
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and
waked

An eager appetite, raised by the smell
So savory of that fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye; yet first
Pausing awhile, thus to herself she mused.

Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of
fruits,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be
admired,
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy
praise:

Thy praise he also who forbids thy use
Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and
evil;

Forbids us then to taste! but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown sure is not had, or had
And yet unknown is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions bind not. But if death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the serpent? he hath eaten and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and
discerns,

Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us denied
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?
For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which
first

Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy

The good befallen him, author unsuspect,
 Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
 What fear I then? rather what know to fear
 Under this ignorance of good and evil,
 Of God or death, of law or penalty?
 Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
 Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
 Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
 To reach, and feed at once both body and
 mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
 Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she
 eat:
 Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her
 seat

Sighing through all her works gave signs of
 woe,

That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
 The guilty serpent, and well might, for Eve
 Intent now wholly on her taste nought else
 Regarded, such delight till then, as seemed,
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true
 Or fancied so, through expectation high
 Of knowledge; nor was Godhead from her
 thought.

Greedily she ingorged without restraint,
 And knew not eating death.

Book ix., lines 733 to 792.

ADAM, AFTER LONG WAITING, FINDS EVE AT
 THE TREE.

ADAM the while,
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove
 Of choicest flowers a garland to adorn
 Her tresses, and her rural labors crown,
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
 Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and
 new

Solace in her return, so long delayed;
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
 Misgave him; he the faltering measure felt;
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took
 That morn when first they parted. By the
 Tree

Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
 Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand
 A bough of fairest fruit that downy smiled,
 New gathered, and ambrosial smell diffused.
 To him she hasted, in her face excuse
 Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
 Which with bland words at will she thus ad-
 dressed:

Hast thou not wondered, Adam, at my stay?
 Thee I have missed, and thought it long, de-
 prived

Thy presence, agony of love till now
 Not felt, nor shall be twice, for nevermore

Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,
 The pain of absence from thy sight. But
 strange

Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:
 This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
 Opening the way, but of divine effect
 To open eyes, and make them gods who
 taste;

And hath been tasted such. The serpent
 wise,

Or not restrained as we, or not obeying,
 Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become
 Not dead, as we are threatened, but thence-
 forth

Endued with human voice and human sense,
 Reasoning to admiration, and with me
 Persuasively hath so prevailed, that I
 Have also tasted, and have also found
 The effects to correspond; opener mine eyes,
 Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
 And growing up to Godhead: which for thee
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,
 Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon.
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
 Lest thou not tasting, different degree
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
 Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.

Thus Eve with countenance blithe her story
 told;

But in her cheek distemper flushing glowed.
 On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard
 The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
 Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints re-
 laxed;

From his slack hand the garland wreathed
 for Eve

Down dropped, and all the faded roses shed:
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at
 length

First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of creation, last and best
 Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled
 Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
 How art thou lost! how on a sudden lost,
 Defaced, deflowered, and now to death devote!
 Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate
 The sacred fruit forbidden! some cursed fraud
 Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
 And me with thee hath ruined, for with thee
 Certain my resolution is to die:
 How can I live without thee! how forego

Thy sweet converse and love so dearly joined,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn!
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart: no, no! I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

Book ix., lines 838 to 916.

EVE INDUCES ADAM TO PARTAKE OF THE FRUIT.

So Adam, and thus Eve to him replied.
O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illustrious evidence, example high,
Engaging me to emulate, but short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
Adam? from whose dear side I boast me
sprung,
And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
One heart, one soul in both; whereof good
proof
This day affords, declaring thee resolved,
Rather than death or aught than death more
dread
Shall separate us linked in love so dear,
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,
Whose virtue, for of good still good proceeds,
Direct, or by occasion, hath presented
This happy trial of thy love, which else
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menaced would ensue
This my attempt, I would sustain alone
The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die
Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful love unequalled; but I feel
Far otherwise the event, not death, but life
Augmented, opened eyes, new hopes, new
joys,
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
Hath touched my sense, flat seems to this and
harsh.

On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of death deliver to the winds.

So saying, she embraced him, and for joy
Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
In recompense, for such compliance bad
Such recompense best merits, from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceived,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again

In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
Sky lowered, and, muttering thunder, some
sad drops

Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original; while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass feared, the more to soothe
Him with her loved society, that now,
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings
Wherewith to scorn the earth.

Book ix., lines 960 to 1011.

ADAM'S REFLECTIONS AND LAMENTATIONS.

O MISERABLE of happy! is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accursed of blessed? Hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
Of happiness: yet well, if here would end
The misery, I deserved it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, 'Encrease and multiply,'
Now death to hear! for what can I encrease
Or multiply, but curses on my head?
Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the execration; so besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me, as on their natural centre, light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay,
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurred not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign, and render back
All I received, unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late
I thus contest: then should have been refused
Those terms, whatever, when they were pro-
posed.
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the
good,

Then cavil the conditions? and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
Prove disobedient, and reproved retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it
not :

Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his
own

To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,
Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return :
O welcome hour whenever! why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fixed on this day? why do I overlive?
Why am I mocked with death, and lengthened
out

To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality; my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! there I should rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man
Which God inspired, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of life that sinned; what dies but what had
life

And sin? the body properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die; let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no further
knows.

For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath also? be it, man is not so,
But mortal doomed. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on man whom death must
end?

Can he make deathless death? that were to
make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held, as argument
Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw
out,

For anger's sake, finite to infinite
In punished man, to satisfy his rigor
Satisfied never? that were to extend
His sentence beyond dust and nature's law,
By which all causes else according still
To the reception of their matter act,

Not to the extent of their own sphere. But
say,

That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,
Bereaving sense, but endless misery
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and so last
To perpetuity. Ay me! that fear
Comes thundering back with dreadful revolu-
tion

On my defenceless head; both death and I
Are found eternal, and incorporate both;
Nor I on my part single, in me all
Posterity stands cursed. Fair patrimony
That I must leave ye, sons; oh, were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
So disinherited, how would ye bless
Me, now your curse! Ah! why should all
mankind

For one man's fault thus guiltless be con-
demned,

If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both mind and will depraved,
Not to do only, but to will the same
With me? how can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him after all disputes
Forced I absolve: all my evasions vain
And reasonings, though through mazes, lead
me still

But to my own conviction: first and last
On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrath! Fond wish! couldst
thou support

That burden heavier than the earth to bear,
Than all the world much heavier, though
divided

With that bad woman? Thus what thou
desir'st,

And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future,
To Satan only like both crime and doom.
O Conscience, into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me, out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged!

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still night, not now, as ere man
fell,
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black
air

Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror. On the ground
Outstretched he lay, on the cold ground, and
oft

Cursed his creation, death as oft accused
Of tardy execution, since denounced

The day of his offence. Why comes not death,

Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke
To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word,
Justice divine not hasten to be just?
But death comes not at call, justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.

O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers,

With other echo late I taught your shades
To answer, and resound far other song.

Book x., lines 720 to 862.

Eve, having been passionately reproached by Adam, utters the following lamentation, which causes him to commiserate her.

Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness heaven
What love sincere and reverence in my heart
I bear thee. and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceived; thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour per-
haps,

Between us two let there be peace, both join-
ing,

As joined in injuries, one enmity
Against a foe by doom express assigned us,
That cruel serpent. On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befallen,
On me already lost, me than thyself
More miserable; both have sinned, but thou
Against God only; I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune heaven, that
all

The sentence, from thy head removed, may
light

On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
Me, me only just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
Immovable till peace obtained from fault
Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
Com miseration; soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress,
Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
His counsel, whom she had displeased, his aid;
As one disarmed, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words upraised her
soon.

Unwary and too desirous as before,
So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
The punishment all on thyself; alas,

Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least
part,

And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited,
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
To me committed, and by me exposed.
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but
strive

In offices of love how we may lighten
Each other's burden in our share of woe;
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I
see,

Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil,
A long day's dying to augment our pain,
And to our seed, O hapless seed! derived.

Book x., lines 914 to 965.

THE SON INTERCEDES FOR ADAM AND EVE.

THUS they in lowliest plight repentant stood
Praying, for from the mercy-seat above
Preventive grace descending had removed
The stony from their hearts, and made new
flesh

Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now
breathed

Unutterable, which the spirit of prayer
Inspired, and winged for heaven with speed-
ier flight

Than loudest oratory: yet their port
Not of mean suitors, nor important less
Seemed their petition, than when the ancient
pair

In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha to restore
The race of mankind drowned before the
shrine

Of Themis stood devout. To heaven their
prayers

Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious
winds

Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they passed
Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then
clad

With incense, where the golden altar fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne: them the glad
Son

Presenting thus to intercede began.

See, Father, what first fruits on earth are
sprung

From thy implanted grace in man these sighs

And prayers, which, in this golden censer
mixed

With incense, I thy priest before thee bring,
Fruits of more pleasing savor from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which his own hand manuring all the trees
Of paradise could have produced, ere fallen
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine
ear

To supplication, hear his sighs though mute ;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his advocate
And propitiation ; all his works on me
Good or not good ingraft, my merit those
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace toward mankind, let him live
Before thee reconciled, at least his days
Numbered, though sad, till death his doom,
which I

To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse,
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeemed may dwell in joy and bliss :
Made one with me as I with thee am one.

Book xi., lines 1 to 44.

THE MISSION OF MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

Michael announces that the prayers of Adam and Eve have
been heard, but that they must leave paradise.

THE archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man ; over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flowed,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce ; Iris had dipped the woof ;
His starry helm unbuckled showed him prime
In manhood where youth ended ; by his side
As in a glistening zodiac hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bowed low ; he kingly from his state
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared.

Adam, heaven's high behest no preface
needs :

Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst trans-
gress,

Defeated of his seizure many days
Given thee of grace, wherein thou mayst
repent,

And one bad act with many deeds well done
Mayst cover : well may then thy Lord ap-
peased

Redeem thee quite from death's rapacious
claim ;

But longer in this paradise to dwell
Permits not : to remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.

Book xi., lines 238 to 262.

LAMENTATIONS OF ADAM AND EVE.

HE added not, for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow
stood,

That all his senses bound ; Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discovered soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death !
Must I thus leave thee, paradise ? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and
shades,

Fit haunt of gods ? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial
fount ?

Thee lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet ; from
thee

How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild ? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits ?

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild.
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost ; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine :
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes
Thy husband, him to follow thou art bound :
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.
Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scattered spirits returned,
To Michael thus his humble words addressed

Celestial, whether among the thrones, or
named
Of them the highest, for such of shape may
seem

Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling
wound,

And in performing end us ; what besides
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else

Inhospitable appear and desolate,
 Nor knowing us nor known; and if by prayer
 Incessant I could hope to change the will
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease
 To weary him with my assiduous cries.
 But prayer against his absolute decree
 No more avails than breath against the wind,
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it
 forth :

Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
 This most afflicts me, that departing hence
 As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
 His blessed countenance; here I could frequent,

With worship, place by place, where he vouchsafed

Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
 On this mount he appeared, under this tree
 Stood visible, among these pines his voice
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talked :
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
 Or monument to ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers :

In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace ?
 For though I fled him angry, yet, recalled
 To life prolonged and promised race, I now
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

Book xi., lines 263 to 333.

COMFORTING ASSURANCES OF THE ARCHANGEL.

To whom thus Michael with regard benign.
 Adam, thou know'st heaven his, and all the earth,

Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
 Fomented by his virtual power and warmed :
 All the earth he gave thee to possess and rule,

No despicable gift; surmise not then
 His presence to these narrow bounds confined
 Of paradise or Eden: this had been
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread

All generations, and had hither come
 From all the ends of the earth, to celebrate
 And reverence thee their great progenitor.
 But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down

To dwell on even ground now with thy sons :
 Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
 God is as here, and will be found alike

Present, and of his presence many a sign
 Still following thee, still compassing thee
 round

With goodness and paternal love, his face
 Express, and of his steps the track divine.
 Which that thou mayst believe, and be confirmed

Ere thou from hence depart, know, I am sent
 To show thee what shall come in future
 days

To thee and to thy offspring; good with bad
 Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
 With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear
 And pious sorrow, equally inured
 By moderation either state to bear,
 Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
 Safest thy life, and best prepared endure
 Thy mortal passage when it comes.

Book xi., lines 334 to 366.

LEAVING PARADISE.

Michael, having given Adam a view of future generations,
 and having shown him that the Messiah was to come to
 bruise the serpent's head and to give blessings to man, Adam
 bursts forth in thanks to God.

So spake the archangel Michael, then
 paused,
 As at the world's great period; and our sire
 Replete with joy and wonder thus replied.

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
 That all this good of evil shall produce,
 And evil turn to good; more wonderful
 Than that which by creation first brought
 forth

Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
 Whether I should repent me now of sin
 By me done and occasioned, or rejoice
 Much more, that much more good thereof
 shall spring.

To God more glory, more good will to men
 From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.

Book xii., lines 466 to 478.

Further views of the blessings to follow the coming of
 Christ prepare Adam to leave paradise with resignation.

Thus Adam last replied.
 How soon hath thy prediction, Seer bless'd,
 Measured this transient world, the race of
 time,

Till time stand fixed? beyond is all abyss,
 Eternity, whose end no eye can reach:
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
 Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,

And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil; and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deemed
weak

Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for truth's
sake

Is fortitude to highest victory,
And to the faithful death the gate of life;
Taught this by his example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blessed.

To whom thus also the angel last replied.
This having learned, thou hast attained the
sum

Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the
stars

Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal
powers,

All secrets of the deep, all nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoyedst,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add
faith,

Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come called charity, the soul
Of all the rest; then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far.

Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of speculation; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see the guards,
By me encamped on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calmed
Portending good, and all her spirits composed
To meek submission: thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast
heard,

Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to come,
For by the woman's seed, on all mankind:
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous, though sad
With cause for evils past; yet much more
cheered

With meditation on the happy end.

He ended, and they both descend the hill;
Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve

Lay sleeping, ran before, but found her waked;
And thus with words not sad she him re-
ceived.

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st
I know;

For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great
good

Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's dis-
tress

Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;

In me is no delay; with thee to go

Is to stay here; without thee here to stay

Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me

Art all things under heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.

This further consolation yet secure

I carry hence; though all by me is lost,

Such favor I unworthy am vouchsafed,

By me the promised seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleased, but answered not; for now too
nigh

The archangel stood, and from the other hill

To their fixed station all in bright array

The cherubim descended; on the ground

Gliding meteorous, as evening mist

Risen from a river o'er the marsh glides,

And gathers round fast at the laborer's heel

Homeward returning. High in front advanced

The brandished sword of God before them
blazed

Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,

And vapor as the Libyan air adust,

Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat

In either hand the hastening angel caught

Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate

Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast

To the subjected plain; then disappeared.

They looking back all the eastern side be-
held

Of paradise, so late their happy seat,

Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate

With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms:

Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped
them soon;

The world was all before them, where to
choose

Their place of rest, and Providence their
guide.

They, hand in hand with wandering steps and
slow,

Through Eden took their solitary way.



THE POET WITH GOD.



THE LOVE OF GOD.

BERNARD RASCAS was a Limousin poet who died in 1353. He is said to have been kinsman of the popes, Clement VI. and Innocent VI. He endowed the Hospital of St. Bernard, at Avignon.

ALL things that are on earth shall wholly pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye.
The forms of men shall be as they had never been;
The blasted groves shall lose their fresh and tender green;
The birds of the thicket shall end their pleasant song,
And the nightingale shall cease to chant the evening long.
The kine of the pasture shall feel the dart that kills,
And all the fair white flocks shall perish from the hills.
The goat and antlered stag, the wolf and the fox,
The wild boar of the wood, and the chamois of the rocks,
And the strong and fearless bear, in the trodden dust shall lie;
And the dolphin of the sea, and the mighty whale, shall die.
And realms shall be dissolved, and empires be no more,
And they shall bow to death, who ruled from shore to shore;
And the great globe itself, so the Holy Writings tell,
With the rolling firmament, where the starry armies dwell,
Shall melt with fervent heat,—they shall all pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye!

From the Provençal of BERNARD RASCAS. Translated by
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE POET WITH GOD.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

The "Te Deum" in its present form seems to be a composition of the fourth or fifth century, and to represent a still more ancient hymn, of which traces are to be found in a treatise of St. Cyprian, "On the Mortality," and in a Morning Hymn still used in the daily services of the Greek Church, found in an Alexandrian MS. of the Scriptures preserved in the British Museum, which dates from the fourth or fifth century. Very ancient ecclesiastical traditions, however, represent that it was antiphonally extemporized by St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, at the baptism of the latter in Milan, on Easter eve of the year 387. Dr. James Hamilton, of London, says: "There can be but little doubt that in its final form this magnificent anthem first awakened the echoes of Ambrose's own cathedral at Milan, where a raptured listener was Augustine, and by the Bishop of Hippo it was borne over to Africa. The strain, so devout and stately, ran round the Mediterranean shore, and became a metrical creed to Christendom, as well as a daily prayer." In the Confessions of Augustine (IX. vi., p. 166, Oxford translation) we read: "We were baptized, and anxiety for our past life vanished from us. Nor was I sated in those days with the wondrous sweetness of considering the depth of thy counsels concerning the salvation of mankind. How did I weep, in thy Hymns and Canticles, touched to the quick by the voices of thy sweet-attuned church!" This appears to refer to metrical compositions before used, and not to an extemporized production.

WE praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.
To thee all Angels cry aloud; the Heavens, and all the powers therein.
To thee Cherubin and Seraphin continually do cry,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;
Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of thy Glory.
The glorious company of the Apostles praise thee.
The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise thee.
The noble army of martyrs praise thee.
The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee;
The Father of an infinite Majesty;
Thine honorable, true, and only Son;

Also the Holy Ghost, the comforter.
Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man,
thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.
When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the Glory of the Father.
We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.
We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.
Make them to be numbered with thy Saints in glory everlasting.
O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage.
Govern them, and lift them up forever.
Day by day we magnify thee;
And we worship thy Name ever, world without end.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.
O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.
O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in thee.
O Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.

English Prayer-Book Version.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE AND ST. AMBROSE PRAISE THE LORD.

THEE, O Great God, we praise!
Thee, mighty Lord, we bless,
Thee, and thy marvellous and mysterious ways!
Thee, O Omnipotent Lord,
All the rolling orb'd worlds confess!

To thee the Archangels and high-throned
 Powers,
 The Cherubim,
 And Seraphim,
 Chant aloud, with one accord,
 Evermore,
 Through Eternity's resplendent hours,
 In prostration lowly,
 "Holy,
 Holy,
 Holy is the God whom we adore!
 Holy is the Lord whose praise we sing,"
 Heaven and earth, O Everlasting King,
 Are luminous with thy glory!
 Thee the Patriarchs of olden story,
 Thee the Saints who have gone before us,
 Thee the Apostles and the Prophet-band,
 Magnify in one perennial chorus!
 And the white-robed Martyr-train who stand,
 Day and night, before thy throne,
 Hymn their Alleluias to thee!
 Nor all those alone —
 Thy Church — still militant on earth beneath
 And yet uncrowned with Victory's golden-
 wreath, —
 Ever loveth to upraise
 Her voice to thee in canticles of praise,
 Ever bends before thy shrines the knee;
 Glorified be thou, then, endlessly,
 And thy coeternal Son,
 And the Holy Spirit, Three in One!

Glorified be thou, Son of the Living Father,
 Who, to save Man's rebel race from doom,
 Hadst no care to spare thyself, but rather
 Sought with joy thy humble Handmaid's
 womb!
 Thou — the Conqueror of the Tomb,
 Thou — the victor of Hell's legions,
 Thou art now the Lord of the Celestial
 Regions.
 Seated at the right hand of the One, Great,
 Good,
 And Eternal Potentate — thy Sire,
 Lord! who hast redeemed us by thy costly
 blood,
 Kindle in our souls thy heavenly fire!
 Oh! help thy saints, thy servants, and thine
 heirs,
 That nought in life or death may seek to
 sever
 Thy glory and thy blessedness from theirs,
 Who hope to reign with thee in Heaven
 forever!

Ambrosian Hymn. Version in the "Lyra Catholica."

HOLY TRINITY.

HOLY Trinity,
 We confess with joy,
 That our life and whole salvation
 Flow from God's blest incarnation,
 And his death for us
 On the shameful cross.
 Had we angels' tongues
 With seraphic songs,
 Bowing hearts and knees before thee,
 Triune God, we would adore thee,
 In the highest strain,
 For the Lamb once slain.

LORENZ THORSTANSEN NYBERG

TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

O HOLY, blessed, glorious Trinity
 Of persons, still one God in Unity,
 The faithful man's believed mystery,
 Help, help to lift
 Myself up to thee, harrowed, torn, and bruised
 By sin and Satan, and my flesh misused.
 As my heart lies in pieces, all confused,
 Oh, take my gift!

All-gracious God, the sinner's sacrifice,
 A broken heart, thou wert not wont despise,
 But 'bove the fat of rams or bulls, to prize
 An offering meet
 For thy acceptance. Oh, behold me right,
 And take compassion on my grievous plight!
 What odor can be, than a heart contrite,
 To thee more sweet?

Eternal Father, God, who didst create
 This All of nothing, gav'st it form and fate,
 And breath'st into it life and light, with state
 To worship thee!
 Eternal God the Son, who not deniedst
 To take our nature, becam'st man, and diedst,
 To pay our debts, upon thy cross, and criedst
All 's done in me!

Eternal Spirit, God from both proceeding,
 Father and Son; the Comforter, inbreeding
 Pure thoughts in man, with fiery zeal them
 feeding

For acts of grace!
 Increase those acts, O glorious Trinity
 Of persons, still one God in Unity,
 Till I attain the longed-for mystery
 Of seeing your face.

Beholding one in three, and three in one,
A Trinity, to shine in Unity:
The gladdest light dark man can think upon —

Oh, grant it me!

Father and Son and Holy Ghost, you three,
All coeternal in your majesty,
Distinct in persons, yet in unity

One God to see.

My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier,
To hear, to meditate, sweeten my desire,
With grace, with love, with cherishing entire!

Oh then, how blest

Among thy saints elected to abide,
And with thy angels placed, side by side!
But in thy presence truly glorified.

Shall I there rest!

BEN JONSON.

PRAYER TO THE TRINITY.

LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

JAMES EDMESTON.

1820.

TO THE EVERLASTING FATHER.

"Alpha et Omega, Magne Deus!"

Hildebert, archbishop of Tours, was born at Lavardin, France, in 1057, and died at Tours, December 18, 1134.

FIRST and last of faith's receiving,
Source and sea of man's believing,
God, whose might is all-potential,
God, whose truth is truth's essential,
Good supreme in thy subsisting,
Good in all thy seen existing;

Over all things, all things under,
Touching all, from all asunder;
Centre thou, but not intruded,
Compassing, and yet included;
Over all, and not ascending,
Under all, but not depending;
Over all, the world ordaining,
Under all, the world sustaining;
All without, in all surrounding,
All within, in grace abounding;
Inmost, yet not comprehended,
Outer still, and not extended;
Over, yet on nothing founded,
Under, but by space unbounded;
Omnipresent, yet indwelling,
Self-impelled, the world impelling;
Force, nor fate's predestination
Sways thee to one alteration;
Ours to-day, thyself forever,
Still commencing, ending never;
Past with thee is time's beginning,
Present all its future winning;
With thy counsel's first ordaining
Comes thy counsel's last attaining;
One the light's first radiance darting
And the elements' departing.

Translated from the Latin of HILDEBERT DE LAVARDIN,
by HERBERT KYNASTON.

THRICE HOLY.

HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!
Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!
Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide
thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may
not see,
Only thou art Holy, there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, in purity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in
earth and sky and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

REGINALD HEBER.

1827.

LITANY TO THE TRINITY.

JOHN MARRIOTT, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born near Lutterworth, in 1780, and died March 31, 1825. He was educated at Oxford, where he gained honors.

THOU, whose almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

Thou, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight!
Move on the waters' face
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

Holy and Blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light! Amen.

JOHN MARRIOTT.

1813.

THE TRINITY INVOKED.

COME, thou almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father, all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

Jesus, our Lord, arise;
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall:
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on thee be stayed
Lord, hear our call.

Come, thou incarnate Word!
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

1757.

CHARLES WESLEY.

"HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD."

FATHER, glorious with all splendor,
But with holiness most bright!
Son, in whom all sweet and tender
Dwelt on earth that blessed light!
Spirit, through whose grace the sweetness
Into sinful souls is poured!
In this strain what mighty meetness,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

Holy One, who sin abhorrest,
Awful sin-consuming flame!
Holy One, our sin who borest,
Through our sin whose passion came!
Holy One, who takest sorrow
When we touch the thing abhorred!
Dare our lips this dread strain borrow,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord"?

Father, thine own Son who gavest
For the overthrow of sin!
Lamb of God, who sinners savest,
Through whose blood our peace we win!
Dove divine, who yearnest ever
Till our sin-bound souls have soared
Give us grace this strain to endeavor,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

Father, thine elect who lovest
With an everlasting love!
Saviour, who the bar removest
From the holy home above!

Spirit, daily meetness bringing
For the glory there upstored !
List to thy glad people singing,
" Holy, holy, holy Lord ! "

In this strain what fulness dwelleth !
How it makes the Godhead known !
Of thy deepest deep it telleth,
Everlasting Three in One !
Fullest praise thy saints thus bring thee,
Meetliest thus art thou adored ;
This the song they ever sing thee,
" Holy, holy, holy Lord ! "

Lord ! with sin-bound souls thou bearest,
Struggling towards this strain divine ;
Glad on mortal lips thou hearest
That thrice-awful name of thine.
But thou listenest, oh, how sweetly !
When from holy lips outpoured
Rings through heaven this strain full meetly,
" Holy, holy, holy Lord ! "

Shall we, Lord, meet voices never
Bring to that eternal hymn ?
Hallow us to help the endeavor
Of thy pure-lipped seraphim !
Hark ! their own high strain we bring thee ;
Listen to the full accord !
Sweet the song we ever sing thee,
" Holy, holy, holy Lord ! "

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL.

1860.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord
God of hosts, eternal King,
By the heavens and earth adored ;
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Since by thee were all things made,
And in thee do all things live,
Be to thee all honor paid ;
Praise to thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before thy throne,
Speeding thence at thy command ;
And when thy command is done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings ;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,

While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.

Thee apostles, prophets thee,
Thee the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee ;
Thee the Church in every land ;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

In thy name baptized are we,
With thy blessing are dismissed ;
And Thrice-Holy chant to thee
In the Holy Eucharist ;
Life is one Doxology
To the blessed Trinity.

To the Father and the Son,
Who for us vouchsafed to die,
And to God the Holy One
Who the Church doth sanctify,
Sing we with glad jubilee,
Alleluia ! Lord, to thee.

Alleluia ! Lord, to thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Godhead One and Persons Three ;
Join us with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D. D.

1862.

TO GOD.

Ὁ πάντων ἐπέκεινα· τί γὰρ θέμις ἄλλο σε μελπῆν·

GREGORY was born near Nazianzus, in Cappadocia, in 325, and died in 389. He was a man of sincere piety and great learning. He was engaged in the contest of Christianity and paganism against the apostate emperor Julian, and by his remarkable eloquence produced profound effects. He was successively Bishop of Sasima, Nazianzus, and Constantino-ple. The Rev. Allen W. Chatfield, Vicar of Much Marcle, England, is author of a volume of translations entitled "Songs and Hymns of Earliest Greek Christian Poets."

O THOU, the One supreme o'er all !
For by what other name
May we upon thy greatness call,
Or celebrate thy fame ?

Ineffable ! to thee what speech
Can hymns of honor raise ?
Ineffable ! what tongue can reach
The measure of thy praise ?

How, unapproached, shall mind of man
Descry thy dazzling throne,
And pierce and find thee out, and scan
Where thou dost dwell alone ?

Unuttered thou ! all uttered things
Have had their birth from thee :
The one unknown ! from thee the springs
Of all we know and see !

Mindful and mindless, all things yield
 To thy parental sway,
 For thou to all art life and shield ;
 Thy honor and obey.

For round thee centre all the woes
 Of night and darkling day,
 The common wants and common throes ;
 And all to thee do pray.

And all things, as they move along
 In order fixed by thee,
 Thy watchword heed, in silent song
 Hymning thy majesty.

And lo ! all things abide in thee,
 And through the complex whole
 Thou spread'st thine own divinity,
 Thyself of all the goal.

One being thou, all things, yet none,
 Nor one nor yet all things ;
 How call thee, O mysterious One ?
 A worthy name, who brings ?

All-named from attributes thine own,
 How call thee as we ought ?
 Thou art unlimited, alone,
 Beyond the range of thought.

What heaven-born intellect shall rend
 The veiling clouds above ?
 Be thou propitious ! ever send
 Bright tokens of thy love !

O thou, the One supreme o'er all !
 For by what other name
 May we upon thy greatness call,
 Or celebrate thy fame ?

Translated from the Greek of GREGORY NAZIANZEN
 by ALLEN W. CHATFIELD, 1875.

THRICE HOLY.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord
 God of Hosts ! When heaven and earth,
 Out of darkness, at thy word
 Issued into glorious birth,
 All thy works before thee stood,
 And thine eye beheld them good,
 While they sang with sweet accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

Holy, holy, holy ! Thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore ;
 Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by thee redeemed,
 Sing we here, with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

Holy, holy, holy ! All
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
 When the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King :
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
 Round the throne with full accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1836, 1853.

A THOUGHT.

Suggested by Genesis xviii. 1-3.

A FAIR and stately scene of roof and walls
 Touched by the ruddy sunsets of the west,
 Where, meek and molten, eve's soft radiance
 falls
 Like golden feathers in the ringdove's nest.

Yonder the bounding sea, that couch of God !
 A wavy wilderness of sand between ;
 Such pavement, in the Syrian deserts, trod
 Bright forms, in girded albs, of heavenly
 men.

Such saw the patriarch in his noonday tent:
 Three severed shapes that glided in the sun,
 Till lo, they cling, and, interfused and blent,
 A lovely semblance gleams, the three in one !

Be such the scenery of this peaceful ground,
 This leafy tent amid the wilderness ;
 Fair skies above, the breath of angels round,
 And God the Trinity to beam and bless !

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

Aug. 30, 1866.

TO THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE GOD.

JUAN MELENDEZ VALDEZ was born at Ribera, March 11, 1754, and received a thorough education. In 1785 he published his "Poesias Liricas," which established his poetical reputation. He became involved in the political fortunes of his country, and was banished in 1798 to Zamora. In 1802 he returned, but, having accepted office under Joseph Bonaparte, he was obliged to retire to France upon the final overthrow of his government, and died May 24, 1817.

FIRST, mightiest Deity ! Eternal mind !
 Revealed, but hidden One !
 Thou in a vale of fadeless glory shrined,
 Yet to all seen and known !
 Holy Jehovah ! whose immortal essence
 I weigh not, but confess,
 And feel thine influence, thy celestial presence,
 In all my happiness,
 All lives, all breathes, all vegetates in thee ;
 Thy power all being gives ;
 The bird upsoars, the fish divides the sea,
 Man understands, and lives.
 The farther my inquiring thoughts advance,
 The farther dost thou fly,

And nought I see, but mine own ignorance
 And thine immensity.
 Thee, whom the heaven of heavens cannot
 contain,
 How should these thoughts embrace?
 My feeble reason strives and soars in vain
 Thy cloud-wrapped path to trace.
 That reason in the infinite recess
 Of dazzling light is drowned,
 And blinded, in its night of nothingness,
 Bows humbled to the ground.
 For if to man to know thee it were given,
 He would be like to thee;
 Would wrest thy sceptre, and usurp in heaven
 Thy throne of majesty.
 But thou art far beyond my knowledge, Lord!
 Filling all space, all time.
 The first, the last, ungoverned and adored!
 Thou makest thy path sublime,
 Thou givest motion to the heavens, thy hand
 Pours out the deep proud sea;
 And the adamantine pillars of the land
 Are reared and propped by thee.
 Thy way is in the empyrean, and thy feet
 Tread the eternal hills;
 Yes, thy glance visits death's profoundest pit,
 And night with brightness fills;
 And from the car of light where thou dost
 ride,
 Thine eye, serene and holy,
 Mourns over man's intolerable pride,
 Laughs at his towering folly.
 But thou art vaster than the unbounded sky
 And the unfathomed ocean;
 Thou art, and wert before eternity,
 Before or rest or motion.
 How shall I praise thee? Seraphs, when they
 bring
 The homage of their lyre,
 Veil their bright face beneath their flaming
 wing,
 And tremble and retire.
 Eternal majesty, immense abyss!
 Light and Infinity!
 Canst thou unveil thee to a worm like this?
 No! 't is all dark to me.
 Who art thou? where? Oh, condescend to
 speak,
 And let thy servant hear:
 Oh, lend me wings, and I my God will seek
 Through every rolling sphere.
 I'll ask the rapid wind, I'll ask the storm,
 I'll ask Orion bright:
 "Say, hast thou seen his venerable form,
 The shadow of his light?"
 I'll meet the comet in his fiery way,
 Stay Sirius on his road;

I'll stop the hurrying night, the hastening
 day,
 To tell me — where is God?
 I'll ask — forgive my daring, gracious One!
 And lead the wanderer home;
 Oh, may I catch one lightbeam from thy
 throne,
 Through ages yet to come!
 For how should earthly dust presume to rise
 So daringly, so high?
 And how should dim and dying mortal eyes
 Bear splendors of the sky?
 I cannot bear them; but I feel and know,
 That thou art everywhere;
 And worms and worlds, the lofty and the low,
 All, all thy power declare;
 All, all thy love proclaim, — thy power and
 love,
 Obvious to every sense;
 And heard in all, around, beneath, above,
 In varied eloquence.
 I see thee in the flower, I feel thee still
 In every breath of air;
 I hear thee in the music of the rill, —
 God! thou art everywhere.
 This is enough all sadness to control,
 All doubts and fears to chase;
 And to shed over my enraptured soul
 The rivers of thy grace.
 To contemplate, enjoy, admire, adore,
 And send sweet thoughts towards heaven;
 What can an earthly spirit ask for more,
 What more to man be given?
 Lost in thy works, yet full of humble trust,
 I close the worthless lay;
 Bow down my reverent forehead in the dust,
 And in meek silence pray.

JUAN MELENDEZ VALDEZ. Translated by
 SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

O THOU ETERNAL ONE!

GABRIEL ROMANOVITCH DERZHAVIN, the brilliant Russian statesman, Secretary of State under Catherine II., was born at Kazan, July 3, 1743, and died July 6, 1816. His poems appeared in four volumes in 1810, two years after his retirement from his positions at Court, and are marked by sublimity, originality, and purity of sentiment. Among them none surpasses his *Ode Bogu*, "Ode to God," here given in the excellent translation of Bowring.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating
 flight;
 Thou only God! There is no God beside!
 Being above all beings! mighty One!
 Whom none can comprehend and none ex-
 plore;

Who fill'st existence with *thyself* alone :
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er, —
Being whom we call God, and know no more !

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep, may count
The sands or the sun's rays ; but, God ! for
thee

There is no weight nor measure : none can
mount

Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest
spark,

Though kindled by thy light, in vain would
try

To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark ;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so
high,

Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence : Lord ! on thee
Eternity had its foundation ; all
Sprung forth from thee, — of light, joy, har-
mony,

Sole origin : all life, all beauty thine.

Thy word created all, and doth create ;

Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.

Thou art, and wert, and shalt be ! Glorious !
Great !

Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate !

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath !
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death !
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery
blaze,

So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from
thee,

And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss :
They own thy power, accomplish thy com-
mand,

All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.

What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal
light,

A glorious company of golden streams,
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright,
Suns lighting systems with their joyous
beams ?

But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes ! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost :

What are ten thousand worlds compared to
thee ?

And what am *I* then ? Heaven's unnum-
bered host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed

In all the glory of sublimest thought,

Is but an atom in the balance, weighed

Against thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against infinity ! Oh, what am *I* then ?

Nought !

Nought ! yet the effluence of thy light divine.
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom
too ;

Yes ! in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,

As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

Nought ! yet *I* live, and on hope's pinions fly

Eager towards thy presence ; for in thee

I live, and breathe, and dwell ; aspiring high,

Even to the throne of thy divinity.

I am, O God ! and surely *thou* must be !

Thou art ! directing, guiding all, thou art !

Direct my understanding, then, to thee ;

Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart :

Though but an atom midst immensity,

Still *I* am something, fashioned by thy hand !

I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,

On the last verge of mortal being stand,

Close to the realms where angels have their
birth,

Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land !

The chain of being is complete in me ;

In me is matter's last gradation lost,

And the next step is spirit — Deity !

I can command the lightning, and am dust !

A monarch, and a slave ; a worm, a god !

Whence came *I* here ? and how so marvel-
lously

Constructed and conceived ? unknown ! this
clod

Lives surely through some higher energy ;

For from itself alone it could not be !

Creator, yes ! thy wisdom and thy word

Created *me* ! thou Source of life and good !

Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord !

Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude

Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring

Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear

The garments of eternal day, and wing

Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,

Even to its source — to thee — its Author
there.

O thoughts ineffable ! O visions blest !

Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,

Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its homage to thy Deity.
 God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar;
 Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good!
 Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude!

Translated from the Russian of GABRIEL ROMANOVITCH
 DERZHAVIN by SIR JOHN BOWRING.

—◆—
 GOD IN THE HEART.

SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs,
 Whose presence in my heart sustains me,
 Thy love appoints me pleasant things,
 Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
 If all they wish might always be,
 Accepting what they look for only,
 They might be glad, but not in thee.

Well may thy own beloved, who see
 In all their lot their Father's pleasure,
 Bear loss of all they love, save thee,
 Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may thy happy children cease
 From restless wishes, prone to sin;
 And, in thy own exceeding peace,
 Yield to thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear,
 As air we breathe, as light we see;
 It draws us to thy side in prayer,
 It binds us to our strength in thee.

ANNA LETITIA WARING.

—◆—
 A HYMN FOR ALL NATIONS.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, author of "Proverbial Philosophy," was born in London, July 17, 1810, and was educated at Charterhouse and at Oxford. He was admitted to the bar, but never practised. This hymn, written for the World's Fair of 1851, was translated into thirty languages, and printed in more than fifty versions at that time.

GLORIOUS God! on thee we call,
 Father, Friend, and Judge of all;
 Holy Saviour, Heavenly King,
 Homage to thy throne we bring!

In the wonders all around
 Ever is thy Spirit found,
 And of each good thing we see
 All the good is born of thee!

Thine the beauteous skill that lurks
 Everywhere in nature's works;
 Thine is art, with all its worth,
 Thine each masterpiece on earth!

Yea, and foremost in the van
 Springs from thee the mind of man;
 On its light, for this is thine,
 Shed abroad the love divine!

Lo, our God! thy children here
 From all realms are gathered near,
 Wisely gathered, gathering still,—
 For "peace on earth, towards men good-will!"

May we, with fraternal mind,
 Bless our brothers of mankind!
 May we, through redeeming love,
 Be the blest of God above!

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

—◆—
 ANIMA MUNDI.

"ANIMA Mundi," of thyself existing,
 Without diversity or change to fear,
 Say, has this life, to which we cling persisting,
 Part or communion with thy steadfast sphere?
 Does thy serene eternity sublime
 Embrace the slaves of circumstance and time?

Could we remain continually content
 To heap fresh pleasure on the coming day,
 Could we rest happy in the sole intent
 To make the hours more graceful or more gay,
 Then must the essence of our nature be
 That of the beasts that perish, not of thee.

But if we mourn, not because time is fleeting,
 Not because life is short and some die young,
 But because parting ever follows meeting,
 And, while our hearts with constant loss are
 wrung,

Our minds are tossed in doubt from sea to sea,
 Then may we claim community with thee.

We cannot live by instincts, forced to let
 To-morrow's wave obliterate our to-day,
 See faces only once, read and forget,
 Behold truth's rays prismatically play
 About our mortal eye, and never shine
 In one white daylight, simple and divine.

We would erect some thought the world above,
 And dwell in it forever; we would make
 Some dream of young friendship or first love
 Into a dream from which we would not wake;
 We would contrast our action with repose,
 Like the deep stream that widens as it flows.

We would, indeed, be somewise as thou art,
 Not spring and bud, and flower and fade and
 fall,—

Not fix our intellects on some scant part
Of nature, but enjoy or feel it all:
We would assert the privilege of a soul,
In that it knows — to understand the whole.

If such things are within us, God is good,
And flight is destined for the callow wing,
And the high appetite implies the food,
And souls must reach the level whence they
spring;

O Life of very life! set free our powers,
Hasten the travail of the yearning hours.

Thou, to whom old Philosophy bent low,
To the wise few mysteriously revealed;
Thou, whom each humble Christian worships
now,

In the poor hamlet and the open field:
Once an idea, now Comforter and Friend,
Hope of the human heart, descend, descend!

LORD HOUGHTON.
(RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.)

1846.

ADORATION.

I LOVE my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give;
I love thee, Lord, but all the love is thine,
For by thy life I live.
I am as nothing, and rejoice to be
Emptied and lost and swallowed up in thee.

Thou, Lord, alone art all thy children need,
And there is none beside;
From thee the streams of blessedness proceed;
In thee the blest abide,
Fountain of life, and all-abounding grace,
Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-place!

MADAME GUYON. Translator unknown.

TO THE INVISIBLE.

“Du, den wir suchen auf so finstern Wegen.”

THOU whom we seek in darkness, still unseen,
And cannot with our searching thoughts em-
brace,
Once thou didst leave the cloud which hides
thy face,
Before thy people walking forth serene.
What sweet delight to gaze upon thy mien,
And listen to thy words of truth and grace!
Oh, blessed they who at thy board found
place!

Oh, blessed he who on thy breast did lean!
Therefore not strange the longing, when the
host

Of countless pilgrims o'er the seas did press,
And armies fought upon the farthest coast,
Only to pray at thy sepulchral bed,
Only in pious fervency to kiss
The holy soil on which thy feet did tread!

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND. Translated by
MRS. ELIZABETH L. SMITH, 1868.

INVOCATION.

MARY WHITWELL HALE was born in Boston, Jan. 29,
1810, and after a life of eminent usefulness as a teacher and
writer, died Nov. 17, 1862. Miss Hale was efficient as a
philanthropist in various directions.

FATHER, enthroned above!
Thou Source of life and love!
On thine eternal name my voice would call.
Hear me as thus I pray,
And let a heavenly ray,
Gently as night-dews, on my spirit fall.

While suppliant thus I kneel,
Let me thy presence feel,
In the bright noontide as the evening shade;
When, in the hour of prayer,
I bring to thee my care,
May my heart's confidence on thee be stayed.

Spare thou the loved and dear,
Life's trial way to cheer;
Long may their faithful, changeless love be
given;
And mid my lonely grief
Grant me the sweet relief,
The trust to meet those cherished ones in
heaven.

And to my fainting heart
Wilt thou thine aid impart?
In weakness, mighty One! I bend to thee.
When the fierce storm is nigh,
And raised to thee my eye,
Wilt thou my strength in earthly weakness be?

When the dark hour has passed,
Of earthly woe the last,
And the soul quits its prison-house of clay,
Thou to whom Death must bow,
Great King of kings! wilt thou
Receive my spirit to eternal day?

MARY WHITWELL HALE.

WE GREET THEE, FATHER.

FROM full forgetfulness of pain,
From joy to opening joy again,
With bird and flower and hill and tree,
We lift our eyes and hands to thee,
To greet thee, Father, Lord of heaven and
earth!

That thou dost bathe our souls anew
With balm and boon of heavenly dew,
And smilest in our upward eyes
From the fair blue of smiling skies,
We bless thee, Father, Lord of heaven and
earth!

For human love and love divine,
For love of ours and love of thine,
For heaven on earth and heaven above, —
To thee and us twin homes of love, —
We thank thee, Father, Lord of heaven and
earth!

O dove-like wings, so wide unfurled
In brooding calm above the world!
Waft us your holy peace, and raise
The incense of our morning praise
Up to our Father, Lord of heaven and earth!

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

1874.

"I WILL SEND THEM PROPHETS
AND APOSTLES."

ALL that in this wide world we see,
Almighty Father! speaks of thee;
And in the darkness or the day
Thy monitors surround our way.

The fearful storms that sweep the sky,
The maladies by which we die,
The pangs that make the guilty groan,
Are angels from thy awful throne.

Each mercy sent when sorrows lower,
Each blessing of the winged hour,
All we enjoy, and all we love,
Bring with them lessons from above.

Nor thus content, thy gracious hand,
From midst the children of the land,
Hath raised, to stand before our race,
Thy living messengers of grace.

We thank thee that so clear a ray
Shines on thy straight, thy chosen way,
And pray that passion, sloth, or pride
May never lure our steps aside.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

IMAGES OF GOD.

NOT from the noble quarry,
Nor from the wealthy mine,
Shalt thou bring images of God
To deck his house or shrine:
Carrara's marble mountains
Before his face are dim;
The purest gold that Sibir yields,
Recoils abashed at him.

Canova's art and chisel
Could faultless beauty give;
His glowing thought and magic touch
Could make dead marble live; —
For him lost nymphs and heroes
Would from the rough block spring;
But weak were all Canova's skill
To frame the seraph's King.

In stone of snowy whiteness,
And precious ores of earth,
Triumphant genius carves or moulds
All shapes of human birth; —
He calls up forms and features,
Which never yet have been,
But vainly will he toil or think
To show the Great Unseen.

If thou wouldst find his likeness,
Search where the lowly dwell,
The faithful few that keep his laws
Not boastfully, but well:
Mark those who walk rejoicing
The way which Jesus trod; —
Thus only shalt thou see below
Fit images of God.

JAMES GILBORNE LYONS.

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

O LORD! who seest, from yon starry height,
Centred in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was
bright!

Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast
given,

To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
Forever green shall be my trust in heaven.
Celestial King! oh, let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there.
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

Translated from the Spanish of FRANCISCO DE ALDANA
by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

GOD.

THOU hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
 Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
 I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
 I dare not move my dim eyes any way,
 Despair behind, and death before doth cast
 Such terror; and my feeble flesh doth waste
 By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh.
 Only thou art above, and when towards thee
 By thy leave I can look, I rise again;
 But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
 That not one hour myself I can sustain:
 Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art.
 And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

JOHN DONNE.

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

WILT thou forgive that sin where I begun,
 Which was my sin, though it were done be-
 fore?

Wilt thou forgive that sin, through which I run,
 And do run still, though still I do de-
 plore? —

When thou hast done, thou hast not done;
 For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won
 Others to sin, and made my sins their door?

Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
 A year or two, but wallowed in a score? —

When thou hast done, thou hast not done;
 For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
 My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
 But swear by thyself, that at my death thy Son
 Shall shine, as he shines now and heretofore;

And having done that, thou hast done:
 I fear no more.

JOHN DONNE.

THOU ART OF ALL CREATED THINGS.

PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA, the second in rank of the dramatic poets of Spain, was born at Madrid, Jan. 17, 1600, and died May 25, 1631. He was a man of religious spirit, and Schlegel says that his poetry is an incessant hymn of joy on the majesty of creation. Late in life he left the military order to which he belonged, and was ordained priest.

THOU art of all created things,
 O Lord, the essence and the cause,
 The source and centre of all bliss;
 What are those veils of woven light
 Where sun and moon and stars unite,
 The purple morn, the spangled night,

But curtains which thy mercy draws
 Between the heavenly world and this?
 The terrors of the sea and land —
 When all the elements conspire,
 The earth and water, storm and fire —
 Are but the sketches of thy hand;
 Do they not all in countless ways —
 The lightning's flash, the howling storm,
 The dread volcano's awful blaze —
 Proclaim thy glory and thy praise?
 Beneath the sunny summer showers
 Thy love assumes a milder form,
 And writes its angel name in flowers;
 The wind that flies with winged feet
 Around the grassy gladdened earth,
 Seems but commissioned to repeat
 In echo's accents — silvery sweet —
 That thou, O Lord, didst give it birth.
 There is a tongue in every flame,
 There is a tongue in every wave;
 To these the bounteous Godhead gave
 These organs but to praise his name!

CALDERON. Translator unknown.

THE CREATION.

"Die Sonne tónt nach alter Weise."

RAPHAEL.

THE sun-orb sings in emulation,
 Mid brother-spheres his ancient round:
 His path predestined through creation
 He ends with step of thunder-sound.
 The angels from his visage splendid
 Draw power, whose measure none can say;
 The lofty works, uncomprehended,
 Are bright as on the earliest day.

GABRIEL.

And swift, and swift beyond conceiving,
 The splendor of the world goes round,
 Day's Eden-brightness still relieving
 The awful night's intense profound:
 The ocean-tides in foam are breaking,
 Against the rocks' deep bases hurled,
 And both, the spheric race partaking,
 Eternal, swift, are onward whirled!

MICHAEL.

The rival storms abroad are surging
 From sea to land, from land to sea.
 A chain of deepest action forging
 Round all, in wrathful energy.
 There flames a desolation, blazing
 Before the thunder's crashing way:
 Yet, Lord, thy messengers are praising
 The gentle movement of thy Day.

THE THREE.

Though still by them uncomprehended,
From these the angels draw their power,
And all thy works, sublime and splendid,
Are bright as in creation's hour.

GOETHE'S "Faust," Prologue. Translated
by BAYARD TAYLOR.

TO FINDE GOD.

WEIGH me the fire ; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind ;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixt in that watrie theater,
And tast thou them as saltlesse there,
As in their channell first they were ;
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdomes of the deep ;
Or fetch me back that cloud againe,
Beshivered into seeds of raine ;
Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and speares
Of corn, when summer shakes his eares ;
Shew me that world of starres, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence :
This, if thou canst ; then shew me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim !

ROBERT HERRICK.

A COLLOQUY WITH GOD.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE was a writer of fame and worth. He was born in Cheapside, London, Oct. (or Nov.) 19, 1605, and died on his birthday in 1682. He is chiefly known as the author of "Religio Medici," in the midst of the prose of which occur the lines below. Of them he says :—

"This is the dormitive I take to bedward. I need no other laudanum than this to make me sleep ; after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the sun, and sleep unto the resurrection."

THE night is come. Like to the day,
Depart not thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.
Keep still in my horizon, for to me
The sun makes not the day, but thee.
Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep ;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance ;
Make my sleep a holy trance,
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought,
And with as active vigor run
My course as doth the nimble sun.

Sleep is a death ; oh, make me try
By sleeping what it is to die,
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at least with thee.
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsy days : in vain
I do now wake to sleep again :
Oh, come that hour when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake forever.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

WITH GOD.

IF there had anywhere appeared in space
Another place of refuge, where to flee,
Our hearts had taken refuge in that place,
And not with thee.

For we against creation's bars had beat
Like prisoned eagles, through great worlds
had sought,
Though but a foot of ground to plant our feet,
Where thou wert not.

And only when we found in earth and air,
In heaven or hell, that such might no-
where be, —
That we could not flee from thee anywhere,
We fled to thee.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D.

ALONE WITH GOD.

INTO my closet fleeing, as the dove
Doth homeward flee,
I haste away to ponder o'er thy love
Alone with thee !

In the dim wood, by human ear unheard,
Joyous and free,
Lord ! I adore thee, feasting on thy word
Alone with thee !

Amid the busy city, thronged and gay,
But One I see,
Tasting sweet peace, as unobserved I pray
Alone with thee !

O happy life ! Life hid with Christ in God !
So making me,
At home and by the wayside and abroad,
Alone with thee !

ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS.

OH, WHAT BLESSEDNESS !

"O quam glorificum solum sedere !"

The following is from a Latin hymn, probably of the fifteenth century. It was first published by Mone, in his first volume. The double rhyme at the close of each line is not retained, otherwise the general rule is observed.

OH, what the blessedness, dwelling alone,
Filled with the peace to the worldly unknown,
As in a mirror the Bridegroom to see,
Fearing no peril nor toil that can be !

This is a joy that costs trouble and care,
Fleeting, and broken, and utterly rare :
For a long warfare is all of our life, —
Little of peace, and abundance of strife.

For that iniquity now hath increased,
Therefore true love waxeth cold and hath
ceased :

Sharp contradictions beset us about ;
Faintings within us, and fightings without.

Woe is me ! what is existence below ?
Trouble on trouble, and blow upon blow !
What is in this world save sorrowful years,
Much tribulation, and plentiful tears ?

"Dust of the earth, dost thou wail and repine
For that, in sundry ways, trial is thine ?
Leisure and softness — to these hast thou
right ?

Draw the sword, grasp the shield, gird thee
for fight !

"As in the furnace the gold must be proved,
So, by affliction, the son that is loved :
For my true followers trouble is stored ;
Nor is the servant above his own Lord.

"Hast thou forgotten the tale thou hast read ?
I, when on earth, had no place for my head :
This was the cross all my life long I bare,
When, the world's Maker, I exiled me there.

"Thou, the more lowly thou humblest thee
here,

All the more perfectly shalt be my peer :
I who am Highest, true God of true God,
I was the meanest when this world I trod.

"See how especially all mine elect
Manifold woes and vexations affect :
Filled with the merit of virtues by this,
Now everlastingly joy they in bliss.

"Wouldst thou but ponder the promise I
make,

Willingly, joyfully, pain wouldst thou take :
That in my kingdom the joys thou mayst see
Of the confessors who suffered for me.

"Nothing more precious than this in my sight,
If with thyself and thine own wilt thou fight :
Bearing all anguish, renouncing all bliss,
And, as a sacrifice, offering this.

"For if iniquity beareth not sway,
Happy adversity merits alway :
This is the royal road, leading above,
Which my elect took to kingdoms of love."

Grant thou this patience, O Jesu, to me !
Grant thou thy graces my safeguard to be !
So that in all things thy will may be mine,
Bearing all troubles, because they are thine.

Still let me study like thee to appear,
Still let me seek to be crucified here :
That, if my anguish, like thine, is increased,
I may sit also with thee at thy feast.

Low before him with our praises we fall,
Of whom and through whom and in whom
are all :
Of whom — the Father, and *in whom* — the
Son,
Through whom — the Spirit, with these ever
One. Amen.

Translated from the Latin
by JOHN MASON NEALE, D. D.

MY GOD AND MY ALL.

"Deus meus et omnia."

WHILE thou, O my God, art my help and
defender,

No cares can o'erwhelm me, no terrors ap-
pall ;

The wiles and the snares of this world will
but render

More lively my hope in my God and my all.

Yes, thou art my refuge in sorrow and danger,
My strength when I suffer, my hope when
I fall,

My comfort and joy in this land of the stran-
ger,

My treasure, my glory, my God, and my all.

To thee, dearest Lord, will I turn without
ceasing,

Though grief may oppress me, or sorrow
befall ;

And love thee, till death, my blest spirit re-
leasing,

Secures to me Jesus, my God and my all.

And when thou demandest the life thou hast given,

With joy will I answer thy merciful call ;
And quit thee on earth, but to find thee in heaven,

My portion forever, my God and my all !

WALLACE YOUNG.

GOD OUR FATHER.

The late Judge White, of Salem, having, in his constant attendance at the First Church in that city, noted, for a term of years, all the hymns which had been given out by different ministers to be sung, was curious to learn which one had been most frequently used during that time. He found that the following was the hymn.

Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power ?
My Father ! let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.

Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief ?
My Father ! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ ?
My Father ! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.

The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

And while such lofty memories roll
In solemn grandeur o'er my soul,
May Christ be with me, he who came
To teach "Our Father's" tender name.

CAROLINE (HOWARD) GILMAN.

1821, 1867.

MOST HIDDEN AND MOST MANIFEST.

"Secretissime et Præsentissime."

AUGUSTINE.

O HEIGHT that doth all height excel,
Where the Almighty doth abide !
O awful depth unsearchable
Wherein the Eternal One doth hide !

O dreadful glory that doth make
Thick darkness round the heavenly throne,
Through which no angel-eye may break,
Wherein the Lord doth dwell alone !

Our fainting souls the quest give o'er,
Their weary wings no longer try :
His dwelling we may not explore,
We may not on his glory pry.

What secret place, what distant star
Is like, dread Lord, to thine abode ?
Why dwellest thou from us so far ?
We yearn for thee, thou hidden God.

Vain searchers ! but we need not mourn :
We need not stretch our weary wings,
Thou meetest us where'er we turn ;
Thou beamest, Lord, from all bright things.

The glory no man may abide
Doth visit us, a gracious guest ;
Thou whom "excess of light" doth hide
Here shinest sweetly manifest.

But sweetest, Lord, dost thou appear
In the dear Saviour's smiling face :
The heavenly majesty draws near
And offers us its soft embrace.

To us, vain searchers after God,
To us the Holy Ghost doth come ;
From us thou hidest thine abode ;
But thou wilt make our souls thy home.

O Glory that no eye may bear !
O Presence Bright, our souls' sweet guest !
O Farthest off, O ever Near !
Most Hidden and most Manifest !

THOMAS HORNBLLOWER GILL.

1860.

THE SOUL THAT LOVES GOD FINDS HIM EVERYWHERE.

MADAME GUYON, the Quietist, was born at Montargis, France, April 13, 1648. She indulged in severe penances and fostered a spirit of spiritual exaltation, abandoned property and children, and believed herself to be the bride of Christ, able to discern the spiritual state of those she met. With all her extravagances, she possessed many virtues, and was heartily praised by Wesley. Twice she suffered imprisonment for her views, the second time being liberated by the influence of Madame de Maintenon ; she for a while lived in the court of Louis XIV. She never forsook the Roman Church, though her greatest admirers have been Protestants. She died June 9, 1717, the last years of her life having been devoted to works of charity.

O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide ;
My Love ! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment !

All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love !
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee ;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time ;
My country is in every clime ;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with a God to guide our way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

My country, Lord, art thou alone ;
Nor other can I claim or own ;
The point where all my wishes meet ;
My Law, my Love ; life's only sweet !

I hold by nothing here below ;
Appoint my journey, and I go ;
Though pierced by scorn, oppressed by pride,
I feel thee good — feel nought beside.

No frowns of men can hurtful prove
To souls on fire with heavenly love ;
Though men and devils both condemn,
No gloomy days arise from them.

Ah then ! to his embrace repair ;
My soul, thou art no stranger there ;
There love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.

JEANNE MARIE BOUVIER DE LA MOTTE GUYON.
Translated by WILLIAM COWPER.

EVIDENCE OF GOD'S EXISTENCE.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA COTTA was born at Tende, near Nice, Feb. 20, 1668, and died at the same place, May 31, 1738. His poems have given him a distinguished place among men of letters. His hymns and sonnets to God were published in an edition with notes, in 1709. The following translation is from the London Magazine for January, 1824. It has been attributed to Giovanni Cotta of Verona.

"THERE is no God," the fool in secret said :
"There is no God that rules or earth or sky."
Tear off the band that folds the wretch's head,
That God may burst upon his faithless eye !
Is there no God ? — the stars in myriads spread,
If he look up, the blasphemy deny ;
Whilst his own features, in the mirror read,
Reflect the image of Divinity.
Is there no God ? — the stream that silver
flows,
The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the
trees,

The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind
that blows,
All speak of God ; throughout one voice agrees,
And eloquent his dread existence shows :
Blind to thyself, ah, see him, fool, in these !

GIOVANNI BATTISTA COTTA.
Translator unknown.

TO GOD.

LORD, I am like to mistletoe,
Which has no root, and cannot grow
Or prosper, but by that same tree
It clings about : so I by thee.
What need I then to fear at all
So long as I about thee crawl ?
But if that tree should fall and die,
Tumble shall heaven, and down will I.

ROBERT HERRICK.

DIVINE LOVE.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion ;
Pure, unbounded love thou art :
Visit us with thy salvation ;
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest :
Take away our power of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be, —
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing ;
Glory in thy precious love.

Finish, then, thy new creation ;
Pure and sinless may we be :
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restored by thee :
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place :
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

CHARLES WESLEY.

O BOTTOMLESS DEPTHS OF GOD'S
INFINITE LOVE.

O BOTTOMLESS depths of God's infinite love,
In Jesus our Saviour revealed!

Its motions how burning, how glowing they
prove,

Though from all man's wisdom concealed.
Whom dost thou love? It is sinners. Vile
race!

Whom dost thou bless? Children scorning
thy grace.

O Being most gracious, whom angels adore,
Thou takest delight in things worthless and
poor.

Our thirsting can never, O merciful God,
Be great as thy love, rich and sure.

On us thou more blessings and love hast be-
stowed

Than the stripes we so rightly endure.
On the rock of thy truth teach us firmly to
stand.

Keep us ever near Christ by thy merciful hand.
In all things the spirit's kind teachings we'll
prove,

And serve thee and honor thy infinite love.

Oh, show us, thou Being most gracious and
mild, —

By the light of the heavenly flame, —
In the face of Immanuel, thine image and child,
How great is thy glorious name!

Oh, show us how blessed a task 't is to bear
Thy yoke, and to trust in thy fatherly care,
That, till the short period of trial shall end,
Our faith and our love may their Author com-
mend.

NICOLAUS LUDWIG, COUNT ZINZENDORF.
Translator unknown.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

MY God, how endless is thy love:
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

A THOUGHT.

"God wills but ill," the doubter said,
"Lo, time doth evil only bear;
Give me a sign his love to prove, —
His vaunted goodness to declare!"

The poet paused by where a flower,
A simple daisy, starred the sod,
And answered, "Proof of love and power
Behold, — behold a smile of God!"

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

DELIGHT IN THE LOVE OF GOD.

MY God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!

How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

Oh, how I fear thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of this poor heart.

Oh, then, this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love thee for thyself,
And for thy glory's sake.

No earthly father loves like thee;
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

Only to sit and think of God,
Oh, what a joy it is!
To think the thought, to breathe the name, —
Earth has no higher bliss.

Father of Jesus, Love's Reward!
 What rapture will it be,
 Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
 And gaze and gaze on thee!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

1849.

◆

THE LOVE OF GOD.

LIKE a cradle, rocking, rocking,
 Silent, peaceful, to and fro, —
 Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
 On the little face below, —
 Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
 Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
 Falls the light of God's face; bending
 Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
 Toss and cry, and will not rest,
 Are the ones the tender mother
 Holds the closest, loves the best;
 So when we are weak and wretched,
 By our sins weighed down, distressed,
 Then it is that God's great patience
 Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great Heart of God! whose loving
 Cannot hindered be nor crossed;
 Will not weary, will not even
 In our death itself be lost —
 Love divine! of such great loving
 Only mothers know the cost, —
 Cost of love, which all love passing,
 Gave a Son to save the lost.

SAXE HOLM.

◆

THE LOVE OF GOD.

THOU Grace divine, encircling all,
 A soundless, shoreless sea
 Wherein at last our souls must fall! —
 O love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,
 One soft hand blinds our eyes,
 The other leads us, safe and slow, —
 O love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
 And wander wide and long,
 Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace, —
 O love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
 The toil-worn frame and mind,
 Alike confess thy sweet control, —
 O love of God most kind!

But not alone thy care we claim,
 Our wayward steps to win:
 We know thee by a dearer name, —
 O love of God within!

And filled and quickened by thy breath,
 Our souls are strong and free
 To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
 O love of God, to thee!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

◆

GOD IS LOVE.

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
 Man decays, and ages move;
 But his mercy waneth never;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will his changeless goodness prove;
 From the gloom his brightness streameth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above;
 Everywhere his glory shineth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

1825.

◆

GOD IS LOVE.

WHY comes this fragrance on the summer
 breeze,

The blended tribute of ten thousand flowers,
 To me, a frequent wanderer mid the trees
 That form these gay, though solitary bowers!
 One answer is around, beneath, above;
 The echo of the voice, that God is love!

Why bursts such melody from tree and bush,
 The overflowing of each songster's heart,
 So filling mine, that it can scarcely hush
 Awhile to listen, but would take its part?
 'T is but one song I hear where'er I rove,
 Though countless be the notes, that God is
 love!

Why leaps the streamlet down the mountain's
 side,

Hastening so swiftly to the vale beneath,
 To cheer the shepherd's thirsty flock, or glide
 Where the hot sun has left a faded wreath,
 Or, rippling, aid the music of the grove?
 Its own glad voice replies, that God is love!

In starry heavens, at the midnight hour,
 In ever-varying hues at morning's dawn,
 In the fair bow athwart the falling shower,
 In forest, river, lake, rock, hill, and lawn,
 One truth is written: all conspire to prove,
 What grace of old revealed, that God is love!

Nor less this pulse of health, far-glancing eye,
 And heart so moved with beauty, perfume,
 song,

This spirit, soaring through a gorgeous sky,
 Or diving ocean's coral caves among,
 Fleeter than darting fish or startled dove;
 All, all declare the same, that God is love!

Is it a fallen world on which I gaze?

Am I as deeply fallen as the rest,
 Yet joys partaking, past my utmost praise,
 Instead of wandering forlorn, unblest?

It is as if an unseen spirit strove
 To grave upon my heart, that God is love!

Yet wouldst thou see, my soul, this truth displayed

In characters which wondering angels read,
 And read adoring; go, imploring aid

To gaze with faith, behold the Saviour bleed!
 Thy God in human form! oh, what can prove,
 If this suffice thee not, that God is love?

Cling to his cross; and let thy ceaseless prayer

Be, that thy grasp may fail not! and, erelong,
 Thou shalt ascend to that fair temple, where
 In strains ecstatic an innumerable throng
 Of saints and seraphs, round the throne above,
 Proclaim forevermore that God is love!

THOMAS DAVIS.

1859.

GOD IS LOVE.

METHOUGHT I saw a prattling child
 That on beside its father walked,
 And awe was on its lifted face,
 And of a loving God they talked.

And "God will love me?" said the child;
 And then the father's voice I heard,
 "On yon blue heavens his promise read,
 In yon sweet flower behold his word."

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

GOD IS LOVE.

AH, there are mighty things under the sun,
 Great deeds have been acted, great words
 have been said,
 Not just uplifting some fortunate one,
 But lifting up all men the more by a head.

Ay, the more by the head, and the shoulders
 too!

Ten thousand may sin, and a thousand may
 fall,

And it may have been me, and it yet may be
 you,

But the angel in one proves the angel in all.

And whatever is mighty, whatever is high,
 Lifting men, lifting women their natures
 above,

And close to the kinship they hold to the sky
 Why, this I affirm, that its essence is love.

The poorest, the meanest, has right to his
 share,—

For the life of his heart, for the strength of
 his hand,

'Tis the sinew of work, 'tis the spirit of prayer—
 And here, and God help me, I take up my
 stand.

No pain but it hushes to peace in its arms,
 No pale cheek it cannot with kisses make
 bright,

Its wonder of splendors has made the world's
 storms

To shine as with rainbows, since first there
 was light.

Go, bring me whatever the poets have praised,
 The mantles of queens, the red roses of
 May,

I'll match them, I care not how grandly em-
 blazed,

With the love of the beggar who sits by
 the way.

When I think of the gifts that have honored
 love's shrine,—

Heart, hope, soul, and body, all mortal can
 give,—

For the sake of a passion superbly divine,
 I am glad, nay, and more, I am proud that
 I live!

Fair women have made them espousals with
 death,

And through the white flames as through
 lilies have trod,

And men have with cloven tongues preached
 for their faith,

And held up their hands, stiff with thumb-
 screws, to God.

I have seen a great people its vantage defer
 To the love that had moved it as love only
 can,

A whole nation stooping with conscience astir
To a chattel with crop ears, and calling it
man.

Compared, O my beautiful country, to thee,
In this tenderest touch of the manacled
hand,

The tops of the pyramids sink to the sea,
And the thrones of the earth slide together
like sand.

Immortal with beauty and vital with youth,
Thou standest, O love, as thou always hast
stood

From the wastes of the ages, proclaiming
this truth,

All peoples and nations are made of one
blood.

Ennobled by scoffing and honored by shame,
The chiefest of great ones, the crown and
the head,

Attested by miracles done in thy name
For the blind, for the lame, for the sick
and the dead.

Because he in all things was tempted like me,
Through the sweet human hope, by the
cross that he bore,

For the love which so much to the Marys
could be,

Christ Jesus the man, not the God, I adore.

ALICE CARY.

GOD'S HUSBANDRY.

JOHN FLAVEL, a Non-conformist minister, was born in Worcestershire about 1627, and was educated at Oxford. Ejected from his living at Dartmouth in 1662, he preached thereafter in private houses. His works are prized for their spirituality. The following is from "Husbandry Spiritualized." Flavel died at Exeter in 1691.

THOU art the husbandman, and I
A worthless plot of husbandry,
Whom special love did, ne'ertheless,
Divide from nature's wilderness.

Then did the sunshine of thy face,
And sweet illapses of thy grace,
Like April showers and warming gleams,
Distil its dews, reflect its beams.
My dead affections then were green,
And hopeful buds on them were seen ;
These into duties soon were turned,
In which my heart within me burned.

O halcyon-days ! thrice happy state !
Each place was Bethel, heaven's gate.
What sweet discourse, what heavenly talk,
While with thee I did daily walk !
Mine eyes o'erflow, my heart doth sink,

As oft as on those days I think.
For strangeness now is come between
My God and me, as may be seen
By what is now, and what was then :
'T is just as if I were two men !
My fragrant branches blasted be,
No fruits like those that I can see.
Some canker-worm lies at my root,
Which fades my leaves, destroys my fruit ;
My soul is banished from thy sight,
For this it mourneth day and night.

Yet why dost thou desponding lie ?
With Jonah, cast a backward eye.
Sure in thy God, help may be had,
There's precious balm in Gilead.
That God that made me spring at first,
When I was barren and accurst,
Can much more easily restore
My state to what it was before :
'T was Heman's, Job's, and David's case,
Yet all recovered were by grace.
A word, a smile on my poor soul
Will make it perfect, sound, and whole.
A glance of thine hath soon dissolved
A soul in sin and grief involved.
Lord, if thou canst not work the cure,
I am contented to endure.

JOHN FLAVEL.

GOD'S SILENCE.

MISS HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL is a native of Portsmouth, N. H., where she now lives. She has written much poetry that is highly esteemed.

God's silence ! Holiest speech that is,
Is but a dew-fall out of this ;
And human love's own tongues of bliss
But broken language caught from his.

Why should we question, though our cry,
" Lord, hear me, — answer, or I die !"
Seems echoed from an empty sky ?
He hears, he answers, utterly.

" Lord, answer !" and with shuddering breath,
As those already doomed to death,
We wait for him who rescueth
The very bird that perisheth.

O sword of doubt, two edged with pain,
That cuts the quivering heart in twain !
As if his love could ever wane !
As if our cry could be in vain !

His silence ! once, indeed, it brake
With love's great stress, when he did take
A mortal guise for love's sweet sake,
And spake as never mortal spake.

Since he his own divine did blend
With human in that Saviour-friend,
That we enough might comprehend
His love, to trust him to the end ;

And, guided by his perfect care,
Find all dark places everywhere
Wind upward, a celestial stair
To Love's own heights, divinely fair ;

He must forever bless ; and aye,
At the dear break of heaven's sweet day,
Wipe all earth's bitter tears away,
And give us more than heart can pray !

Oh, should he speak, and could we guess
That tongue of infinite tenderness,
His silence still would more express
His love's unspeakable excess !

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

—◆—
THE MAJESTY AND MERCY OF GOD.

OH, worship the King all glorious above ;
Oh, gratefully sing his power and his love ;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

Oh, tell of his might, oh, sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds
form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the
plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail :
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their
lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

THE WILL OF GOD.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God !
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of our Saviour's toils and tears ;
Thou wert the passion of his heart
Those three and thirty years.

And he hath breathed into my soul
A special love of thee, —
A love to lose my will in his,
And by that loss be free.

I love to see thee bring to nought
The plans of wily men ;
When simple hearts outwit the wise,
Oh, thou art loveliest then.

The headstrong world it presses hard
Upon the church full oft,
And then how easily thou turnst
The hard ways into soft.

I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet ;
I cannot fear thee, blessed will !
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

I know not what it is to doubt,
My heart is ever gay ;
I run no risk, for, come what will,
Thou always hast thy way.

I have no cares, O blessed will !
For all my cares are thine :
I live in triumph, Lord ! for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gayly waits on thee.

Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
Its ends can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious will, ride on !
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost ;
God's will is sweetest to him, when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that he blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

1840.

THE MYSTERY OF GOD.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON was born in Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 22, 1823, and after graduation became a clergyman. He is best known as a writer, philanthropist, and advocate of human progress. His home is in Cambridge. The following has been highly commended by eminent men.

No human eyes thy face may see ;
No human thought thy form may know ;
But all creation dwells in thee,
And thy great life through all doth flow !

And yet, oh, strange and wondrous thought !
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek thy present aid may dare.

And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream
To see and know the Eternal Mind, —

Yet thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by thine.

And thine unceasing love gave birth
To our dear Lord, thy holy Son,
Who left a perfect proof on earth
That duty, love, and truth are one.

So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
And thought grow weak, and knowledge flee,
Yet faith shall teach us courage still,
And love shall guide us on to thee !

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

A TRODDEN daisy, from the sward,
With tearful eye I took,
And on its ruined glories I,
With moving heart, did look ;

For, crushed and broken though it was,
That little flower was fair ;
And oh ! I loved the dying bud
For God was there !

I stood upon the sea-beat shore,
The waves came rushing on ;
The tempest raged in giant wrath,
The light of day was gone.
The sailor from his drowning bark
Sent up his dying prayer ;
I looked amid the ruthless storm,
And God was there !

I sought a lonely, woody dell,
Where all things soft and sweet,
Birds, flowers, and trees, and running
streams,

Mid bright sunshine did meet :
I stood beneath an old oak's shade,
And summer round was fair ;
I gazed upon the peaceful scene,
And God was there !

I saw a home — a happy home —
Upon a bridal day,
And youthful hearts were blithesome there,
And aged hearts were gay :
I sat amid the smiling band
Where all so blissful were —
Among the bridal maidens sweet —
And God was there !

I stood beside an infant's couch,
When light had left its eye —
I saw the mother's bitter tears,
I heard her woeful cry —
I saw her kiss its fair pale face,
And smooth its yellow hair ;
And oh, I loved the mourner's home,
For God was there !

I sought a cheerless wilderness —
A desert, pathless wild —
Where verdure grew not by the streams,
Where beauty never smiled ;
Where desolation brooded o'er
A muirland lone and bare,
And awe upon my spirit crept,
For God was there !

I looked upon the lowly flower,
And on each blade of grass ;
Upon the forests, wide and deep,
I saw the tempests pass :
I gazed on all created things
In earth, in sea, and air ;
Then bent the knee — for God, in love,
Was everywhere !

ROBERT NICOLL.

THOU ART, O GOD.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine : thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth : thou hast made summer and winter."—Ps. lxxiv. 16, 17.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine !

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven, —
Those hues, that made the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose
plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes, —
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord ! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

THOMAS MOORE.

GOD'S PATIENCE

OF all the attributes whose starry rays
Converge and centre in one focal light
Of luminous glory such as angel's sight
Can only look on with a blanched amaze,
None crowns the brow of God with purer
blaze,
Nor lifts his grandeur to more infinite height,
Than his exhaustless patience. Let us praise,
With wondering hearts, this strangest, ten-
derest grace,
Remembering, awe-struck, that the avenging
rod
Of Justice must have fallen, and Mercy's plan
Been frustrate, had not Patience stood be-
tween,
Divinely meek. And let us learn that man,
Toiling, enduring, pleading, calm, serene,
For those who scorn and slight, is likest God.

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

A WORLD WITHOUT GOD.

JOHN STERLING, for a time curate of Hurstmonceaux, where his friend Julius Charles Hare was rector, was born at Kaimes Castle, Island of Bute, Scotland, July 20, 1806, and after studying at Cambridge, left without taking a degree, and became a contributor to the London press, as his father had been. His ill health obliged him to travel, and he finally died at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, Sept. 18, 1844. Carlyle speaks of him as "A little verdant island of poetic intellect, of me'lodious human verity : a sunlit island founded upon the rocks "

O'ER throngs of men around I cast mine eyes,
While each to separate work his hand applies ;
The mean who toil for food, the proud for fame,
And crowds by custom led, with scarce an aim.

Here busy dwarfs gigantic shadows chase,
As if they thus could grow a giant race ;
Unknowing what they are, they fain would be
Such empty dreams as in their sleep they see.

Or torn by passion, swoln with falsest pride,
Betrayed by doubt that mocks each surer
guide,
The rebel heart, in self-enthroned disdain,
Its lawless weakness boasts, and penal pain.

And yet, O God ! within each darkened soul
Is life akin to thy creation's whole,
That needs but will to see, and straight would
find
The world one frame for one pervading Mind.

In all things round one sacred Power would
know,
From thee diffused through all thy works below ;
In every breath of life would hear thy call,
And all discern in each, and thee in all.

A truth too vast for spirits lost in sloth,
By self-indulgence marred of nobler growth,
Who bear about, in impotence and shame,
Their human reason's visionary name.

Oh ! grant the crowds of earth may read thy
plan,
And strive to reach the hope designed for man ;
Though now, shorn, stunted, twisted, withered,
spent,
We dare not dream how high thy love's in-
tent.

O God ! 't were more than life to mouldering
dust,
The hour that kindled men to thoughtful
trust, —
That taught our hearts to seek thy righteous
will,
And so with love thy wisdom's task fulfil.

Redeemed from fear, and washed from lustful blot,
By faith we then might rise above our lot,
And like thy chosen few, restored within,
By hearts as morning pure might conquer sin!

—♦—
JOHN STERLING.

THE COMPASS.

Several mistakes in this hymn, as it has been printed, are in the text below corrected by Mr. Robbins.

THOU art, O God, my East! In thee I dawned;

Within me ever let thy day-spring shine;
Then, for each night of sorrow I have mourned,

I'll bless thee, Father, since it seals me thine.

Thou art, O God, my North! My trembling soul,

Like a charmed needle, points to thee alone;
Each wave of time, each storm of life, shall roll

My trusting spirit forward to thy throne.

Thou art, O God, my South! Thy fervent love

Perennial verdure o'er my life hath shed;
And constant sunshine, from thy heart above,
With wine and oil thy grateful child hath fed.

Thou art, O God, my West! Into thy arms,
Glad as the setting sun, may I decline;
Baptized from earthly stains and sin's alarms,
Reborn, arise in thy new heavens to shine.

SAMUEL DOWSE ROBBINS.

—♦—
OF THE OMNIPOTENCY OF GOD
AND DEBILITY OF MAN.

THOMAS TUSSEK, the quaint writer of a book entitled "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," from which the following is taken, was born in Essex, England, about 1515, and died about 1580.

O GOD, thou glorious God, what God is like to thee?

What life, what strength, is like to thine, as all the world may see?

The heavens, the earth, the seas, and all thy works therein,

Do show (to whom thou wouldst to know) what thou hast ever been.

But all the thoughts of man are bent to wretched evil,

Man doth commit idolatry bewitched of the Devil:

What ill is left undone where man may have his will,
Man ever was a hypocrite, and so continues still.

What daily watch is made, the soul of man to slay,

By Lucifer, by Belzabub, Mammon, and Asmodea?

In devilish pride, in wrath, in coveting too much,

In fleshly lust the time is spent, the life of man is such.

The joy that man hath here is as a spark of fire,

His acts be like the smouldering smoke, himself like dirt and mire,

His strength even as a reed, his age much like a flower,

His breath of life is but a puff, uncertain every hour.

But for the Holy Ghost, and for his gifts of grace,

The death of Christ, thy mercy great, man were in woful case:

Oh, grant us, therefore, Lord, to amend that is amiss,

And when from hence we do depart, to rest with thee in bliss.

THOMAS TUSSEK.

1557.

—♦—
"WHITHER SHALL I GO?"

I CANNOT find thee! still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell;
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

I cannot know thee! even when most adoring
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer;

Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought upsoaring,

From furthest quest comes back; thou art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,

And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth; there, O God, thou art

I cannot lose thee! still in thee abiding
The end is clear, how wide so'er I roam;

The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,

And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet,
In lane, highway, or open street, —

That he, and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above :

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain ;
That death itself shall not remain :

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led ;

Yet, if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this,
Yet one word more : They only miss
The winning of that final bliss

Who will not count it true that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego, —

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife, —
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D.

HIS WAYS.

I ASKED for grace to lift me high,
Above the world's depressing cares ;
God sent me sorrows, — with a sigh
I said, " He has not heard my prayers."

I asked for light, that I might see
My path along life's thorny road ;
But clouds and darkness shadowed me
When I expected light from God.

I asked for peace, that I might rest
To think my sacred duties o'er,
When lo ! such horrors filled my breast
As I had never felt before.

" And oh," I cried, " can this be prayer
Whose plaints the steadfast mountains
move ?

Can this be Heaven's prevailing care ?
And, O my God, is this thy love ?"

But soon I found that sorrow, worn
As Duty's garment, strength supplies,
And out of darkness meekly borne
Unto the righteous light doth rise.

And soon I found that fears which stirred
My startled soul God's will to do,
On me more real peace conferred
Than in life's calm I ever knew.

Then, Lord, in thy mysterious ways
Lead my dependent spirit on,
And whensoever it kneels and prays,
Teach it to say, " Thy will be done !"

Let its one thought, one hope, one prayer,
Thine image seek, thy glory see ;
Let every other wish and care
Be left confidingly to thee !

J. S. B. MONSELL.

THE OVER-HEART.

" For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things,
to whom be glory forever !" — ROM. xi. 36.

ABOVE, below, in sky and sod,
In leaf and spar, in star and man,
Well might the wise Athenian scan
The geometric signs of God,
The measured order of his plan.

And India's mystics sang aright
Of the One Life pervading all, —
One Being's tidal rise and fall
In soul and form, in sound and sight, —
Eternal outflow and recall.

God is : and man in guilt and fear
The central fact of Nature owns ;
Kneels, trembling, by his altar-stones,
And darkly dreams the ghastly smear
Of blood appeases and atones.

Guilt shapes the Terror : deep within
The human heart the secret lies
Of all the hideous deities ;
And, painted on a ground of sin,
The fabled gods of torment rise !

And what is He ? — the ripe grain nods,
The sweet dews fall, the sweet flowers blow ;
But darker signs his presence show :
The earthquake and the storm are God's,
And good and evil interflow.

O hearts of love! O souls that turn
 Like sunflowers to the pure and best!
 To you the truth is manifest:
 For they the mind of Christ discern
 Who lean like John upon his breast!

In him of whom the sibyl told,
 For whom the prophet's harp was toned,
 Whose need the sage and magian owned,
 The loving heart of God behold,
 The hope for which the ages groaned!

Fade, pomp of dreadful magery
 Wherewith mankind have deified
 Their hate, and selfishness, and pride!
 Let the scared dreamer wake to see
 The Christ of Nazareth at his side!

What doth that holy Guide require? —
 No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,
 But man a kindly brotherhood,
 Looking, where duty is desire,
 To him, the beautiful and good.

Gone be the faithlessness of fear,
 And let the pitying heaven's sweet rain
 Wash out the altar's bloody stain;
 The law of Hatred disappear,
 The law of Love alone remain.

How fall the idols false and grim! —
 And lo! their hideous wreck above
 The emblems of the Lamb and Dove!
 Man turns from God, not God from him;
 And guilt, in suffering, whispers Love!

The world sits at the feet of Christ,
 Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled;
 It yet shall touch his garment's fold,
 And feel the heavenly Alchemist
 Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme befitting angel tongues
 Beyond a mortal's scope has grown.
 O heart of mine! with reverence own
 The fulness which to it belongs,
 And trust the unknown for the known.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE PRESENCE.

I SIT within my room, and joy to find
 That Thou who always lov'st art with me here,
 That I am never left by thee behind,
 But by thyself thou keep'st me ever near;
 The fire burns brighter when with thee I look,
 And seems a kinder servant sent to me;

With gladder heart I read thy holy book;
 Because thou art the eyes by which I see;
 This aged chair, that table, watch, and door
 Around in ready service ever wait;
 Nor can I ask of thee a menial more,
 To fill the measure of my large estate,
 For thou thyself, with all a father's care,
 Where'er I turn, art ever with me there.

JONES VERY.

PRAISE OF THE GODHEAD.

The writer of the original of the following verses was an officer in the Prussian service who devoted his leisure to poetry. He was born in Pomerania, March 3, 1715, and being fatally wounded at the battle of Kunersdorf, died at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Aug. 24, 1759. His complete works were published by Julian Schmidt, at Berlin, in 1859.

STARRY hosts exalt by thousands my Creator's pomp and might,
 And his wisdom's works are lauded by the
 heaven's spheres of light;
 Oceans, mountains, forests, ravines, which
 existed at his nod,
 Do but trumpet forth the love, but trumpet
 forth the might of God.

Shall I then alone be silent? shall I sing no
 hymn of praise?
 No! unto his holy throne the pinions of the
 mind I'll raise;
 And when'er my tongue shall stammer forth
 its praises, then shall flow
 From mine eyes the only witnesses my rever-
 ence shall know.

Who bids millions of suns with majesty and
 splendor shine?
 Who doth on their wondrous course to count-
 less worlds their path assign?
 Who endows with life each circle? who
 unites the wondrous band?
 Thy lip's gentle breathings, Lord! yea, thy
 most high and dread command.

Thou dost bid the hand of Spring deck with
 a carpet earth below;
 Thou dost bid the sheaves with gold, the
 clustering grape with purple glow;
 Thou fillest all the world with joy, when, van-
 quished by the cold, it weeps,
 When it, swathed in flaky whiteness, like a
 tender infant sleeps.

Oh, who can the wondrous works of thy vast
 love enough extol?
 E'en misfortune's self exalts us, and endows
 our life with soul.

If his love doth move ye not, O sceptics, at
his power quake,
Tremble like a herd of slaves, when their
dread lord's grim rage doth wake.

Say, who thunders in the clouds? say, who
in storm and tempest roars?

Doubter, speak! who rolls the billow, when
it like a mountain soars?

Thunder, sea, and tempest call to thee with
loud resounding shout,

Oh, audacious earth-born creature, this is
God! why dost thou doubt?

Lord, the praises of thy deeds forever from
my lips shall flow,

But do thou unto the weakness of a worm in-
dulgence show!

Thou who prob'st the heart, the emotion of
the soul with grace behold,

Which it feels, 't is true, but which no human
accents can unfold.

If I e'er, by glory crowned, before thy throne
should bow my head,

Then will I with nobler hymns exalt thy
majesty so dread.

O ye moments, long, long wished for, speed
your flight with winged haste,

That I quickly may be able joys that never
change to taste!

EWALD CHRISTIAN VON KLEIST, 1759. Translated
by ALFRED BASKERVILLE, 1853.

PSALM I.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, the author of "Arcadia" and the
"Defence of Poesy," was born Nov. 29, 1554, and died after
the battle of Zutphen, Oct. 7, 1586. He was called by Queen
Elizabeth the jewel of her dominions. He began a version
of the Psalter which was completed by his sister, the Countess
of Pembroke.

HE blessed is who neither loosely treads
The straying steps as wicked counsel leads,
Nor for bad mates in way of sinners waiteth,
Nor yet himself with idle scorners seateth,
But on God's law his whole delight doth bind,
Which night and day he calls to marking mind.

He shall be like a freshly planted tree,
To which sweet springs of water neighbors be:
Whose branches fail not timely fruit to nourish,
Nor withered leaf shall make it fail to flourish.
'So all the things whereto that man doth bend
Shall prosper still with well succeeding end.

Such blessing shall not wicked wretches see,
But like wild chaff with wind shall scattered
be;

For neither shall the men in sin delighted,
Consist when they to highest doom are cited,
Nor yet shall suffered be a place to take
Where godly men do their assembly make.

For God doth know, and knowing doth ap-
prove

The trade of them that just proceedings love:
But they that sin in sinful breast do cherish,
The way they go, shall be the way to perish.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

1580.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds, I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1712.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord, the Lord my Shepherd is,
And so can never I
Tast misery.

Hee rests me in greene pastures his;
By waters still and sweete
He guides my feete.

Hee me revives; leads me the way,
Which righteousness doth take,
For his name sake.

Yea, though I should through valleys stray
Of Death's dark shade, I will
Noe whit feare ill.

For thou, deare Lord, thou me besett'st,
 Thy rodd and thy staffe be
 To comfort me :
 Before me thou a table sett'st
 Even when foe's envious eye
 Doth it espy.

Thou oil'st my head, thou fill'st my cuppe ;
 Nay more, thou endlesse Good
 Shall give me food.

To thee, I say ascended up,
 Where thou the Lord of all
 Dost hold thy hall.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

PSALME XXIX.

You that are of princely birth,
 Prayse the Lord of heaven and earth ;
 Glory give, his power proclame ;
 Magnifie and prayse his name.
 Worship, in the beautie blesse,
 Beautie of his holinesse.
 From a darke and show'ring cloud,
 On the floods that roare aloud,
 Harke ! his voice with terrour breakes :
 God — our God in thunder speakes.
 Powerfull in his voice on high,
 Full of power and majestie :
 Lofty cedars overthrowne,
 Cedars of steep Libanon,
 Calfe-like skipping on the ground.
 Libanon and Sirion bound,
 Like a youthful unicorne ;
 Lab'ring clouds with lightning torne.
 At his voice the desert shakes ;
 Kadish, thy vast desert quakes.
 Trembling hindes then calve for fear
 Shadie forests bare appeare :
 His renowne, by every tongue,
 Through his holy temple sung.
 He the raging flood restraines :
 He a King forever reignes.
 God his people shall increase,
 Arm with strength, and bless with peace.

1643.

GEORGE SANDYS.

GENERAL PROVIDENCE AND
 SPECIAL GRACE.

Ps. xxxvi. 5-9.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud
 That veils and darkens thy designs.

Forever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep ;
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Thy providence is kind and large ;
 Both man and beast thy bounty share :
 The whole creation is thy charge,
 But saints are thy peculiar care.

My God, how excellent thy grace,
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs ;
 The sons of Adam in distress
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

From the provisions of thy house
 We shall be fed with sweet repast :
 There mercy like a river flows,
 And brings salvation to our taste.

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of my Lord ;
 And in thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promised in thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

1719.

PSALM XLII.

LORD ! as the hart embost with heat
 Brays after the cool rivulet,
 So sighs my soul for thee.
 My soul thirsts for the living God :
 When shall I enter his abode,
 And there his beauty see ?

Tears are my food both night and day,
 While where's thy God? they daily say ;
 My soul in plaints I shed,
 When I remember how in throngs
 We filled thy house with praise and songs,
 How I their dances led.

My soul, why art thou so deprest ?
 Why, oh ! thus troubled in my breast,
 With grief so overthrowne ?
 With constant hope on God await :
 I yet his name shall celebrate,
 For mercy timely shown.

My fainting heart within me pants ;
 My God, consider my complaints ;
 My songs shall praise thee still,
 Even from the vale where Jordan flows,
 Where Hermon his high forehead shows,
 From Mitzar's humble hill.

Deeps unto deeps enraged call,
 When thy dark spouts of waters fall,
 And dreadful tempest raves :
 For all thy floods upon me burst,
 And billows after billows thrust
 To swallow in their graves.

But yet by day the Lord will charge
 His ready mercy to enlarge
 My soul, surprised with cares ;
 He gives my songs thy argument ;
 God of my life, I will present
 By night to thee my prayers.

And say, my God, my rock, oh, why
 Am I forgot, and mourning die,
 By foes reduced to dust ?
 Their words, like weapons, pierce my bones,
 While still they echo to my groans,
 Where is the Lord, thy trust ?

My soul, why art thou so deprest ?
 Oh, why so troubled in my breast,
 Sunk underneath thy load ?
 With constant hope on God await,
 For I his name shall celebrate,
 My Saviour and my God.

GEORGE SANDYS.

MAN FRAIL AND GOD ETERNAL.

PSALM XC.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come ;
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home :

Under the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in thy sight,
 Are like an evening gone ;
 Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their lives and cares,
 Are carried downwards by thy flood,
 And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

ISAAC WATTS.

1719.

PSALM XCI.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
 Rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
 In his secret habitation
 Dwell, and never be dismayed :
 There no tumult can alarm thee,
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
 Guile nor violence can harm thee,
 In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword, at noonday wasting,
 From the noisome pestilence,
 In the depth of midnight blasting,
 God shall be thy sure defence :
 Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
 When a thousand feel the blow ;
 Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
 Though ten thousand be laid low.

Only with thine eye the anguish
 Of the wicked thou shalt see,
 When by slow disease thy languish,
 When they perish suddenly :
 Thee, though winds and waves be swelling,
 God, thine hope, shall bear through all ;
 Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
 Thee no evil shall befall.

He shall charge his angel legions
 Watch and ward o'er thee to keep ;
 Though thou walk through hostile regions,
 Though in desert wilds thou sleep.
 On the lion vainly roaring,
 On his young, thy foot shall tread ;
 And, the dragon's den exploring,
 Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

Since, with pure and firm affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of his protection
 He will shield thee from above.
 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
 He will hearken, he will save ;
 Here for grief reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1822.

PSALM XCVI.

SING, and let your song be new,
 Unto him that never endeth !
 Sing all earth, and all in you, —
 Sing to God, and bless his name.
 Of the help, the health he sendeth,
 Day by day new ditties frame.

Make each country know his worth :
 Of his acts the wondered story
 Paint unto each people forth.
 For Jehovah, great alone,
 All the gods, for awe and glory,
 Far above doth hold his throne.

For but idols, what are they
 Whom besides mad earth adareth ?
 He the skies in frame did lay.
 Grace and honor are his guides ;
 Majesty his temple storeth ;
 Might in guard about him bides.

Kindreds come ! Jehovah give, —
 Oh, give Jehovah, all together,
 Force and fame whereso you live.
 Give his name the glory fit :
 Take your offerings, get you thither,
 Where he doth enshrined sit.

Go, adore him in the place
 Where his pomp is most displayed.
 Earth, oh, go with quaking pace,
 Go proclaim Jehovah' king :
 Stayless world shall now be stayed ;
 Righteous doom his rule shall bring.

Starry roof and earthy floor,
 Sea, and all thy wideness yieldeth,
 Now rejoice, and leap, and roar.
 Leafy infants of the wood,
 Fields, and all that on you feedeth,
 Dance, oh, dance, at such a good !

For Jehovah cometh, lo !
 Lo to reign Jehovah cometh !
 Under whom you all shall go.
 He the world shall rightly guide —
 Truly, as a king becometh,
 For the people's weal provide.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

DIVINE PROTECTION.

PSALM CXXI.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
 The eternal hills beyond the skies ;
 Thence all her help my soul derives,
 There my Almighty Refuge lives.

He lives, the everlasting God,
 That built the world, that spread the flood ;
 The heavens with all their hosts he made,
 And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
 His morning smiles bless all the day :
 He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
 The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

Israel, a name divinely blest,
 May rise secure, securely rest ;
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
 Admit no slumber, nor surprise.

No sun shall smite thy head by day ;
 Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
 Shall blast thy couch ; no baleful star
 Dart his malignant fire so far.

Should earth and hell with malice burn,
 Still thou shalt go, and still return,
 Safe in the Lord ; his heavenly care
 Defends thy life from every snare.

On thee foul spirits have no power ;
 And, in thy last departing hour,
 Angels, that trace the airy road,
 Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

ISAAC WATTS.

1719.

PSALM CXXI.

To heaven I lift mine eye,
 To heaven, Jehovah's throne,
 For there my Saviour sits on high,
 And thence shall strength and aid supply
 To all he calls his own.

He will not faint nor fail,
 Nor cause thy feet to stray :
 For him no weary hours assail,
 Nor evening darkness spreads her veil
 O'er his eternal day.

Beneath that light divine
 Securely shalt thou move ;
 The sun with milder beams shall shine,
 And eve's still queen her lamp incline
 Benignant from above.

For he, thy God and Friend,
 Shall keep thy soul from harm,
 In each sad scene of doubt attend,
 And guide thy life, and bless thine end,
 With his almighty arm.

1814.

JOHN BOWDLER.

VERSION OF PSALM CXXX.

PHINEAS FLETCHER was an English poet, a cousin of the dramatist John Fletcher who wrote with Beaumont. He was born about 1584, was educated at Cambridge, became a clergyman, and died at Hilgay, Norfolk, where he was rector, about 1660. He wrote the "Purple Island; or, the Isle of Man."

FROM the deeps of grief and fear,
O Lord! to thee my soul repairs:
From thy heaven bow down thine ear;
Let thy mercy meet my prayers.

Oh, if thou mark'st
What's done amiss,
What soul so pure,
Can see thy bliss?

But with thee sweet mercy stands,
Sealing pardons, working fear:
Wait, my soul, wait on his hands;
Wait, mine eye, oh, wait, mine ear:

If he his eye
Or tongue affords,
Watch all his looks,
Catch all his words.

As a watchman waits for day,
And looks for light, and looks again;
When the night grows cold and gray,
To be relieved he calls again:

So look, so wait,
So long mine eyes,
To see my Lord,
My Sun, arise.

Wait, ye saints, wait on our Lord:
For from his tongue sweet mercy flows:
Wait on his cross, wait on his word;
Upon that tree redemption grows:

He will redeem
His Israel
From sin and wrath,
From death and hell.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

PSALM CXXXIX.

O LORD, in me there lieth nought
But to thy search revealed lies;
For when I sit
Thou markest it;
No less thou notest when I rise:
Yea, closest closet of my thought
Hath open windows to thine eyes.

Thou walkest with me when I walk:
When to my bed for rest I go,
I find thee there,
And everywhere:

Not youngest thought in me doth grow,
No, not one word I cast to talk
But, yet unuttered, thou dost know.

If forth I march, thou goest before;
If back I turn, thou com'st behind:
So forth nor back
Thy guard I lack:
Nay, on me too thy hand I find.
Well I thy wisdom may adore,
But never reach with earthy mind.

To shun thy notice, leave thine eye,
Oh, whither might I take my way?
To starry sphere?
Thy throne is there.

To dead men's undelightsome stay?
There is thy walk, and there to lie
Unknown, in vain I should assay.

O sun, whom light nor flight can match!
Suppose thy lightful, flightful wings
Thou lend to me,
And I could flee

As far as thee the evening brings:
Ev'n led to west he would me catch,
Nor should I lurk with western things.

Do thou thy best, O secret night,
In sable veil to cover me:
Thy sable veil
Shall vainly fail:

With day unmasked my night shall be;
For night is day, and darkness light,
O Father of all lights, to thee.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

PSALM CXXXIX.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, son of the second President of the United States, and himself President, was born in the present town of Quincy, July 11, 1767, and died at Washington, Feb. 23, 1848. He found time in the midst of his many public duties to court the muses, and prepared a metrical version of the whole of the Psalms of David. He wrote also hymns which are now in use, besides secular pieces.

O LORD, thy all-discerning eyes
My inmost purpose see;
My deeds, my words, my thoughts, arise
Alike disclosed to thee!
My sitting down, my rising up,
Broad noon and deepest night,
My path, my pillow, and my cup,
Are open to thy sight.

Before, behind, I meet thine eye,
And feel thy heavy hand;

Such knowledge is for me too high
 To reach or understand ;
 What of thy wonders can I know ?
 What of thy purpose see ?
 Where from thy Spirit shall I go ?
 Where from thy presence flee ?

If I ascend to heaven on high,
 Or make my bed in hell ;
 Or take the morning's wings, and fly
 O'er ocean's bounds to dwell ;
 Or seek from thee a hiding-place
 Amid the gloom of night, —
 Alike to thee are time and space,
 The darkness and the light.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

1841.

AN HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

HEAR me, O God !
 A broken heart
 Is my best part :
 Use still thy rod,
 That I may prove
 Therein thy love.

If thou hadst not
 Been stern to me,
 But left me free,
 I had forgot
 Myself and thee.

For sin's so sweet,
 As minds ill bent
 Rarely repent
 Until they meet
 Their punishment.

Who more can crave
 Than thou hast done ?
 Thou gav'st a Son
 To free a slave,
 First made of nought,
 With all since bought.

Sin, death, and hell
 His glorious name
 Quite overcame ;
 Yet I rebel,
 And slight the same.

But I'll come in
 Before my loss
 Me further toss,
 As sure to win
 Under his cross.

BEN JONSON.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S DEVOTION.

HENRY MORE, the learned and devout Platonist, was born at Grantham, England, Oct. 12, 1614, and died at Cambridge, Sept. 1, 1687. Bred a Puritan, but educated at Cambridge, in 1675 he became Prebendary of Gloucester.

SING aloud ! — His praise rehearse
 Who hath made the universe.
 He the boundless heavens has spread,
 All the vital orbs has kned,
 He that on Olympus high
 Tends his flocks with watchful eye,
 And this eye has multiplied
 Midst each flock for to reside.
 Thus, as round about they stray,
 Toucheth each with outstretched ray ;
 Nimble they hold on their way,
 Shaping out their night and day.
 Summer, winter, autumn, spring,
 Their inclined axes bring.
 Never slack they ; none respire,
 Dancing round their central fires.
 In due order as they move,
 Echoes sweet be gently drove
 Thorough heaven's vast hollowness,
 Which unto all corners press :
 Music that the heart of Jove
 Moves to joy and sportful love ;
 Fills the listening sailor's ears
 Riding on the wandering spheres :
 Neither speech nor language is
 Where their voice is not transmiss.

God is good, is wise, is strong,
 Witness all the creature throng,
 Is confessed by every tongue ;
 All things back from whence they sprung,
 As the thankful rivers pay
 What they borrowed of the sea.
 Now myself I do resign :
 Take me whole : I all am thine.
 Save me, God, from self-desire —
 Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire —
 Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire ;
 Let not lust my soul bemire.

Quit from these, thy praise I'll sing,
 Loudly sweep the trembling string.
 Bear a part, O Wisdom's sons,
 Freed from vain religions !
 Lo ! from far I you salute,
 Sweetly warbling on my lute, —
 India, Egypt, Araby,
 Asia, Greece, and Tartary,
 Carmel-tracts, and Lebanon,
 With the Mountains of the Moon,
 From whence muddy Nile doth run,
 Or wherever else you won : ¹

¹ Dwell.

Breathing in one vital air,
One we are though distant far.

Rise at once; — let's sacrifice:
Odors sweet perfume the skies;
See how heavenly lightning fires
Hearts inflamed with high aspires!
All the substance of our souls
Up in clouds of incense rolls.
Leave we nothing to ourselves
Save a voice, — what need we else!
Or an hand to wear and tire
On the thankful lute or lyre!
Sing aloud! — His praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe.

HENRY MORE.

DEVOTION.

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY, author of a poem delivered on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of the birth of O'Connell, in 1875, was born in Ireland about 1820, and has published several volumes of poems. In 1871 a literary pension was granted him.

When I wander by the ocean,
When I view its wild commotion,
Then the spirit of devotion
Cometh near;
But it fills my brain and bosom,
Like a fear!

I fear its booming thunder,
Its terror and its wonder,
Its icy waves, that sunder
Heart from heart;
And the white host that lies under
Makes me start!

Its clashing and its clangor
Proclaim the Godhead's anger, —
I shudder, and with languor
Turn away;
No joyance fills my bosom
For that day!

When I wander through the valleys,
When the evening zephyr dallies,
And the light, expiring, rallies
In the stream,
That spirit comes and glads me,
Like a dream!

The blue smoke upwards curling,
The silver streamlet purling,
The meadow wild-flowers furling
Their leaflets to repose, —
All woo me from the world
And its woes!

The evening bell that bringeth
A truce to toil outringeth
No sweetest bird that singeth
Half so sweet,
Not even the lark that springeth
From my feet!

Then see I God beside me,
The sheltering trees that hide me,
The mountains that divide me
From the sea, —
All prove how kind a Father
He can be.

Beneath the sweet moon shining
The cattle are reclining,
No murmur of repining
Soundeth sad;
All feel the present Godhead,
And are glad!

With mute unvoiced confessings,
To the Giver of all blessings
I kneel, and with caressings
Press the sod,
And thank my Lord and father,
And my God!

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

A PRAYER OF AFFECTION.

BLESSINGS, O Father, shower!
Father of mercies! round his precious head!
On his lone walks and on his thoughtful hour,
And the pure visions of his midnight bed,
Blessings be shed!

Father! I pray thee not
For earthly treasures to that most beloved,
Fame, fortune, power; — oh, be his spirit
proved
By these, or by their absence, at thy will!
But let thy peace be wedded to his lot,
Guarding his inner life from touch of ill,
With its dove-pinion still!

Let such a sense of thee,
Thy watching presence, thy sustaining love,
His bosom guest inalienably be,
That whereso'er he move,
A heavenly light serene
Upon his heart and mien
May sit undimmed! a gladness rest his own,
Unspeakable, and to the world unknown!
Such as from childhood's morning land of
dreams,
Remembered faintly, gleams,
Faintly remembered, and too swiftly flown!

So let him walk with thee,
 Made by thy spirit free;
 And when thou call'st him from his mortal
 place,
 To his last hour be still that sweetness given,
 That joyful trust! and brightly let him part,
 With lamp clear burning, and unlingering
 heart,
 Mature to meet in heaven
 His Saviour's face!

FELICIA HEMANS.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARK- NNESS.

It is said that in one of those periods of despondency to which he was subject, Cowper fancied it was the Divine will he should go and drown himself in the river Ouse. The driver of the post-chaise missed his way, and on their return the poet wrote this sublime hymn.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace,
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

1779.

WILLIAM COWPER.

I IN THEE, AND THOU IN ME.

I AM but clay in thy hands, but thou art the
 all-loving artist.
 Passive I lie in thy sight, yet in my selfhood
 I strive

So to embody the life and the love thou ever
 impartest,
 That in my sphere of the finite I may be
 truly alive.

Knowing thou needest this form, as I thy di-
 vine inspiration,
 Knowing thou shapest the clay with a vision
 and purpose divine,
 So would I answer each touch of thy hand in
 its loving creation,
 That in my conscious life thy power and
 beauty may shine,

Reflecting the noble intent thou hast in form-
 ing thy creatures;
 Waking from sense into life of the soul, and
 the image of thee;
 Working with thee in thy work to model
 humanity's features
 Into the likeness of God, myself from myself
 I would free.

One with all human existence, no one above
 or below me;
 Lit by thy wisdom and love, as roses are
 steeped in the morn;
 Growing from clay to a statue, from statue to
 flesh, till thou know me
 Wrought into manhood celestial, and in thine
 image re-born.

So in thy love will I trust, bringing me sooner
 or later
 Past the dark screen that divides these shows
 of the finite from thee.
 Thine, thine only, this warm dear life, O lov-
 ing Creator!
 Thine the invisible future, born of the present,
 must be.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

A LANCASHIRE DOXOLOGY.

"Some cotton has lately been imported into Farrington, where the mills have been closed for a considerable time. The people, who were previously in the deepest distress, went out to meet the cotton: the women wept over the bales and kissed them, and finally sang the doxology over them." *Spectator* of May 14, 1863.

"PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow."
 Praise him who sendeth joy and woe.
 The Lord who takes, — the Lord who gives, —
 Oh, praise him, all that dies, and lives.

He opens and he shuts his hand,
 But why, we cannot understand:
 Pours and dries up his mercies' flood,
 And yet is still All-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan,
The mystery of God and man ;
We women, when afflictions come,
We only suffer and are dumb.

And when, the tempest passing by,
He gleams out, sunlike, through the sky,
We look up, and through black clouds riven,
We recognize the smile of heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise,
We have no deep philosophies :
Childlike we take both kiss and rod,
For he who loveth knoweth God.

The Author of " John Halifax, Gentleman."

1863.

A CRY OF THE SOUL.

" O Dieu de vérité, pour qui seul je soupire "

O GOD of truth, for whom alone I sigh,
Knit thou my heart by strong, sweet cords
to thee.

I tire of hearing; books my patience try.
Untired to thee I cry ;
Thyself my all shalt be.

Lord, be thou near and cheer my lonely way;
With thy sweet peace my aching bosom
fill ;

Scatter my cares and fears ; my griefs allay ;
And be it mine each day
To love and please thee still.

My God! thou hearest me ; but clouds ob-
scure

Even yet thy perfect radiance, truth di-
vine !

Oh for the stainless skies, the splendors pure,
The joys that aye endure,
Where thine own glories shine !

PIERRE CORNEILLE. Translator unknown.

THE LORD IS KING!

THE Lord is king! Lift up thy voice,
O earth, and, all ye heavens, rejoice !
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is king!

The Lord is king! Who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises?

The Lord is king! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just :
Holy and true are all his ways :
Let every creature speak his praise.

He reigns ! Ye saints, exalt your strains ;
Your God is king, your Father reigns ;
And he is at the Father's side,
The Man of Love, the crucified.

Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne ;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is king !

Alike pervaded by his eye,
All parts of his dominion lie ;
This world of ours, and worlds unseen ;
And thin the boundary between.

One Lord, one empire, all secures ;
He reigns, and life and death are yours :
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is king !

JOSIAH CONDER.

1856.

RETURNING.

LORD, where thy many mansions be
Hast thou a little room for me,
Whose restless feet these many days
By and forbidden paths have trod,
And, wandering in uncertain ways,
Have missed the way that leads to God?
Lord, is there any room for me
Who, sorrowing, would return to thee?

Far have I strayed, still tossed about
On fears that would not be cast out
For all the subtle theories
That men have framed, wherein to find
For troubled hearts a doubtful ease,
And freedom for a wilful mind :—
Thy word, once hidden in my breast,
Forever robbed the night of rest.

I heard its still, small voice above
All other voices, — not in love,
As in the old sweet days of peace,
But in a tone of sad complaint :—
" Why art thou swift to seek release
From easy yoke and safe restraint?
Why hast thou taken for thy guide
False lights that lure thee from my side?"

Lord, if I heard, and in despite
Of warning chase the fair, false light,
If, heedless, I thy spirit grieved,
And slighted as an idle tale
Love such as no man hath conceived, —
What late repentance can avail?
How shall I dare to lift my face
Once more within thy holy place?

I know not, verily; and yet,
With doubts perplexed and fears beset,
And the sad heart unsatisfied,
Lord, I remember what sweet rest
I did discover at thy side;
With yearnings not to be expressed
I long to walk once more with thee;
Lord, hast thou any room for me?

MARY E. BRADLEY.

1879.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE OVER ALL.

HAD scientific genius only planned
The wondrous, awe-inspiring telescope,
That unto human eyes a world might ope
In every star which moves at Heaven's com-
mand,

To planetary time revolving grand, —
Man, shrinking to a worm, could never hope
To be upheld by that stupendous Hand
Which wheels the stars. But ah! the micro-
scope

Bids faith revive, revealing to the gaze
Countless ephemera, basking in the rays
Of one brief sun, which ends their little hour;
Yet each his care who suns and planets sways:
Who gave man genius to observe his power,
No less than in the stars, in insect, bird, and
flower!

MRS. ELIZABETH C. KINNEY.

GOD'S FAITHFUL MERCY.

PRaise, oh, praise our God and King,
Hymns of adoration sing,
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise him that he made the sun
Day by day his course to run,
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light,
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain,
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise him for our harvest-store;
He hath filled the garner-floor;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Glorify to our bounteous King!
Glorify, let creation sing!
Glorify to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One!

SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER.

1861.

IMPLORING DIVINE LIGHT.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, the essayist, author of the English dictionary, was born Sept. 18, 1709, and died in London, Dec. 13, 1784. He was one of the most prominent men of letters of his time.

O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds
presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom
guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.

'T is thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we
tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end!

Translated from BOETHIUS by SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LET ALL THE WORLD REJOICE.

HUNT was a Wesleyan missionary to the Fiji Islands. He was born near Lincoln, England, June 13, 1812, and died in 1848 at his mission station.

LET all the world rejoice,
The great Jehovah reigns;
The thunders are his awful voice;
Our life his will ordains;
The glories of his name
The lightnings, floods, and hail proclaim.

He rules by sea and land,
O'er boundless realms he sways;

He holds the oceans in his hand,
And mighty mountains weighs :
Unequall'd and alone
In majesty he fills his throne.

The universe he made
By his prevailing might ;
The earth's foundations he hath laid,
And scattered ancient night ;
When heaven, and earth, and sea
Proclaimed his awful majesty.

When the bright orb of day
First gleamed with ruddy light,
And yonder moon, with silver ray,
Marched up the vault of night ;
And stars bedecked the skies,
That seem'd creation's thousand eyes ;

And earth's fair form was seen,
With flowers and blossoms drest ;
And trees, and fields, and meadows green
Adorn'd her youthful breast,
Hung out in boundless space,
Amid the ocean's cool embrace ;

Glad was the angel throng
To see his might prevail ;
And loud they sung a joyful song
This universe to hail,
While yet in youth it stood ;
The Maker, too, pronounced it good.

But this fair world shall die,
The creature of a day ;
In ashes and in ruins lie,
Its glory passed away :
As when before her birth,
Again shall be this mighty earth.

Soon shall the day be o'er
Of yonder brilliant sun ;
And he shall set to rise no more,
His race of glory run ;
And soon, alas ! all soon
Shall fade the stars, and yon pale moon.

But ever fixed, the throne
Of the Eternal One
Shall stand, when all creation's gone,
Unequall'd and alone ;
New worlds to make at will,
And his own wise designs fulfil.

JOHN HUNT.

NOT UNTO US, O LORD!

"Non nobis, Domine."
PS. cxv. 1.

The writer of the following verses was born in Worcester-shire, Nov. 5, 1605. He was a Roman Catholic. His education was begun at Paris and completed in England, under the eye of his father, Thomas Habington, a godson of Queen Elizabeth. His mother, Mary Habington, is said to have been the author of the celebrated warning letter received by Lord Mounteagle the day before the meeting of Parliament, which led to the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, Nov. 4, 1605. Habington married Lucia, daughter of William, Lord Powis, and his principal poem is a series of verses addressed to her under the name Castara. In it the following stanzas occur. Habington died Nov. 13, 1645.

No marble statue, and no high
Aspiring pyramid, be rais'd
To lose its head within the sky !
What claim have I to memory ?
God, be thou only praised !

Thou in a moment canst defeat
The mighty conquests of the proud,
And blast the laurels of the great ;
Thou canst make brighter glory set
O' th' sudden in a cloud.

How can the feeble works of art
Hold out against the assault of storms ?
Or how can brass to him impart
Sense of surviving fame, whose heart
Is now resolved to worms ?

Blind folly of triumphing pride !
Eternity, why build'st thou here ?
Dost thou not see the highest tide
Its humbled stream in the ocean hide,
And ne'er the same appear ?

That tide which did its banks o'erflow,
As sent abroad by the angry sea
To level vastest buildings low,
And all our trophies overthrow,
Ebbs like a thief away.

And thou who, to preserve thy name,
Leav'st statues in some conquered land,
How will posterity scorn fame,
When the idol shall receive a maim,
And lose a foot or hand !

How wilt thou hate thy wars, when he
Who only for his hire did raise
Thy counterfeit in stone, with thee
Shall stand competitor, and be
Perhaps thought worthier praise !

No laurel wreath about my brow !
To thee, my God, all praise, whose law
The conquered doth, and conqueror bow !
For both dissolve to air, if thou
Thy influence but withdraw.

1634.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

REVELATION.

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD is son of an artist of Bath, England. He graduated at the University of London, and was a contributor to the "Lyra Anglicana," of R. H. Baynes, and to "English Lyrics," by the same editor.

GOD speaketh once, yea, twice, things marvellous,

Forth told in many ways;

The echoes of his words roll down to us
From the old days.

Now, with his voice he thunders from the hills,

Sitting in state aloft;

Now, like the dropping dew, his speech distils,
Gentle and soft.

Now, with profoundest thought, in higher teaching,

His subtle sense he girds;

Now, like a mother to her infant reaching,
With childish words,

He to our weakness stoops, and shades the lustre

Of his too perfect light;

Now shrinks our dazzled eye, from a star cluster
Of truths most bright.

By Urim and by seer, by dream and vision,
He spake in times gone by;

Last, by his Son, who stept with sealed commission
Down from the sky.

The world's sweet infant years, forgotten wholly,

He makes us partly know;

The world to come, his harvest ripening slowly,
He doth foreshow.

From treasured rolls and archives of the nations

He brings forth One to light,

That all may learn his wisdom, power, and patience,
Reading aright.

Not of the stars and planets in their courses,
Not of the trees and flowers,

Not of the laws of Nature's hidden forces,
Man's servant powers;

But of the soul's deep need, the finite's yearning

After an Infinite heart,

He holds discourse with us, his scholars,
learning
Part after part.

We con and spell, as blind men with their fingers,

The lines his hand hath graved,

Knowing in part, till, with celestial singers,
On floor light-paved,

We stand with eyes unsealed, and all the mystery

Falls off, in perfect ken,

From the great world and little, from the history
Of man — and men.

But as the larger lens doth still dissever
Fresh points in farthest blue,

So on our stronger sight shall flash forever
Some truth more new.

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM'S HYMN.

THE REV. WILLIAM WILLIAMS, a Calvinistic Methodist, who labored as a travelling preacher in Wales, was born in 1717, and died in 1791. This hymn was originally written in Welsh, and translated either by the author or by William Evans. Lady Huntingdon having read one of Williams's books with much spiritual satisfaction, persuaded him to prepare a collection of hymns, to be called the "Gloria in Excelsis," for especial use in Mr. Whitefield's Orphans' House in America. In this collection appeared the original stanzas of "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah." In 1774 it was republished in England in Mr. Whitefield's collection of hymns. Williams is called the Watts of Wales. Lord Selborne (Sir Roundell Palmer) omits the last stanza.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:

I am weak, but thou art mighty;

Hold me with thy powerful hand:

Bread of heaven! bread of heaven!

Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain

Whence the healing streams do flow;

Let the fiery, cloudy pillar

Lead me all my journey through:

Strong Deliverer! strong Deliverer!

Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,

Bid my anxious fears subside;

Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,

Land me safe on Canaan's side.

Songs of praises, songs of praises,

I will ever give to thee.

Musing on my habitation,

Musing on my heavenly home,

Fills my soul with holy longing;

Come, my Jesus, quickly come.

Vanity is all I see;

Lord, I long to be with thee!

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all ! in every age,
 In every clime adored,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confined
 To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill ;
 And, binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This teach me more than hell to shun,
 That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
 Let me not cast away ;
 For God is paid when man receives :
 To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
 To find that better way !

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has denied,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quickened by thy breath ;
 Oh, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot ;
 All else beneath the sun
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
 And let thy will be done !

To thee, whose temple is all space, —
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies, —
 One chorus let all beings raise !
 All Nature's incense rise !

ALEXANDER POPE.

1738.

GOD'S CARE FOR ALL.

BAPTIST WRIOTHESLEY NOEL, brother of the Earl of Gainsborough, was born near Leith, Scotland, July 10, 1709, and was educated at Cambridge. For a time he was a clergyman of the Church of England and chaplain to the Queen, but he became a Baptist minister. He died Jan. 20, 1873.

THERE 's not a bird, with lonely nest
 In pathless wood or mountain crest,
 Nor meaner thing, which does not share,
 O God, in thy paternal care !

There 's not a being now accurst,
 Who did not taste thy goodness first ;
 And every joy the wicked see
 Received its origin from thee.

Each barren crag, each desert rude,
 Holds thee within its solitude ;
 And thou dost bless the wanderer there,
 Who makes his solitary prayer.

In busy mart and crowded street,
 No less than in the still retreat,
 Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
 With all a parent's tenderness !

And every moment still doth bring
 Thy blessings on its loaded wing ;
 Widely they spread through earth and sky,
 And last to all eternity !

Through all creation let thy name
 Be echoed with a glad acclaim !
 That let the grateful churches sing ;
 With that let heaven forever ring !

And we, where'er our lot is cast,
 While life and thought and feeling last,
 Through all our years, in every place,
 Will bless thee for thy boundless grace !

BAPTIST WRIOTHESLEY NOEL.

1841.

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

"Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."—Ps. lxxiii. 25.

I LOVE (and have some cause to love) the earth;

She is my Maker's creature, therefore good:
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse; she gives me food:

But what's a creature, Lord, compared with thee?

Or what's my mother, or my nurse, to me?

I love the air; her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;

Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh,

And with their polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the air, or all the sweets, that she

Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee?

I love the sea; she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store:
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;

She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore;
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with thee,

What is the ocean, or her wealth, to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain my eye;
Mine eye by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:

But what is heaven, great God, compared to thee?

Without thy presence, heaven's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refec-
tion:

Without thy presence, sea affords no treas-
ure;

Without thy presence, air's a rank infection;
Without thy presence, heaven itself's no

pleasure;
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven, to me?

The highest honors that the world can boast
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
But dying sparkles of thy living fire:

The proudest flames that earth can kindle be
But nightly glow-worms, if compared to thee.

Without thy presence, wealth are bags of
cares;

Wisdom, but folly; joy, disquiet, sadness:
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasure's but pain, and mirth but pleasing
madness;

Without thee, Lord, things be not what
they be,

Nor have their being, when compared with
thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?

I wish nor sea, nor land; nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed
of thee.

1635.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

ORAZIONE.

WILLIAM ROSCOE, the translator of the poems of LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT, a historian and editor of ability, and a writer of many graces, was the son of a market-gardener in Liverpool, where he was born, March 8, 1753. He had a life of diverse fortunes, and died June 30, 1831.

ALL nature hear the sacred song!

Attend, O earth, the solemn strain!

Ye whirlwinds wild that sweep along,

Ye darkening storms of beating rain,

Umbrageous glooms, and forests drear,

And solitary deserts, hear!

Be still, ye winds, whilst to the Maker's
praise

The creature of his power aspires his voice to
raise!

Oh, may the solemn-breathing sound,

Like incense, rise before the throne,

Where he, whose glory knows no bound,

Great Cause of all things, dwells alone!

'T is he I sing, whose powerful hand

Balanced the skies, outspread the land;

Who spoke,—from ocean's stores sweet
waters came,

And burst resplendent forth the heaven-
aspiring flame.

One general song of praise arise

To him whose goodness ceaseless flows;

Who dwells enthroned beyond the skies,

And life and breath on all bestows!

Great Source of intellect, his ear
Benign receives our vows sincere :
Rise, then, my active powers, your task fulfil,
And give to him your praise, responsive to
my will !

Partaker of that living stream
Of light, that pours an endless blaze,
Oh, let thy strong reflected beam,
My understanding, speak his praise !
My soul, in steadfast love secure,
Praise him whose word is ever sure :
To him, sole just, my sense of right incline :
Join every prostrate limb ; my ardent spirit,
join !

Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due :
Let all the truth himself inspires,
Unite to sing him only true !
To him my every thought ascend,
To him my hopes, my wishes, bend :
From earth's wide bounds let louder hymns
arise,
And his own word convey the pious sacrifice !

In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all my faculties combined,
Thy just desires, O God, fulfil !
From thee derived, Eternal King,
To thee our noblest powers we bring :
Oh, may thy hand direct our wandering way !
Oh, bid thy light arise, and chase the clouds
away !

Eternal Spirit, whose command
Light, life, and being gave to all,
Oh, hear the creature of thy hand,
Man, constant on thy goodness call !
By fire, by water, air, and earth,
That soul to thee that owes its birth, —
By these he supplicates thy blest repose :
Absent from thee, no rest his wandering spirit
knows !

LORENZO DE' MEDICI. Translated by
WILLIAM ROSCOE.

THE WEISSENBRUNN HYMN.

This hymn is one of the oldest poems extant in the German language.

THIS I have heard from ancient sages,
Men the chief of elder ages,
That in time of old gone by,
There was not the heaven on high, —
Heaven on high, nor earth below ;
Then nor star was seen to glow ;

Nor the sun was shining bright ;
Nor the moon gave forth her light ;
Nor was mountain then, nor tree ;
Nor the interminable sea ;
Of this universal round
Not a whit from bound to bound.

But though lower world was none,
Yet there wanted not the one
Almighty God in being then,
He, most merciful to men !
And with him there were of old
Godlike spirits manifold.

Holy God Almighty, thou
Heaven and earth hast fashioned now,
And thy creature, man, dost bless
With provisions numberless :
Me thy way in mercy show,
And on me thy grace bestow.

Faith, to thy pure truth resigned ;
Prompt to serve, a willing mind ;
Prudent heart, and active hand,
Craft of Satan to withstand ;
Evil ever to eschew,
And thy will, O God, to do.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE OMNIPRESENCE AND OMNI- SCIENCE OF GOD.

PSALM CXXXIX.

JOHN RIPPON, editor of a collection of hymns containing some of his own, published in 1778, was born at Tiverton, England, April 29, 1751, and died Dec. 17, 1836. He was for sixty-three years pastor of a Baptist Church in London.

LORD! thou, with an unerring beam,
Surveyest all my powers :
My rising steps are watched by thee ;
By thee, my resting hours.

My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth,
Great God, are known to thee :
Abroad, at home, still I'm enclosed
With thine immensity.

To thee, the labyrinths of life
In open view appear ;
Nor steals a whisper from my lips
Without thy listening ear.

Behind I glance, and thou art there
Before me shines thy name ;
And 't is thy strong, almighty hand
Sustains my tender frame.

Such knowledge mocks the vain essays
Of my astonished mind ;
Nor can my reason's soaring eye
Its towering summit find.

Where from thy Spirit shall I stretch
The pinions of my flight ?
Or where, through nature's spacious range,
Shall I elude thy sight ?

Scaled I the skies, the blaze divine
Would overwhelm my soul :
Plunged I to hell, there should I hear
Thine awful thunders roll,

If on a morning's darting ray
With matchless speed I rode,
And flew to the wild lonely shore,
That bounds the ocean's flood ;

Thither thine hand, all-present God !
Must guide the wondrous way,
And thine omnipotence support
The fabric of my clay.

Should I involve myself around
With clouds of tenfold night,
The clouds would shine like blazing noon
Before thy piercing sight.

The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee :
Oh, may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee !

JOHN RIPPON, D. D.

A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father,
these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling
year ;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering
gales.
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter awful thou ! with clouds and storms

Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest
rolled,
Majestic darkness ! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore.
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round ! what skill, what force
divine,
Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined :
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade :
And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious
gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty
hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres :
Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming,
thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring ;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempests
forth ;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves.
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend ! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
One general song ! To him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness
breathes :
Oh, talk of him in solitary glooms ;
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe !
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to
heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you
rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling
rills ;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater
voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and
flowers,
In mingled clouds to him, whose sun exalts.
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's hear-

As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On nature write with every beam his praise.
 The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate
 world;

While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
 Ye valleys, raise; for the great Shepherd
 reigns,

And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
 Burst from the groves; and when the restless
 day,

Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night his
 praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities
 vast.

Assembled men to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heaven.

Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove,
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of seasons, as they roll.

For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
 Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,
 Or winter rises in the blackening east,
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest
 verge

Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song, — where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles, — 't is naught to
 me:

Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste, as in the city full;
 And where he vital breathes, there must be
 joy.

When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,

I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
 From seeming evil still educing good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in him, in light ineffable!
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse his
 praise!

JAMES THOMSON.

1730.

GLORY TO GOD ALONE.

"Soli Deo gloria."

GEORGE WHITNEY, author of a volume of Emblems, was born at Nantwich, England, about 1550, and was educated at Oxford, after which he lived in Holland, where he published the volume mentioned, now very rare. He returned to England and died in 1602 or 1603. A cut representing a wood-chopper at work was prefixed to this poem.

HERE man with axe doth cut the bough in
 twain,

And without him the axe could nothing do;
 Within the tool there doth no force remain,
 But man it is that might doth put thereto:

Like to this axe is man in all his deeds,

Who hath no strength but what from God
 proceeds.

Then let him not make vaunt of his desert,
 Nor brag thereof when he good deeds hath
 done.

For it is God that worketh in his heart,
 And, with his grace, to good doth make him run.

And of himself he weak thereto doth live,

And God gives power, to whom all glory
 give!

GEORGE WHITNEY.

GOD-SERVICE.

EDWARD EGGLESTON, the well-known clergyman and writer, was born in Indiana, in 1837. At the age of nineteen he became a Methodist minister, and preached for ten years in Minnesota. He began his literary life as editor of the *Little Corporal*, in 1866, and is now one of the best known of the delineators of American life and character. He was, until the end of 1879, pastor of a church in Brooklyn, L. I.

I SERVE not God from fear of grief, —

Of endless torments with the lost

Who in the Stygian Sea are tossed

Through long eternities without relief;

I will not like a craven serve my chief.

It is not joy of paradise, —

The inward bliss to ears untold,

The mystic city, paved with gold,

That makes me strive from sin to rise;

Let me not have a hungry hireling's eye:

The Christ, the well-beloved Son,
 Was good for very goodness' sake ;
 His painful cross I gladly take,
 And ask no pay but duty done ;
 Among thy sons, O God, let me be one !

EDWARD EGGLESTON, D. D.

◆◆◆

NEARER TO THEE.

SARAH FULLER FLOWER was born in Cambridge, England, Feb. 22, 1805, her father being editor of the Cambridge Intelligencer, and married, in 1834, William Bridges Adams, a distinguished engineer. She died of pulmonary complaint, Aug. 13, 1849. The depth of her religious earnestness is expressed in the two hymns by which she is represented in this volume, which were originally contributed to a volume of hymns and anthems, published in 1841. Her uncle emigrated to Illinois, and it has by some been thought that Mrs. Adams was an American. Dr. Putnam gives the following information: "Mrs. Adams was a worshipper at the Chapel of Rev. W. J. Fox, in London, and contributed these hymns to a collection that was made for the use of her own minister's congregation. A copy of this collection was given to Dr. Clarke by his friend Mr. Bakewell, in Pittsburg, Pa., and from it 'Nearer, my God, to Thee' found its way at once into the 'Service Book' Thence it was taken for the 'Plymouth Collection,' and soon afterwards was adopted by other compilers, and at length was known throughout the country. Perhaps no hymn of modern date has had a more wonderful history. Equally acceptable to all sects and denominations, it has already been translated into numerous languages, and is sung to the tune of 'Bethany,' not alone in the churches of America and England, but in the countries of Europe, and even in the distant missionary establishments of the East. In the recent Temperance Crusade in our own land it was especially this hymn that burst from the hearts and lips of the multitudes, and voiced their deepest sentiments and highest aspirations."

NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me ;

Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !

Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone ;
 Yet in my dreams I 'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !

There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven ;
 All that thou send'st to me
 In mercy given ;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !

Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I 'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !

Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS

1841.



THE POET'S TRUSTING HEART.

SPINNING.

Of these lines, often printed with other titles and attributed to other authors, it has been said that "no finer symbolic picture of human life has ever been framed."

LIKE a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall, but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race
My threads will have; so, from the first,
Though blind I never felt accursed.

I think perhaps this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young,
So young, I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me his, though blind.

But, whether this be seal or sign,
Within, without,
It matters not. The bond Divine
I never doubt.
I know he set me here, and still,
And glad, and blind, I wait his will.

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread,
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner,—work is done!"

LUTHER'S HYMN.

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

This hymn, called by Heine the Marseillaise of the Reformation, is the most famous of all that Luther wrote. It is founded on the Forty-sixth Psalm, and is supposed to have been composed at Coburg, in 1530, before the Diet of Augsburg. Mr. Carlyle refers it to "the time of blackest threatenings," when Luther had been summoned to the Diet of Worms, from the coincidence of the third verse with Luther's answer to Spalatin, who tried to dissuade him from the journey: "If there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the roofs, I would go, and would not be afraid. If Huss was burnt to ashes, the truth was not burnt with him." Some, however, think that it was composed at the close of the Second Diet of Spires,—that in 1529, which revoked the religious liberty granted in the previous one of 1526. Dr. Merle d'Aubigné assigns it to the year 1530, and it *was* sung by Luther at the time of the Diet of Augsburg, in that year; but Kübler says that it was in Joseph Klug's Hymn-book in 1529. Mr. Longfellow supports the theory that it was written at Wartburg Castle, in 1521. See page 138, and for another version of this hymn, page 384. There are several other English versions.

THOMAS CARLYLE, the translator of the version below, is one of the most eminent living writers of English. He is a Scot, and has the sterling traits of his countrymen. He was born in Dumfries-shire, in 1795, and now lives in London.

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He wearth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-riden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son,
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? His doom is writ,
One little word shall slay him.

That word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course,
'T is written by his finger.

And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1530 Translated by
THOMAS CARLYLE, 1831.

THE TRUSTING HEART.

"Befiehl du deine Wege."

Scarcely had GERHARDT attained his twelfth year, when the Thirty Years' War broke out. Forced to quit his native land, he was appointed, in 1631, preacher at the Nicolai Church at Berlin, where he remained ten years, honored and respected. But as his religious opinions differed from those of the Elector, he was ordered to quit the country. Utterly destitute, he and his wife directed their steps towards his native land, performing the journey on foot. When evening arrived, they sought repose at a little village inn, when his wife gave way to a burst of natural emotion. Gerhardt reminded her of the text beginning "Commit thy way unto the Lord," and retiring to an arbor in the garden, he composed the hymn "Befiehl du deine Wege," for which of all his productions he is most celebrated. When they were about to retire to rest, two gentlemen entered the parlor in which they were seated. One of them, in conversing with the poet, told him they were on their way to Berlin, in search of the deposed clergyman, Paul Gerhardt, by order of Duke Christian of Merseberg. Gerhardt's wife turned pale, but he calmly declared he was the person they were seeking. Great was the astonishment of both husband and wife when one of the strangers delivered to Gerhardt a letter from the duke, informing him that he had settled a considerable pension on him, as a compensation for the injustice of which he had been a victim. Then Gerhardt turned to his wife, and gave her the hymn he had composed, with the words, "See how God provides! Did I not bid you to trust in God, and all would be well?" This story, though related by Miss Cox, is not completely authenticated.

To God thy way commending,
Trust him whose arm of might,
The heavenly circles bending,
Guides every star aright:
The winds, and clouds, and lightning
By his sure hand are led;
And he will, dark shades brightening,
Show thee what path to tread.

Trust God, his time awaiting,
If thou wilt have success,
Work, his work contemplating,
That he thy work may bless:
Whate'er is worth thy getting
By prayer thou shalt obtain,
And not by anxious fretting,
Or self-inflicted pain.

Thy love, O Father, gloweth
With zeal for mortals' good,
And what is hurtful knoweth
To human flesh and blood:
Our future thou foreseeest,
And, through thy strong right hand,

The counsel thou decreest
Shall ever firmly stand.

Resources rich possessing,
That love still finds a way,
Thy every act a blessing,
Thy pathway cloudless day ;
In one unbroken tissue,
Which no let e'er withstood,
It brings to happy issue
Plans for thy children's good.

Although to make God falter
The powers of hell combine,
One jot they cannot alter
Of his all-wise design :
All projects and volition
Of his eternal mind,
Despite all opposition,
Their due fulfilment find.

No more then droop and languish,
Thou sorrow-stricken soul ;
E'en from the depths of anguish,
Whose billows o'er thee roll,
Thy Father's hand shall draw thee :
In hope and patience stay,
And joy will soon shed o'er thee
An ever-brightening ray.

All faithless murmurs leaving,
Bid them a last good-night,
No more thy vexed soul grieving,
Because things seem not right:
Wisely his sceptre wielding,
God sits in regal state,
No power to mortals yielding,
Events to regulate.

Trust with a faith untiring
In thine Omniscient King
And thou shalt see admiring
What he to light will bring :
Of all thy griefs the reason
Shall at the last appear ;
Why now denied a season,
Will shine in letters clear.

Awhile, perchance to try thee,
He seems to hear thee not,
All comfort to deny thee,
As if thou wert forgot ;
As though he disregarded
Thy bitter cry and moan,
His care for thee discarded,
And left thee quite alone.

But if all ills thou brookest,
With constant faith and love,
When least for help thou lookest,
Thy cross he will remove :
At last, compassion taking
On thine estate forlorn,
Will ease the woe heart-breaking
Which thou hast meekly borne.

Then raise thine eyes to heaven,
Thou who canst trust his frown ;
Thence shall thy meed be given,
The chaplet and the crown :
Then God the palm victorious
In thy right hand shall plant,
Whilst thou, in accents glorious,
Melodious hymns shalt chant.

End, if thou wilt, our sorrow,
And our probation close ;
Till then, we fain would borrow
Strength to support life's woes :
To thee our way commending,
Whose wisdom orders best,
We tread the pathway tending
To heaven's eternal rest.

PAUL GERHARDT. Translated by
FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

THE TRUSTING HEART.

"Befehl du deine Wege."

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely ;
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To him commend thy cause ; his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

And whatsoever thou wilt
 Thou dost, O King of kings;
 What thy unerring wisdom chose,
 Thy power to being brings.

Thou everywhere hast sway,
 And all things serve thy might;
 Thy every act pure blessing is,
 Thy path unsullied light.

When thou arisest, Lord,
 Who shall thy work withstand?
 When all thy children want thou giv'st,
 Who, who shall stay thy hand?

Give to the winds thy fears;
 Hope, and be undismayed;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms
 He gently clears thy way;
 Wait thou his time; so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart?
 Still sink thy spirits down?
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 And every care be gone.

What though thou rulest not?
 Yet heaven and earth and hell
 Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well!

Leave to his sovereign sway
 To choose and to command;
 So shalt thou wondering own, his way
 How wise, how strong his hand!

Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
 Our hearts are known to thee:
 Oh, lift thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee!

Let us, in life, in death,
 Thy steadfast truth declare,
 And publish, with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care!

PAUL GERHARDT. Translated by
 JOHN WESLEY, 1739.

HERE IS MY HEART.

“Hier ist mein Herz, mein Gott, ich geb' es dir.”

EHRENFRIED LIEBICH was born at Probstbahn, June 13,
 1713, and died Dec. 23, 1780.

HERE is my heart! — my God, I give it thee;
 I heard thee call and say,
 “Not to the world, my child, but unto me,” —
 I heard, and will obey.
 Here is love's offering to my King,
 Which in glad sacrifice I bring.
 Here is my heart.

Here is my heart! — surely the gift, though
 poor,
 My God will not despise;
 Vainly and long I sought to make it pure;
 To meet thy searching eyes;
 Corrupted first in Adam's fall,
 The stains of sin pollute it all.
 My guilty heart!

Here is my heart! — my heart so hard before,
 Now by thy grace made meet;
 Yet bruised and wearied, it can only pour
 Its anguish at thy feet;
 It groans beneath the weight of sin,
 It sighs salvation's joy to win.
 My mourning heart!

Here is my heart! — in Christ its longings end,
 Near to his cross it draws;
 It says, “Thou art my portion, O my friend!
 Thy blood my ransom was.”
 And in the Saviour it has found
 What blessedness and peace abound.
 My trusting heart!

Here is my heart! — ah! Holy Spirit, come,
 Its nature to renew,
 And consecrate it wholly as thy home,
 A temple fair and true.
 Teach it to love and serve thee more,
 To fear thee, trust thee, and adore.
 My cleansed heart!

Here is my heart! — it trembles to draw near
 The glory of thy throne;
 Give it the shining robe thy servants wear,
 Of righteousness thine own:
 Its pride and folly chase away,
 And all its vanity, I pray.
 My humble heart.

Here is my heart! — teach it, O Lord, to
 cling
 In gladness unto thee;

And in the day of sorrow still to sing,
 "Welcome my God's decree."
 Believing, all its journey through,
 That thou art wise, and just, and true,
 My waiting heart!

Here is my heart!—O Friend of friends, be
 near
 To make each tempter fly;
 And when my latest foe I wait with fear,
 Give me the victory!
 Gladly on thy love reposing,
 Let me say, when life is closing,
 "Here is my heart!"

EHRENFRIED LIEBICH.

MY FATHER IS THE MIGHTY LORD.

"Mein Vater ist der grosse Herr der Welt."

DR. JOHANN PETER LANGE was born near Eberfeld, in 1802, and since 1854 has been Professor of Theology at Bonn. He is the author of many works in prose and verse, including a Life of Jesus, and a work on Dogmatics. He is also the editor of a very useful and voluminous Commentary on the Old and New Testaments, which has been translated into English and enlarged for an American edition. Mrs. Eric Findlater is the wife of a Presbyterian minister at Lornhead, in the Highlands of Scotland. She was born in 1823.

My Father is the mighty Lord, whose arm
 Spans earth and sky, and shields his child
 from harm,
 Whose still, small voice of love is yet the
 same
 As once from Horeb's fiery mount it came,
 Whose glorious works the angel-choirs de-
 clare.
 He hears their praise, and hearkens to my
 prayer.

My king is God's eternal, holy Son,
 And he anoints me as a chosen one;
 He has redeemed me with his precious blood,
 And for unnumbered debts has surety stood;
 He fought the foe, and drew me by his hand,
 Out from his camp, into his Father's land.

My brotherhood's a circle, stretching wide
 Around one fount, although a sea divide;
 With fathers, who behold the Lord in light,
 With saints unborn, who shall adore his
 might,
 With brothers, who the race of faith now
 run,
 In union and communion, I am one!

My journey's end lies upward and afar;
 It glimmers bright, but vaguely as a star;

And oft as faith has caught some glimpse
 serene,
 So often clouds and mists obscure the scene;
 Yet, in this longing ends each vision dim,—
 To see my Lord, and to be made like him!

My grave, so long a dark and drear abyss,
 Is now scarce noticed on the way to bliss;
 Once at the gates of hell it yawning lay,
 Now stands as portal to the land of day;
 It takes me to the Father's home so blest;
 It brings me to the feast, a welcome guest.

JOHANN PETER LANGE. Translated
 by MRS. ERIC FINDLATER.

HYMN OF TRUST.

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
 Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
 On thee we cast each earth-born care,
 We smile at pain while thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
 And sorrow crown each lingering year,
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,
 Our hearts still whispering, thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
 And trembling faith is changed to fear,
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
 Shall softly tell us, thou art near!

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
 O Love Divine, forever dear,
 Content to suffer while we know,
 Living and dying, thou art near!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

POSIES FOR THINE OWN BED- CHAMBER.

WHAT wisdom more, what better life, than
 pleaseth God to send?

What worldly goods, what longer use, than
 pleaseth God to lend?

What better fare than well-content, agreeing
 with thy wealth?

What better guest than trusty friend, in sick-
 ness and in health?

What better bed than conscience good, to pass
 the night with sleep?

What better work than daily care from sin
 thyself to keep?

What better thought than think on God, and
 daily him to serve?

What better gift than to the poor, that ready
 be to starve ?
 What greater praise of God and man than
 mercy for to show ?
 Who, merciless, shall mercy find, that mercy
 shows to few ?
 What worse despair than loath to die, for fear
 to go to hell ?
 What greater faith than trust in God, through
 Christ in heaven to dwell ?

THOMAS TUSSER.

1557.

 THE PILOT.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY was born in Bath, in the year 1797, and having married an accomplished woman of fortune, retired to Sussex, where he had a seat, to enjoy happiness and literary leisure. He met financial reverses, however, and in 1831 was obliged to write for bread. He became a profuse and popular song-writer. Few of his productions have a religious character. He died April 22, 1839.

AH, pilot ! 't is a fearful night ;
 There 's danger on the deep,
 I 'll come and pace the deck with thee,
 I dare not go to sleep.
 "Go down !" the sailor cried, "go down,
 This is no place for thee ;
 Fear not ! but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou mayst be."

Ah, pilot ! dangers often met
 We all are apt to slight,
 And thou hast known these raging waves
 But to subdue their might.
 "It is not apathy," he cried,
 "That gives this strength to me ;
 Fear not ! but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou mayst be."

"On such a night the sea engulfed
 My father's lifeless form ;
 My only brother's boat went down
 In just so wild a storm ;
 And such perhaps may be my fate ;
 But still I say to thee,
 Fear not ! but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou mayst be."

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

1835.

 GOD KNOWETH.

I KNOW not what shall befall me,
 God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
 And so, each step of my onward path,
 He makes new scenes to rise,
 And every joy he sends me comes
 As a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me,
 As I tread on another year ;
 But the past is still in God's keeping,
 The future his mercy shall clear,
 And what looks dark in the distance
 May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
 Has less bitter than I think ;
 The Lord may sweeten the waters
 Before I stoop to drink,
 Or, if Marah must be Marah,
 He will stand beside its brink.

It may be he keeps waiting
 Till the coming of my feet
 Some gift of such rare blessedness,
 Some joy so strangely sweet,
 That my lips shall only tremble
 With the thanks they cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance !
 'T is blessed not to know ;
 It holds me in those mighty arms
 Which will not let me go,
 And hushes my soul to rest
 On the bosom which loves me so !

So I go on not knowing ;
 I would not if I might ;
 I would rather walk in the dark with God,
 Than go alone in the light ;
 I would rather walk with him by faith,
 Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
 Which the future may disclose,
 Yet I never had a sorrow
 But what the dear Lord chose ;
 So I send the coming tears back,
 With the whispered word, "HE KNOWS."

MARY G. BRAINERD.

 RESIGNATION.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be !
 Lead me by thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
 It will be still the best ;
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;
 I would not, if I might ;
 Choose thou for me, my God ;
 So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is thine ; so let the way
That leads to it be thine ;
Else I must surely stray.

Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem ;
Choose thou my good and ill ;

Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all !

Translated from the German by H. BONAR, 1866.

RESIGNATION.

“Mein Jesu, wie du willst.”

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE was born at Brauchichdorf, in Silesia, Dec. 21, 1672, and died Feb. 12, 1737. He wrote more than a thousand hymns, not all of the highest order, but many of great worth for their Christian earnestness and spiritual depth. He followed in some measure the style of Gerhardt. Some of his hymns had their origin in great calamities, as, for example, one that was written when a great part of the town in which he lived was destroyed by fire, and is still sung on the anniversary of that event at Schweidnitz. MISS JANE BORTHWICK is one of the translators of “Hymns from the Land of Luther,” her sister Sarah (Mrs. Eric Findlater) being the other. She is a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, and was born in 1813. The following was the favorite hymn of the late Dr. Skinner, professor in Union Theological Seminary, New York.

MY Jesus, as thou wilt !
Oh ! may thy will be mine !
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done !

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
If needy here and poor,
Give me thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of thy word
Let my soul feed upon ;
And if all else should fail, —
My Lord, thy will be done !

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
If among thorns I go,
Still sometimes here and there
Let a few roses blow.

But thou on earth along
The thorny path hast gone,
Then lead me after thee,
My Lord, thy will be done !

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done !

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
If loved ones must depart,
Suffer not sorrow's flood
To overwhelm my heart.
For they are blest with thee,
Their race and conflict won :
Let me but follow them.
My Lord, thy will be done !

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
When death itself draws nigh,
To thy dear wounded side
I would for refuge fly.
Leaning on thee, to go
Where thou before hast gone ;
The rest as thou shalt please.
My Lord, thy will be done !

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
All shall be well for me :
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done !

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE, 1716. Translated
by JANE BORTHWICK, 1854.

THE SECRET PLACE.

PSALM xcī.

THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace :
Oh, be that refuge mine !

The least and feeblest there may bide
Uninjured and unawed ;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm ;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine ;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine !

A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all !

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

1834.

OVER-PAYMENT.

I TOOK a little good seed in my hand,
And cast it tearfully upon the land ;
Saying, of this the fowls of heaven shall eat,
Or the sun scorch it with his burning heat.

Yet I, who sowed, oppressed by doubts and fears,

Rejoicing gathered in the ripened ears ;
For when the harvest turned the fields to gold,
Mine yielded back to me a thousand-fold.

A little child begged humbly at my door ;
Small was the gift I gave her, being poor,
But let my heart go with it : therefore we
Were both made richer by that charity.

My soul with grief was darkened, I was bowed
Beneath the shadow of an awful cloud ;
When one, whose sky was wholly overspread,
Came to me asking to be comforted.

It roused me from my weak and selfish fears ;
It dried my own to dry another's tears ;
The bow, to which I pointed in his skies,
Set all my cloud with sweetest promises.

Once, seeing the inevitable way
My feet must tread, through difficult places
lay,—

I cannot go alone, I cried, dismayed —
I faint, I fail, I perish, without aid !

Yet, when I looked to see if help were nigh,
A creature weaker, wretcheder than I,
One on whose head life's fiercest storms had
beat,
Clung to my garments, falling at my feet.

I saw, I paused no more : my courage found,
I stooped and raised her gently from the
ground :

Through every peril safe I passed at length,
For she who leaned upon me gave me strength.

Once, when I hid my wretched self from him,
My Father's brightness seemed withdrawn
and dim ;

But when I lifted up mine eyes I learned
His face to those who seek is always turned.

A half-unwilling sacrifice I made :
Ten thousand blessings on my head were laid ;
I asked a comforting spirit to descend :
God made himself my comforter and friend.

I sought his mercy in a faltering prayer,
And lo ! his infinite tenderness and care,
Like a great sea, that hath no ebbing tide,
Encompassed me with love on every side !

PHOEBE CARY.

HE KNOWS.

HE knows the bitter, weary way,
The endless striving day by day,
The souls that weep, the souls that pray
He knows !

He knows how hard the fight hath been,
The clouds that came our lives between,
The wounds the world hath never seen
He knows !

He knows when faint and worn we sink,
How deep the pain, how near the brink
Of dark despair we pause and shrink ;
He knows !

He knows ! oh, thought so full of bliss !
For though on earth our joy we miss,
We still can bear it, feeling this, —
He knows !

He knows ; O heart, take up thy cross
And know earth's treasures are but dross,
And he will prove as gain our loss !
He knows !

MARIAN LONGFELLOW.

Sept. 15, 1874.

THORNS.

I DO not think the providence unkind
That gives its bad things to this life of ours ;
They are the thorns whereby we, travellers
blind,
Feel out our flowers.

I think hate shows the quality of love, —
That wrong attests that somewhere there is
right :
Do not the darkest shadows serve to prove
The power of light ?

On tyrannous ways the feet of freedom press ;
 The green bough, broken off, lets sun-
 shine in ;
 And where sin is, aboundeth righteousness,
 Much more than sin.

Man cannot be all selfish ; separate good
 Is nowhere found beneath the shining sun :
 All adverse interests, truly understood,
 Resolve to one !

I do believe all worship doth ascend, —
 Whether from temple floors by heathen trod,
 Or from the shrines where Christian praises
 blend, —
 To the true God,

Blessed forever ; that his love prepares
 The raven's food ; the sparrow's fall doth
 see ;
 And, simple, sinful as I am, he cares
 Even for me.

ALICE CARY.

HYMN OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

" O Deus, ego amo Te."

A free translation of the " *Suspirium amoris*" of FRANCIS XAVIER, " the apostle of the Indies," who was born in Spain, 1506, and died in China, 1552. He was a Jesuit, and one of the most devoted and successful missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church, burning with the love of Christ and the love of souls. The poem was written in Latin, but soon translated into the Spanish, from which Diepenbrock's German version was made.

MY God, I love thee, not because
 I hope for heaven thereby ;
 Nor because they who love thee not
 Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me
 Upon the cross embrace ;
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,
 And manifold disgrace ;

And griefs and torments numberless ;
 And sweat of agony ;
 E'en death itself, — and all for one
 Who was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ !
 Should I not love thee well ;
 Not for the sake of winning heaven,
 Or of escaping hell :

Not with the hope of gaining aught ;
 Not seeking a reward ;
 But, as thyself hast loved me,
 O ever-loving Lord ?

E'en so I love thee, and will love,
 And in thy praise will sing ;
 Solely because thou art my God,
 And My eternal King.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER. Translated by
EDWARD CASWALL.

THANKFULNESS.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, the poet, who celebrated her as the " golden-tressed Adelaide," was born in London, Oct. 30, 1835, and died Feb. 2, 1864. Her poems attracted the attention of Mr. Dickens, who encouraged her to continue to write, and she became a favorite. In 1851 Miss Procter entered the Roman Catholic Church, and was a self-denying laborer in alleviating the woes of others until she succumbed to the severity of her exertions.

MY God, I thank thee, who hast made
 The earth so bright ;
 So full of splendor and of joy,
 Beauty and light ;
 So many glorious things are here,
 Noble and right !

I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
 Joy to abound ;
 So many gentle thoughts and deeds
 Circling us round,
 That in the darkest spot of earth
 Some love is found.

I thank thee *more* that all our joy
 Is touched with pain ;
 That shadows fall on brightest hours ;
 That thorns remain ;
 So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
 And not our chain.

For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
 Our weak heart clings,
 Hast given us joys, tender and true,
 Yet all with wings,
 So that we see, gleaming on high,
 Diviner things !

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
 The best in store ;
 We have enough, yet not too much
 To long for more :
 A yearning for a deeper peace,
 Not known before.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
 Though amply blest,
 Can never find, although they seek,
 A perfect rest, —
 Nor ever shall, until they lean
 On Jesus' breast !

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THY WILL BE DONE.

My God and Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done !

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done !

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I-reply,
Thy will be done !

Though thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine ;
I have but yielded what was thine :
Thy will be done !

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father ! still I strive to say,
Thy will be done !

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest :
Thy will be done !

Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with thine ; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done !

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

1835.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

WE ask for peace, O Lord !
Thy children ask thy peace ;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease,
That through bright sunny hours
Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
In smiling day ; —
It is not for such peace that we would pray.

We ask for peace, O Lord !
Yet not to stand secure,
Girt round with iron pride,
Contented to endure :
Crushing the gentle strings
That human hearts should know,
Untouched by others' joy
Or others' woe ; —
Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

We ask thy peace, O Lord !
Through storm, and fear, and strife,
To light and guide us on,
Through a long, struggling life :
While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve, what the world calls,
Our wasted might, —
Yet pressing through the darkness to the
light.

It is thine own, O Lord,
Who toil while others sleep ;
Who sow with loving care
What other hands shall reap :
They lean on thee entranced,
In calm and perfect rest :
Give us that peace, O Lord,
Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts who love thee
best.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

“Gott lebet noch!”

JOHANN FRIEDRICH ZIHN was born at Suhla, Henne-
burg, in 1650. He was archdeacon of the province, and died
in 1719.

GOD liveth still !
Trust, my soul, and fear no ill :
God is good ; from his compassion
Earthly help and comfort flow ;
Strong is his right hand to fashion
All things well for men below :
Trial, oft the most distressing,
In the end has proved a blessing :
Wherefore then, my soul, despair ?
God still lives, who heareth prayer.

God liveth still !
Trust, my soul, and fear no ill :
He who gave the ear its mission,
Shall he slumber once or sleep ?
He who gave the eye its vision,
Sees he not when mortals weep ?
God is God ; his ear attendeth
When the sigh our bosom rendeth ;
Wherefore then, my soul, despair ?
God still lives, who heareth prayer.

God liveth still !
Trust, my soul, and fear no ill :
He who gives the clouds their measure,
Stretching out the heavens alone :

He who stores the earth with treasure
Is not far from every one :
God in hour of need defendeth
Him whose heart in love ascendeth :
Wherefore then, my soul, despair ?
God still lives, who heareth prayer.

God liveth still !

Trust, my soul, and fear no ill :
Is thy cross too great and ponderous,
Cast on him thy grievous load ;
God is great ; his love is wondrous,
He will speed thee on thy road :
Truth and Mercy, sundered never,
Are his attributes forever :
Wherefore then, my soul, despair ?
God still lives, who heareth prayer.

God liveth still !

Trust, my soul, and fear no ill :
Is thy yoke of sin too galling,
Christ himself has set you free,
Borne for you their weight appalling,
Cast them in oblivion's sea :
Now in hell no longer living,
All is peace through God forgiving :
Wherefore then, my soul, despair ?
God still lives, who heareth prayer.

God liveth still !

Trust, my soul, and fear no ill :
When the world would let thee perish,
Pathless all thy tangled way,
God the nearer draws, to cherish
Him who makes the Lord his stay :
Children oft that most he loveth
Thus with strictest rod he proveth :
Wherefore then, my soul, despair ?
God still lives, who heareth prayer.

God liveth still !

Trust, my soul, and fear no ill :
Heaven's huge vault may cleave asunder,
Earth's round globe in ruins burst ;
Devils' fellest rage may thunder,
Death and hell may spend their worst :
Then will God keep safe and surely
Those who trust in him securely :
Wherefore then, my soul, despair ?
God still lives, who heareth prayer.

God liveth still !

Trust, my soul, and fear no ill :
Be thy life, until its ending,
One long course of grief or need,
God, in love the trial sending,
Thus to heaven thy soul would lead :

There will dawn, when cares are ended,
Joy and peace forever blended :
Wherefore then, my soul, despair ?
God still lives, who heareth prayer.

JOHANN FRIEDRICH ZIHN. Translated by
FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

RESIGNATION.

RICHARD BAXTER was born at Rowton, in Shropshire, Nov. 12, 1615. He took orders and was appointed to the living of Kidderminster, but afterwards attached himself to the Puritan party in the church. He renounced his living on the passage of the Act of Uniformity, and for nine years lived in retirement. During this time he produced his theological works. The Act of Indulgence permitted him to go to London, but he was, in 1685, arrested on a false charge of sedition, and sentenced to imprisonment, by Judge Jeffreys. He was pardoned after eighteen months' confinement. He died Dec. 8, 1691. His verse constituted but a fragment of his literary productions. The following lines are the fourth, seventh, and eighth stanzas of his "Covenant and Confidence of Faith."

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad,
That shall have the same pay ?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before ;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be !

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
To sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim :
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

RICHARD BAXTER.

TRUST IN GOD.

GOD of my life, to thee I call ;
Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !

Friend of the friendless and the faint !
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer ;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that 's cast for me,
I have an Advocate with thee :
They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1779.

LOST LILIES.

SHOW you her picture ? Here it lies !
Hands of lilies, and lily-like brow ;
Mouth that is bright as a rose, and eyes
That are just the soul's sweetest overflow.

Darling shoulders, softly pale,
Borne by the undulating play
Of the life below, up out of their veil,
Like lilies out o' the waves o' the May.

Throat as white as the throat of a swan,
And all as proudly graceful held ;
Fair, bare bosom, " clothed upon
With chastity," like the lady of eld.

Tender lids, that, drooping down,
Chide your glances overbold ;
Fair, with a golden gleam in the brown,
And brown again in the gleamy gold.

These on your eyes like a splendor fall,
And you marvel not at my love, I see ;
But it was not one, and it was not all,
That made her the angel she was to me.

So shut the picture and put it away,
Your fancy is only thus misled ;
What can the dull, cold semblance say,
When the spirit and life of the life is fled ?

Seven long years, and seven again,
And three to the seven — a weary space —
The weary fingers of the rain
Have drawn the daisies over her face.

Seven and seven years, and three,
The leaves have faded to death in the frost,
Since the shadow that made for me
The world a shadow my pathway crossed.

And now and then some meteor gleam
Has broken the gloom of my life apart,
Or the only thread of some ravelled dream
Has slid like sunshine in my heart.

But never a planet, steady and still,
And never a rainbow, brave and fine,
And never the flowery head of a hill
Has made the cloud of my life to shine.

Yet God is love ! and this I trust,
Though summer is over and sweetness done,
That all my lilies are safe, in the dust,
As they were in the glow of the great, glad
sun.

Yea, God is love, and love is might !
Mighty as surely to keep as to make ;
And the sleepers, sleeping in death's dark
night,
In the resurrection of life shall wake.

ALICE CARY.

STILL WILL WE TRUST.

STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark
and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath his chastening
rod ;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn
and weary,
Still will we trust in God !

Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and
pain ;
Through him alone who hath our way ap-
pointed
We find our peace again.

Choose for us, God ! nor let our weak pre-
ferring
Cheat our poor souls of good thou hast de-
signed ;
Choose for us, God ! thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

So from our sky the night shall furl her shadows,
 And day pour gladness through his golden gates ;
 Our rough path lead to flower-enamelled meadows,
 Where joy our coming waits.

Let us press on in patient self-denial,
 Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss :
 Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial,
 Our crown beyond the cross.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

—◆—
 FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE !

HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
 Alike they're needful for the flower ;
 And joys and tears alike are sent
 To give the soul fit nourishment :
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father, thy will, not mine, be done !

Can loving children e'er reprove
 With murmurs whom they trust and love ?
 Creator, I would ever be
 A trusting, loving child to thee :
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father, thy will, not mine, be done !

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine ;
 Enough that thou hast made it mine ;
 When falls the shadow cold of death,
 I yet will sing with parting breath :
 As comes to me or shade or sun,
 Father, thy will, not mine, be done !

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

1841.

—◆—
 TRUST.

I KNOW not if or dark or bright
 Shall be my lot ;
 If that wherein my hopes delight
 Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
 Toil's heavy chain, —
 Or day and night my meat be tears
 On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
 With smiles and glee,
 Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
 Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand,
 By breath divine, —
 And on the helm there rests a Hand
 Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail,
 I have on board ;
 Above the raving of the gale
 I have my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite, —
 I shall not fall.
 If sharp, 't is short, — if long, 't is light, —
 He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land !
 The end is this ; —
 And then with him go hand in hand
 Far into bliss !

HENRY ALFORD, D. D.

—◆—
 CASTING OUR CARE ON GOD.

I PETER v. 7.

JOSEPH ANSTICE was born in 1808, and died at Torquay, Feb. 29, 1836. At the age of twenty-two he was made Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London, but in 1835, on account of failing health, was obliged to resign the position. His hymns were dictated to his wife during the last few weeks of his life, at the times when he was most under the influence of his disease, for his brightest hours were daily given to pupils to the day of his death. During his brief but brilliant career he published several works on classical themes.

O LORD, how happy should we be
 If we could cast our care on thee,
 If we from self could rest ;
 And feel at heart that One above,
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
 Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life,
 How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
 By sudden wild alarms ;
 Oh, could we but relinquish all
 Our earthly props, and simply fall
 On thine almighty arms !

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
 E'en while we pray, upon our God,
 Then rise with lightened cheer,
 Sure that the Father, who is nigh
 To still the famished raven's cry,
 Will hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust him as we should ;
 So chafes weak nature's restless mood
 To cast its peace away ;
 But birds and flowerets round us preach,
 All, all the present evil teach
 Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

1836.

PROF. JOSEPH ANSTICE.

—♦—

REST IN RESIGNATION.

JOHN KEBLE, author of the "Christian Year," one of the most extensively circulated books of religious poetry of modern times, and one of the originators of the "Tractarian" movement in the English Church, was born April 25, 1792, and after graduation at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, became curate of Hursley, near Winchester. From 1831 to 1842 he was Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He published the "Christian Year" in 1827. Dr. Arnold, who read it in manuscript, expressed the opinion that nothing equal to the poems existed in the language. "The wonderful knowledge of Scripture, the purity of heart, the richness of poetry they exhibit, I never saw paralleled," he added. The ninety-sixth edition of the book was prepared a few days before the author's death, which occurred March 29, 1866. The profits on the sale of the "Christian Year" were devoted to the re-erection and adornment of the church at Hursley.

O LORD my God, do thou thy holy will —
I will lie still —
I will not stir, lest I forsake thine arm,
And break the charm,
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest.

Wild Fancy, peace! thou must not me beguile
With thy false smile:
I know thy flatteries and thy cheating ways;
Be silent, Praise,
Blind guide with siren voice, and blinding all
That hear thy call.

Come, Self-devotion, high and pure,
Thoughts that in thankfulness endure,
Though dearest hopes are faithless found,
And dearest hearts are bursting round.
Come, Resignation, spirit meek,
And let me kiss thy placid cheek,
And read in thy pale eye serene
Their blessing, who by faith can wean
Their hearts from sense, and learn to love
God only, and the joys above.

They say, who know the life divine,
And upward gaze with eagle eyne,
That by each golden crown on high,
Rich with celestial jewelry,
Which for our Lord's redeemed is set,
There hangs a radiant coronet,

All gemmed with pure and living light,
Too dazzling for a sinner's sight,
Prepared for virgin souls, and them
Who seek the martyr's diadem.

Nor deem, who to that bliss aspire,
Must win their way through blood and fire.
The writhings of a wounded heart
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.
Oft in life's stillest shade reclining,
In desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,
Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm.

And there are souls that seem to dwell
Above this earth — so rich a spell
Floats round their steps, where'er they move,
From hopes fulfilled and mutual love.
Such, if on high their thoughts are set,
Nor in the stream the source forget,
If prompt to quit the bliss they know,
Following the Lamb where'er he go,
By purest pleasures unbeguiled
To idolize or wife or child:
Such wedded souls our God shall own
For faultless virgins round his throne.

Thus everywhere we find our suffering God,
And where he trod
May set our steps: the cross on Calvary
Uplifted high
Beams on the martyr hosts, a beacon light
In open fight.

To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
He doth impart
The virtue of his midnight agony,
When none was nigh,
Save God and one good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.

Mortal! if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think, who did once from heaven to hell
descend
Thee to befriend:
So shalt thou dare forego, at his dear call,
Thy best, thine all.

"O Father! not my will but thine be done," —
So spake the Son.

Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder
 noise
 Of griefs and joys :
 That we may cling forever to thy breast
 In perfect rest !

JOHN KEBLE.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

DR. JOHN RYLAND was an honored Baptist minister of Northampton and Bristol, England. He was born Jan. 29, 1753, and died May 25, 1825. He was one of the originators of the Baptist Missionary Society (1792), and from 1794 to his death was president of the Baptist College at Bristol. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by Brown University, Providence, R. I.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
 Ever gracious, ever wise,
 All my times are in thy hand,
 All events at thy command.

His decree, who formed the earth,
 Fixed my first and second birth ;
 Parents, native place, and time,
 All appointed were by him.

He that formed me in the womb,
 He shall guide me to the tomb ;
 All my times shall ever be
 Ordered by his wise decree.

Times of sickness, times of health,
 Times of penury and wealth ;
 Times of trial and of grief,
 Times of triumph and relief ;

Times the tempter's power to prove,
 Times to taste a Saviour's love ;
 All must come, and last, and end,
 As shall please my heavenly Friend

Plagues and deaths around me fly ;
 Till he bids, I cannot die :
 Not a single shaft can hit
 Till the God of love sees fit.

O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just !
 In thy hands my life I trust :
 Have I something dearer still ?
 I resign it to thy will.

May I always own thy hand ;
 Still to the surrender stand ;
 Know, that thou art God alone ;
 I and mine are all thy own.

Thee at all times will I bless ;
 Having thee, I all possess ;
 How can I bereaved be,
 Since I cannot part with thee ?

JOHN RYLAND, D. D.

"NOT AS I WILL."

BLINDFOLDED and alone I stand,
 With unknown thresholds on each hand ;
 The darkness deepens as I grope,
 Afraid to fear, afraid to hope :
 Yet this one thing I learn to know
 Each day more surely as I go,
 That doors are opened, ways are made,
 Burdens are lifted or are laid,
 By some great law unseen and still,
 Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
 "Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait ;
 Loss seems too bitter, gain too late ;
 Too heavy burdens in the load
 And too few helpers on the road ;
 And joy is weak and grief is strong,
 And years and days so long, so long :
 Yet this one thing I learn to know
 Each day more surely as I go,
 That I am glad the good and ill
 By changeless law are ordered still,
 "Not as I will."

"Not as I will" : the sound grows sweet
 Each time my lips the words repeat.
 "Not as I will" : the darkness feels
 More safe than light when this thought steals
 Like whispered voice to calm and bless
 All unrest and all loneliness.
 "Not as I will," because the One
 Who loved us first and best has gone
 Before us on the road, and still
 For us must all his love fulfil,
 "Not as we will."

MRS. HELEN (FISKE) JACKSON.

WHATE'ER GOD WILL.

COMPOSED WHILE SUFFERING IN EXILE, 1566.

ALBRECHT, Margraf of Brandenburg-Culmbach, was born in 1522, and died in exile at Pforzheim, in 1559.

"Was mein Gott will, gescheh' all'zeit."

WHATE'ER God will, let that be done ;
 His will is ever wisest :
 His grace will all thy hope outrun,
 Who to that faith arisest.
 The gracious Lord
 Will help afford ;
 He chastens with forbearing :
 Who God believes,
 And to him cleaves,
 Shall not be left despairing.

My God is my sure confidence,
 My light and my existence :
 His counsel is beyond my sense,
 But stirs no weak resistance.
 His word declares
 The very hairs
 Upon my head are numbered :
 His mercy large
 Holds me in charge,
 With care that never slumbered.

There comes a day when, at his will,
 The pulse of Nature ceases :
 I think upon it, and am still,
 Let come what'er he pleases.
 To him I trust
 My soul, my dust,
 When flesh and spirit sever :
 The Christ we sing
 Has plucked the sting
 Away from death forever !

ALBRECHT OF BRANDENBURG. Translated by
 N. L. FROTHINGHAM, 1869.

CAST DOWN, YET HOPING IN GOD.

PSALM xliii. 5.

O MY soul, what means this sadness ?
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
 Let thy griefs be turned to gladness,
 Bid thy restless fears be gone ;
 Look to Jesus,
 And rejoice in his dear name.

What though Satan's strong temptations
 Vex and grieve thee day by day,
 And thy sinful inclinations
 Often fill thee with dismay ;
 Thou shalt conquer,
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

Though ten thousand ills beset thee
 From without and from within,
 Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
 But will save from hell and sin :
 He is faithful

To perform his gracious word.

Though distresses now attend thee,
 And thou tread'st the thorny road,
 His right hand shall still defend thee,
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God ;
 Therefore praise him,
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.

Oh that I could now adore him,
 Like the heavenly host above,

Who forever bow before him,
 And unceasing sing his love !
 Happy songsters !
 When shall I your chorus join ?

JOHN FAWCETT.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND !

"I trusted in thee, O Lord : I said, Thou art my God.
 My times are in thy hand !" — Ps. xxxi. 14, 15.

CHRISTOPHER NEWMAN HALL, well known as one of the most prominent of the London preachers, and writer of religious books, was born in 1816 and graduated with honor at the University of London. He was pastor of the Surrey Chapel, London, but has now a new church in Southwark.

MY times are in thy hand !
 I know not what a day
 Or e'en an hour may bring to me,
 But I am safe while trusting thee,
 Though all things fade away.
 All weakness, I
 On him rely

Who fixed the earth and spread the starry sky.

My times are in thy hand !
 Pale poverty or wealth,
 Corroding care or calm repose,
 Spring's balmy breath or winter's snows,
 Sickness or buoyant health, —
 What'er betide,
 If God provide,

'Tis for the best ; I wish no lot beside.

My times are in thy hand !
 Should friendship pure illumine
 And strew my path with fairest flowers,
 Or should I spend life's dreary hours
 In solitude's dark gloom, —
 Thou art a friend,
 Till time shall end

Unchangeably the same ; in thee all beauties
 blend.

My times are in thy hand !
 Many or few my days,
 I leave with thee, — this only pray,
 That by thy grace I, every day
 Devoting to thy praise,
 May ready be
 To welcome thee

Whene'er thou com'st to set my spirit free.

My times are in thy hand !
 Howe'er those times may end,
 Sudden or slow my soul's release,
 Midst anguish, frenzy, or in peace,

I'm safe with Christ my friend !
 If he is nigh,
 Howe'er I die,
 'T will be the dawn of heavenly ecstasy.

My times are in thy hand !
 To thee I can intrust
 My slumbering clay, till thy command
 Bids all the dead before thee stand,
 Awaking from the dust.
 Beholding thee,
 What bliss 't will be
 With all thy saints to spend eternity !
 To spend eternity
 In heaven's unclouded light !
 From sorrow, sin, and frailty free,
 Beholding and resembling thee, —
 O too transporting sight !
 Prospect too fair
 For flesh to bear !
 Haste ! haste ! my Lord, and soon transport
 me there !

CHRISTOPHER NEWMAN HALL.

RESTING IN GOD.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him,"
 Ps. xxxvii 7.

KARL RUDOLPH HAGENBACH was born May 4, 1801,
 and died at Basel, June 7, 1874. He was distinguished as
 a writer of catholic temper, and as a professor of Church
 History.

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
 Peaceful be ;
 When a chastening hand restrains thee,
 It is he.
 Know his love in full completeness
 Fills the measure of thy weakness ;
 If he wound thy spirit sore,
 Trust him more.
 Without murmur, uncomplaining,
 In his hand
 Leave whatever things thou canst not
 Understand.
 Though the world thy folly spurneth,
 From thy faith in pity turneth,
 Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
 Lying still.
 Like an infant, if thou thinkest
 Thou canst stand,
 Childlike, proudly pushing back
 The offered hand, —
 Courage soon is changed to fear,
 Strength doth feebleness appear ;
 In his love if thou abide,
 He will guide.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
 Hath forgot ?
 When the clouds around thee gather,
 Doubt him not.
 Always hath the daylight broken, —
 Always hath he comfort spoken, —
 Better hath he been for years
 Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatsoever betideth,
 Night or day, —
 Know his love for thee provideth
 Good alway.
 Crown of sorrow gladly take,
 Grateful wear it for his sake ;
 Sweetly bending to his will,
 Lying still.

To his own thy Father giveth
 Daily strength ;
 To each troubled soul that liveth,
 Peace at length.
 Weakest lambs have largest share
 Of this tender Shepherd's care ;
 Ask him not, then, "when ?" or "how ?"
 Only bow.

CHARLES RUDOLPH HAGENBACH, 1846
 Translated by H. A. P.

I WILL REJOICE IN THE LORD.

ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
 The budding fig-tree droop and die,
 No oil the olive yield,
 Yet will I trust me in my God,
 Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,
 And by his grace be healed.

Though fields, in verdure once arrayed,
 By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
 Or parched by scorching beam,
 Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
 My joy ; for, though his frown is just,
 His mercy is supreme.

Though from the folds the flock decay,
 Though herds lie famished o'er the lea
 And round the empty stall,
 My soul above the wreck shall rise,
 Its better joys are in the skies ;
 There God is all in all.

In God my strength, howe'er distrest,
 I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
 Nay, triumph in his love :
 My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
 Free as the hind he makes, and fleet,
 To speed my course above.

HENRY USTICK ONDERDONK, D. D.

THY WILL BE DONE !

SEARCHER of hearts ! from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to thee !

Hearer of prayer ! oh, guide aright
Each word and deed of mine ;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory thine.

Giver of all ! — for every good
In the Redeemer came, —
For raiment, shelter, and for food,
I thank thee in his name.

Father and Son and Holy Ghost !
Thou glorious three in one !
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let thy will be done !

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too ;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed ;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,

Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1779.

CONFIDO ET CONQUIESCO.

"Scit ; potest ; vult : quid est quod timeamus ?"

S. IGNATIUS.

FRET not, poor soul : while doubt and fear
Disturb thy breast,
The pitying angels, who can see
How vain thy wild regret must be,
Say, Trust and Rest.

Plan not, nor scheme, — but calmly wait ;
His choice is best.
While blind and erring is thy sight,
His wisdom sees and judges right,
So Trust and Rest.

Strive not, nor struggle : thy poor might
Can never wrest
The meanest thing to serve thy will ;
All power is his alone : be still,
And Trust and Rest.

Desire not : self-love is strong
Within thy breast ;
And yet he loves thee better still,
So let him do his loving will,
And Trust and Rest.

What dost thou fear ? His wisdom reigns
Supreme confessed ;
His power is infinite ; his love
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above ; —
So Trust and Rest.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

TO THE UTTERMOST.

OF his high attributes, beyond the most,
I thank my God for that Omniscient eye
Beneath whose blaze no secret thing can lie,
In his infinitude of being, lost.
I bless my God, I am not wrecked and tossed
Upon a sea of doubt, with power to fly
And hide, somewhither in immensity,
One single sin, out of his reckoning crossed.
For, even there, self-conscious of its thrall,
Might spring the terror, — "If he knew the
whole,

And tracked this skulking guilt out to its
goal,
He could not pardon!" — But, or great or
small,
He knows the inmost foldings of my soul,
And knowing utterly, forgives me all!

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

ON A LONG AND PERILOUS
JOURNEY.

"In allen meinen Thaten."

The following was written on a journey to Russia and Persia, undertaken by the author as Physician to the Embassy from Holstein. The original had fifteen stanzas.

WHERE'ER I go, whate'er my task,
The counsel of my God I ask,
Who all things hath and can ;
Unless he give both thought and deed,
The utmost pains can ne'er succeed,
And vain the wisest plan.

For what can all my toil avail ?
My care, my watching all must fail,
Unless my God is there ;
Then let him order all for me
As he in wisdom shall decree ;
On him I cast my care.

For nought can come, as nought hath been,
But what my Father hath foreseen,
And what shall work my good ;
Whate'er he gives me I will take,
Whate'er he chooses I will make
My choice with thankful mood.

I lean upon his mighty arm,
It shields me well from every harm,
All evil shall avert ;
If by his precepts still I live,
Whate'er is useful he will give,
And nought shall do me hurt.

But only may he of his grace
The record of my guilt efface,
And wipe out all my debt ;
Though I have sinned he will not straight
Pronounce his judgment, he will wait,
Have patience with me yet.

I travel to a distant land
To serve the post wherein I stand,
Which he hath bade me fill ;
And he will bless me with his light,
That I may serve his world aright,
And make me know his will.

And though through desert wilds I fare,
Yet Christian friends are with me there,
And Christ himself is near ;
In all our dangers he will come,
And he who kept me safe at home,
Can keep me safely here.

Yes, he will speed us on our way,
And point us where to go and stay,
And help us still and lead ;
Let us in health and safety live,
And time and wind and weather give,
And whatsoever we need.

When late at night my rest I take,
When early in the morn I wake,
Halting or on my way,
In hours of weakness or in bonds,
When vexed with fears my heart desponds,
His promise is my stay.

Since, then, my course is traced by him,
I will not fear that future dim,
But go to meet my doom,
Well knowing nought can wait me there
Too hard for me through him to bear ;
I yet shall overcome.

To him myself I wholly give,
At his command I die or live,
I trust his love and power :
Whether to-morrow or to-day
His summons come, I will obey,
He knows the proper hour.

But if it please that love most kind,
And if this voice within my mind
Is whispering not in vain,
I yet shall praise my God ere long
In many a sweet and joyful song,
In peace at home again.

To those I love will he be near,
With his consoling light appear,
Who is my shield and theirs ;
And he will grant beyond our thought
What they and I alike have sought
With many tearful prayers.

Then, O my soul, be ne'er afraid !
On him who thee and all things made
Do thou all calmly rest.
Whate'er may come, where'er we go,
Our Father in the heavens must know
In all things what is best.

PAUL FLEMING, 1631. Translated by
CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

GOD'S SURE HELP IN SORROW.

LEAVE all to God,
Forsaken one, and stay thy tears ;
For the Highest knows thy pain,
Sees thy sufferings and thy fears ;
Thou shalt not wait his help in vain ;
Leave all to God !

Be still and trust !
For his strokes are strokes of love,
Thou must for thy profit bear ;
He thy filial fear would move,
Trust thy Father's loving care,
Be still and trust !

Know, God is near !
Though thou think him far away,
Though his mercy long have slept,
He will come and not delay,
When his child enough hath wept,
For God is near !

Oh, teach him not
When and how to hear thy prayers ;
Never doth our God forget ;
He the cross who longest bears
Finds his sorrows' bounds are set ;
Then teach him not !

If thou love him,
Walking truly in his ways,
Then no trouble, cross, or death
E'er shall silence faith and praise ;
All things serve thee here beneath,
If thou love God.

ANTON ULRICH, Duke of Brunswick, 1667. Translated
by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1855.

TRUST.

"Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten."

"Then Hezekiah received the letter from the hand of the messengers, and read it: and Hezekiah went up unto the house of the Lord, and spread it before the Lord." — Isa. xxxvii. 14.

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him, whate'er betide,
Thou 'lt find him in the evil days
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide ;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love.
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs ?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies ?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope ; content
To take whate'er his gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent.
Doubt not our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own.

He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as he sees it meet ;
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And art made free from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own his loving care.

Nor in the heat of pain and strife,
Think God hath cast thee off unheard,
And that the man, whose prosperous life
Thou enviest, is of him preferred.
Time passes and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.

All are alike before his face ;
'T is easy to our God most high
To make the rich man poor and base,
To give the poor man wealth and joy.
True wonders still by him are wrought,
Who setteth up, and brings to nought.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from his ways.
But do thine own part faithfully,
Trust his rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee ;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

GEORG NEUMARK, 1657. Translated by
CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1855.

THE QUIET, HOPING HEART.

"Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan"

The author of this famous hymn was rector of a gymnasium in Berlin. The following was written for a sick friend at Jena.

WHATE'ER my God ordains is right ;
His will is ever just ;
Howe'er he orders now my cause,
I will be still and trust.
He is my God ;
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
He never will deceive ;
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to him I cleave,
And take content
What he hath sent ;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait his day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
 Though I the cup must drink
 That bitter seems to my faint heart,
 I will not fear nor shrink ;
 Tears pass away
 With dawn of day ;
 Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
 And pain and sorrow all depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
 My Light, my Life is he,
 Who cannot will me aught but good ;
 I trust him utterly ;
 For well I know,
 In joy or woe,
 We once shall see, as sunlight clear,
 How faithful was our Guardian here.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
 Here will I take my stand,
 Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
 For me a desert land.
 My Father's care
 Is round me there,
 He holds me that I shall not fall ;
 And so to him I leave it all.

From the German of SAMUEL RODIGAST, 1675. Translated by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858.

SUPPLICATION.

FATHER, I know that all my life
 Is portioned out for me,
 And the changes that will surely come
 I do not fear to see ;
 But I ask thee for a present mind
 Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
 Through constant watching wise,
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
 And to wipe the weeping eyes :
 And a heart at leisure from itself,
 To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
 That hurries to and fro,
 Seeking for some great thing to do,
 Or secret thing to know ;
 I would be treated as a child,
 And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
 In whatsoever estate,
 I have a fellowship with hearts
 To keep and cultivate :
 And a work of lowly love to do,
 For the Lord whom I wait.

So I ask thee for the daily strength,
 To none that ask denied,
 And a mind to blend with outward life,
 While keeping at thy side ;
 Content to fill a little space,
 If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
 In my cup of blessing be,
 I would have my spirit filled the more
 With grateful love to thee ;
 More careful — not to serve thee much,
 But to please thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
 That call for patient care ;
 There is a cross in every lot,
 And an earnest need for prayer ;
 But a lowly heart that leans on thee
 Is happy anywhere.

In a service which thy will appoints
 There are no bonds for me ;
 For my secret heart is taught the truth
 That makes thy children free ;
 And a life of self-renouncing love
 Is a life of liberty.

ANNA LÆTITIA WARING.

THY WILL BE DONE !

We see not, know not : all our way
 Is night, with Thee alone is day.
 From out the torrent's troubled drift,
 Above the storm, our prayers we lift,
 Thy will be done !

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
 But who are we to make complaint,
 Or dare to plead, in times like these,
 The weakness of our love of ease ?
 Thy will be done !

We take with solemn thankfulness
 Our burden up, nor ask it less ;
 And count it joy that even we
 May suffer, serve, or wait for thee,
 Whose will be done !

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
 We trace thy picture's wise design,
 And thank thee that our age supplies
 Its dark relief of sacrifice.
 Thy will be done !

And if, in our unworthiness,
 Thy sacrificial wine we press ;
 If from thy ordeal's heated bars
 Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
 Thy will be done !

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by thee, our present pain
Be liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done !

Strike, thou the Master, we thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies !
The minor of thy loftier strain
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HIS WAY IS BEST.

THE snows of winter nurse the hopeful corn ;
Long, patient months produce the harvest fair ;
The darkling clouds the sunset's throne pre-
pare ;
Mid glacier crags are noblest rivers born ;
The tempest tracks the mountain's face adorn ;
In deepest mines are treasured gems most
rare ;
The port is calmer reached through storms of
care ;
The night of weeping melts in joyful morn.
Events are not as first they meet the sight ;
The sons of God by passing griefs are blest ;
Amid the dark he ever leads to light ;
His purposes and plans are always right.
Commit thy way to him, his way is best ;
Oh, wait for him, wait patiently and rest.

CHRISTOPHER NEWMAN HALL.

MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanished years :
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west-winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run ;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear ;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare ;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff,— I lay
Aside the toiling oar ;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn ;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given ;—

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south-wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong ;
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal, —
To build as to destroy ;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told !

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track ;—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back ;—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good ;—

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight ;—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair ;—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
 And so the west-winds play;
 And all the windows of my heart
 I open to the day.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HOPE EVERMORE AND BELIEVE.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, of whom Emerson said that he would make Tennyson look to his laurels, was born at Liverpool, Jan. 1, 1819. He was educated at Rugby, under the celebrated Dr. Arnold, who, as Clough's fellow-pupil, Dean Stanley, says, watched over his career with an uncommonly lively interest. He subsequently won laurels at Oxford, but found himself out of sympathy with the prevailing thought there, and left, coming to America; where he lived for a few months in 1852, and made many friends. Having an appointment tendered him in connection with the privy council office, he returned to England. His health, never robust, failed under the pressure of efforts in aid of the work of his wife's cousin, Florence Nightingale, and he died at Florence, where he had gone with Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tennyson, Nov. 13, 1861.

HOPE evermore and believe, O man, for e'en
 as thy thought
 So are the things that thou see'st; e'en as thy
 hope and belief.
 Cowardly art thou and timid? They rise to
 provoke thee against them.
 Hast thou courage? Enough, see them exult-
 ing to yield.
 Yea, the rough rock, the dull earth, the wild
 sea's fuming waters
 (Violent, say'st thou, and hard, mighty, thou
 think'st, to destroy),
 All with ineffable longing are waiting their
 Invader,
 All, with one varying voice, call to him, Come
 and subdue;
 Still for their conqueror call, and, but for the
 joy of being conquered
 (Rapture they will not forego), dare to resist
 and rebel;
 Still, when resisting and raging, in soft under-
 voice say unto him,
 Fear not, retire not, O man; hope evermore
 and believe!

Go from the east to the west, as the sun and
 the stars direct thee,
 Go with the girdle of man, go and encompass
 the earth.
 Not for the gain of the gold; for the getting,
 the hoarding, the having,
 But for the joy of the deed; but for the duty
 to do.

Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition
 and action,
 With the great girdle of God, go and encom-
 pass the earth.

Go; say not in thy heart, And what then were
 it accomplished,
 Were the wild impulse allayed, what were the
 use or the good!
 Go, when the instinct is stilled, and when the
 deed is accomplished,
 What thou hast done and shalt do, shall be
 declared to thee then.
 Go with the sun and the stars, and yet ever-
 more in thy spirit
 Say to thyself: It is good: yet is there better
 than it.
 This that I see is not all, and this that I do is
 but little;
 Nevertheless it is good, though there is better
 than it.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

SECRET.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
 And billows wild contend with angry roar,
 'T is said, far down beneath the wild commo-
 tion,
 That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
 And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it fieth,
 Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest!
 There is a temple, sacred evermore,
 And all the babble of life's angry voices
 Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
 And loving thoughts rise calm and peace-
 fully,
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it fieth,
 Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in
 thee.

O rest of rests! O peace, serene, eternal!
 Thou ever livest, and thou changest never;
 And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
 Fulness of joy, forever and forever!

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

GOD'S PRAISE.

"YES! I DO FEEL, MY GOD, THAT I AM THINE!"

"YES! I do feel, my God, that I am thine!"
Thou art my joy—myself mine only grief,
Hear my complaint, low bending at thy shrine—
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!"

Unworthy even to approach so near,
My soul lies trembling like a summer leaf;
Yet oh, forgive! I doubt not, though I fear,
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!"

True, I am weak, "and poor and blind," but then
I know the source whence I can draw relief;
And, though repulsed, I still can plead again,
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!"

Oh draw me nearer! for too far away
The beamings of thy brightness are too brief,
While faith, though fainting, still hath strength to pray,—
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!"

1867.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, LL. D.

SINGING MUST BE CORDIAL AS WELL AS VOCAL.

The following lines occur in a rare volume entitled *Clavis Bibliorum* ("The Key of the Bible"). The author was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1609, and died in 1675. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and became a Puritan divine of note. At the Restoration he returned to the Establishment.

*Non vox, sed votum; non musica chordula,
sed cor;*

Non clamor, sed amor; psallite in aure Dei.

SOUL'S vow, not airy voice;
Sound heart, not sounding string;
Pure love, not piercing noise;
In God's ear sweetly sing.

FRANCIS ROBERTS.

1655.

A GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO ALMIGHTY GOD.

How shall I sing that Majesty
Which angels do admire?
Let dust in dust and silence lie;
Sing, sing, ye heavenly choir.
Thousands of thousands stand around
Thy throne, O God most high;
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
Thy praise; but who am I?

Thy brightness unto them appears,
Whilst I thy footsteps trace;
A sound of God comes to my ears;
But they behold thy face.
They sing because thou art their sun:
Lord, send a beam on me;
For where heaven is but once begun,
There hallelujahs be.

Enlighten with faith's light my heart;
Inflame it with love's fire;
Then shall I sing and bear a part
With that celestial choir.
I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
With all my fire and light;
Yet when thou dost accept their gold,
Lord, treasure up my mite.

How great a being, Lord, is thine,
Which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line
To sound so vast a deep.
Thou art a sea without a shore,
A sun without a sphere;
Thy time is now and evermore,
Thy place is everywhere.

How good art thou, whose goodness is
Our parent, nurse, and guide!

Whose streams do water Paradise,
And all the earth beside!
Thine upper and thy nether springs
Make both thy worlds to thrive;
Under thy warm and sheltering wings
Thou keep'st two broods alive.

Thy arm of might, most mighty King,
Both rocks and hearts doth break:
My God, thou canst do everything
But what should show thee weak.
Thou canst not cross thyself, or be
Less than thyself, or poor;
But whatsoever pleaseth thee,
That canst thou do, and more.

Who would not fear thy searching eye,
Witness to all that's true!
Dark hell and deep hypocrisy
Lie plain before its view.
Motions and thoughts before they grow,
Thy knowledge doth espy;
What unborn ages are to do,
Is done before thine eye.

Thy wisdom which both makes and mends,
We ever much admire:
Creation all our wit transcends;
Redemption rises higher.
Thy wisdom guides strayed sinners home,
'T will make the dead world rise,
And bring those prisoners to their doom:
Its paths are mysteries.

Great is thy truth, and shall prevail
To unbelievers' shame:
Thy truth and years do never fail;
Thou ever art the same.
Unbelief is a raging wave
Dashing against a rock:
If God doth not his Israel save,
Then let Egyptians mock.

Most pure and holy are thine eyes,
Most holy is thy name;
Thy saints, and laws, and penalties,
Thy holiness proclaim.
This is the devil's scourge and sting,
This is the angels' song,
Who *holy, holy, holy* sing,
In heavenly Canaan's tongue.

Mercy, that shining attribute,
The sinner's hope and plea!
Huge hosts of sins in their pursuit,
Are drowned in thy Red Sea.

Mercy is God's memorial,
And in all ages praised:
My God, thine only Son did fall,
That Mercy might be raised.

Thy bright back-parts, O God of grace,
I humbly here adore:
Show me thy glory and thy face,
That I may praise thee more.
Since none can see thy face and live,
For me to die is best:
Through Jordan's streams who would not dive,
To land at Canaan's rest?

JOHN MASON.

THE HUNDREDTH PSALM.

This psalm is attributed to WILLIAM KETHE, an exile with John KNOX at Geneva, in 1555. He was chaplain of the English army in Havre, in 1563, and rector of the parish of Okeford in Dorset.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

Oh, enter, then, his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

WILLIAM KETHE.

1561.

DE PROFUNDIS.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, one of the earliest English satirists, was born about 1535, and studied at Cambridge. He became distinguished as a dramatist. He died Oct 7, 1577. The following was composed while the author was riding, in a shower of rain, towards London.

FROM depth of dole wherein my soul doth dwell,
From heavy heart which harbors in my breast,
From troubled sprite which seldom taketh rest,
From hope of heaven, from dread of darksome hell,
O gracious God, to thee I cry and yell.
My God, my Lord, my lovely Lord alone,
To thee I call, to thee I make my moan;

And thou, good God, vouchsafe in gree to take
 This woful plaint,
 Wherein I faint,
 Oh, hear me then for thy great mercy's sake.

Oh, bend thine ears attentively to hear!
 Oh, turn thine eyes, behold me how I wail!
 Oh, hearken Lord, give ear for mine avail!
 Oh, mark in mind the burthens that I bear!
 See how I sink in sorrows everywhere;
 Behold and see what dolours I endure;
 Give ear and mark what plaints I put in ure;
 Bend willing ear, and pity therewithal,
 By railing voice
 Which hath no choice,
 But evermore upon thy name to call.

If thou, good Lord, shouldst take thy rod in
 hand,
 If thou regard what sins are daily done,
 If thou take hold where we our works begun,
 If thou decree in judgment for to stand,
 And be extreme to see our excuses scanned,
 If thou take note of everything amiss,
 And write in rolls how frail our nature is,
 O glorious God, O King, O Prince of power,
 What mortal wight
 May then have light
 To feel thy frown if thou have list to lower?

But thou art good, and hast of mercy store;
 Thou not delight'st to see a sinner fall;
 Thou hearkenest first before we come to call;
 Thine ears are set wide open evermore;
 Before we knock thou comest to the door.
 Thou art more prest to hear a sinner cry,
 Than he is quick to climb to thee on high.
 Thy mighty name be praised, then, alway;
 Let faith and fear
 True witness bear
 How fast they stand which on thy mercy stay.

I look for thee, my lovely Lord, therefore,
 For thee I wait, for thee I tarry still;
 Mine eyes do long to gaze on thee my fill;
 For thee I watch, for thee I pry and pore;
 My soul for thee attendeth evermore,
 My soul doth thirst to take of thee a taste,
 My soul desires with thee for to be placed;
 And to thy word, which can no man deceive,
 Mine only trust,
 My love and lust,
 In confidence continually shall cleave.

Before the break or dawning of the day,
 Before the light be seen in lofty skies,
 Before the sun appear in pleasant wise,
 Before the watch, — before the watch, I say,

Before the ward that waits therefore alway,
 My soul, my sense, my secret thought, my
 sprite,
 My will, my wish, my joy, and my delight,
 Unto the Lord, that sits in heaven on high,
 With hasty wing
 From me doth fling,
 And striveth still unto the Lord to fly.

O Israel, O household of the Lord,
 O Abraham's brats, O brood of blessed seed,
 O chosen sheep that love the Lord in deed,
 O hungry hearts, feed still upon his word,
 And put your trust in him with one accord;
 For he hath mercy evermore at hand,
 His fountains flow, his springs do never stand,
 And plenteously he loveth to redeem
 Such sinners all
 As on him call,
 And faithfully his mercies most esteem.

He will redeem our deadly drooping state,
 He will bring home the sheep that go astray,
 He will help them that hope in him alway,
 He will appease our discord and debate,
 He will soon save, though we repent us late,
 He will be ours if we continue his,
 He will bring bale to joy and perfect bliss,
 He will redeem the flock of his elect
 From all that is
 Or was amiss
 Since Abraham's heirs did first his laws reject.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

1575-

PRAYER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

WRITTEN IN HER BOOK OF DEVOTIONS JUST BEFORE HER EXECUTION.

*O Domine Deus! speravi in te;
 O care mi Jesu! nunc libera me.
 In dura catena, in misera pœna,
 Desidero te.*

*Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
 Adoro, imploro, ut liberer me!*

O MASTER and Maker! my hope is in thee.
 My Jesus, dear Saviour! now set my soul
 free.
 From this, my hard prison, my spirit, uprisen,
 Soars upward to thee.
 Thus moaning, and groaning, and bending the
 knee,
 I adore, and implore that thou liberate me!

Translated by JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D. D.

PRAYER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

O MERCIFUL Father, my hope is in thee!
 O gracious Redeemer, deliver thou me!
 My bondage bemoaning,
 With sorrowful groaning,
 I long to be free;
 Lamenting, relenting,
 And humbly repenting,
 O Jesu, my Saviour, I languish for thee!

JOHN FAWCETT.

1782.

SONG TO THE DOVE.

SWEET DOVE, that homeward winging
 O'er endless waves thy lonely way,
 Now hither bend'st thee, bringing
 The long-sought olive spray; —
 Thou tell'st us Love still reigns above,
 That God doth not his own forget,
 That mercy's dawn, upspringing,
 Will light the lost world yet!

And see, in heaven ascending
 The radiant bow of peace unfurled, —
 Like Love's bright arms extending,
 To clasp a weeping world.
 Hail, union bright of mist and light,
 True type of sinners' hopes and fears,
 When light celestial blinding,
 Draws glory out of tears!

THOMAS MOORE.

GOD PRAISED FOR HIS GOODNESS AND TRUTH.

PSALM cxlvi.

I 'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

Why should I make a man my trust?
 Princes must die and turn to dust:
 Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
 Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
 Nor can they make their promise good.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God: he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train;
 His truth forever stands secure;
 He saves the opprest, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind;
 He sends the laboring conscience peace;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

He loves his saints, he knows them well;
 But turns the wicked down to hell:
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
 Let every tongue, let every age,
 In this exalted work engage:
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

I 'll praise him while he lends me breath;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

1719.

WORSHIP.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." — JAMES i. 27.

THE Pagan's myths through marble lips are spoken,
 And ghosts of old Beliefs still fit and moan
 Round fane and altar overthrown and broken,
 O'er tree-grown barrow and gray ring of stone.

Blind Faith had martyrs in those old high places,
 The Syrian hill grove and the Druid's wood,
 With mothers' offering, to the Fiend's embraces,
 Bone of their bone, and blood of their own blood.

Red altars, kindling through that night of error,
 Smoked with warm blood beneath the cruel eye
 Of lawless Power and sanguinary Terror,
 Throned on the circle of a pitiless sky;

Beneath whose baleful shadow, overcasting
 All heaven above, and blighting earth below.
 The scourge grew red, the lip grew pale with fasting,
 And man's oblation was his fear and woe!

Then through great temples swelled the dismal moaning
 Of dirge-like music and sepulchral prayer;

Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols droning,
Swung their white censers in the burdened air:

As if the pomp of rituals, and the savor
Of gums and spices could the Unseen One please;

As if his ear could bend, with childish favor,
To the poor flattery of the organ keys!

Feet red from war-fields trod the church aisles holy,

With trembling reverence and the oppressor there,

Kneeling before his priest, abased and lowly,
Crushed human hearts beneath his knee of prayer.

Not such the service the benignant Father
Requireth at his earthly children's hands:
Not the poor offering of vain rites, but rather
The simple duty man from man demands.

For Earth he asks it: the full joy of Heaven
Knoweth no change of waning or increase;
The great heart of the Infinite beats even,
Untroubled flows the river of his peace.

He asks no taper lights, on high surrounding
The priestly altar and the saintly grave,
No dolorous chant nor organ music sounding,
Nor incense clouding up the twilight nave.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken:
The holier worship which he deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless!

Types of our human weakness and our sorrow!
Who lives unhaunted by his loved ones dead?

Who, with vain longing, seeketh not to borrow
From stranger eyes the home lights which
have fled?

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a
prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good":
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's
temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall: the stormy
clangor

Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

I LOVE TO STEAL AWHILE AWAY.

MRS. PHOEBE HINSDALE BROWN was born at Canaan, N. Y., in 1783, and died at Henry, Ill., Oct. 10, 1861. Her son, the Rev. S. R. Brown, D. D., missionary at Yokohama, relates that the hymn below arose from the habit of Mrs. Brown of retiring some distance from her house every day at a certain hour for meditation and prayer. The well-beaten path to the woods was discovered, and she was ridiculed by some thoughtless neighbor. She was a woman of great influence, and besides doing many other good deeds, educated three Chinese youths who became valuable members of society.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

PHOEBE HINSDALE BROWN.

WHILE THEE I SEEK.

MISS HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, born near Berwick, England, in 1762, went to Paris to live, shortly after the Revolution, where she was imprisoned for writing in favor of the Girondists, but was released on the fall of Robespierre. She died in Paris, in December, 1827. Miss Williams was the author of a number of volumes, some of which treated the subject of French affairs. She died at Paris, Dec. 14, 1827.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled!
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;
 To thee my thoughts would soar :
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
 That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see !
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see ;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
 That heart shall rest on thee.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

PHILIP SKELTON, a learned English clergyman, whose sermons were warmly commended by John Wesley, was born in Ireland in 1707, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He died in 1767.

To God, ye choir above, begin
 A hymn so loud and strong,
 That all the universe may hear,
 And join the grateful song.

Praise him, thou sun, who dwells unseen
 Amidst transcendent light,
 Where thy refulgent orb would seem
 A spot as dark as night.

Thou silver moon, ye host of stars,
 The universal song
 Through the serene and silent night
 To listening worlds prolong.

Sing him, ye distant worlds and suns,
 From whence no travelling ray
 Hath yet to us, through ages past,
 Had time to make its way.

Assist, ye raging storms, and bear
 On rapid wings his praise,
 From north to south, from east to west,
 Through heaven, and earth, and seas.

Exert your voice, ye furious fires,
 That rend the watery cloud,
 And thunder to this nether world
 Your Maker's words aloud.

Ye works of God, that dwell unknown
 Beneath the rolling main ;
 Ye birds, that sing among the groves,
 And sweep the azure plain ;

Ye stately hills, that rear your heads,
 And towering pierce the sky ;
 Ye clouds, that with an awful face
 Majestic roll on high ;

Ye insects small, to which one leaf
 Within its narrow sides
 A vast extended world displays
 And spacious realms provides ;

Ye race, still less than these, with which
 The stagnant water teems,
 To which one drop, however small,
 A boundless ocean seems ;

Whate'er ye are, where'er ye dwell,
 Ye creatures great or small,
 Adore the wisdom, praise the power,
 That made and governs all.

And if ye want or sense or sounds,
 To swell the grateful noise,
 Prompt mankind with that sense, and they
 Shall find for you a voice.

From all the boundless realms of space
 Let loud hosannas sound ;
 Loud send, ye wondrous works of God,
 The grateful concert round !

PHILIP SKELTON.

ON A PRAYER-BOOK SENT TO MRS. M. R.

Lo, here a little volume, but great book !
 A nest of new-born sweets,
 Whose native fires, disdain
 To lie thus folded, and complaining
 Of these ignoble sheets,
 Affect more comely hands,
 Fair one, from thy kind hands,
 And confidently look
 To find the rest
 Of a rich binding in your breast.

It is in one choice handful, heaven ; and all
 Heaven's royal hosts encamped, thus small
 To prove that true, schools use to tell,
 A thousand angels in one point can dwell.

It is love's great artillery,
 Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie
 Close couched in your white bosom ; and from
 thence,

As from a snowy fortress of defence,
Against the ghostly foe to take your part,
And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.

It is an armory of light ;
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You 'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts,
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.

Only be sure
The hands be pure
That hold these weapons, and the eyes
Those of turtles, chaste and true,
Wakeful and wise.
Here 's a friend shall fight for you ;
Hold but this book before your heart,
Let prayer alone to play his part.

But, O, the heart
That studies this high art
Must be a sure housekeeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong,
Mercy will come ere long,
And bring his bosom fraught with blessings,
Flowers of never-fading graces ;
To make immortal dressings
For worthy souls, whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for him, who is alone
The Spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's Son.

But if the noble Bridegroom when he come,
Shall find the wandering heart from home,
Leaving her chaste abode
To gad abroad :
Amongst the gay mates of the god of flies
To take her pleasure, and to play
And keep the Devil's holy day ;
To dance in the sunshine of some smiling,
But beguiling

Spheres of sweet and sugared lies,
Some slippery pair
Of false, perhaps, as fair
Flattering, but forswearing eyes ;

Doubtless some other heart
Will get the start
Meanwhile, and, stepping in before,
Will take possession of that sacred store
Of hidden sweets, and holy joys,
Words which are not heard with ears —
These tumultuous shops of noise —
Effectual whispers, whose still voice
The soul itself more feels than hears.

Amorous languishments, luminous trances,
Sights which are not seen with eyes
Spiritual and soul-piercing glances :
Whose pure and subtle lightning flies
Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire ;
And melts it down in sweet desire :
Yet doth not stay
To ask the windows' leave to pass that way.

Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
Of soul ; dear and divine annihilations ;
A thousand unknown rites
Of joys, and rarefied delights !

A hundred thousand goods, glories, and
graces,
And many a mystic thing.
Which the divine embraces
Of the dear Spouse of Spirits with them will
bring ;
For which it is no shame
That dull mortality must not know a name.

Of all this hidden store
Of blessings, and ten thousand more,
If when he come
He find the heart from home,
Doubtless he will unload
Himself some otherwhere,
And pour abroad
His precious sweets,
On the fair soul whom first he meets.

O fair ! O fortunate ! O rich ! O dear !
O happy, and thrice happy she,
Dear silver-breasted dove
Whoe'er she be,
Whose early love,
With winged vows,
Makes haste to meet her morning spouse,
And close with his immortal kisses !
Happy, indeed, who never misses
To improve that precious hour :
And every day
Seize her sweet prey,
All fresh and fragrant as he rises,
Dropping, with a balmy shower,
A delicious dew of spices.

Oh, let the blissful heart hold fast
Her heavenly armful : she shall taste
At once ten thousand paradises ;
She shall have power
To rifle and deflower
The rich and roseal spring of those rare sweets,
Which with a swelling bosom there she meets,
Boundless and infinite, bottomless treasures
Of pure inebriating pleasures ;

Happy proof! she shall discover,
 What joy, what bliss,
 How many heavens at once it is,
 To have a God become her lover!

RICHARD CRASHAW.

—◆—

SILENT PRAISE.

CHARLES TENNYSON, a clergyman of the Church of England, brother of the poet-laureate was born July 4, 1808. He changed his name to TURNER. He died April 25, 1878.

O THOU, who givest to the woodland wren
 A throat, like to a little light-set door,
 That opens to his early joy, — to men
 The spirit of true worship, which is more
 Than all this sylvan rapture: what a world
 Is thine, O Lord! — skies, earth, men, beasts,
 and birds!

The poet and the painter have unfurled
 Their love and wonder in descriptive words,
 Or sprightly hues, — each, after his own sort,
 Emptying his heart of its delicious hoards;
 But all self-conscious blazonry comes short
 Of that still sense no active mood affords,
 Ere yet the brush is dipt, or uttered phrase
 Hath breathed abroad those folds of silent
 praise!

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

—◆—

GRANT US THY PEACE.

GRANT us thy peace, down from thy heavens
 falling
 As on the thirsty earth cool night-dews sweet;
 Grant us thy peace, to thy pure paths recalling
 From devious ways our worn and wandering
 feet.

Grant us thy peace, through winning and
 through losing,
 Through shade and sunshine of our pilgrim
 way;
 Keep us in peace, safe in thy love's dispos-
 ing,
 Thou, who all things in heaven and earth
 dost sway.

Give us thy peace, — not as the world hath
 given,
 In momentary rays that fitful gleamed,
 But calm, deep, sure, — the peace of spirits
 shriven,
 Of hearts surrendered, and of souls redeemed.

Grant us thy peace, that, like a deepening river,
 Swells ever onward to a sea of praise.
 O thou, of peace the only Lord and Giver,
 Grant us thy peace, our Saviour, all our days!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

1879.

—◆—

JEWISH HYMN IN JERUSALEM.

GOD of the thunder! from whose cloudy seat
 The fiery winds of desolation flow;
 Father of vengeance! that with purple feet
 Like a full wine-press tread'st the world be-
 low;
 The embattled armies wait thy sign to slay,
 Nor springs the beast of havoc on his prey,
 Nor withering famine walks his blasted way,
 Till thou hast marked the guilty land for
 woe.

God of the rainbow! at whose gracious sign
 The billows of the proud their rage sup-
 press:
 Father of mercies! at one word of thine
 An Eden blooms in the waste wilderness,
 And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,
 And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing hands,
 And marble cities crown the laughing lands,
 And pillared temples rise, thy name to bless.

O'er Judah's land thy thunders broke, O
 Lord!

The chariots rattled o'er her sunken gate,
 Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian's sword,
 Even her foes wept to see her fallen state;
 And heaps her ivory palaces became,
 Her princes wore the captive's garb of shame,
 Her temples sank amid the smouldering flame,
 For thou didst ride the tempest cloud of
 fate.

O'er Judah's land thy rainbow, Lord, shall
 beam,

And the sad city lift her crownless head,
 And songs shall wake and dancing footsteps
 gleam
 In streets where broods the silence of the
 dead.

The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded towers,
 On Carmel's side our maidens cull the flowers
 To deck at blushing eve their bridal bowers,
 And angel feet the glittering Sion tread.

Thy vengeance gave us to the stranger's
 hand,
 And Abraham's children were led forth for
 slaves.

With fettered steps we left our pleasant land,
 Envying our fathers in their peaceful graves.
 The stranger's bread with bitter tears we steep,
 And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep,
 In the mute midnight we steal forth to weep,
 Where the pale willows shade Euphrates' waves.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy ;
 Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead thy children home ;
 He that went forth a tender prattling boy
 Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come ;
 And Canaan's vines for us their fruit shall bear,
 And Hermon's bees their honeyed stores prepare,
 And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer,
 Where o'er the cherub-seated God full blazed the irradiate throne.

HENRY HART MILMAN, D. D.

PRAISE THE ALMIGHTY.

“Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König der Ehren.”

JOACHIM NEANDER was born at Bremen in 1640. He became master of the Grammar School at Düsseldorf, and preached to others than his pupils with so much zeal as to provoke opposition. He was obliged to leave the city, and lived for a time in a cave, where he composed some of his hymns. In 1679 he was called to Bremen, and became preacher at St. Martin's Church. He died May 31, 1680. He was the greatest hymn-writer of the German Reformed Church, full of spiritual depth and unction. The following is a very popular hymn, and was a special favorite of Friedrich Wilhelm III., of Prussia.

PRAISE the Almighty, — the King of a glory unbounded !
 Praise, O my spirit, with choirs of angels surrounded !
 Join the full throng ;
 Wake, harp and psalter and song ;
 High be the thanksgiving sounded !
 Praise the Almighty, o'er all things who regally reigneth ! —
 Who, as on wings of an eagle, uplifteth, sustaineth, —
 Who giveth food,
 All gladness and safety and good :
 Thanks for what was, — what remaineth.

Praise the Almighty, who skilfully for thee provided ;
 Who lent thee thy health and strength, and then graciously guided !

What need or grief
 For them hath failed of relief
 Who under his feathers abided ?

Praise the Almighty ! thy lowly state visibly tending,
 Down from the heavens his streams of benevolence sending ;
 Think of it, man !
 Think what Omnipotence can,
 Its love all around thee bending.
 Praise the Almighty ! that living name praise with emotion ;
 All things that have breath, that holy name praise in devotion !
 He is thy light ;
 Soul, keep it ever in sight :
 Praise him forevermore. Amen.

JOACHIM NEANDER, 1679. Translated by
 N. L. FROTHINGHAM, 1869.

FAITH.

WILLIAM HENRY HURLBUT, a highly educated and versatile journalist, was born in Charleston, S. C., July 3, 1827. He graduated at Harvard University in 1847, and afterwards studied at Berlin, Rome, and Paris. He travelled extensively.

We will not weep ; for God is standing by us,
 And tears will blind us to the blessed sight :
 We will not doubt ; if darkness still doth try us,
 Our souls have promise of serenest light.
 We will not faint ; if heavy burdens bind us,
 They press no harder than our souls can bear, —
 The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
 We shall be braver for the past despair.
 Oh, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending :
 Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last, —
 All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
 Life shall be with us when the death is past.
 Help us, O Father ! when the world is pressing
 On our frail hearts, that faint without their friend, —
 Help us, O Father ! let thy constant blessing
 Strengthen our weakness till the joyful end.
 WILLIAM HENRY HURLBUT.

PRAISE TO GOD.

PSALM LXV.

PRAISE, Lord, for thee in Zion waits ;
 Prayer shall besiege thy temple gates ;
 All flesh shall to thy throne repair,
 And find, through Christ, salvation there.

Our spirits faint ; our sins prevail ;
 Leave not our trembling hearts to fail :
 O thou that hearest prayer, descend,
 And still be found the sinner's friend.

How blest thy saints ! how safely led !
 How surely kept ! how richly fed !
 Saviour of all in earth and sea,
 How happy they who rest in thee !

Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
 Thy voice the troubled ocean stills !
 Evening and morning hymn thy praise,
 And earth thy bounty wide displays.

The year is with thy goodness crowned ;
 Thy clouds drop wealth the world around ;
 Through thee the deserts laugh and sing,
 And Nature smiles and owns her King.

Lord, on our souls thy spirit pour ;
 The moral waste within restore ;
 Oh, let thy love our spring-tide be,
 And make us all bear fruit to thee.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

1834.

PRAISE TO GOD.

This piece, which has been attributed to Andrew Marvell, first appeared in Number 453 of the Spectator, written by Addison, and dated Aug. 9, 1712.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise !

Oh, how shall words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare
 That glows within my ravished heart ?
 But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustained,
 And all my wants redrest,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
 It gently cleared my way,
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renewed my face ;
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
 Has made my cup run o'er.
 And in a kind and faithful friend
 Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 For oh, eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise !

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1712.

THE TRAVELLER'S HYMN OF GRATITUDE.

Speaking of his eleventh or twelfth year, Robert Burns said that the earliest compositions that he took pleasure in were the "Vision of Mirza" and the following hymn. He specially liked the first half of the seventh stanza. The hymn, which is from the Spectator, Number 489, Sept. 20, 1712, appears in hymn-books in a modified form.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
 Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign lands and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
 And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
 Made every region please ;
 The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
 And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How, with affrighted eyes,
 Thou sawest the wide-extended deep
 In all its horrors rise :

Confusion dwelt in every face,
 And fear in every heart,
 When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
 Thy mercy set me free ;
 Whilst in the confidence of prayer
 My soul took hold on thee.

For though in-dreadful whirls we hung
 High on the broken wave,
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
 Obedient to thy will ;
 The sea, that roared at thy command,
 At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
 Thy goodness I'll adore ;
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And death, if death must be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to thee.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1712.

A PSALM OF PRAISE.

THE FIRST PART.

YE holy angels bright,
 Which stand before God's throne,
 And dwell in glorious light,
 Praise ye the Lord each one !
 You there so nigh,
 Fitter than we
 Dark sinners be
 For things so high.

You blessed souls at rest,
 Who see your Saviour's face,
 Whose glory, e'en the least,
 Is far above our grace,

God's praises sound,
 As, in his sight,
 With sweet delight,
 You do abound.

All nations of the earth,
 Extol the world's great King !
 With melody and mirth
 His glorious praises sing ;
 For he still reigns,
 And will bring low
 The proudest foe
 That him disdains.

Sing forth Jehovah's praise,
 Ye saints that on him call !
 Magnify him always,
 His holy churches all !
 In him rejoice,
 And there proclaim
 His holy name
 With sounding voice.

My soul, bear thou thy part :
 Triumph in God above !
 With a well-tuned heart,
 Sing thou the songs of love !
 Thou art his own,
 Whose precious blood,
 Shed for thy good,
 His love made known.

He did in love begin
 Renewing thee by grace,
 Forgiving all thy sin,
 Showed thee his pleased face ;
 He did thee heal
 By his own merit .
 And by his spirit
 He did thee seal.

In saddest thoughts and grief,
 In sickness, fears, and pain,
 I cried for his relief,
 And did not cry in vain.
 He heard with speed,
 And still I found
 Mercy abound
 In time of need.

Let not his praises grow
 On prosperous heights alone ;
 But in the vales below
 Let his great love be known.
 Let no distress
 Curb and control
 My winged soul,
 And praise suppress.

THE SECOND PART.

LET not the fear or smart
Of his chastising rod
Take off my fervent heart
From praising my dear God.
Whate'er I feel,
Still let me bring
This offering,
And to him kneel.

Though I lose friends and wealth,
And bear reproach and shame ;
Though I lose ease and health,
Still let me praise God's name.
That fear and pain
Which would destroy
My thanks and joy,
Do thou restrain.

Though human help depart,
And flesh draw near to dust,
Let faith keep up my heart,
To love God true and just :
And all my days
Let no disease
Cause me to cease
His joyful praise.

Though sin would make me doubt,
And fill my soul with fears,
Though God seems to shut out
My daily cries and tears :
By no such frost
Of sad delays
Let thy sweet praise
Be nipped and lost.

Away, distrustful care !
I have thy promise, Lord,
To banish all despair,
I have thy oath and word.
And therefore I
Shall see thy face,
And there thy grace
Shall magnify.

Though sin and death conspire
To rob thee of thy praise,
Still towards thee I'll aspire,
And thou dull hearts canst raise.
Open thy door :
And when grim death
Shall stop this breath,
I'll praise thee more.

With thy triumphant flock
Then I shall numbered be ;

Built on the eternal rock,
His glory we shall see.
The heavens so high
With praise shall ring,
And all shall sing
In harmony.

The sun is but a spark
From the eternal light :
Its brightest beams are dark
To that most glorious sight :
There the whole choir,
With one accord,
Shall praise the Lord
Forevermore.

RICHARD BAXTER.

BENEDICITE.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE is a native of Glasgow, where he was born in 1809. He occupies the Greek chair in the University of Edinburgh, and has been an extensive contributor to the press. Among his works are "Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece, and other Poems," from which the following is taken, and "Lyrical Poems."

ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord !
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Sun and moon bright,
Night and moonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Ocean hoary,
Tell his glory,
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared !
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Rock and highland,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Rolling river,
Praise him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured,
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Praise him ever,
Bounteous Giver ;
Praise him, Father, Friend, and Lord !
Each glad soul, its free course winging,
Each glad voice, its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord !

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

1857.

THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

"THERE is no God," the foolish saith,
But none, "There is no sorrow" ;
And nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow :
Eyes which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised ;
And lips say, "God be pitiful,"
Who ne'er said, "God be praised."
Be pitiful, O God !

The tempest stretches from the steep
The shadow of its coming ;
The beasts grow tame, and near us creep,
As help were in the human :
Yet while the cloud-wheels roll and grind
We spirits tremble under ! —
The hills have echoes ; but we find
No answer for the thunder.
Be pitiful, O God !

The battle hurtles on the plains —
Earth feels new scythes upon her :
We reap our brothers for the wains,
And call the harvest, honor, —
Draw face to face, front line to line,
One image all inherit, —
Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,
Clay, clay, — and spirit, spirit.
Be pitiful, O God !

The plague runs festering through the town,
And never a bell is tolling :
And corpses jostled 'neath the moon,
Nod to the dead-cart's rolling.
The young child calleth for the cup —
The strong man brings it weeping ;
The mother from her babe looks up,
And shrieks away its sleeping.
Be pitiful, O God !

The plague of gold strides far and near,
And deep and strong it enters :
This purple chimar which we wear,
Makes madder than the centaur's.
Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow
strange ;

We cheer the pale gold-diggers —
Each soul is worth so much on 'Change,
And marked, like sheep, with figures.
Be pitiful, O God !

The curse of gold upon the land,
The lack of bread enforces —
The rail-cars snort from strand to strand,
Like more of Death's White Horses :
The rich preach "rights" and future days,
And hear no angel scoffing :
The poor die mute — with starving gaze
On corn-ships in the offing.

Be pitiful, O God !

We meet together at the feast —
To private mirth betake us —
We stare down in the winecup lest
Some vacant chair should shake us !
We name delight, and pledge it round —
"It shall be ours to-morrow !"
God's seraphs, do your voices sound
As sad in naming sorrow ?
Be pitiful, O God !

We sit together, with the skies,
The steadfast skies, above us :
We look into each other's eyes,
"And how long will you love us ?"
The eyes grow dim with prophecy,
The voice is low and breathless —
"Till death us part !" — O words, to be
Our *best* for love the deathless !
Be pitiful, dear God !

We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed —
Our tears drop on the lids that said
Last night, "Be stronger hearted !"
O God, — to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely ! —
To see a light upon such brows,
Which is the daylight only !
Be pitiful, O God !

The happy children come to us,
And look up in our faces :
They ask us — Was it thus, and thus,
When we were in their places ?
We cannot speak : — we see anew
The hills we used to live in ;
And feel our mother's smile press through
The kisses she is giving.
Be pitiful, O God !

We pray together at the kirk,
 For mercy, mercy, solely —
 Hands weary with the evil work,
 We lift them to the Holy!
 The corpse is calm below our knee —
 Its spirit bright before thee —
 Between them, worse than either, we —
 Without the rest of glory!
 Be pitiful, O God!

We leave the communing of men,
 The murmur of the passions;
 And live alone, to live again
 With endless generations.
 Are we so brave? — The sea and sky
 In silence lift their mirrors;
 And, glassed therein, our spirits high
 Recoil from their own terrors.
 Be pitiful, O God!

We sit on hills our childhood wist,
 Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding:
 The sun strikes through the farthest mist,
 The city's spire to golden.
 The city's golden spire it was,
 When hope and health were stronge
 But now it is the churchyard grass,
 We look upon the longest.
 Be pitiful, O God!

And soon all vision waxeth dull —
 Men whisper, "He is dying":
 We cry no more, "Be pitiful!" —
 We have no strength for crying:
 No strength, no need! Then, Soul of mine,
 Look up and triumph rather —
 Lo! in the depth of God's Divine,
 The Son adjures the Father —
 BE PITIFUL, O GOD!
 ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A BROKEN AND CONTRITE HEART.

JOSEPH DACRE CARLYLE was born at Carlisle, Scotland, in 1759, and died in 1804. He was celebrated as an Orientalist, and occupied the chair of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, England.

LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
 And our confessions pour,
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,
 And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirit pitying see;
 True penitence impart;
 Then let a kindling glance from thee
 Beam hope upon the heart.

When our responsive tongues essay
 Their grateful hymns to raise,
 Grant that our souls may join the lay,
 And mount to thee in praise.

Then on thy glories while we dwell,
 Thy mercies we'll review,
 Till love divine transported tell
 Our God's our Father too.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 May we our wills resign;
 And not a thought our bosoms share,
 Which is not wholly thine.

May faith each weak petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies,
 And teach our hearts 't is goodness still
 That grants it or denies.

JOSEPH DACRE CARLYLE.

1805.

THE CHILD'S PLEA.

BECAUSE I wear the swaddling-bands of Time,
 Still mark and watch me,
 Eternal Father, on thy throne sublime,
 Lest Satan snatch me.

Because to seek thee I have yet to learn,
 Come down and lead me.
 Because I am too weak my bread to earn,
 My Father, feed me.

Because I grasp at things that are not mine
 And might undo me,
 Give, from thy treasure-house of goods divine,
 Good gifts unto me.

Because too near the pit I creeping go,
 Do not forsake me.
 To climb into thine arms I am too low, —
 O Father, take me!

SARAH HAMMOND PALFREY.

A BIRTHDAY PRAYER.

The author of these lines was born at Boston, Nov. 6, 1836, and is a graduate of Harvard College. He is now living in New York City.

ART thou the Life?
 To thee, then, do I owe each beat and breath,
 And wait thy ordering of the hour of death,
 In peace or strife.

ART thou the Light?
 To thee, then, in the sunshine or the cloud,
 Or in my chamber lone or in the crowd,
 I lift my sight.

Art thou the Truth?
To thee, then, loved and craved and sought
of yore,
I consecrate my manhood o'er and o'er,
As once my youth.

Art thou the Strong?
To thee, then, though the air is thick with
night,
I trust the seeming-unprotected right,
And leave the wrong.

Art thou the Wise?
To thee, then, do I bring each useless care,
And bid my soul unsay her idle prayer,
And hush her cries.

Art thou the Good?
To thee, then, with a thirsting heart I turn,
And stand, and at thy fountain hold my urn,
As aye I stood.

Forgive the call!
I cannot shut thee from my sense or soul,
I cannot lose me in the boundless whole,—
For thou art all!

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

MARK THE SOFT-FALLING SNOW.

MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain:
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again,
But waters earth
Through every pore,
And calls for all
Its secret store.

Arrayed in beautiful green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast is fed
By Providence divine;
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

"So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend—
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls
Shall feel its power,
And bear it down
To millions more.

"Joy shall begin your march,
And peace protect your ways,
While all the mountains round
Echo melodious praise;
The vocal groves
Shall sing the God,
And every tree
Consenting nod."

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1755.

AT ALL TIMES.

O THOU whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet,
I give thee thanks for every drop,—
The bitter and the sweet.

I praise thee for the desert road,
And for the river-side;
For all thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all thy grace denied.

I thank thee for both smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

I thank thee for the wing of love,
Which stirred my worldly nest,
And for the stormy clouds that drove
The flutterer to thy breast.

I bless thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy,
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

JANE CREWDSON.

PRAYER FOR ALL MEN.

VICTOR MARIE, VICOMTE HUGO, one of the most prominent writers of France, was born Feb. 26, 1802. His numerous romances show the influence of the political and social views that he has held from time to time.

My daughter, go and pray! See, night is come:
One golden planet pierces through the gloom;
Trembles the misty outline of the hill.
Listen! the distant wheels in darkness glide—
All else is hushed; the tree by the roadside
Shakes in the wind its dust-strewn branches
still.

Day is for evil, weariness, and pain,
Let us to prayer! Calm night is come again:
The wind among the ruined towers so bare
Sighs mournfully; the herds, the flocks, the
streams,
All suffer, all complain; worn nature seems
Longing for peace, for slumber, and for
prayer.

It is the hour when babes with angels speak;
 While we are rushing to our pleasures weak
 And sinful, all young children with bent
 knees,
 Eyes raised to heaven, and small hands folded
 fair,
 Say, at the self-same hour, the self-same prayer,
 On our behalf, to him who all things sees :

And then they sleep. Oh, peaceful cradle
 sleep!
 Oh, childhood's hallowed prayer! religion deep
 Of love, not fear, in happiness expressed!
 So the young bird, when done its twilight lay
 Of praise, folds peacefully at shut of day
 Its head beneath its wing, and sinks to rest.

Pray thou for all who living tread
 Upon this earth of graves;
 For all whose weary pathway leads
 Among the winds and waves;
 For him who madly takes delight
 In pomp of silken mantle bright,
 Or swiftness of a horse;
 For those who, laboring, suffer still;
 Coming or going, doing ill,
 Or on their heavenward course.

Pray thou for him who nightly sins
 Until the day dawns bright;
 Who at eve's hour of prayer begins
 His dance and banquet light;
 Whose impious orgies wildly ring,
 While pious hearts are offering
 Their prayers at twilight dim;
 And who, those vespers all forgot,
 Pursues his sin, and thinketh not
 God also heareth *him*.

Child, pray for all the poor beside;
 The prisoner in his cell;
 And those who in the city wide
 With crime and misery dwell;
 For the wise sage who thinks and dreams;
 For him who impiously blasphemeth
 Religion's holy law.

Pray thou — for prayer is infinite —
 Thy faith may give the scorner light,
 Thy prayer forgiveness draw.

VICTOR HUGO. Translator unknown.

THE ELIXIR.

TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things thee to see;
 And what I do in anything,
 To do it as for thee:

Not rudely, as a beast,
 To run into an action;
 But still to make thee prepossessed,
 And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass
 On it may stay his eye:
 Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
 And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake:
 Nothing can be so mean,
 Which with this tincture, *for thy sake*,
 Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant, with this clause,
 Makes drudgery divine:
 Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
 Makes that, and the action, fine.

This is the famous stone
 That turneth all to gold;
 For that which God doth touch and own
 Cannot for less be told.

GEORGE HERBERT.

1633.

SOME REFLECTIONS

UPON THE SEVERAL PETITIONS IN THE LORD'S PRAYER.

EDMUND WALLER, a connection by marriage of Oliver Cromwell, was born March 3, 1605, and died Oct. 21, 1687. His poetry was extravagant, but was highly praised by Hume and others.

His sacred name, with reverence profound,
 Should mentioned be, and trembling at the
 sound:

It was *Jehovah*, 't is *Our Father* now,
 So low to us does Heaven vouchsafe to bow.
 He brought it down, that taught us how to
 pray,
 And did so dearly for our ransom pay.

His kingdom come: for this we pray in vain,
 Unless he does in our affections reign:
 Absurd it were to wish for such a king,
 And not obedience to his sceptre bring;
 Whose yoke is easy, and his burden light,
 His service freedom, and his judgments right.

His will be done: in fact, 't is always done,
 But, as in heaven, it must be made our own:
 His will should all our inclinations sway,
 Whom nature and the universe obey.
 Happy the man, whose wishes are confined
 To what has been eternally designed;
 Referring all to his paternal care,
 To whom more dear than to ourselves we are.

It is not what our avarice hoards up ;
 'T is he that feeds us, and that fills our cup :
 Like new-born babes, depending on the breast,
 From day to day we on his bounty feast.
 Nor should the soul expect above a day
 To dwell in her frail tenement of clay :
 The setting sun should seem to bound our race,
 And the new day a gift of special grace.

That he should all our trespasses forgive,
 While we in hatred with our neighbors live ;
 Though so to pray may seem an easy task,
 We curse ourselves when thus inclined we ask :
 This prayer to use, we ought with equal care
 Our souls as to the sacrament prepare.
 The noblest worship of the Power above,
 Is to extol, and imitate, his love :
 Not to forgive our enemies alone,
 But use our bounty that they may be won.

Guard us from all temptations of the foe,
 And those we may in several stations know ;
 The rich and poor in slippery places stand :
 Give us enough, but with a sparing hand :
 Not ill-persuading want, nor wanton wealth,
 But what proportioned is to life and health ;
 For not the dead, but living, sing thy praise,
 Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise.

EDMUND WALLER.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

To prayer, to prayer ; — for the morning
 breaks,
 And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
 His light is on all below and above, —
 The light of gladness, and life, and love.
 Oh, then, on the breath of this early air
 Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer ; — for the glorious sun is gone,
 And the gathering darkness of night comes on ;
 Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
 To shade the couch where his children repose.
 Then kneel, while the watching stars are
 bright,
 And give your last thoughts to the Guardian
 of night.

To prayer ; — for the day that God has blest
 Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
 It speaks of creation's early bloom ;
 It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
 Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
 And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's
 eyes,
 For her new-born infant beside her lies.
 Oh, hour of bliss ! when the heart o'erflows
 With rapture a mother only knows.
 Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer :
 Let it swell up to Heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering
 band,
 Where the heart is pledged with the trembling
 hand :
 What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
 As the bride bids parent and home farewell !
 Kneel down by the side of the tearful pair,
 And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
 And pray for his soul through Him who died.
 Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow ;
 Oh, what are earth and its pleasures now !
 And what shall assuage his dark despair,
 But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?

Kneel down by the couch of departing faith,
 And hear the last words the believer saith
 He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends ;
 There is peace in his eye that upward bends ;
 There is peace in his calm, confiding air ;
 For his last thoughts are God's, his last words
 prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier !
 A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
 It commends the spirit to God who gave ;
 It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave ;
 It points to the glory where he shall reign,
 Who whispered, " Thy brother shall rise
 again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss !
 But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
 The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
 Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing ;
 But a sinless and joyous song they raise,
 And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake ! and gird up thy strength,
 To join that holy band at length !
 To him who unceasing love displays,
 Whom the powers of nature unceasingly
 praise, —
 To him thy heart and thy hours be given ;
 For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

HENRY WARE, JR.

P R A Y E R .

A PRAYER.

IMITATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

LORD! who art merciful as well as just,
 Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust!
 Not what I would, O Lord! I offer thee,
 Alas! but what I can.
 Father Almighty, who hast made me man,
 And bade me look to heaven, for thou art there,
 Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.
 Four things which are not in thy treasury,
 I lay before thee, Lord, with this petition:
 My nothingness, my wants,
 My sins, and my contrition.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE FORCE OF PRAYER.

“WHAT is good for a bootless bene?”
 With these dark words begins my tale;
 And their meaning is, “Whence can comfort
 spring,
 When prayer is of no avail?”

“What is good for a bootless bene?”
 The falconer to the lady said;
 And she made answer, “Endless sorrow!”
 For she knew that her son was dead.

She knew it by the falconer's words,
 And from the look of the falconer's eye;
 And from the love that was in her soul
 For her youthful Romilly.

— Young Romilly through Barden woods
 Is ranging high and low;
 And holds a greyhound in a leash,
 To let slip on buck and doe.

And the pair have reached that fearful chasm,
 How tempting to bestride!
 For lordly Wharf is there pent in
 With rocks on either side.

This striding-place is called the “Strid,”
 A name which it took of yore:
 A thousand years hath it borne that name,
 And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,
 And what may now forbid
 That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
 Shall bound across the “Strid”?

He sprang in glee, — for what cared he
 That the river was strong, and the rocks were
 steep? —
 But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
 And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,
 And strangled by a merciless force;
 For never more was young Romilly seen
 Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
 And long, unspeaking sorrow:
 Wharf shall be, to pitying hearts,
 A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the lady wept,
 A solace she might borrow
 From death, and from the passion of death, —
 Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day
 Which was to be to-morrow;
 Her hope was a farther-looking hope,
 And hers a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,
 And proudly did its branches wave;
 And the root of this delightful tree
 Was in her husband's grave!

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
 And her first words were, “Let there be
 In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
 A stately priory.”

The stately priory was reared,
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at even-song.

And the lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief!
But slowly did her succor come,
And a patience to her grief.

Oh, there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of him to be our friend!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE PRAYERS I MAKE.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If thou the spirit give by which I pray;
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed;
Of good and pious works thou art the seed
That quickens only where thou say'st it may.
Unless thou show to us thy own true way,
No man can find it: Father! thou must lead;
Do thou then breathe those thoughts into
my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing to thee,
And sound thy praises everlastingly!

MICHAEL ANGELO. Translated by
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

WHEN first thine eyes unveil, give thy soul
leave

To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun.
Give him thy first thoughts, then, so shalt thou
keep

Him company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day; there are set awful hours
'Twixt Heaven and us; the manna was not
good

After sun-rising; far day sullies flowers
Rise to prevent the sun: sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when this world's is
shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a
spring

Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not
sing?

Oh, leave thy cares and follies! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine;
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries: the world's first
youth,

Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light,
truth,

Is styled their star, the store and hidden
food:

Three blessings wait upon them; one of which
Should move: they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay;
Despatch necessities; life hath a load

Which must be carried on, and safely may.
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the
heart

Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

1651.

THE PRAYER.

WILT thou not visit me?

The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew;

Each blade of grass I see

From thy deep earth its quickening moisture
drew.

Wilt thou not visit me?

Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;

And every hill and tree

Lend but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

Come! for I need thy love,

More than the flower the dew, or grass the
rain;

Come, like thy holy dove,

And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

I will not hide from them,

When thy storms come, though fierce may be
their wrath:

But bow with leafy stem,

And strengthened follow on thy chosen path.

Yes, thou wilt visit me ;
Nor plant nor tree thy eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

1839.

JONES VERY.

DENIAL.

MISS BRACKETT is a teacher of eminence in the City of New York. She was born in Boston, in 1836. After graduation at the Normal School at Framingham, Mass., in 1856, she taught in Charleston, S. C., Cambridge, Mass., and St. Louis, Mo., before going to New York.

THE two best gifts in all the perfect world
Lie in two close-shut hands ;
The hands rest even on the outstretched knees
Like those stone forms the wildered traveller sees
In dreamy Eastern lands.

I reach to grasp : but lo ! that hand withdraws, —

The other forward glides ;
The silent gesture says : " This is for thee,
Take now, and wait not ever, listlessly,
For changing times and tides."

I take — Thou canst not say I took it not !
The record readeth fair.

I take and use, and come again to crave,
With weary hands and feet, but spirit brave, —
The same thing lieth there.

So many times ! ah me ! so many times !
The same hand gives the gift ;
And must I, till the evening shadows grow,
Still kneel before an everlasting No,
To see the other lift ?

I ask for bread ; thou givest me a stone ;
Oh, give the other now !
Thou knowest, thou, the spirit's bitter need,
The day grows sultry as I come to plead
With dust on hand and brow.

Ah, fool ! is He not greater than thy heart ?
His eyes are kindest still.
And seeing all, he surely knoweth best ;
Oh, if no other, know the perfect rest
Of yielding to his will.

Perchance — he knows — canst thou not trust
his love ?

For no expectant eyes
Of something other, full of wild desire,
Can watch the burning of the altar fire
Of daily sacrifice.

ANNA C. BRACKETT.

1879.

HAST THOU WITHIN A CARE SO DEEP ?

HAST thou within a care so deep,
It chases from thine eyelids sleep ?
To thy Redeemer take that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

Hast thou a hope with which thy heart
Would almost feel it death to part ?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

Hast thou a friend whose image dear
May prove an idol worshipped here ?
Implore the Lord that nought may be
A shadow between Heaven and thee.

Whate'er the care that breaks thy rest,
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

UNANSWERED PRAYER.

NOT thou from us, O Lord, but we
Withdraw ourselves from thee.

When we are dark and dead,
And thou art covered with a cloud,
Hanging before thee, like a shroud,
So that our prayer can find no way,
Oh, teach us that we do not say,
" Where is thy brightness fled ?"

But that we search and try
What in ourselves has wrought this blame ;
For thou remainest still the same,
But earth's own vapors earth may fill
With darkness and thick clouds, while still
The sun is in the sky.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D.

THE PRAYER.

My soul doth pant towards thee,
My God, source of eternal life.
Flesh fights with me :
Oh, end the strife,
And part us, that in peace I may
Unclay
My wearied spirit, and take
My flight to thy eternal spring,
Where, for his sake,
Who is my king,
I may wash all my tears away,
That day.

Thou Conqueror of death,
 Glorious Triumpher o'er the grave,
 Whose holy breath
 Was spent to save
 Lost mankind, make me to be styled
 Thy child,
 And take me when I die
 And go unto my dust; my soul
 Above the sky
 With saints enroll,
 That in thy arms, forever, I
 May lie.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

PRAYER.

WHEN prayer delights thee least, then learn
 to say,
 Soul, now is greatest need that thou shouldst
 pray.

Crooked and warped I am, and I would fain
 Straighten myself by thy right line again.

Oh, come, warm sun, and ripen my late fruits;
 Pierce, genial showers, down to my parched
 roots.

My well is bitter: cast therein the tree,
 That sweet henceforth its brackish wave
 may be.

Say, what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed?
 The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

The man is praying, who doth press with
 might
 Out of his darkness into God's own light.

White heat the iron in the furnace won;
 Withdrawn from thence, 't is cold and hard
 anon.

Flowers, from their stalks divided, presently
 Droop, fail, and wither in the gazer's eye.

The greenest leaf, divided from its stem,
 To speedy withering doth itself condemn.

The largest river, from its fountain head
 Cut off, leaves soon a parched and dusty bed.

All things that live, from God their sustenance
 wait,
 And sun and moon are beggars at his gate.

All skirts extended of thy mantle hold,
 When angel-hands from heaven are scattering
 gold.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D.

1851.

THE EFFECTS OF PRAYER.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, a learned divine of the English Church, was born at Dublin, Sept. 9, 1807. Formerly Dean of Westminster, he is now Archbishop of Dublin. He has been a diligent student of language, and has translated from the Latin, German, and Spanish. His "Study of Words" and "Lessons in Proverbs" are widely read. His poems were published in 1835. Among his other works are "The Synonymes of the New Testament," a volume of Latin poetry, and the "Parables" and "Miracles" of Christ.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
 Spent in thy presence will prevail to make!
 What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
 What parched grounds revive, as with a shower!
 We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
 We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
 Stands forth a sunny outline brave and clear
 We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of
 power!

Why, wherefore should we do ourselves this
 wrong.

Or others, that we are not always strong;
 That we are ever overborne with care;
 That we should ever weak or heartless be,
 Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
 And joy, and strength, and courage are with
 thee!

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D.

1835.

THE SUPPLIANT.

ALL night the lonely suppliant prayed,
 All night his earnest crying made;
 Till, standing by his side at morn;
 The Tempter said, in bitter scorn,
 "Oh, peace! what profit do you gain
 From empty words and babblings vain?
 'Come, Lord — oh, come!' you cry away;
 You pour your heart out night and day;
 Yet still no murmur of reply, —
 No voice that answers, 'Here am I.'"

Then sank that stricken heart in dust;
 That word had withered all its trust;
 No strength retained it now to pray,
 For faith and hope had fled away:
 And ill that mourner now had fared,
 Thus by the Tempter's arts ensnared,
 But that at length, beside his bed,
 His sorrowing angel stood, and said:

"Doth it repent thee of thy love,
 That never now is heard above
 Thy prayer, that now not any more
 It knocks at heaven's gate as before?"

"I am cast out, — I find no place,
 No hearing at the throne of grace:

'Come, Lord — oh, come!' I cry alway;
I pour my heart out night and day;
Yet never until now have won
The answer, 'Here am I, my son.'

— "Oh, dull of heart! enclosed doth lie
In each 'Come, Lord,' a 'Here am I.'
Thy love, thy longing are not thine,
Reflections of a love divine:
Thy very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger from heaven.
Whom God rejects, they are not so;
Strong bands are round them in their woe;
Their hearts are bound with bands of brass,
That sigh or crying cannot pass.
All treasures did the Lord impart
To Pharaoh, save a contrite heart:
All other gifts unto his foes
He freely gives, nor grudging knows;
But Love's sweet smart, and costly pain,
A treasure for his friends remain."

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D.

PREPARATIVE TO PRAYER.

WHEN thou dost talk with God, — by prayer,
I mean, —

Lift up pure hands, lay down all lust's de-
sires;

Fix thoughts on heaven, present a conscience
clean:

Since holy blame to mercy's throne aspires,
Confess faults' guilt, crave pardon for thy sin,
Tread holy paths, call grace to guide therein.

It is the spirit with reverence must obey

Our Maker's will, to practise what he taught:
Make not the flesh thy council when thou pray;

'T is enemy to every virtuous thought;

It is the foe we daily feed and clothe;

It is the prison that the soul doth loathe.

Even as Elias, mounting to the sky,

Did cast his mantle to the earth behind;

So, when the heart presents the prayer on high,

Exclude the world from traffic with the
mind:

Lips near to God, and ranging heart within,
Is but vain babbling, and converts to sin.

Like Abraham, ascending up the hill

To sacrifice, his servants left below,

That he might act the great Commander's will,
Without impeach to his obedient blow;

Even so the soul, remote from earthly things,
Should mount salvation's shelter, — mercy's
wings.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, D. D.

A HYMN.

I CANNOT think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know he is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but he will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand, — it lies so near:

It looks so sweet, it looks so dear.

"Dear Lord," I pray, "oh, let me know
If it is wrong to want it so."

He only smiles, — he does not speak;
My heart grows weaker and more weak,
With looking at the thing so dear,
Which lies so far and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at thy loved feet
This thing which looks so near, so sweet,
I will not seek, I will not long, —
I almost fear I have been wrong.
I'll go and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word
Thou callest me to thy loved feet,
To take this thing, so dear, so sweet.

SAXE HOLM.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

HUGH STOWELL, an eloquent and powerful clergyman of the Church of England, was born on the Isle of Man, Dec. 3, 1799, and died Oct. 8, 1865. He published a collection of psalms and hymns suited to the service of the Church of England, in 1831.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads.
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around the common mercy seat.

Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Oh, may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat!

HUGH STOWELL.

1831.

DESIRING THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

HEAR, gracious God! my humble moan;
To thee I breathe my sighs:
When will the mournful night be gone,
And when my joys arise?

My God! oh, could I make the claim,
My Father and my Friend!
And call thee mine, by every name
On which thy saints depend;

By every name of power and love
I would thy grace entreat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.

Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here I would rest till light returns,—
Thy presence makes my day.

Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart!
Oh, smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart!

Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise!

ANNE STEELE.

1760.

ABOVE THE STORMS.

ABOVE the storms and thunder-jars
That shake the eddying air,
Away beneath the naked stars,
Rises the Mount of Prayer!

The cumbering bars of mortal life
Here break and fall away,
And the harsh noise of human strife
Comes never: Let us pray!

Here, Lord, may thy serener light
Reveal my nature true,
And all the pages, dark and bright,
Lie open to my view.

I've mingled in the battle-din
That shakes the plains below,
And passions born of earth and sin
Have left their stains, I know.

How silent move thy chariot-wheels
Along our camping-ground,
Whose thickly folding smoke conceals
Thy camp of fire around!

We tremble in the battle's roar,
Are brave amid its calm;
And when the fearful fight is o'er
We snatch thy victor-palm.

On surface-knowledge we have fed,
And missed the golden grain;
And now I come to thee for bread
To sate this hunger-pain.

No gift I bring, nor knowledge fine,
Nor trophies of my own;
I come to lay my heart in thine,
O Lamb amid the throne!

"All that the Father hath is mine,"
Thus does thy Word declare,—
So the full stream of Life divine
Flows from the Godhead there.

The Tree of Life in mystic rows
Stands in eternal green;
Out from the throne the river flows
In crystal waves between.

Ambrosial fruits hang o'er the waves
That pour their cleansing flood,—
Thy fount of love the heart that laves,
And fills with royal good.

That good I seek, yet not alone
The hungered heart to fill,
But as the angels nigh the throne,
Made swift to do thy will:

Thy will, unmingled, Lord, with mine,
That makes all service sweet,
And, charged with messages divine,
Puts wings upon my feet.

No need to trim my taper's blaze,
No need of sun or moon;
The glories falling from thy face
Make my unchanging noon.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS, D. D.

1873.

PRAYER.

CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON was born in Hallowell, Me., May 29, 1851, where his father was a resident physician. He passed in due course through the graded schools of the town, and graduated at Dartmouth College in 1871. Mr. Richardson has always been a student of English literature and a great reader. He was for several years the literary editor of the *New York Independent*, and is now one of the editors of the *Sunday School Times*. He lives in Philadelphia. In addition to his editorial work, he has written two volumes and has contributed to the magazines. His poems were first collected in a volume entitled "The Cross," published in 1879.

IF, when I kneel to pray,
With eager lips I say:

"Lord, give me all the things that I desire;
Health, wealth, fame, friends, brave heart,
religious fire,

The power to sway my fellow-men at will,
And strength for mighty works to banish ill";
In such a prayer as this
The blessing I must miss.

Or if I only dare

To raise this fainting prayer:

"Thou seest, Lord, that I am poor and weak,
And cannot tell what things I ought to seek;
I therefore do not ask at all, but still
I trust thy bounty all my wants to fill";

My lips shall thus grow dumb,
The blessing shall not come.

But if I lowly fall,

And thus in faith I call:

"Through Christ, O Lord, I pray thee give to
me

Not what I would, but what seems best to thee,
Of life, of health, of service, and of strength,
Until to thy full joy I come at length";

My prayer shall then avail,
The blessing shall not fail.

CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON.

1879.

DIVINE EJACULATION.

FOUNTAIN of Light and living Breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade;
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see thy power and sing thy praise.

O thou that sitt'st in heaven, and seest
My deeds without, my thoughts within, —
Be thou my prince, be thou my priest,
Command my soul, and cure my sin:
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to thee.

What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possessed and blest in thee:
What I enjoy, oh, make it mine,
In making me, that have it, thine.

When winter-fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer-friends, — when eyes grow
strange;

When plighted faith forgets its vows;
When earth and all things in it change:
O Lord, thy mercies fail me never, —
Where once thou lovest, thou lovest for-
ever.

JOHN QUARLES.

PRAYER.

WE doubt the word that tells us, Ask,
And ye shall have your prayer;
We turn our thoughts as to a task,
With will constrained and rare.

And yet we have; these scanty prayers
Yield gold without alloy:
O God! but he that trusts and dares
Must have a boundless joy!

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE CHILD.

QUIET, Lord, my forward heart,
Make me teachable and mild;
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'T is enough that thou wilt care, —
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love

JOHN NEWTON.

EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

MARGARET MERCER, who voluntarily reduced herself from affluence to poverty by giving freedom to her slaves, was born at Annapolis, Md., in 1791, and died in 1846. She was a daughter of John Mercer, governor of Maryland. For twenty-five years she supported herself by teaching school.

Nor on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed,
 Compose thy weary limbs to rest ;
 For they alone are blest
 With balmy sleep
 Whom angels keep ;
 Nor, though by care oppress,
 Or anxious sorrow,
 Or though in many a coil perplexed
 For coming morrow,
 Lay not thy head
 On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes shall
 close,
 That earthly cares and woes
 To thee may e'er return ?
 Arouse, my soul !
 Slumber control,
 And let thy lamp burn brightly ;
 So shall thine eyes discern
 Things pure and sightly ;
 Taught by the Spirit, learn
 Never on prayerless bed
 To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,
 That calls for holy prayer ?
 Has thy day been so bright
 That in its flight
 There is no trace of sorrow ?
 And thou art sure to-morrow
 Will be like this, and more
 Abundant ? Dost thou yet lay up thy store,
 And still make plans for more ?
 Thou fool ! this very night
 Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
 That ploughs the ocean deep,
 And when storms sweep
 The wintry, lowering sky,
 For whom thou wak'st and weapest ?
 Oh, when thy pangs are deepest,
 Seek then the covenant ark of prayer ;
 For He that slumbereth not is there,
 His ear is open to thy cry.
 Oh, then, on prayerless bed
 Lay not thy thoughtless head !

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber,
 Till in communion blest
 With the elect ye rest —
 Those souls of countless number ;

And with them raise
 The note of praise,
 Reaching from earth to heaven, —
 Chosen, redeemed, forgiven ;
 So lay thy happy head,
 Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

MARGARET MERCER.

1835.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

My God ! is any hour so sweet,
 From blush of morn to evening star,
 As that which calls me to thy feet, —
 The hour of prayer ?

Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
 And blest that solemn hour of eve,
 When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
 The world I leave.

For then a dayspring shines on me,
 Brighter than morn's ethereal glow ;
 And richer dews descend from thee
 Than earth can know.

Then is my strength by thee renewed ;
 Then are my sins by thee forgiven ;
 Then dost thou cheer my solitude
 With hopes of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief
 Here for my every want I find ;
 What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
 What peace of mind !

Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear ;
 My spirit seems in heaven to stay ;
 And e'en the penitential tear
 Is wiped away.

Lord ! till I reach yon blissful shore,
 No privilege so dear shall be
 As thus my inmost soul to pour
 In prayer to thee.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

1854.

WHAT IS PRAYER ?

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed ;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of the eye,
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word and deed and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone, —
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For sinners intercedes

O thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1819.

DEVOTION.

GOOD God, when thou thy inward grace dost
shower

Into my breast,
How full of light and lively power
Is then my soul!
How am I blest!

How can I then all difficulties devower!
Thy might,
Thy spright,

With ease my cumberous enemy control.

If thou once turn away thy face and hide
Thy cheerful look,
My feeble flesh may not abide
That dreadful stound;
I cannot brook

Thy absence. My heart, with care and grief
then gride,

Doth fail,
Doth quail;

My life steals from me at that hidden wound.

My fancy's then a burden to my mind;
Mine anxious thought

Betrays my reason, makes me blind;
Near dangers drad
Make me distraught:
Surprised with fear my senses all I find:
In hell
I dwell,
Oppressed with horror, pain, and sorrow sad.
My former resolutions all are fled —
Slipped over my tongue;
My faith, my hope, and joy are dead.
Assist my heart,
Rather than my song,
My God, my Saviour! When I'm ill-bested,
Stand by,
And I
Shall bear with courage undeserved smart.

HENRY MORE.

1647.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave, —
Pray: ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial-plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see, —
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

WHEN is the time for prayer?
With the first beams that light the morning's
sky,
Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,
Lift up thy thoughts on high;
Commend the loved ones to his watchful care:
Morn is the time for prayer!

And in the noontide hour,
 If worn by toil, or by sad cares oppressed,
 Then unto God thy spirit's sorrow pour,
 And he will give thee rest : —
 Thy voice shall reach him through the fields
 of air :
 Noon is the time for prayer !

When the bright sun hath set, —
 Whilst yet eve's glowing colors deck the
 skies ; —
 When the loved, at home, again thou 'st met,
 Then let the prayer arise
 For those who in thy joys and sorrow share :
 Eve is the time for prayer !

And when the stars come forth, —
 When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are
 given,
 And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth
 To pure, bright dreams of heaven, —
 Kneel to thy God — ask strength, life's ills to
 bear :
 Night is the time for prayer !

When is the time for prayer ?
 In every hour, while life is spared to thee —
 In crowds or solitudes — in joy or care —
 Thy thoughts should heavenward flee.
 At home — at morn and eve — with loved
 ones there,
 Bend thou the knee in prayer !

G. BENNETT.

LAMENTATION.

JEAN INGELOW, who is a loved poet of the present time, is the daughter of the late William Ingelow, of Suffolk, England. She was born about 1830, and has written several volumes of verse.

I READ upon that book,
 Which down the golden gulf doth let us look
 On the sweet days of pastoral majesty ;
 I read upon that book,
 How, when the shepherd prince did flee
 (Red Esau's twin), he desolate took
 The stone for a pillow : then he fell on sleep.
 And lo ! there was a ladder. Lo ! there hung
 A ladder from the star-place, and it clung
 To the earth : it tied her so to heaven ! and oh,
 There fluttered wings ;
 Then were ascending and descending things
 That stepped to him where he lay low ;
 Then up the ladder would a-drifting go
 (This feathered brood of heaven), and show
 Small as white flakes in winter that are blown
 Together, underneath the great white throne.

When I had shut the book, I said :
 " Now, as for me, my dreams upon my bed
 Are not like Jacob's dream ;
 Yet I have got it in my life ; yes, I,
 And many more : it doth not us beseem,
 Therefore, to sigh.

Is there not hung a ladder in our sky ?
 Yea ; and, moreover, all the way up on high
 Is thickly peopled with the prayers of men.
 We have no dream ! what then ?
 Like winged wayfarers the height they scale
 (By him that offers them they shall prevail) —
 The prayers of men.
 But where is found a prayer for me ;
 How should I pray ?
 My heart is sick, and full of strife.
 I heard one whisper with departing breath,
 ' Suffer us not, for any pains of death,
 To fall from thee.'
 But oh, the pains of life ! the pains of life !
 There is no comfort now, and nought
 to win.
 But yet — I will begin."

" Preserve to me my wealth," I do not say,
 For that is wasted away ;
 And much of it was cankered ere it went.
 " Preserve to me my health," I cannot say,
 For that, upon a day,
 Went after other delights to banishment.

What can I pray ? " Give me forgetfulness " ?
 No, I would still possess
 Past away smiles, though present fronts be
 stern.
 " Give me again my kindred " ? Nay : not so,
 Not idle prayers. We know
 They that have crossed the river cannot re-
 turn.

I do not pray, " Comfort me ! comfort me !"
 For how should comfort be ?
 O — O that cooing mouth, that little white
 head !
 No ; but I pray, " If it be not too late,
 Open to me the gate,
 That I may find my babe when I am dead.

" Show me the path. I had forgotten thee
 When I was happy and free,
 Walking down here in the glad some light o'
 the sun ;
 But now I come and mourn ; oh, set my feet
 In the road to thy blest seat,
 And for the rest, O God, thy will be done."

JEAN INGELOW.

HE REMEMBERETH.

DEAR Lord, of all the words of thine
Which for our comfort ring and shine
Through sacred air, on sacred page,
From sacred lips in every age,
No one has brought such blessed cheer
To me, — no one is half so dear,
No one so surely cometh home
To every soul, as this which from
A pure heart wrung with sorrow came,
“For he remembereth our frame.”

Not merely that he can forgive,
And for his love's sake bid us live,
When we in trespasses and sins
Are dead, but that our weakness wins
From him such pity as alone
To fathers' yearning hearts is known ;
Such pity that he even calls
Us sons, and in our lowest falls
Sees never utter, hopeless shame,
“For he remembereth our frame.”

Dear Lord, to thee a thousand years
Are as a day ; with contrite tears
One prayer I pray ! My little life, —
Its good, its ill, its grief, its strife, —
Oh, let it in thy holy sight,
Like empty watches of a night,
Forgotten be ! And of my name,
Dear Lord, who knowest all our frame,
Let there remain no memory
Save of the thing I longed to be !

MRS. HELEN (FISKE) JACKSON.

1878.

OUR PRAYERS.

ART thou weary of our selfish prayers ?
Forever crying, “Help me, save me, Lord !”
We stay fenced in by petty fears and cares,
Nor hear the song outside, nor join its vast
accord.

And yet the truest praying is a psalm :
The lips that open in pure air to sing
Make entrance to the heart for health and balm ;
And so life's urn is filled at heaven's all-
brimming spring.

Is not the need of other souls our need ?
After desire the helpful act must go,
As the strong wind bears on the winged seed
To some bare spot of earth, and leaves it
there to grow.

Still are we saying, “Teach us how to pray” ?
Oh, teach us how to love ! and then our prayer

Through other lives will find its upward way,
As plants together seek and find sweet life
and air.

Thy large bestowing makes us ask for more.
Prayer widens with the world wherethrough
love flows.

Needy, though blest, we throng before thy
door :

Let in thy sunshine, Lord, on all that lives
and grows !

LUCY LARCOM.

PRAYER FOR PEACE.

O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease ;
The wrath of sinful man restrain :
Give peace, O God, give peace again !

Remember, Lord, thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told ;
Remember not our sin's dark stain :
Give peace, O God, give peace again !

Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord ?
Where rest but on thy faithful word ?
None ever called on thee in vain ;
Give peace, O God, give peace again !

Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love ;
Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain !
Give peace, O God, give peace again !

SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER.

THE WORTH OF PRAYER.

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came ;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast ;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear ;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

1787.

PRAYER FOR PEACE.

KARL LEBERECHE IMMERMANN was born at Magdeburg, April 24, 1796, and died Aug. 25, 1840. He removed to Düsseldorf in 1837, and became a writer of dramas. He was possessed of much culture, but was deficient in imagination.

O GOD, who rul'st o'er earth,
Be merciful to me !
Amid this din and mirth
Call thy poor child to thee !

Who, by wild billows tossed,
Is but of them the sport ;
Lord, let me not be lost !
Lord, guide me to the port !

In such a fight I know
But one whose counsels cheer,
O Father, it is thou,
So distant, yet so near !

With love I'll cling to thee,
Supported by thy hand :
Do not abandon me
On this world's desert strand !

KARL LEBERECHE IMMERMANN. Translated by
ALFRED BASKERVILLE, 1853.

THE PRAYERS.

A DREAM.

WILLIAM COX BENNETT, LL.D., is the son of a watchmaker of Greenwich, England, at which place he was born, in 1820. He has been prominent as a philanthropic citizen, and has labored for the education of the masses. He has published many volumes of prose and verse since 1843, when his first poems appeared. Among these are "Baby May, and other Poems," 1861.

A SOUND of supplication
Went trembling up the air ;
Up to the Giver of all good
Arose the sound of prayer :
"Grant me a sense for all delight,
No pleasure, Lord, can cloy ;
Through youth, through age, from birth to
death,
Oh, give me to enjoy !"

Again I heard a murmur low
Of prayer ascend on high ;
Again soft supplicating tones
Went trembling up the sky :
"Wisdom above all earthly good,
O Lord, on me bestow ;
Thou who art thought and fate and love,
Oh, give me, Lord, to know !"

And yet again with humblest tones
The throbbing air was stirred ;

Again the low, deep voice of prayer,
Ascending heaven, was heard :
"Grant me, O thou that grantest all,
All blessings else above,
A heart to feel with all that breathe ;
Oh, give me, Lord, to love !"

Then silence was in earth and heaven,
And in the stillness stole,
With awe and mighty dread, a voice
Upon my trembling soul :
"Which chooseth thou?" Then said I, "Lord,
Bliss, wisdom, Lord, deny, but love,
Oh, do not thou refuse !"

"Well hast thou chosen." Yet again,
In fear upon me came :
"Oh, wisest they in all the earth,
Whose choice in time's the same ;
Lo, choosing one, thou chooseth all,
For, mortal, know thou, love
Is highest wisdom, and its joy
Is joy, all joy above."

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

PRAYER FOR LIGHT AND GUID-
ANCE.

SIMON BROWNE was born about 1680, and began to preach in 1716, in the Old Jewry, London. He suffered from a singular derangement on account of having killed a highwayman in self-defence, and the loss of his wife and son, in 1723, affected him so deeply that he was incapacitated for work. He died in 1732. His hymns are generally not of a very high degree of merit. They were published in 1720 as an appendix to those of Watts.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
My sinful maladies remove :
Be thou my light, be thou my guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way ;
Plant holy fear within mine heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead me to God, my final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest.

Lead me to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let me from his pastures stray ;
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God ;
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.

Lead me to means of grace, where I
 May own my wants, and seek supply ;
 Lead to thyself, the spring from whence
 To fetch all quickening influence.

Thus I, conducted still by thee,
 Of God a child beloved shall be ;
 Here to his family pertain,
 Hereafter with him ever reign.

SIMON BROWNE

1720.

—◆—

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father, which in heaven art,
 We sanctify thy name :
 Thy kingdom comē : thy will be done :
 In heaven and earth the same :
 Give us this day our daily bread :
 And us forgive thou so,
 As we on them that us offend
 Forgiveness do bestow :
 Into temptation lead us not,
 But us from evil free :
 For thine the kingdom, power, and praise
 Is, and shall ever be.

GEORGE WITHER.

1623.

—◆—

PRAYER.

BE not afraid to pray, — to pray is right.
 Pray, if thou canst, with hope : but ever pray,
 Though hope be weak, or sick with long de-
 lay ;

Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
 Far is the time remote from human sight
 When war and discord on the earth shall cease ;
 Yet every prayer for universal peace
 Avails the blessed time to expedite.
 Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
 Though it be what thou canst not hope to see :
 Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
 Forbid the spirit so on earth to be ;
 But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
 Then pray to God to cast that wish away

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

—◆—

WEARINESS.

“ Lord, I am oppressed ; undertake for me.”

ISA. xxxviii. 14.

LORD, with a very tired mind
 I seek thy face ;
 Thy shadowing wing alone can be
 My resting-place.
 Oh, let the everlasting arms,
 Around me thrown,

My secret sanctuary be
 From ills unknown.

Thou knowest, Lord, the hidden cross
 None else may see ;
 For thou appointest every grief
 That chastens me !
 And I may plead with thee, my God,
 For patient strength,
 That this thy discipline of love
 Bear fruit at length.

I need not fear to tell thee all,
 My heavenly Friend, —
 Of conflict, longing, vague unrest, —
 Thou sett'st the end :
 And thou wilt lead my weary feet
 From world-worn ways,
 Through paths of everlasting peace,
 To calmer days.

Lord ! dwell within my heart, and fill
 Its emptiness ;
 Set thou its hope above the reach
 Of earthliness ;
 Baptize its love, through suffering,
 Into thine own,
 And work in me a faith that rests
 On Christ alone.

MARY KENT ADAMS STONE.

1879.

—◆—

WHATSOEVER.

ONE day, in stress of need, I prayed,
 “ Dear Father, thou hast bid me bring
 All wants to thee ; so, unafraid,
 I ask thee for this little thing,
 Round which my hopes so keenly cling.
 And yet, remembering what thou art,
 So dread, so wondrous, so divine,
 I marvel that I have the heart
 To tell thee of this wish of mine !

“ Thy heavens are strewn with worlds on
 worlds,
 Thy star-dust powders reachless space ;
 System on system round thee whirls,
 Who sittest in the central place
 Of being : while before thy face
 The universe hangs like a bead
 Of dew, upon whose arc is shown,
 With but reflected flash indeed,
 Godhood's magnificence alone !

“ And when I think our world's but one
 Small world amid the countless band,
 That in its daily course doth run
 Its golden circuit through thy hand,

And that its peopled myriads stand
 Always before thee, even as I,
 Sad suppliants in their misery dumb,
 Waiting for every hour's supply, —
 I wonder that *I* dare to come !

“ I could not come, but for thy word,
 That says I may, in reverent fear,
 Approach, and through thy grace be heard ;
 Therefore, to-day, I venture near
 And bring the suit, to me so dear ;
 Remembering what thy Christ hath said,
 And reading it with faith aright,
 That every hair upon my head
 Bears its own number in his sight.

“ The thing I ask thee for, how small,
 How trivial must it seem to thee !
 Yet, Lord, thou knowest, who knowest all,
 It is no little thing to me,
 So weak, so human as I be !
 Therefore I make my prayer to-day,
 And as a father pitieth, then,
 Grant me *this little thing*, I pray,
 Through the one sacred Name. Amen ! ”

I had my wish : the little thing,
 So needful to my heart's content,
 Was given to my petitioning,
 And comforted, I onward went
 With tranquil soul, wherein were blent
 Trust and thanksgiving : for I know
 Now, as I had not known before,
 The *whatsoever's* meaning : so
 I cavil not nor question more !

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

1879.

PRAYER.

THERE is an awful quiet in the air,
 And the sad earth, with moist imploring eye,
 Looks wide and wakeful at the pondering sky,
 Like patience slow subsiding to despair.
 But see, the blue smoke as a voiceless prayer,
 Sole witness of a secret sacrifice,
 Upholds its tardy wreaths, and multiplies
 Its soft chameleon breathings in the rare
 Capacious ether, — so it fades away,
 And nought is seen beneath the pendent blue,
 The undistinguishable waste of day :
 So have I dreamed ! oh, may the dream be
 true ! —
 That praying souls are purged from mortal
 hue,
 And grow as pure as He to whom they pray.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

WILLIAM COWPER was born at Berkhamstead, Nov. 26, 1731, studied at Westminster School, and was intended for the bar. Nervous weakness and mental alienation interfered with the performance of his duties, and he was induced to write verses as a relief. Sincere in his Christian faith, and possessed of the poetical faculty, he attained a high rank, and is by some critics considered the most important contributor to English poetry between Pope and Wordsworth. His hymns are a source of comfort to many wherever they are sung. He died April 29, 1800.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat !
 Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there ?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright ;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side ;
 But when through weariness they failed,
 That moment Amalek prevailed.

Have you no words ? Ah ! think again,
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
 With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
 To Heaven in supplication sent,
 Your cheerful song would oftener be,
 “ Hear what the Lord has done for me ! ”

WILLIAM COWPER.

1779.

“ AMEN ! ”

So let it be ! The prayer that Christ enjoins
 Live ever in our soul and on our tongue !
 So let it be ! The worship he assigns,
 Our great Creator, with thanksgiving song,
 From hearths, in temples, yea, wild woods
 among,

Pour forth ! So let it be ! As drooping vines
 Drink the reviving shower, so sink along
 Our hearts his precepts ! Lo, one word en-
 shrines

Full attestation of our faith ! “ Amen ”
 Includes the sum of our assent, and bears
 The seal of truth : it is the wing of prayers,
 Speeding the voice of millions, not in vain,
 To God's high throne, borne on seraphic airs,
 To ratify in heaven our glorious gain !

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

70 2000
AUGUST 1900

THE LORD'S DAY.

SATURDAY EVENING.

SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 On the approaching Sabbath day:
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

Mercies multiplied each hour,
 Through the week our praise demand;
 Guarded by Almighty power,
 Fed and guided by his hand:
 Though ungrateful we have been,
 Only made returns of sin.

While we pray for pardoning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciled face,
 Shine away our sin and shame:
 From our worldly care set free,
 May we rest this night with thee.

When the morn shall bid us rise,
 May we feel thy presence near!
 May thy glory meet our eyes
 When we in thy house appear!
 There afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

May thy gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints:
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above!

1779.

JOHN NEWTON.

SUNDAY MORNING.

JOHANN PETER HEBEL, called the German Burns, was born May 11, 1760, and rose to be a prominent professor of theology. He wrote poems in the Black Forest dialect on rustic themes. He died at Schwetzingen, Sept. 22, 1826.

"WELL," Saturday to Sunday said,
 "The people now have gone to bed;
 All, after toiling through the week,
 Right willingly their rest would seek;
 Myself can hardly stand alone,
 So very weary I have grown."

His speech was echoed by the bell,
 As on his midnight couch he fell,
 And Sunday now the watch must keep.
 So, rising from his pleasant sleep,
 He glides half dozing through the sky,
 To tell the world that morn is nigh.

He rubs his eyes, and, none too late,
 Knocks aloud at the sun's bright gate;
 She slumbered in her silent hall,
 Unprepared for his early call.
 Sunday exclaims, "Thy hour is nigh!"
 "Well, well," says she, "I'll come by and by."

Gently on tiptoe Sunday creeps;
 Cheerfully from the stars he peeps;
 Mortals are all asleep below,
 None in the village hears him go;
 E'en chanticleer keeps very still,
 For Sunday whispered 't was his will.

Now the world is awake and bright,
 After refreshing sleep all night;
 The Sabbath morn in sunlight comes,
 Smiling gladly on all our homes.

He has a mild and happy air ;
Bright flowers are wreathed among his hair.

He comes with soft and noiseless tread,
To rouse the sleeper from his bed ;
And tenderly he pauses near,
With looks all full of love and cheer,
Well pleased to watch the deep repose
That lingered till the morning rose.

How gayly shines the morning dew,
Loading the grass with its silver hue !
And freshly comes the fragrant breeze,
Dancing among the cherry-trees ;
The bees are humming all so gay, —
They know not it is Sabbath day.

The cherry-blossoms now appear, —
Fair heralds of a fruitful year ;
There stands upright the tulip proud,
Bethlehem stars around her crowd,
And hyacinths of every hue,
All sparkling in the morning dew.

How still and lovely all things seem !
Peaceful and pure as an angel's dream !
No rattling carts are in the streets ;
Kindly each one his neighbor greets :
" It promises right fair to-day."
" Yes, praised be God ! " 'T is all they say.

The birds are singing, " Come, behold
Our Sabbath morn all bathed in gold,
Pouring his calm celestial light
Among the flowers so sweet and bright ! "
The pretty goldfinch leads the row,
As if her Sunday robe to show.

Mary, pluck those auriculas, pray,
And don't shake the yellow dust away ;
Here, little Ann, are some for you,
I'm sure you want a nosegay too.
The first bell rings, — away ! away !
We will go to church to-day.

JOHANN PETER HEBEL. Translated by
F. GRAETER.

SUNDAY MORNING.

O DAY to sweet religious thought
So wisely set apart,
Back to the silent strength of life
Help thou my wavering heart.

Nor let the obtrusive lies of sense
My meditations draw
From the composed, majestic realm
Of everlasting law.

Break down whatever hindering shapes
I see, or seem to see,
And make my soul acquainted with
Celestial company.

Beyond the wintry waste of death
Shine fields of heavenly light ;
Let not this incident of time
Absorb me from their sight.

I know these outward forms wherein
So much my hopes I stay,
Are but the shadowy hints of that
Which cannot pass away.

That just outside the work-day path
By man's volition trod,
Lie the resistless issues of
The things ordained of God.

ALICE CARY.

SABBATH MORN.

The author of the following was born in South Zealand, Sept. 8, 1783. He was a patriotic, evangelical, and earnest preacher, and Howitt has called him one of the giants of the North, burning with religious zeal. He was a thorough student of the literature of Iceland, as well as of that of the first English writers.

FROM death, Christ, on the Sabbath morn,
A conqueror arose ;
And when each Sabbath dawn is born
For death a healing grows.
This day proclaims an ended strife,
And Christ's benign and holy life.

By countless lips the wondrous tale
Is told throughout the earth ;
Ye that have ears to hear, oh, hail
That tale with sacred mirth !
Awake, my soul, rise from the dead,
See life's grand light around thee shed.

Death trembles each sweet Sabbath hour,
Death's brother, Darkness, quakes ;
Christ's word speaks with divinest power,
Christ's truth its silence breaks ;
They vanquish with their valiant breath
The reign of darkness and of death.

Translated from the Danish of NICOLAI FREDERIK
SEVERIN GRUNDTVIG by GILBERT TAIT, 1868.

GOING TO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ON Sunday morning early,
While yet the grass is pearly,
The air is bright and cool,
All clad in our best graces,
With rosy morning faces,
We go to the Sunday school.

To-day is life in blossom:
Heart's-ease in every bosom,
And all is beautiful.
A spirit within us springing
At heaven's gate will be singing,
Thanks for the Sunday school!

We sun us in its brightness;
We clothe us in its whiteness,
As doth the wayside pool,
That holds from morn till even
Its little bit of heaven, —
The gladsome Sunday school!

Here learn we how to lighten
The heaviest lot, and brighten
The day most dark and dule,
And lay up childhood's treasure,
To reap immortal pleasure
Even in a Sunday school.

The summer earth rejoices,
With hers we lift our voices,
And heaven blends the whole.
And when God's angels cover us,
Drawing the darkness over us,
They bless the Sunday school.

GERALD MASSEY.

1869.

A SUN-DAY HYMN.

This was first used in a collection of hymns, by a committee of the Methodist Protestant Church, by permission of the author, in 1860.

LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star:
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

1859.

A SABBATH MORNING AT SEA.

THE ship went on with solemn face:
To meet the darkness on the deep,
The solemn ship went onward.
I bowed down weary in the place;
For parting tears and present sleep
Had weighed mine eyelids downward.

Thick sleep which shut all dreams from me,
And kept my inner self apart
And quiet from emotion,
Then brake away and left me free,
Made conscious of a human heart
Betwixt the heaven and ocean.

The new sight, the new wondrous sight!
The waters round me, turbulent,
The skies impassive o'er me,
Calm in a moonless, sunless light,
Half glorified by that intent
Of holding the day-glory!

Two pale thin clouds did stand upon
The meeting line of sea and sky,
With aspect still and mystic.
I think they did foresee the sun,
And rested on their prophecy
In quietude majestic:

Then flushed to radiance where they stood,
Like statues by the open tomb
Of shining saints half risen. —
The sun! — he came up to be viewed;
And sky and sea made mighty room
To inaugurate the vision!

I oft had seen the dawnlight run,
As red wine, through the hills, and break
Through many a mist's inurning:
But, here, no earth profaned the sun!
Heaven, ocean, did alone partake
The sacrament of morning.

Away with thoughts fantastical!
I would be humble to my worth,
Self-guarded as self-doubted.
Though here no earthly shadows fall,
I, joying, grieving without earth,
May desecrate without it.

God's Sabbath morning sweeps the waves:
I would not praise the pageant high,
Yet miss the dedicature:
I, carried towards the sunless graves
By force of natural things, — should I
Exult in only nature?

And could I bear to sit alone
 Mid nature's fixed benignities,
 While my warm pulse was moving.
 Too dark thou art, O glittering sun,
 Too strait ye are, capacious seas,
 To satisfy the loving.

It seems a better lot than so,
 To sit with friends beneath the beech,
 And call them dear and dearer;
 Or follow children as they go
 In pretty pairs, with softened speech
 As the church-bells ring nearer.

Love me, sweet friends, this Sabbath day,
 The sea sings round me while ye roll
 Afar the hymn unaltered,
 And kneel, where once I knelt to pray,
 And bless me deeper in the soul,
 Because the voice has faltered.

And though this Sabbath comes to me
 Without the stoled minister
 Or chanting congregation,
 God's spirit brings communion, HE
 Who brooded soft on waters drear,
 Creator on creation.

Himself, I think, shall draw me higher,
 Where keep the saints with harp and song
 An endless Sabbath morning,
 And on that sea commixed with fire
 Oft drop their eyelids raised too long
 To the full Godhead's burning.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

FIRST-DAY THOUGHTS.

IN calm and cool and silence, once again
 I find my old accustomed place among
 My brethren, where, perchance, no human
 tongue
 Shall utter words; where never hymn is
 sung,
 Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor censer
 swung,
 Nor dim light falling through the pictured
 pane!
 There, syllabled by silence, let me hear
 The still small voice which reached the proph-
 et's ear;
 Read in my heart a still diviner law,
 Than Israel's leader on his tables saw!
 There let me strive with each besetting sin,
 Recall my wandering fancies, and restrain
 The sore disquiet of a restless brain;
 And, as the path of duty is made plain,

May grace be given that I may walk therein,
 Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,
 With backward glances and reluctant tread,
 Making a merit of his coward dread,—
 But, cheerful, in the light around me thrown,
 Walking as one to pleasant service led;
 Doing God's will as if it were my own,
 Yet trusting not in mine, but in his strength
 alone!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

SUNDAY.

EDMUND SPENSER, the most poetical of English poets, was born in London in 1552 or 1553, and died there Jan. 16, 1599. He is best known as the author of an allegorical religious poem entitled "The Faerie Queene."

MOST glorious Lord of life, that on this day
 Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,
 And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away
 Captivity thence captive, us to win;
 This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
 And grant that we, for whom thou didst die,
 Being with thy dear blood clean washed from
 sin,

May live forever in felicity:
 And that thy love we weighing worthily,
 May likewise love thee for the same again;
 And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
 With love may one another entertain.

So let us love, dear love, like as we ought:
 Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

EDMUND SPENSER.

1593.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing:
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
 No mortal care shall seize my breast;
 Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound!

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word;
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
 How deep thy counsels! how divine!

Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
 Like brutes they live, like brutes they die:
 Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
 Blasts them in everlasting death.



Eng^d by H. B. Hall & Sons N.Y.

Spencer

But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

ISAAC WATTS.

1719.

THE RESTING-PLACE.

As palmers wont to hail the niched seat
At desert well, where they put off the shoon
And robe of travel, so I, a pilgrim as they,
Tired with my six-days' track, would turn aside
Out of the scorch and glare into the shade
Of Sunday-stillness. Resting, I would listen
Gladdened to the gurgle of the hidden stream,
Till every fevered throb grew calm through
peace.

So sitting, that perfectest repose should steal
Inward, which disillusionizes sense,
And leaves the spirit, unhindered of the flesh,
Free to forget itself in dreams of heaven.

I would inhale the bracing, zested air
That vivifies the soul and lifts it up
To saintly heights : and to my lips that crave
Refreshment cooler than lies ever staled
In cisterns choked by weedy worldliness,
I'd carry in my scallop of faith, the water
That gushes from the Smitten Rock. And
thus

Strengthened I would take up my staff again,
And with reanimate and quickened step,
Sing Benedicite, and go on my way.

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

AN HOSANNA FOR THE LORD'S
DAY.

PSALM cxviii.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son ;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace :
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

1719.

THE SEVENTH DAY OF CREATION.

THOMAS WHYTEHEAD, a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, was born in York County, England, Nov. 30, 1815, and died in New Zealand, where he had gone as chaplain to Bishop Selwyn, in October, 1843. He was first principal of the college that the bishop established there, and among his latest works translated Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn into Maori.

SABBATH of the saints of old,
Day of mysteries manifold ;
By the great Creator blest,
Type of his eternal rest :
I with thoughts of thee would seek
To sanctify the closing week.

Resting from his work, the Lord
Spake to-day the hallowing word ;
And, his wondrous labors done,
Now the everlasting Son
Gave to heaven and earth the sign
Of a wonder more divine.

Resting from his work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay,
His sacred form from head to feet
Swathed in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hid beneath the sealed stone.

All the seventh day long I ween
Mournful watched the Magdalene,
Rising early, resting late,
By the sepulchre to wait,
In the holy garden glade
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So with thee till life shall end
I would solemn vigil spend ;
Let me hew thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but thou mayst ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices I will bring,
 My poor affection's offering,
 Close the door from sight and sound
 Of the busy world around,
 And in patient watch remain
 Till my Lord appear again.

Then, the new creation done,
 Shall be thy endless rest begun ;
 Jesu, keep me safe from sin,
 That I with them may enter in,
 And danger past, and toil at end,
 To thy resting-place ascend.

THOMAS WHYTEHEAD.

1842.

A LORD'S DAY.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright ;
 On thee, the high and lowly,
 Through ages joined in tune,
 Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
 To the great God Triune.

On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth ;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth ;
 On thee, our Lord victorious
 The Spirit sent from heaven,
 And thus, on thee most glorious,
 A triple light was given.

Thou art a port protected
 From storms that round us rise,
 A garden intersected
 With streams of paradise ;
 Thou art a cooling fountain,
 In life's dry, dreary sand ;
 From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view our promised land.

Thou art a holy ladder,
 Where angels go and come ;
 Each Sunday finds us gladder,
 Nearer to heaven, our home.
 A day of sweet refection
 Thou art, a day of love,
 A day of resurrection
 From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls ;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls, —

Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining,
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest ;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son ;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest Three in One.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D. D.

1862.

SUNDAYS.

BRIGHT shadows of true rest! some shoots
 of bliss ;
 Heaven once a week ;
 The next world's gladness prepossess in this ;
 A day to seek ;
 Eternity in time ; the steps by which
 We climb above all ages ; lamps that light
 Man through his heap of dark days ; and the rich
 And full redemption of the whole week's flight !

The pulleys unto headlong man ; time's bower ;
 The narrow way ;
 Transplanted paradise ; God's walking hour ;
 The cool o' the day !
 The creature's jubilee ; God's parle with dust ;
 Heaven here ; man on those hills of myrrh
 and flowers ;
 Angels descending ; the returns of trust ;
 A gleam of glory after six-days-showers !

The church's love-feasts ; time's prerogative,
 And interest
 Deducted from the whole ; the combs and hive,
 And home of rest.
 The milky way chalkt out with suns ; a clue,
 That guides through erring hours ; and in full
 story
 A taste of heaven on earth ; the pledge and cue
 Of a full feast ; and the out-courts of glory.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

1651.

SUNDAY.

O TIME of tranquil joy and holy feeling !
 When over earth God's Spirit from above
 Spreads out his wings of love !
 When sacred thoughts, like angels, come ap-
 pealing
 To our tent doors ; O eve, to earth and
 heaven
 The sweetest of the seven !

How peaceful are thy skies ! thy air is clearer,
As on the advent of a gracious time :

The sweetness of its prime
Blesseth the world, and Eden's days seem
nearer :

I hear, in each faint stirring of the breeze,
God's voice among the trees.

Oh, while thy hallowed moments are distilling
Their fresher influence on my heart like dews,
The chamber where I muse
Turns to a temple ! He, whose converse
thrilling

Honored Emmaus, that old eventide,
Comes sudden to my side.

'T is light at evening time when thou art pres-
ent ;

Thy coming to the eleven in that dim room
Brightened, O Christ ! its gloom :
So bless my lonely hour that memories pleas-
ant

Around the time a heavenly gleam may cast,
Which many days shall last !

Raise each low aim, refine each high emotion,
That with more ardent footstep I may press
Toward thy holiness ;

And, braced for sacred duty by devotion,
Support my cross along that rugged road
Which thou hast sometime trod !

I long to see thee, for my heart is weary :
Oh, when, my Lord ! in kindness wilt thou come
To call thy banished home ?

The scenes are cheerless, and the days are
dreary ;

From sorrow and from sin I would be free,
And evermore with thee !

Even now I see the golden city shining
Up the blue depths of that transparent air :

How happy all is there !
There breaks a day which never knows de-
clining ;

A Sabbath, through whose circling hours the
blest

Beneath thy shadow rest !

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

1855.

A WORD IN SEASON.

"THIS is a day the Lord hath made,"—thus
spake

The good religious heart, unstained, unworn,
Watching the golden glory of the morn.

Since, on each happy day that came to break

Like sunlight o'er this silent life of mine,
Yea, on each beauteous morning I saw shine,
I have remembered these your words, rejoiced
And been glad in it. So, o'er many-voiced
Tumultuous harmonies of tropic seas,
Which chant an everlasting farewell grand
Between ourselves and you and the old land.
Receive this token : many words chance-sown
May oftentimes have taken root and grown,
To bear good fruit perennially, like these.

The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

1872.

THE DAY OF REST.

RETURN, thou wished and welcome guest,
Thou day of holiness and rest ;

The best, the dearest of the seven,
Emblem and harbinger of heaven !
Though not the bridegroom, at his voice,
Friend of the bridegroom, still rejoice.

Day, doubly sanctified and blessed,
Thee the Creator crowned with rest ;
From all his works, from all his woes,
On thee the Saviour found repose.

Thou dost, with mystic voice, rehearse
The birthday of an universe :
Prophet, historian, both, in scope
Thou speak'st to memory and to hope.

Amidst the earthliness of life,
Vexation, vanity, and strife,
Sabbath ! how sweet thy holy calm
Comes o'er the soul, like healing balm ;
Comes like the dew to fainting flowers,
Renewing her enfeebled powers.
Thine hours, how soothingly they glide,
Thy morn, thy noon, thine eventide !

All meet as brethren, mix as friends ;
Nature her general groan suspends ;
No cares the sin-born laborers tire ;
E'en the poor brutes thou bid'st respire :

'T is almost as, restored awhile,
Earth had resumed her Eden smile.
I love thy call of earthly bells,
As on my waking ear it swells ;

I love to see thy pious train
Seeking in groups the solemn fane ;
But most I love to mingle there
In sympathy of praise and prayer,

And listen to that living word,
Which breathes the spirit of the Lord ;
Or, at the mystic table placed,
Those eloquent mementos taste

Of thee, thou suffering Lamb divine,
Thy soul-refreshing bread and wine ;
Sweet viands given us to assuage
The faintness of the pilgrimage.

Severed from Salem, while unstrung
 His harp on pagan willows hung,
 What wonder if the Psalmist pined,
 As for her brooks the hunted hind! —
 The temple's humblest place should win
 Gladlier than all the pomp of sin; —
 Envied the unconscious birds that sung,
 Around those altars, o'er their young;
 And deemed one heavenly Sabbath worth
 More than a thousand days of earth;
 Well might his harp and heart rejoice
 To hear, once more, that festal voice:
 "Come, brethren, come with glad accord,
 Haste to the dwelling of the Lord."

But if on earth so calm, so blest,
 The house of prayer, the day of rest;
 If to the spirit when it faints,
 So sweet the assembly of the saints; —
 There let us pitch our tents (we say),
 For, Lord, with thee 't is good to stay!
 Yet from the mount we soon descend,
 Too soon our earthly Sabbaths end;
 Cares of a work-day will return,
 And faint our hearts, and fitful, burn;
 Oh, think, my soul! beyond compare,
 Think what a Sabbath must be there,
 Where all is holy bliss, that knows
 Nor imperfection, nor a close;
 Where that innumerable throng
 Of saints and angels mingle song;
 Where, wrought with hands, no temples rise,
 For God himself their place supplies;
 Nor priests are needed in the abode
 Where the whole hosts are priests to God.
 Think what a Sabbath *there* shall be,
 The Sabbath of eternity!

THOMAS GRINFIELD.

THE SABBATH.

SIR EDWARD GEORGE LYTTON BULWER-LYTTON, an English novelist of note, and a poet of less distinction, was born in Norfolk, in 1805, and died Jan. 18, 1873.

FRESH glides the brook and blows the gale,
 Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;
 The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
 How motionless and still!

Six days' stern labor shuts the poor
 From Nature's careless banquet-hall;
 The seventh an angel opes the door,
 And, smiling, welcomes all!

A Father's tender mercy gave
 This holy respite to the breast,
 To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
 And know — the wheel may rest!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
 Thy strength thy master's slave must be;
 The seventh the limbs escape the chain, —
 A God hath made thee free!

The fields that yester-morning knew
 Thy footsteps as their serf, survey;
 On thee, as them, descends the dew,
 The baptism of the day.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
 But yonder halts the quiet mill;
 The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
 How motionless and still!

So rest, O weary heart! — but, lo,
 The church-spire, glistening up to heaven,
 To warn thee where thy thoughts should go
 The day thy God hath given!

Lone through the landscape's solemn rest,
 The spire its moral points on high.
 O soul, at peace within the breast,
 Rise, mingling with the sky!

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
 Of power from old dominion hurled,
 When rich and poor, with juster rule,
 Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since time itself began,
 That fable hath but fooled the hour;
 Each age that ripens power in man
 But subjects man to power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
 One bright republic shall be known;
 Man's world awhile hath surely ceased,
 When God proclaims his own!

Six days may rank divide the poor,
 O Dives, from thy banquet-hall;
 The seventh the Father opes the door,
 And holds his feast for all!

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON.

THE LORD'S DAY.

WELCOME, sweet day, of days the best,
 The time of holy mirth and rest,
 When to God's house the saints repair
 To hear his word and see his face.
 To learn his will and sing his grace,
 And vent their hearts in praise and prayer.

This is employment all divine;
 My soul, the blest assembly join,
 And from the world this day retire:

Go, bow before thy Maker's throne,
Thy risen Saviour's glories own,
And feed thy love, and fan the fire.

Forget the trifles here below,
The shining heap, the gaudy show,
All sensual mirth, and worldly cares ;
On wings of strong devotion rise,
Pass every cloud, pass all the skies,
And leave beneath thy feet the stars.

To God direct thy steady flight,
Great fund of bliss, and source of light ;
There fix, and there delight thine eyes :
View every shining wonder o'er,
And with transported heart adore,
And feast on fruits of paradise.

This day was by our Lord ordained,
That thus his servants might be trained
For heavenly work, and heavenly joy :
My soul, be this thy day of rest,
And thus prepare thee to be blest,
Thus all thy holy hours employ !

SIMON BROWNE.

1720.

HAIL, DAY OF JOYOUS REST!

HENRY TREND, an English clergyman and translator of Latin hymns, was born at Devonport, September 14, 1804. For many years he was principal of a grammar school at Bridgewater. He was a contributor to the Rev. Orby Shipley's "Lyra Eucharistica." The following is from the "Lyra Messianica."

HAIL, day of joyous rest,
On which our Lord arose !
Now every Christian breast
With sacred pleasure glows ;
And every Christian tongue should sing
An Easter-song to Sion's King.

Ah! erst, on midnight ground,
In sorrow he was found
Bedewed with his own blood,
While crying unto God :
Strange was that bitter agony
He felt in thee, Gethsemane !

And on the mystic cross
He suffered wondrous loss ;
Midst pain and foul disgrace
His Father hid his face ;
And earth and hell were active then
To crush the Friend of friendless men.

He died ; and Joseph's tomb
Gave the predicted room
To bury him ; and there,
With stern and jealous care,
To make it sure, they sealed the stone,
And left him with their guards alone.

But all their craft and power
Availed them not that hour :
The appointed time was come,
And forthwith from the tomb
He rose ; lo ! the astonished rock
Was shivered as by earthquake shock.

Yes, Jesus left the grave,
And took his life again ;
And now he lives to save
The dying sons of men :
Let his triumphant praise be sung
Through every land, by every tongue !

HENRY TREND, D. D.

SUNDAY.

JULIA ANNE ELLIOTT, a sister-in-law of the author of "Just as I am," was married to the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott, Oct. 31, 1833, and died Nov. 3, 1841. She was of a lovely Christian character.

HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams !
Light, which not of earth is born,
From thy dawn in glory streams :
Airs of heaven are breathed around,
And each place is holy ground.

Sad and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou blessed day,
Resting-place on life's rough road !
Here flow forth the streams of grace,
Strengthened hence we run our race.

Great Creator ! who this day
From thy perfect work didst rest ;
By the souls that own thy sway
Hallowed be its hours and blest ;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone !

Saviour ! who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to thee !

Blessed Spirit ! Comforter !
Sent this day from Christ on high ;
Lord, on me thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify !
All thine influence shed abroad,
Lead me to the truth of God !

Soon, too soon, the sweet repose
Of this day of God will cease :

Soon this glimpse of heaven will close,
 Vanish soon the hours of peace ;
 Soon return the toil, the strife,
 All the weariness of life.

But the rest which yet remains
 For thy people, Lord, above,
 Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains,
 Endless as their Saviour's love :
 Oh, may every Sabbath here
 Bring us to that rest more near !

JULIA ANNE ELLIOTT.

1833.

SUNDAY.

GEORGE HERBERT was born at Montgomery Castle, Wales, April 3, 1593. Educated at Cambridge, he became a Fellow of Trinity College, and sought preferment at Court, but ultimately took orders, and was appointed Rector of Bemerton. He is noted for the holiness of his character and the faithfulness with which he performed the duties of the country pastor. He died in 1633. When he entered the Church, Herbert resolved to consecrate all his powers to God. He left a volume of "Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations," which was published after his death. It is marked by devoted fervor and the quaint expression of it.

O DAY most calm, most bright,
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
 The indorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a Friend, and with his blood ;
 The couch of time, care's balm and bay !
 The week were dark, but for thy light !
 Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
 Make up one man, whose face thou art,
 Knocking at heaven with thy brow :
 The working-days are the back part ;
 The burden of the week lies there,
 Making the whole to stoop and bow
 Till thy release appear.

Man had straightforward gone
 To endless death ; but thou dost pull
 And turn us round to look on One,
 Whom, if we were not very dull,
 We could not choose but look on still ;
 Since there is no place so alone
 The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
 On which heaven's palace arched lies :
 The other days fill up the spare
 And hollow room with vanities.
 They are the fruitful beds and borders
 Of God's rich garden : that is bare
 Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
 Threaded together on time's string,

Make bracelets to adorn the wife
 Of the eternal glorious King.
 On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope ;
 Blessings are plentiful and rife,
 More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
 And did enclose this light for his,
 That, as each beast his manger knows,
 Man might not of his fodder miss.
 Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
 And made a garden there for those
 Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
 Our great Redeemer did remove
 With the same shake, which at his passion
 Did the earth and all things with it move.
 As Samson bore the doors away,
 Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our
 salvation,
 And did unhide that day.

The brightness of that day
 We sullied by our foul offence :
 Wherefore that robe we cast away,
 Having a new at his expense,
 Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
 That was required to make us gay,
 And fit for paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth ;
 And where the week-days trail on ground,
 Thy flight is higher, as thy birth ;
 Oh, let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
 Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
 Fly hand in hand to heaven !

GEORGE HERBERT.

1633

SABBATH HYMN ON THE MOUNTAINS.

PRAISE ye the Lord !
 Not in the temple of shapeliest mould,
 Polished with marble and gleaming with gold,
 Piled upon pillars of slenderest grace,
 But here in the blue sky's luminous face,
 Praise ye the Lord !

Praise ye the Lord !
 Not where the organ's melodious wave
 Dies 'neath the rafters that narrow the nave,
 But here with the free wind's wandering
 sweep,
 Here with the billow that booms from the
 deep,
 Praise ye the Lord !

Praise ye the Lord!

Not where the pale-faced multitude meet
In the sweltering lane and the dun-visaged
street,
But here where bright ocean, thick sown with
green isles,
Feeds the glad eye with a harvest of smiles,
Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!

Here where the strength of the old granite
Ben
Towers o'er the greenswarded grace of the
glen,
Where the birch flings its fragrance abroad
on the hill,
And the bee of the heather-bloom wanders at
will,
Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!

Here where the loch, the dark mountain's fair
daughter,
Down the red scaur flings the white-streaming
water,
Leaping and tossing and swirling forever,
Down to the bed of the smooth-rolling river,
Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!

Not where the voice of a preacher instructs
you.
Not where the hand of a mortal conducts
you,
But where the bright welkin in scripture of
glory
Blazons creation's miraculous story,
Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!

The wind and the welkin, the sun and the
river,
Weaving a tissue of wonders forever;
The mead and the mountain, the flower and
the tree,
What is their pomp, but a vision of thee,
Wonderful Lord?

Praise ye the Lord!

Not in the square-hewn, many-tiered pile,
Not in the long-drawn, dim-shadowed aisle,
But where the bright world, with age never
hoary,
Flashes his brightness and thunders his glory,
Praise ye the Lord!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

SUNDAY PRAISE.

"Ad templa nos rursus vocat."

AGAIN the Sunday morn

Calls us to prayer and praise;
Waking our hearts to gratitude
With its enlivening rays.
But Christ yet brighter shone,
Quenching the morning beam;
When triumphing from death he rose,
And raised us up with him.

When first the world sprang forth,
In majesty arrayed,
And bathed in streams of purest light,
What power was there displayed!
But oh, what love! when Christ,
For our transgressions slain,
Was by the Eternal Father raised
For us to life again.

His new-created world

The mighty Maker viewed,
With thousand lovely tints adorned,
And straight pronounced it good.
But oh! much more he joyed
That self-same world to see,
Washed in the Lamb's all-saving blood
From its impurity.

Nature each day renews

Her beauty evermore;
Whence to God's hidden majesty
The soul is taught to soar.
But Christ the light of all,
The Father's image blest,
Gives us to see our God himself,
In flesh made manifest.

Blest Trinity! vouchsafe

That, to thy guidance true,
What thou forbiddest we may shun;
What thou commandest, do.

Translated from the Latin of the Breviary by
EDWARD CASWALL, 1849.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

THE cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the
voice

Of one who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion: chiefly when
Their piercing tones strike sudden on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse or high have
chanced to lure
Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,

And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
 And baffles his pursuit, — thought-sick, and
 tired
 Of controversy, where no end appears
 No clew to his research, the lonely man
 Half wishes for society again.
 Him, thus engaged, the Sabbath bells salute
 Sudden! His heart awakes, his ear drinks in
 The cheering music; his relenting soul
 Yearns after all the joys of social life,
 And softens with the love of human kind.

CHARLES LAMB.

SUNDAY MORNING BELLS.

FROM the near city comes the clang of bells:
 Their hundred jarring diverse tones combine
 In one faint misty harmony, as fine
 As the soft note yon winter robin swells.
 What if to Thee in thine infinity
 These multiform and many-colored creeds
 Seem but the robe man wraps as masquers'
 weeds
 Round the one living truth thou givest him —
 Thee?
 What if these varied forms that worship prove,
 Being heart-worship, reach thy perfect ear
 But as a monotone, complete and clear,
 Of which the music is, through Christ's name,
 love?

Forever rising in sublime increase
 To "Glory in the highest, — on earth peace?"

The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

1872.

SUNDAY BELLS.

Born at Ballyshannon, Ireland, about 1828, WILLIAM ALLINGHAM began his literary career with a volume of poems in 1850. In 1854 he published "Day and Night Songs," and received a literary pension in 1864.

SWEET Sunday bells! your measured sound
 Enhances the repose profound
 Of all these golden fields around,
 And range of mountain, sunshine-drowned.

Amid the clustered roofs outswells,
 And wanders up the winding dells,
 And near and far its message tells.
 Your holy song, sweet Sunday bells!

Sweet Sunday bells! ye summon round
 The youthful and the hoary-crowned,
 To no observance gravely bound;
 Where comfort, strength, and joy are found.

The while your cadenced voice excels
 To mix a crowd of tender spells
 From marriage-peals and funeral knells,
 And childhood's awe, — sweet Sunday bells!

O Sunday bells, your pleading sound
 The shady spring of tears hath found,
 In one whom neither pew nor mound
 May harbor in the hallowed ground;

Whose heart to your old music swells:
 Whose soul a deeper thought compels:
 Who like an alien sadly dwells
 Within your chime, sweet Sunday Bells!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE POOR MAN'S SUNDAY WALK.

THE morning of our rest has come,
 The sun is shining clear;
 I see it on the steeple-top;
 Put on your shawl, my dear,
 And let us leave the smoky town,
 The dense and stagnant lane,
 And take our children by the hand
 To see the fields again.
 I've pined for air the livelong week;
 For the smell of new-mown hay;
 For a pleasant, quiet country walk,
 On a sunny Sabbath day.

Our parish church is cold and damp;
 I need the air and sun;
 We'll sit together on the grass,
 And see the children run;
 We'll watch them gathering buttercups,
 Or cowslips in the dell,
 Or listen to the cheerful sounds
 Of the far-off village bell;
 And thank our God with grateful hearts,
 Though in the fields we pray;
 And bless the healthful breeze of heaven,
 On a sunny Sabbath day.

I'm weary of the stifling room
 Where all the week we're pent;
 Of the alleys filled with wretched life,
 And odors pestilent;
 And long once more to see the fields,
 And the grazing sheep and beeves;
 To hear the lark amid the clouds,
 And the wind among the leaves;
 And all the sounds that glad the air
 On green hills far away; —
 The sounds that breathe of Peace and Love,
 On a sunny Sabbath day.

For somehow, though they call it wrong,
 In church I cannot kneel
 With half the natural thankfulness
 And piety I feel,
 When out, on such a day as this,
 I lie upon the sod,
 And think that every leaf and floue
 Is grateful to its God;
 That I, who feel the blessing more,
 Should thank him more than they,
 That I can elevate my soul
 On a sunny Sabbath day.

Put on your shawl, and let us go; —
 For one day let us think
 Of something else than daily care,
 Of toil and meat and drink;
 For one day let our children sport
 And feel their limbs their own;
 For one day let us quite forget
 The grief that we have known, —
 Let us forget that we are poor;
 And basking in the ray,
 Thank God that we can still enjoy
 A sunny Sabbath day.

CHARLES MACKAY.

A WHITE SUNDAY.

I ENTERED not the church this good Lord's
 Day,
 Albeit my heart was with the worshippers,
 Who stood beneath the arched and frescoed
 roof,
 And sang to him arisen. The same song
 I heard innumerable happy birds
 Trilling outside my window, in the boughs,
 Among the blossoms; — and the blossoms
 sang, —
 I dreamed it not, — "The Lord is risen
 indeed."
 Surely there never fell so pure a light
 From any crystalline cathedral-dome,
 As that borne down with the soft summer rain
 Through the pink apple-blooms, the lucid
 green
 Of June's unankered leaves, and branches
 gray,
 Scutcheoned with lichens, tracery more an-
 tique
 Than earls or bishops bear upon their shields.
 A color not of earth, a tenderness
 Of spotless snow and rose-bloom, clothed the
 tree,
 That stood up underneath the heavens, one
 flower.
 The multitude that John saw in white robes,

Singing the Heart Divine whose living drops
 Had cleansed their stains, and warmed them
 into life. —

That multitude looked through my window-
 panes,
 And with them I joined praises.

Friends devout,
 Who listen to the sermon, swell the hymn,
 Also the Lord accepts my offering;
 To-day I worship in the apple-boughs,
 With the great congregation of the flowers
 That come up to their heights, as came the
 tribes

Of old unto Mount Zion, once a year;
 A passover of perfect, open praise.

The world we live in wholly is redeemed;
 Not man alone, but all that man holds dear;
 His orchards and his maize; forget-me-not
 And heart's-ease in his garden; and the wild
 Aerial blossoms of the untamed wood,
 That make its savagery so home-like; all
 Have felt Christ's sweet love watering their
 roots:

His sacrifice has won both earth and heaven.
 Nature, in all its fulness, is the Lord's.

There are no Gentile oaks, no Pagan pines:
 The grass beneath our feet is Christian grass;
 The wayside weed is sacred unto him.

Have we not groaned together, herbs and men,
 Struggling through stifling earth-weights unto
 light,

Earnestly longing to be clothed upon
 With our high possibility of bloom?
 And he, he is the light, he is the sun
 That draws us out of darkness, and transmutes
 The noisome earth-damp into heaven's own
 breath,

And shapes our matted roots, we know not
 how,

Into fresh leaves and strong, fruit-bearing
 stems;

Yea, makes us stand, on some consummate
 day,

Abloom in white transfiguration-robos.

We are but human plants, with power to shut
 In upon self our own impoverished lives,
 Refusing light and growth. Unthankfully
 We flaunt our blossoms in the face of heaven,
 As if they overshadowed the Eternal Sun.
 That is their inspiration; as if we
 Sat in ourselves, and decked ourselves with
 flowers: —

An infinite littleness of vanity.

My apple-tree, thou preachest better things;
 Whispering from all thy multitudinous buds,

"To bloom is boundless freedom. It is life
From self enfranchised, opening every vein
To let in glory from above, and give
What we receive, in fragrance, color, fruit;
Life, which is heaven's: ourselves dead
matter, else."

Some good men say, "We need theology."
Others, "Not so, religion is enough."
What if both are mistaken, — and both right?
God is our need, a presence and a life.
Theology enthrones him in the mind,
Yet sometimes leaves the heart as hard as
stone,

The hands as lifeless. And religion, too,
Is often only an ambiguous word
For transient fervor, or for duty cold,
Or vain, self-helpful works of charity.
Without him thought is soulless; rapture
blind;
Duty a lifelong bondage; love, thin air.
Through him alone is man a living soul:
Through him alone is earth the bride of
heaven.

Here in thy great world-garden, Lord, we
stand:
And thou, whose trees we are, who art our
Sun,
Hast once descended to our roots of being,
And bloomed and breathed in our humanity,
That we might be as thou, and know no death.
The life we live is thine, not ours. We bloom
To gladden earth with sacrifice like thine,
So clad in thy white robes of righteousness.
Keep us! for here the blossoms blight so
fast!
The fruit is flawed in turning from thy beams
To the biting east, to folly and to sin.
And let all trees, the wildings of the wood,
And grafts of rarest culture, waft thee praise.

My apple-tree, thy dome of rose and pearl
Will vanish on the morrow, like a dream.
Yet every spring, the springs when I am dead,
A tabernacle thou wilt build for men;
And they will look up through thee into
heaven,
And hear the hum of bees among thy boughs,
A faint sky-music. I shall worship then
With friends beloved, under other shade.
Are only palms in Eden? I shall miss
The tree whereby Eve fell, — if that thou
wert, —
Not seeing it beside the River of Life.
Thou art too beautiful to be dropped out
Of human vision, even beatified.

There is no glory of the trees like thine,
Though there be many set in Paradise;
There must thou bloom also.

Dreams are lost
In guessing at the glory of thy boughs
In that immortal spring-time.

Ah! dear friends,
Sweet memories of the earth, and sad no more,
Will float around us in the air of heaven.
A fragrance and a melody, when we,
Young, glad, and all as if at home again,
Sit under our transplanted apple-trees!

LUCY LARCOM.

A SUMMER SABBATH WALK.

DELIGHTFUL is this loneliness; it calms
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these
elms
That throw across the stream a moveless
shade.
Here Nature in her midnight whisper speaks;
How peaceful every sound! — the ring-dove's
plaint,
Moaned from the forest's gloomiest retreat,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save where the wren flits from her down-
covered nest,
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear;
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp, the buzz,
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,
That soon as loosed booms with full twang
away:
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circllets gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed
trout
Watches his time to spring; or from above
Some feathered dam, purveying 'mong the
boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless
brood
Bears off the prize. Sad emblem of man's
lot!
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf,
Where safe and happily he might have lurked,
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream,
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and sinking meets his fate.

Now let me trace the stream up to its source
 Among the hills: its runnel by degrees
 Diminishing, the murmur turns a tinkle.
 Closer and closer still the banks approach,
 Tangled so thick with pleaching bramble-

shoots,
 With brier and hazel branch, and hawthorn-

spray,
 That, fain to quit the dingle, glad I mount
 Into the open air: grateful the breeze
 That fans my throbbing temples! smiles the plain

Spread wide below: how sweet the placid
 view!

But oh! more sweet the thought, heart-sooth-

ing thought,

That thousands and ten thousands of the sons

Of toil partake this day the common joy

Of rest, of peace, of viewing hill and dale,

Of breathing in the silence of the woods,

And blessing him who gave the Sabbath day.

Yes, my heart flutters with a freer throb,

To think that now the townsman wanders forth

Among the fields and meadows, to enjoy

The coolness of the day's decline, to see

His children sport around, and simply pull

The flower and weed promiscuous, as a boon

Which proudly in his breast they smiling fix.

Again I turn me to the hill, and trace

The wizard stream, now scarce to be discerned,

Woodless its banks, but green with ferny

leaves,

And thinly strewed with heath-bells up and

down.

Now, when the downward sun has left the

glens,

Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced

Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic

The shepherd's shadow thrown athwart the

chasm,

As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.

How deep the hush! The torrent's channel dry,

Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt.

But hark, a plaintive sound floating along!

'T is from yon heath-roofed shielin; now it

dies

Away, now rises full; it is the song

Which he—who listens to the hallelujahs

Of choiring seraphim—delights to hear;

It is the music of the heart, the voice

Of venerable age, of guileless youth,

In kindly circle seated on the ground

Before their wicker door. Behold the man!

The grandsire and the saint; his silvery locks

Beam in the parting ray; before him lies

Upon the smooth-cropt sward, the open book,

His comfort, stay, and ever-new delight;
 While, heedless at a side, the lisping boy
 Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his couch.

1805.

JAMES GRAHAME.

AN AUTUMN SABBATH WALK.

WHEN homeward bands their several ways
 disperse,

I love to linger in the narrow field

Of rest, to wander round from tomb to tomb,

And think of some who silent sleep below.

Sad sighs the wind that from these ancient

elms

Shakes showers of leaves upon the withered

grass:

The sear and yellow wreaths, with eddying

sweep,

Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillocked

graves.

But list that moan! 'T is the poor blind man's

dog,

His guide for many a day, now come to mourn

The master and the friend,—conjunction rare!

A man, indeed, he was, of gentle soul,

Though bred to brave the deep: the light-

ning's flash

Had dimmed, not closed, his mild, but sight-

less eyes.

He was a welcome guest through all his

range

(It was not wide); no dog would bay at him:

Children would run to meet him on his way,

And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb

His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.

Then would he teach the elfins how to plait

The rushy cap and crown, or sedgy ship:

And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand

Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.

Peace to thy spirit, that now looks on me,

Perhaps with greater pity than I felt

To see thee wandering darkling on thy way.

But let me quit this melancholy spot,

And roam where nature gives a parting smile.

As yet the bluebells linger on the sod

That copes the sheepfold ring; and in the

woods

A second blow of many flowers appears,

Flowers faintly tinged, and breathing no per-

fume.

But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland

wreath

That circles autumn's brow: the ruddy haws

Now clothe the half-leaved thorn; the bramble

bends

Beneath its jetty load ; the hazel hangs
 With auburn bunches, dipping in the stream
 That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow
 The leaf-strewn banks : oft statue-like I gaze,
 In vacancy of thought, upon that stream,
 And chase, with dreaming eye, the eddying
 foam
 Of rowan's clustered branch or harvest-
 sheaf,
 Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

JAMES GRAHAME.

1805.

A WINTER SABBATH WALK.

How dazzling white the snowy scene ! Deep,
 deep
 The stillness of the winter Sabbath day —
 Not even a footfall heard. Smooth are the
 fields,
 Each hollow pathway level with the plain :
 Hid are the bushes, save that here and there
 Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
 High-ridged the whirled drift has almost
 reached
 The powdered key-stone of the churchyard
 porch.
 Mute hangs the hooded bell ; the tombs lie
 buried ;
 No step approaches to the house of prayer.

The flickering fall is o'er : the clouds dis-
 perse,
 And show the sun, hung o'er the welkin's
 verge,
 Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
 On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
 To visit Nature in her grand attire.
 Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
 A noble recompense the danger brings.
 How beautiful the plain stretched far below,
 Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream,
 With azure windings, or the leafless wood.
 But what the beauty of the plain, compared
 To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
 Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
 Among yon rocky fells, that bid defiance
 To steps the most adventurously bold ?
 There silence dwells profound ; or if the cry
 Of high-poised eagle break at times the hush,
 The mantled echoes no response return.

But let me now explore the deep-sunk dell.
 No footprint, save the covey's or the flock's,
 Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
 Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
 Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous
 haunts,

Nor linger there too long : the wintry day
 Soon closes ; and full oft a heavier fall,
 Heaped by the blast, fills up the sheltered glen,
 While, gurgling deep below, the buried rill
 Mines for itself a snow-covered way ! Oh, then,
 Your helpless charge drive from the tempting
 spot,
 And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
 Where night-winds sweep the gathering drift
 away :
 — So the great Shepherd leads the heavenly
 flock

From faithless pleasures, full into the storms
 Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
 Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
 Bedimmed with showers : then to the pastures
 green

He brings them, where the quiet waters glide,
 The stream of life, the Siloah of the soul.

JAMES GRAHAME.

1805.

SABBATH EVENING.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE, the able and witty editor of
 the Louisville Journal, was born at Preston, Conn., Dec. 18,
 1802, and died at Louisville, Ky., Jan. 22, 1870. He wrote
 many fugitive poems, of which this is one of the most pop-
 ular.

How calmly sinks the parting sun !

Yet twilight lingers still ;
 And beautiful as dream of heaven

It slumbers on the hill ;
 Earth sleeps, with all her glorious things,
 Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
 And, rendering back the hues above,
 Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rocks the forest trees

In shadowy groups recline,
 Like saints at evening bowed in prayer
 Around their holy shrine ;
 And through their leaves the night-winds blow,
 So calm and still, their music low
 Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,
 Soft echoed on the evening air.

And yonder western throng of clouds,

Retiring from the sky,
 So calmly move, so softly glow,

They seem to fancy's eye
 Bright creatures of a better sphere,
 Come down at noon to worship here,
 And, from their sacrifice of love,
 Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,
 The night-arch floating high,

The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,
 The bright streams leaping by,
 Are living with religion ; deep
 On earth and sea its glories sleep,
 And mingle with the starlight rays,
 Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve
 Comes through the silent air
 To feeling's hidden spring, and wakes
 A gush of music there !
 And the far depths of ether beam
 So passing fair, we almost dream
 That we can rise and wander through
 Their open paths of trackless blue.

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,
 Each pulse is beating wild ;
 And thought is soaring to the shrine
 Of glory undefiled !
 And holy aspirations start,
 Like blessed angels, from the heart,
 And bind — for earth's dark ties are riven —
 Our spirits to the gate of heaven.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE.

SUNDAY EVENING.

THE Sabbath day has reached its close ;
 Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,
 Grant me the peace thy love bestows :
 Smile on my evening hour !

O heavenly Comforter, sweet guest !
 Hallow and calm my troubled breast ;
 Weary, I come to thee for rest :
 Smile on my evening hour !

If ever I have found it sweet
 To worship at my Saviour's feet,
 Now to my soul that bliss repeat :
 Smile on my evening hour !

Let not the gospel seed remain
 Unfruitful, or be lost again !
 Let heavenly dews descend like rain :
 Smile on my evening hour !

Oh, ever present, ever nigh,
 Jesus, on thee I fix mine eye ;
 Thou hearest the contrite spirit's sigh :
 Smile on my evening hour !

My only Intercessor thou,
 Mingle thy fragrant incense now
 With every prayer and every vow :
 Smile on my evening hour !

And oh, when life's short course shall end,
 And death's dark shades around impend,
 My God, my everlasting Friend,
 Smile on my evening hour !

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

THE SABBATH-DAY'S CHILD.

TO ELIZABETH, INFANT DAUGHTER OF THE REV. SIR
 RICHARD FLEMING, BART.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE, son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge,
 was born near Bristol, England, Sept. 14, 1796, and died
 Jan. 6, 1849. He was for a while a Fellow of Oriol College.
 Of his poetry his sonnets are considered the best.

PURE, precious drop of dear mortality,
 Untainted fount of life's meandering stream,
 Whose innocence is like the dewy beam
 Of morn, a visible reality,
 Holy and quiet as a hermit's dream : —
 Unconscious witness to the promised birth
 Of perfect good, that may not grow on earth,
 Nor be computed by the worldly worth
 And stated limits of morality ;
 Fair type and pledge of full redemption given,
 Through Him that saith, "Of such is the
 kingdom of heaven."

Sweet infant, whom thy brooding parents love
 For what thou art, and what they hope to see
 thee,

Unhallowed sprites and earth-born phantoms
 flee thee !

Thy soft simplicity, a hovering dove,
 That still keeps watch, from blight and bane
 to free thee,

With its weak wings, in peaceful care out-
 spread,

Fanning invisibly thy pillowed head,
 Strikes evil powers with reverential dread,
 Beyond the sulphurous bolts of fabled Jove,
 Or whatsoever of amulet or charm
 Fond Ignorance devised to save poor souls
 from harm.

To see thee sleeping on thy mother's breast,
 It were indeed a lovely sight to see ;
 Who would believe that restless sin can be
 In the same world that holds such sinless rest ?
 Happy art thou, sweet babe, and happy she
 Whose voice alone can still thy baby cries,
 Now still itself ; yet pensive smiles, and sighs,
 And the mute meanings of a mother's eyes
 Declare her thinking, deep felicity :
 A bliss, my babe, how much unlike to thine,
 Mingled with earthy fears, yet cheered with
 hope divine.

Thou breathing image of the life of nature,
 Say rather image of a happy death, —
 For the vicissitudes of vital breath,
 Of all infirmity the slave and creature,
 That by the act of being perisheth,
 Are far unlike that slumber's perfect peace
 Which seems too absolute and pure to cease,
 Or suffer diminution, or increase,
 Or change of hue, proportion, shape, or fea-
 ture:

A calm, it seems, that is not, shall not be,
 Save in the silent depths of calm eternity.

A star reflected in a dimpling rill
 That moves so slow it hardly moves at all;
 The shadow of a white-robed waterfall,
 Seen in the lake beneath when all is still;
 A wandering cloud, that with its fleecy pall
 Whitens the lustre of an autumn moon;
 A sudden breeze that cools the cheek of
 noon,
 Not marked till missed, so soft it fades, and
 soon; —

Whatever else the fond inventive skill
 Of fancy may suggest cannot supply
 Fit semblance of the sleeping life of infancy.

Calm art thou as the blessed Sabbath eve, —
 The blessed Sabbath eve when thou wast
 born, —

Yet sprightly as a summer Sabbath morn,
 When surely 't were a thing unmeet to grieve;
 When ribbons gay the village maids adorn,
 And Sabbath music, on the swelling gales,
 Floats to the farthest nooks of winding vales,
 And summons all the beauty of the dales, —
 Fit music this a stranger to receive;
 And, lovely child, it rung to welcome thee,
 Announcing thy approach with gladsome
 minstrelsy.

So be thy life, — a gentle Sabbath, pure
 From worthless strivings of the work-day
 earth;

May time make good the omen of thy birth,
 Nor worldly care thy growing thoughts im-
 mature,

Nor hard-eyed thrift usurp the throne of mirth
 On thy smooth brow. And though fast-
 coming years

Must bring their fated dower of maiden fears,
 Of timid blushes, sighs, and fertile tears,
 Soft sorrow's sweetest offspring, and her
 cure;

May every day of thine be good and holy,
 And thy worst woe a pensive Sabbath melan-
 choly!

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

A SUNDAY CHRISTMAS.

WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1853, WHICH FELL UPON
 THE SABBATH.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE, a Southern poet of distinction,
 was born at Charleston, S C., Jan. 1, 1831. He has pub-
 lished several volumes of verse, and a new one is about to be
 issued.

MYSTERY of mysteries! on this holy morn,
 The Prince of an eternal realm of love,
 The Godhead veiled, in lowliest guise was
 born,
 While the far heavenly music pealed above.

Triumph of triumphs! this auspicious day,
 The stern earth-agony subdued, and fled,
 Beheld the dawn of his immortal sway,
 The glorious resurrection from the dead.

In the long cycles that the years have run,
 The course of their majestical advance,
 Hath merged with solemn wedlock into one,
 These sacred days' sublime significance.

The birth that oped to man the heavenly gate,
 And gave far glimpses of supernal light,
 The glory of that distant, fair estate,
 Faded so long from his despondent sight;

That birth was marvellous! but strange and
 grand,
 More strange and grand was the great Con-
 queror's rise
 From the dim confines of the shadowy land,
 Whose gloom had palsied faith, and dimmed
 the skies.

Thus did the mortal learn immortal trust,
 Spurn the base ends for which his soul *had*
 striven,
 Shake from his garment earth's degrading
 dust,

And hail a home and brotherhood in heaven.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

1853.

"BEYOND THE SABBATH."

"The Backwoodsmen of North America, when they throw
 off the forms of society, and retreat into the forests, say
 they will 'fly beyond Sabbath.'" — FLINT'S *Valley of the*
Mississippi.

The "record tree" alluded to in the following stanzas
 is that upon which early settlers in the Western States of
 America recorded the passage of time by marking the
 seventh day.

HE flies!

He seeks the moaning forest trees,
 The sunny prairie, or the mountain sweep,
 The swelling river rushes to the seas,

The cataract, foaming 'neath the dizzy steep,
Or softer streams, that by the green banks
sleep, —
To these he flies.

He lists
The crackling of the springing deer,
The shrill cry of the soaring water-fowl,
The serpent hissing at his lone couch near,
The wild bear uttering loud her hungry howl,
The panther with his low expecting growl, —
Unmoved he lists.

Wanderer,
"Beyond the Sabbath," tell me why
With eager step you shun the haunts of men,
And from the music of the church bells fly,
That, floating sweetly o'er your native glen,
Call you to worship by their chime again, —
Say, wanderer, why?

You know,
You feel, beneath the woodland skies,
When comes the seventh day of sacred rest,
Deep wells of fond remembrance struggling
rise,
Within the caverns of your rocky breast, —
A gush of thought, like visions of the blest,
At times you know.

And you
Will turn, and mark the record tree
In stealthy silence, and a gentle prayer
Unconsciously will struggle to get free,
And you will feel there is a purer air,
More holy stillness over nature fair,
Which softens you.

How sweet
The strain of skyey minstrelsy
That floats above you in the wild bird's song!
Seems it to you the hymn of infancy,
Borne on the breezes of remembrance long,
When you were foremost in the Sabbath
throng?
Those strains were sweet!

Such tones
Are swelling yet in many a spot,
Sacredly twining out with praise and joy;
And there's a group, oh, they forget you not,
Who prayers and tears for you, for you em-
ploy,
And hopes, that even time cannot destroy,
Are in their tones.

They call,
They call you, rover, back again!
There is a mound beneath your village spire,
Where, touched by love, your tears would
fall like rain;
It shields a holy man, your aged sire,
Who sought in life to curb your youthful fire;
Hear his death call!

In vain; —
Alas, you heed not e'en that call;
Proudly you stand upon the red man's ground,
And woman's tears, that slow and silent fall,
Slighted, from your resolved breast rebound,
Your free words through the woodland
depths resound,
"Her call is vain!"

Farewell,
Forever, roamer of the wild!
God, whom you can forget, his own will see;
His sun still shines upon his erring child,
His breezes fan you, with their current free,
And his green sod your burial-place shall be.
Oh, fare you well!

1835.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

SUNDAY.

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, Heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul!

When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

1820.

JAMES EDMESTON.

THE LORD'S HOUSE.

DELIGHT IN GOD'S HOUSE.

SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
The Christian to the house of prayer;
I love to stand within its walls,
For thou, O Lord, art present there.

I love to tread the hallowed courts,
Where two or three for worship meet;
For thither Christ himself resorts,
And makes the little band complete.

'T is sweet to raise the common song,
To join in holy praise and love;
And imitate the blessed throng
That mingle hearts and songs above.

Within these walls may peace abound,
May all our hearts in one agree!
Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
May peace and concord ever be!

1847.

HENRY F. LYTE.

LO, GOD IS HERE!

"Gott ist gegenwärtig! Lasset uns anbeten."

JOHN WESLEY, founder of Methodism, was born at Epworth, June 17, 1703, and was educated at the Charter-house and at Oxford University. He went to Georgia as missionary, and on the way met some Moravians, whose acquaintance caused a change in his views. He began a series of religious efforts which effected a wonderful revival of evangelical religion in England. He translated hymns from the German, French, and Spanish. He died in London, March 2, 1791.

Lo, God is here! Let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face!
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

Lo, God is here! Him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue!

Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone:
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
Oh, take, oh, seal them for thine own!
Thou art the God! Thou art the Lord!
Be thou by all thy works adored!

Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will!
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!

In thee we move; all things of thee
Are full, thou source and life of all!
Thou vast, unfathomable sea!
Fall prostrate, lost in wonder, fall,
Ye sons of men; for God is man!
All may we lose, so thee we gain!

As flowers their opening leaves display
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch thy every ray,
So may thy influence us inspire,
Thou beam of the eternal beam,
Thou purging fire, thou quickening flame!

GERHARD TERSTERGEN, 1731. Translated by
JOHN WESLEY, 1739.

REFUGE IN THE SANCTUARY.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here:

Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

1827.

REGINALD HEBER.

CHURCH WORSHIP.

JAMES GRAHAME was born at Glasgow, Scotland, April 22, 1765, and studied law, contrary to his wishes, to gratify his father, who was an attorney. He published the poem by which he is known, "The Sabbath," anonymously, and became very popular. From it the following lines are extracted. The Quarterly Review said that it would always hold its place among those poems that are and deserve to be in the hands of the people. Grahame died Sept. 14, 1811. He had studied for the ministry, and for two years before his death was an ordained minister.

BUT chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! Thee I hail, the poor man's day.

On other days the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board, screened from the win-
ter's cold
And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or
tree;

But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God, — not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! Thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke;
While wandering slowly up the river-side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the
bough,

As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes (yet fears presumption in the hope)
To reach those realms where Sabbath never
ends.

But now his steps a welcome sound recalls:
Solemn the knell from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved
ground;

The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who
breathes

With pain, and eyes the new-made grave,
well-pleased;

These, mingled with the young, the gay,
approach

The house of God, — these, spite of all their
ills,

A glow of gladness feel: with silent praise
They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthily the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues.
The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full:

The people rising sing, "With harp, with harp,
And voice of psalms"; harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend; the long-drawn
aisles,

At every close, the lingering strain prolong.
And now the tubes a softened stop controls;
In softer harmony the people join,
While liquid whispers from yon orphan band
Recall the soul from adoration's trance,
And fill the eye with pity's gentle tears.

Again the organ-peal, loud, rolling, meets
The hallelujahs of the choir. Sublime
A thousand notes symphoniously ascend,
As if the whole were one, suspended high
In air, soaring heavenward: afar they float,
Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch:
Raised on his arm, he lists the cadence close,
Yet thinks he hears it still: his heart is
cheered;

He smiles on death; but ah! a wish will
rise, —
"Would I were now beneath that echoing
roof!

No lukewarm accents from my lips should
flow:

My heart would sing; and many a Sabbath day
My steps should thither turn; or, wandering far
In solitary paths, where wild-flowers blow,
There would I bless his name who led me
forth

From death's dark vale, to walk amid those
sweets, —

Who gives the bloom of health once more to
glow

Upon this cheek, and lights this languid eye."

JAMES GRAHAME.

1804.

THE PLEASURES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

PSALM lxxxiv.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God ;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee ?

The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest ;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want ?

Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength, and, through the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.

Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

ISAAC WATTS.

1719.

ORDINATION.

'T WAS silence in thy temple, Lord,
When slowly through the hallowed air
The spreading cloud of incense soared,
Charged with the breath of Israel's prayer.

'T was silence round thy throne on high,
When the last wondrous seal unclosed,
And in the portals of the sky
Thine armies awfully reposed.

And this deep pause, that o'er us now
Is hovering, — comes it not of thee?
Is it not like a mother's vow,
When, with her darling on her knee,

She weighs and numbers o'er and o'er
Love's treasure hid in her fond breast,
To cull from that exhaustless store
The dearest blessing and the best ?

And where shall mother's bosom find,
With all its deep love-learned skill,
A prayer so sweetly to her mind,
As, in this sacred hour and still,

Is wafted from the white-robed choir,
Ere yet the pure high-breathed lay,
"Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,"
Rise floating on its dovelike way.

And when it comes, so deep and clear
The strain, so soft the melting fall,
It seems not to the entranced ear
Less than thine own heart-cheering call,

Spirit of Christ, — thine earnest given
That these our prayers are heard, and they
Who grasp, this hour the sword of Heaven,
Shall feel thee on their weary way.

Of as at morn or soothing eve
Over the holy fount they lean,
Their fading garland freshly weave,
Or fan them with thine airs serene.

Spirit of light and truth ! to thee
We trust them in that musing hour,
Till they, with open heart and free,
Teach all thy word in all its power.

When foemen watch their tents by night,
And mists hang wide o'er moor and fell,
Spirit of counsel and of might,
Their pastoral warfare guide thou well.

And oh, when worn and tired they sigh
With that more fearful war within,
When passion's storms are loud and high,
And brooding o'er remembered sin,

The heart dies down, — oh, mightiest then,
Come ever true, come ever near,
And wake their slumbering love again,
Spirit of God's most holy fear !

JOHN KEBLE.

1827.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

JERUSALEM, that place divine,
The vision of sweet peace is named,
In heaven her glorious turrets shine,
Her walls of living stones are framed,
While angels guard her on each side,
Fit company for such a bride.

She, decked in new attire from heaven,
Her wedding chamber, now descends,
Prepared in marriage to be given
To Christ, on whom her joy depends.
Her walls wherewith she is enclosed,
And streets are of pure gold composed.

The gates, adorned with pearls most bright,
The way to hidden glory show;
And thither by the blessed might
Of faith in Jesus' merits go,
All those who are on earth distrest
Because they have Christ's name profest.

These stones the workmen dress and beat
Before they thoroughly polished are;
Then each is in his proper seat,
Established by the builder's care.
In this fair frame to stand forever,
So joined that them no force can sever.

To God, who sits in highest seat,
Glory and power given be,
To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
Who reign in equal dignity;
Whose boundless power we still adore,
And sing their praise forevermore.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden.

1620.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

"Cœlestis urbs Jerusalem"

JERUSALEM, thou city blest!
Dear vision of celestial rest!
Which far above the starry sky,
Piled up with living stones on high,
Art, as a bride, encircled bright
With million angel forms of light:

Oh, wedded in a prosperous hour!
The Father's glory was thy dower;
The Spirit all his graces shed,
Thou peerless queen, upon thy head;
When Christ espoused thee for his bride,
O city bright and glorified!

Thy gates a pearly lustre pour;
Thy gates are open evermore;
And thither evermore draw nigh
All who for Christ have dared to die;
Or, smit with love of their dear Lord,
Have pains endured and joys abhorred.

Type of the Church, which here we see,
Oh, what a task hath builded thee!
Long did the chisels ring around,
Long did the mallets' blows rebound,
Long worked the head and toiled the hand,
Ere stood thy stones as now they stand!

To God the Father, glory due
Be paid by all the heavenly host,

And to his only Son most true,
With thee, O mighty Holy Ghost!
To whom praise, power, and blessing be,
Through the ages of eternity.

"Alto ex Olympi vertice."

From highest heaven, the Father's Son,
Descending like that mystic stone
Cut from a mountain without hands,
Came down below, and filled all lands;
Uniting, midway in the sky,
His house on earth and house on high.

That house on high, — it ever rings
With praises of the King of kings;
Forever there, on harps divine,
They hymn the eternal One and Trine;
We, here below, the strain prolong,
And faintly echo Sion's song.

O Lord of lords invisible!
With thy pure light this temple fill:
Hither, oft as invoked, descend;
Here to thy people's prayer attend;
Here, through all hearts, for evermore,
Thy Spirit's quickening graces pour.

Here may the faithful, day by day,
In kneeling adoration pray;
And here receive from thy dear love
The blessings of that home above;
Till, loosened from this mortal chain,
Its everlasting joys they gain.

To God the Father glory due
Be paid by all the heavenly host;
And to his only Son most true;
With thee, O mighty Holy Ghost!
To whom praise, power, and blessing be,
Through the ages of eternity.

Translated from an unknown Latin author
by EDWARD CASWALL.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest!

My spirit faints
 With equal zeal,
 To rise and dwell
 Among thy saints.

O happy souls, who pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men, who pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise thee still;
 And happy they,
 Who love the way
 To Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears;
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears.
 O glorious seat,
 When God, our King,
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet!

To spend one sacred day
 Where God and saints abide,
 Affords diviner joy
 Than thousand days beside:
 Where God resorts,
 I love it more
 To keep the door,
 Than shine in courts.

God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence;
 With gifts his hands are filled,
 We draw our blessings thence.
 He shall bestow,
 On Jacob's race,
 Peculiar grace,
 And glory too.

The Lord his people loves;
 His hand no good withholdeth
 From those his heart approves,
 From pure and pious souls.
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in thee.

ISAAC WATTS.

1719.

THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat:
 Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind;
 Such ever bring thee where they come,
 And going, take thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew;
 Here too our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Behold, at thy commanding word
 We stretch the curtain and the cord;
 Come thou, and fill this wider space,
 And bless us with a large increase.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
 Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
 And make a thousand hearts thine own!

WILLIAM COWPER.

1779.

THE CHURCH.

BYRON FORCEYTHE WILLSON, a Western poet who died in Cambridge, Mass., in 1867, was author of a number of poems contributed to the literature of the day. They were collected in 1867, in a volume entitled "The Old Sergeant."

ONE little group was kneeling far down the
 silent nave,
 As in the very valley and deep shadow of the
 grave.

Then a low sound, as the accents heard when
 little children pray,
 Struggled up into the silence and in silence
 died away.

Tones of deep and holy passion, as for some
 abiding loss,
 Rising now above the altar seemed to hover
 round the cross.

Then the interval was broken with a burst of
 thunder tones,
 And the music shook the temple to its founda-
 tion stones!

Then methought, "Again the Samson wres-
 tles with the heathen walls";
 And I heard, above the tumult, cried, "The
 House of Dagon falls!"

And I saw the walls and columns rock and
totter to and fro,
Till they toppled down and thundered into the
abyss below !

But the little group — behold it — all un-
scathed amidst the shock,
Kneeling in the open sunshine, on the ever-
lasting Rock !

BYRON FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE.

The following sonnet refers to the beautiful chapel of the
Episcopal Theological School, but a short distance from the
home of the author. On one occasion, meeting the vena-
ble Dean Stone, of the School, the poet remarked, " I never
pass your grounds without thinking of the words of the ben-
ediction in the Prayer-Book : 'The peace of God, which
passeth all understanding'" The thought seems to have
remained in his mind to be thus expressed.

I STAND beneath the tree whose branches
shade

Thy western window, Chapel of St. John !
And hear its leaves repeat their benison
On him whose hand thy stones memorial laid ;
When I remember one of whom was said
In the world's darkest hour, " Behold thy
son ! "

And see him living still, and wandering on,
And waiting for the advent long delayed,
Not only tongues of the Apostles teach
Lessons of love and light, but these expanding
And sheltering boughs with all their leaves
implore,

And say in language clear as human speech,
" The peace of God, that passeth understand-
ing,

Be and abide with you forevermore ! "

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1879.

THE PLEASURES OF WORSHIP.

SAMUEL STENNETT, for twenty-seven years minister of a
Baptist Church in London, was born at Exeter, where his
father was pastor of the Baptist Church, in 1727, and died in
London, Aug. 24, 1795. He was a friend of George III., and
John Howard, the philanthropist, was one of his admiring
hearers.

How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad.

Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents :
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts ;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

1778.

THE PROMISE.

As the church-bells rolled forth their sonorous
evangel,
Their last ere the stranger usurped the old
pile,
I heard, mid their clangor, the voice of an
angel
Give words to that music which rushed o'er
the isle :
In thousand-fold echoes, thy God, unforsaking,
That peal shall send back from the heavenly
bourne :
" O hearts that are broken, O hearts that are
breaking,
Be strong, for the glories gone by shall re-
turn ! "

Thenceforth in the wood, and the tempests that
din it,
In the thunder of mountains, the moan of the
shore,
That chime I can hear, and the clear song
within it,
The voice of that angel who sings ever-
more,
" The faith shall grow vast though the faith-
ful grow fewer ;
By sorrow uplifted ascendeth their throne
Who resist the ill deed, but not hate the ill-
doer,
Who forgive, unpartaking, all sins but their
own. "

AUBREY DE VERE.

LOVE TO THE CHURCH.

PSALM CXXXVII.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT was the President of Yale College from 1795 to the time of his death, Jan 11, 1817. He was born at Northampton, Mass., May 14, 1752. Grandson of Jonathan Edwards, he was, like that divine, a prominent theologian.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

I love thy church, O God:
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D.

1800.

THE ROCK OF AGES.

"And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat against that house; and it fell not: for it was founded on a rock." — MATT. vii. 25.

"ONE body, one spirit," "one Lord,"
And "one faith," for all ages was given;
"One baptism," in blessed accord,
With "one God," and "one Father," in
heaven.

"One church," the sole pillar and ground
Of the truth, an immovable rock;

"One Shepherd," by all to be owned.
And "one fold," for that primitive flock!

One ark in whose refuge to trust
In the tempests that faith has to brave,
When doctrine is swayed by each gust
Of opinion, or lost in its wave!
One house for the people of God,
One theme for the sinner in prayer;
One path to the blessed abode
Of the saints, who now plead for us there.

That house, if the malice of hell,
Or the madness of earth, could destroy,
Had fallen, and crushed as it fell
The belief in all truth and its joy.
"The rain fell" upon it, and falls,
"And the floods came" in torrents of rage;
"The winds blew, and beat" on its walls,
But, "it fell not," nor trembles from age.

Though "troubled on every side" here,
"Yet, distressed not," nor daunted by ill;
"Perplexed," but not yet "in despair";
Persecuted — forsaken not still:
The foolish, the proud, may upbraid,
All the powers of darkness assail;
It needs not the sword nor its aid, —
He is with it whose word cannot fail.

The church that was built on the rock
That for ages has stood, is the same!
Unshaken, endures every shock,
And still baffles the enemy's aim.
Though buffeted ever by foes
From without and within, it remains
Triumphant as first when it rose
In its truth o'er idolatry's fanes.

WALLACE YOUNG.

THE TWO CHURCHES.

CHURCH of the West, in whom we gladly trace
Our Herbert's glowing hope at last fulfilled,
And note, in passion calmed and discord
stilled,

The varied likeness of a sister's face:
For thee there stretches far and wide through
space

The field of souls that are for harvest white,
And 't is thy task to call the sons of light
To work as reapers of their dear Lord's grace.
One faith is ours to keep from age to age,
But ye in that old path have forward gone,
And, holding still that priceless heritage,
Have cleared the way of many a stumbling-
stone.

Ye learnt from us our wisdom old and new,
We in our turn at last do well to learn from
you.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, D. D.

ALBANY, Sept. 30, 1879.

THE FUTURE PEACE AND GLORY
OF THE CHURCH.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
 "O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you ;
 Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways :
 You shall name your walls, Salvation,
 And your gates shall all be Praise.

"There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow ;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow ;
 Still in undisturbed possession
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.

"Ye no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;
 But, your griefs forever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me ;
 God shall rise, and shining o'er you
 Change to day the gloom of night ;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God, your everlasting light."

WILLIAM COWPER.

1779.

THE HIDDEN ONES.

HID are the saints of God,
 Uncertified by high angelic sign ;
 Nor raiment soft, nor empire's golden rod,
 Marks them divine.
 Theirs but the unbought air, earth's parent sod,
 And the sun's smile benign.
 Christ rears his throne within the secret
 heart,
 From the haughty world apart.

They gleam amid the night,
 Chill, sluggish mists stifling the heavenly ray ;
 Fame chants the while, old History trims his
 light,
 Aping the day ;
 In vain ! staid look, loud voice, and reason's
 might,
 Forcing its learned way,
 Blind characters ! these aid us not to trace
 Christ and his princely race.

Yet not all hid from those
 Who watch to see : 'neath their dull guise of
 earth,
 Bright bursting gleams unwittingly disclose
 Their heaven-wrought birth.

Meekness, love, patience, faith's serene re-
 pose,
 And the soul's tutored mirth,
 Bidding the slow heart dance, to prove her
 power
 O'er self in its proud hour.

These are the chosen few,
 The remnant fruit of largely scattered grace ;
 God sows in waste, to reap whom he foreknew
 Of man's cold race ;
 Counting on wills perverse, in his clear view
 Of boundless time and space,
 He waits, by scant return for treasures given,
 To fill the thrones of heaven.

Lord ! who can trace but thou
 The strife obscure, 'twixt sin's soul-thralling
 spell
 And thy keen Spirit, now quenched, reviving
 now ?
 Or who can tell
 Why pardon's seal stands sure on David's
 brow,
 Why Saul and Demas fell ?
 Oh, lest our frail hearts in the annealing
 break,
 Help, for thy mercy's sake !

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

HORSEPATH, Sept., 1829.

THE CHURCH, WHICH IS HIS BRIDE.

PUT on thy beautiful robes, bride of Christ,
 For the King shall embrace thee to-day ;
 Break forth into singing, the morning has
 dawned,
 And the shadows of night are away.

Shake off the dust from thy feet, bride of
 Christ,
 For the conqueror, girded with might,
 Has vanquished the foe, the dragon cast down,
 And the cohorts of hell put to flight.

Thou art the bride of his love, his elect ;
 Dry thy tears, for thy sorrows are past ;
 Lone were the hours when thy Lord was away,
 But he comes with the morning at last.

The winds bear the noise of his chariot-wheels,
 And the thunders of victory roar ;
 Lift up thy beautiful gates, bride of Christ,
 For the grave has dominion no more.

Once they arrayed him with scorning, but see,
 His apparel is glorious now ;
 In his hand are the keys of death and of hell,
 And the diadem gleams on his brow.

Hark! 't is her voice: Alleluia, she sings,
Alleluia! the captives are free!
Unfolded the gates of paradise stand,
And unfolded forever shall be.

Choir answers choir, where the song has no
end,

All the saints raise hosannas on high,
Deep calls unto deep in the ocean of love,
As the bride lifts her jubilant cry.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX.

1865.

ECCLESIA DEI.

AUBREY DE VERE, third son of the late Sir Aubrey de Vere, was born in County Limerick, Ireland, Dec. 16, 1814, and educated in the University of Dublin. He has written several volumes of poetry and prose, among which are "The Legends of St. Patrick," "Alexander the Great," "St. Thomas of Canterbury," "The Infant Bridal," "Antar and Zara," "The Fall of Rora," "Legends of the Saxon Saints," and other poems. Aubrey de Vere now lives at Curragh Chase, Adare, Ireland, the home of his ancestors.

Who is she that stands triumphant,
Rock in strength upon the rock,
Like some city crowned with turrets
Braving storm and earthquake shock?
Who is she her arms extending,
Blessing thus a world restored,
All the anthems of creation
Lifting to creation's Lord?
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom;
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

As the moon its splendor borrows
From a sun unseen all night,

So from Christ, the Sun of Justice,
Draws his Church her sacred light;
Touched by his, her hands have healing,
Bread of life, absolving key:
Christ incarnate is her bridegroom;
The spirit hers, his temple she.
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom;
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

Empires rise and sink like billows,
Vanish and are seen no more;
Glorious as the star of morning
She o'erlooks their wild uproar;
Hers the household all-embracing,
Hers the vine that shadows earth;
Blest thy children, Mighty Mother!
Safe the stranger at thy hearth.
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth, whose fruit is freedom;
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

Like her bridegroom, heavenly, human,
Crowned and militant in one,
Chanting nature's great assumption
And the abasement of the Son,
Her magnificats, her dirges,
Harmonize the jarring years;
Hands that fling to heaven the censer,
Wipe away the orphan's tears.
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom;
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

AUBREY DE VERE.



GOD'S WORD.

THE WORD.

VOICE of the Holy Spirit, making known
 Man to himself, a witness swift and sure,
 Warning, approving, true and wise and pure,
 Counsel and guidance that misleadeth none!
 By thee the mystery of life is read;
 The picture-writing of the world's gray seers,
 The myths and parables of the primal years,
 Whose letter kills, by thee interpreted
 Take healthful meanings fitted to our needs,
 And in the soul's vernacular express
 The common law of simple righteousness.
 Hatred of cant and doubt of human creeds
 May well be felt; the unpardonable sin
 Is to deny the word of God within!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE BOOK.

GALLERY of sacred pictures manifold,
 A minster rich in holy effigies,
 And bearing on entablature and frieze
 The hieroglyphic oracles of old.
 Along its transept aureoled martyrs sit;
 And the low chancel side-lights half acquaint
 The eye with shrines of prophet, bard, and
 saint,
 Their golden tablets traced in Holy Writ!
 But only when on form and word obscure
 Falls from above the white supernal light,
 We read the mystic characters aright,
 And light informs the silent portraiture,
 Until we pause at last awe-held before
 The One ineffable Face, love, wonder, and
 adore.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

BUT, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book
 In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,
 Assumes the accents of our native tongue;
 And he who guides the plough or wields the
 crook,
 With understanding spirit now may look
 Upon her records, listen to her song,
 And sift her laws, — much wondering that the
 wrong,

Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could
 calmly brook.
 Transcendent boon! noblest that earthly king
 Ever bestowed to equalize and bless
 Under the weight of mortal wretchedness!
 But passions spread like plagues, and thou-
 sands wild
 With bigotry shall tread the offering
 Beneath their feet, — detested and defiled.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE VASTNESS OF THE GOSPEL
LOST IN ITS SIMPLICITY.

FROM end to end we glance; from Adam's fall
 To Christ's triumphant death and victory
 At once; those mysteries that between them
 be
 By man are known but scantily, if at all;
 And thus in time our marvel waxes small;
 Thus gazing down into an air-like sea,
 Its depth eludes us from its purity,
 And treasures ours so cheaply vainly call
 For gratitude or gladness. On we go,
 Unmoved beneath a heaven of awe-struck
 eyes,
 While purer beings, angel minds that know
 The cost of that great boon which we despise,
 Look down on us, suspended from their skies,
 With deeper awe than men on God bestow.

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE GLORY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
 Makes his eternal counsels known ;
 'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
 And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

Here, sinners of an humble frame
 May taste his grace and learn his name ;
 'T is writ in characters of blood,
 Severely just, immensely good.

Here, Jesus in ten thousand ways
 His soul-attracting charms displays,
 Recounts his poverty and pains,
 And tells his love in melting strains.

Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
 To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;
 Its influence makes the sinner live,
 It bids the drooping saint revive.

Our raging passions it controls,
 And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
 It brings a better world in view,
 And guides us all our journey through.

May this blest volume ever lie
 Close to my heart, and near my eye,
 Till life's last hour my thoughts engage,
 And be my chosen heritage.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

1787.

TO A FAMILY BIBLE.

WHAT household thoughts around thee, as
 their shrine,

Cling reverently ! — of anxious looks beguiled,
 My mother's eyes, upon thy page divine,
 Each day were bent ; — her accents, gravely
 mild,

Breathed out thy lore : whilst I, a dreamy
 child,

Wandered on breeze-like fancies oft away,
 To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers
 wild,

Some fresh-discovered nook for woodland
 play,

Some secret nest : — yet would the solemn
 Word

At times, with kindlings of young wonder
 heard,

Fall on my wakened spirit, there to be
 A seed not lost ; — for which, in darker years,
 O book of Heaven ! I pour, with grateful
 tears,

Heart blessings on the holy dead and thee !

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE HA' BIBLE.

CHIEF of the household gods
 Which hallow Scotland's lowly cottage-
 homes !

While looking on thy signs
 That speak, though dumb, deep thought
 upon me comes ;

With glad yet solemn dreams my heart is
 stirred,

Like childhood's when it hears the carol of a
 bird !

The mountains old and hoar,
 The chainless winds, the streams so pure
 and free,

The God-enamelled flowers,
 The waving forest, the eternal sea,
 The eagle floating o'er the mountain's
 brow, —

Are teachers all ; but, oh, they are not such
 as thou !

Oh, I could worship thee !

Thou art a gift a God of love might give ;
 For love and hope and joy

In thy Almighty-written pages live : —
 The slave who reads shall never crouch
 again ;

For, mind-inspired by thee, he bursts his
 feeble chain !

God ! unto thee I kneel,
 And thank thee ! Thou unto my native
 land —

Yea, to the outspread earth —
 Hast stretched in love thy everlasting
 hand,

And thou hast given earth, and sea, and
 air, —

Yea, all that heart can ask of good and pure
 and fair !

And, Father, thou hast spread
 Before men's eyes this charter of the free,
 That all thy book might read,

And justice love, and truth, and liberty.
 The gift was unto men, — the giver, God !

Thou slave ! it stamps thee man, — go spurn
 thy weary load !

Thou doubly precious book !
 Unto thy light what doth not Scotland
 owe : —

Thou teachest age to die,
 And youth in truth unsullied up to grow !
 In lowly homes a comforter art thou, —

A sunbeam sent from God, — an everlasting
 bow !

O'er thy broad, ample page
 How many dim and aged eyes have pored!
 How many hearts o'er thee
 In silence deep and holy have adored :
 How many mothers, by their infants' bed,
 Thy holy, blessed, pure, child-loving words
 have read!

And o'er thee soft young hands
 Have oft in truthful plighted love been
 joined ;
 And thou to wedded hearts
 Hast been a bond, an altar of the mind !
 Above all kingly power or kingly law
 May Scotland reverence aye — THE BIBLE OF
 THE HA'!

ROBERT NICOLL.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS, the editorial associate of N. P. Willis, was born at Philadelphia, Oct. 10, 1802, and died in New York City, July 6, 1864. He published several volumes of poetry.

THIS book is all that 's left me now, —
 Tears will unbidden start, —
 With faltering lip and throbbing brow
 I press it to my heart.
 For many generations past
 Here is our family tree ;
 My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
 She, dying, gave it me.

Ah ! well do I remember those
 Whose names these records bear ;
 Who round the hearthstone used to close,
 After the evening prayer,
 And speak of what these pages said
 In tones my heart would thrill !
 Though they are with the silent dead,
 Here are they living still !

My father read this holy book
 To brothers, sisters, dear ;
 How calm was my poor mother's look,
 Who loved God's word to hear !
 Her angel face, — I see it yet !
 What thronging memories come !
 Again that little group is met
 Within the halls of home !

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried ;
 When all were false, I found thee true,
 My counsellor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasures give
 That could this volume buy ;
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die !

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

THE BIBLE.

LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
 Our path, when wont to stray !
 Stream from the fount of heavenly grace.
 Brook by the traveller's way !

Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
 True manna from on high !
 Our guide and chart, wherein we read
 Of realms beyond the sky.

Pillar of fire through watches dark,
 Or radiant cloud by day !
 When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
 Our anchor and our stay !

Pole-star on life's tempestuous deep !
 Beacon, when doubts surround !
 Compass, by which our course we keep,
 Our deep sea-land to sound !

Riches in poverty ! our aid
 In every needful hour !
 Unshaken rock, — the pilgrim's shade,
 The soldier's fortress tower !

Our shield and buckler in the fight !
 Victory's triumphant palm !
 Comfort in grief ! in weakness, might !
 In sickness, Gilead's balm !

Childhood's preceptor ! manhood's trust !
 Old age's firm ally !
 Our hope, when we go down to dust,
 Of immortality !

Pure oracles of truth divine,
 Unlike each fabled dream
 Given forth from Delphos' mystic shrine,
 Or groves of Academe !

Word of the ever-living God !
 Will of his glorious Son !
 Without thee how could earth be trod,
 Or heaven itself be won ?

Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,
 Thy mysteries to reveal,
 That Spirit which first gave thee forth
 Thy volume must unseal !

And we, if we aright would learn
 The wisdom it imparts,
 Must to its heavenly teaching turn
 With simple, childlike hearts !

BERNARD BARTON

WITH A BIBLE, ON A WEDDING-DAY.

REV. NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM was born in Boston, July 23, 1793. He graduated at Harvard College, in 1811, with distinguished honor, in the class with Edward Everett, Samuel Gilman, and others of subsequent fame. In 1812, at the age of nineteen, he became Instructor in Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard College, and in 1815 he was ordained pastor of the First Congregational Church in Boston, of which he continued the minister for thirty-five years. He died April 4, 1870. Some of his hymns were written after he had become blind.

A BETTER love than mine
This holy volume gives ;
It shows no shadow of decline,
And when I die it lives.

A love that's constant still
To teach and cheer you through ;
That never frowns, " I may not will,"
Nor sighs, " I cannot do."

This book binds man and wife
In closer loves and fears ;
And all the ties that bless our life
It hallows and endears.

Its blessing rest to-day
Upon your plighted troth ;
A blessing that shall always stay,
And grow upon you both !

NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM.

—◆—

 HOLY BIBLE, BOOK DIVINE.

JOHN BURTON, who wrote the following lines, was born in England, Feb. 26, 1773, and died June 24, 1822. In the year 1800 he published a volume called "The Youth's Monitor." He was an earnest Sunday school teacher, and a friend of Dr. Robert Hall, the eminent Baptist minister.

HOLY Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine ;
Mine to tell me whence I came,
Mine to teach me what I am.

Mine to chide me when I rove,
Mine to show a Saviour's love ;
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless ;
Mine to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom ;
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine,

JOHN BURTON.

1805.

THE WORD.

O WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky ;
We praise thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

The Church from thee, her Master,
Received the gift divine ;
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored ;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of thee, the living Word.

It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled ;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world ;
It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to thee.

Oh, make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
Oh, teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

1867.

—◆—

 GOD'S WORD AND WORKS.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord ;
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light.
And nights and days, thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand :
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run:
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven!

ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

1719.

THE WRITTEN WORD.

THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word.

The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

When, taught by painful proof to know
That all is vanity below,
The sinner roams from comfort far,
And looks in vain for sun or star;

Soft gleaming then those lights divine
Through all the cheerless darkness shine,
And sweetly to the ravished eye
Disclose the dayspring from on high.

Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high,
The radiant chorus of the sky;

But, fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

1815.

THE DIFFUSION OF THE GOSPEL.

“Walte, walte nah und fern.”

SPREAD, oh, spread, thou mighty Word,
Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
Wheresoe'er his breath has given
Life to beings meant for heaven.

Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world, and keeps it still,
How he sent his Son to save
All who help and comfort crave.

Tell of our Redeemer's love,
Who forever doth remove
By his holy sacrifice
All the guilt that on us lies.

Tell them of the Spirit given
Now, to guide us up to heaven,
Strong and holy, just and true,
Working both to will and do.

Word of Life! most pure and strong,
Lo! for thee the nations long;
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

Up, the ripening fields ye see,
Mighty shall the harvest be;
But the reapers still are few,
Great the work they have to do.

Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for thee;
Let the nations far and near
See thy light and learn thy fear.

JONATHAN FRIEDRICH BAHNMAIER, 1823. Translated
by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858.

THE BOOK OF GOD.

THY thoughts are here, my God,
Expressed in words divine,
The utterance of heavenly lips
In every sacred line.

Across the ages they
Have reached us from afar,
Than the bright gold more golden they,
Purer than purest star.

More durable they stand
Than the eternal hills;
Far sweeter and more musical
Than music of earth's rills.

Fairer in their fair hues
Than the fresh flowers of earth,
More fragrant than the fragrant climes
Where odors have their birth.

Each word of thine a gem
From the celestial mines,
A sunbeam from that holy heaven
Where only sunlight shines.

Thine, thine, this book, though given
 In man's poor human speech,
 Telling of things unseen, unheard,
 Beyond all human reach.

No strength it craves or needs
 From this world's wisdom vain ;
 No filling up from human wells,
 Or sublunary rain.

No light from sons of time,
 Nor brilliance from its gold ;
 It sparkles with its own glad light,
 As in the ages old.

A thousand hammers keen,
 With fiery force and strain,
 Brought down on it in rage and hate,
 Have struck this gem in vain.

Against this sea-swept rock
 Ten thousand storms their will
 Of foam and rage have wildly spent ;
 It lifts its calm face still.

It standeth and will stand,
 Without or change or age,
 The word of majesty and light,
 The church's heritage.

1868.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

THE BIBLE.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to sight ;
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun ;
 It gives a light to every age, —
 It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat ;
 His truths upon the nations rise, —
 They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of Him I love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view,
 In brighter worlds above.

1779.

WILLIAM COWPER.





THE POET CONTEMPLATES
THE SAVIOUR.



FAIREST LORD JESUS.

"Schönster Herr Jesu."

From an old German hymn of the twelfth century, which was sung by the Crusaders, and then forgotten, until it was recently brought to light again, when it soon acquired a new popularity.

FAIREST Lord Jesus,
Ruler of nature!
Jesus, of God and of Mary the Son!—
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor;
Thee, my delight and my glory and crown!

Fair are the meadows,
Fairer the woodlands,
Robed in the flowery vesture of spring:
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Making my sorrowful spirit to sing.

Fair is the moonshine,
Fairer the sunlight,
Than all the starry, celestial host:
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels that heaven can boast.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE POET CONTEMPLATES THE SAVIOUR.

ABIDE WITH ME.

It is related that in the autumn of 1847, just before taking his final journey to Nice, Mr. Lyte made an effort to preach to his congregation at Lower Brixham, Devon, once more addressing them his solemn parting words, and administering to them the Lord's Supper, and that, on retiring to rest, he presented to a dear relative this hymn, now so precious to the Church, with the music he had adapted to it. It is founded on the following passage of Scripture: "Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."
—LUKE xxiv. 29.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,—
Come, not to sojourn, but 'bide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings:
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea.
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,

Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee.
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?

Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?

I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.

In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

BERRYHEAD, Sept., 1847.

MY VESPER SONG.

FILLED with weariness and pain,
Scarcely strong enough to pray,
In this twilight hour I sit,—
Sit and sing my doubt away.

O'er my broken purposes,
Ere the coming shadows roll,
Let me build a bridge of song:
"Jesus, lover of my soul,

"Let me to thy bosom fly."
How the words my thoughts repeat!
To thy bosom, Lord, I come,
Though unfit to kiss thy feet.

Once I gathered sheaves for thee,
Dreaming I could hold them fast;
Now I can but idly sing,
"Oh, receive my soul at last!"

I am weary of my fears,
Like a child when night comes on;
In the shadow, Lord, I sing,
"Leave, ah, leave me not alone!"

Through the tears I still must shed,
Through the evil yet to be,
Though I falter while I sing,
"Still support and comfort me."

"All my trust on thee is stayed,"
Does the rhythm of the song,
Softly falling on my heart,
Make its pulses firm and strong ;

Or is this thy perfect peace
Now descending while I sing,
That my soul may sleep to-night
"Neath the shadow of thy wing" ?

"Thou of life the fountain art."
If I slumber on thy breast,
If I sing myself to sleep, —
Sleep and death alike are rest.

Through the shadows overpast,
Through the shadows yet to be,
Let the ladder of my song
"Rise to all eternity."

Note by note its silver bars
May my soul in love ascend,
Till I reach the highest round
In thy kingdom without end.

Not impatiently I sing,
Though I stretch my hands and cry :
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly !"

1877.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

CHRIST THE CORNER-STONE.

"Angulare Fundamentum."

CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On him alone we build ;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled :
On his great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring ;
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing ;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song
Both loud and long
That glorious name.

Here, gracious God, do thou
Forevermore draw nigh ;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh ;
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour !

Here may we gain from Heaven
The grace which we implore ;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away !

Translated from an unknown author of about the eighth century by JOHN CHANDLER, 1837.

JESUS.

For an expression of the views of Theodore Parker on the subject of the character of Jesus, ten years later than the date of the following lines, see "The Person of Christ," by Philip Schaff, D.D., London edition (1880), pp. 260-263.

JESUS, there is no dearer name than thine,
Which Time has blazoned on his mighty
scroll ;

No wreaths nor garlands ever did entwine
So fair a temple of so vast a soul.

There every virtue set his triumph-seal ;
Wisdom, conjoined with strength and ra-
diant grace,

In a sweet copy Heaven to reveal,
And stamp perfection on a mortal face.

Once on the earth wert thou, before men's
eyes,
That did not half thy beauteous brightness
see ;

E'en as the emmet does not read the skies,
Nor our weak orbs look through immensity.

1836.

THEODORE PARKER.

JESUS THE WAY.

JOHN CENNICK was born in Reading, Berkshire, England, in 1717. He was associated with Wesley and Whitefield, but in 1745 joined the Moravians. He died in London, July 4, 1755.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He that I placed my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go; for all the paths are peace.

No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world and sin;
No lion, no devouring care,
No ravenous tiger, shall be there.

No, nothing may go up thereon
But travelling souls; and I am one:
Wayfaring men, to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the way be found.

Nor fools, by carnal men esteemed,
Shall err therein; but they, redeemed
In Jesu's blood, shall show their right
To travel there, till heaven's in sight.

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul! for I'm the Way!"

Lo! glad I come; and thou, dear Lamb,
Shall take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Yet help me, and thy praise I'll live!

I'll tell to all poor sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

JOHN CENNICK.

1743.

AMID LIFE'S WILD COMMOTION.

"Aus irdischem Getümmel."

KARL JULIUS ASSCHENFELD was born at Kiel, Holstein, in 1792, and died in 1856. These verses have been attributed to Friedrich Arndt.

AMID life's wild commotion,
Where nought the heart can cheer,
Who points beyond its ocean
To yonder brighter sphere?
Our feeble footsteps guiding,
When from the path we stray,
Who leads to bliss abiding?
Christ is our only WAY.

When doubts and fears distress us
And all around is gloom,

And shame and fear oppress us,
Who can our souls illumine?
Heaven's rays are round us gleaming,
And making all things bright,
The sun of TRUTH is beaming
In glory on our sight.

Who fills our hearts with gladness
That none can take away?
Who shows us, midst our sadness,
The distant realms of day?
Mid fears of death assailing,
Who stills the heart's wild strife?
'Tis Christ! our friend unailing,
The WAY, the TRUTH, the LIFE.

KARL JULIUS ASSCHENFELD

CHRIST THE CORNER-STONE.

EPH. ii. 20.

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is from every nation
By water and the word:
From heaven he came and sought her
To be his holy bride;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

The Church shall never perish!
The dear Lord to defend,
To guide, sustain, and cherish,
Is with her to the end:
Though there be those who hate her,
And false sons in her pale,
Against or foe or traitor
She ever shall prevail.

Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace forevermore ;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest ;

With all her sons and daughters,
 Who, by the Master's hand,
 Led through the deathly waters,
 Repose in Eden land.
 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won.

O happy ones and holy !
 Lord, give us grace that we,
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with thee.
 There, past the border-mountains,
 Where in sweet vales the bride
 With thee by living fountains
 Forever shall abide. Amen.

SAMUEL JOHN STONE.

1866.

THE GIFT.

EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D., the eminent Irish Shakespearean critic, is Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin.

Now I draw near ; alone apart
 I stayed, nor deemed I should require
 Such access, till my musing heart
 Suddenly kindled to desire.

“ No farther from thee than thy feet !
 No less a sight than all thy face !
 Nay, touch me where the heart doth beat,
 Breathe where the throbbing brain has
 place.

“ Yield me the best, the unnamed good,
 The gift that most shall prove me near,
 Thy wine for drink, thy fruit for food,
 Thy tokens of the nail, the spear.”

Such cry was mine. I lifted up
 My face, and from all speech did cease,
 Daring to take the bitter cup,
 But ah, thy perfect gift was Peace ;

Quiet deliverance from all need,
 A little space of boundless rest,
 To live within the Light indeed,
 To lean upon the Master's breast.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

THE OFFICES OF CHRIST.

Στόμιον πάλων ἀδαῶν.

CLEMENT of Alexandria is supposed to have been a native of Athens, and originally a pagan. He was ordained presbyter in Alexandria, where he passed the greater portion of his life, and in 202 retired for a time to Palestine to escape persecution. Origen was one of his pupils. His philosophy was more speculative than that of most of the Fathers. He died about the year 220.

HENRY MARTYN DEXTER, an eminent Congregational minister, was born in Plympton, Mass., Aug. 13, 1821, and was educated at Yale College and Andover Theological Seminary. He has been pastor of two churches at different times, and editor of the Congregational Quarterly and the Congregationalist. He holds the last-mentioned position at present. He has made careful studies of the Pilgrim Fathers of Massachusetts, and has written elaborate works on cognate subjects. His chief work, "Congregationalism," is the standard authority upon the subject it treats.

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
 Guiding in love and truth
 Through devious ways ;
 Christ, our triumphant King,
 We come thy name to sing ;
 Hither our children bring
 To shout thy praise.

Thou art our Holy Lord,
 The all-subduing Word,
 Healer of strife :
 Thou didst thyself abase,
 That from sin's deep disgrace
 Thou mightest save our race,
 And give us life.

Thou art the great High Priest,
 Thou hast prepared the feast
 Of heavenly love ;
 While in our mortal pain
 None calls on thee in vain ;
 Help thou dost not disdain,
 Help from above.

Ever be thou our Guide,
 Our Shepherd and our Pride,
 Our Staff and Song :
 Jesus, thou Christ of God,
 By thy perennial Word
 Lead us where thou hast trod,
 Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
 Sound we thy praises high,
 And joyful sing :
 Infants, and the glad throng
 Who to thy Church belong,
 Unite to swell the song
 To Christ our King.

CLEMENT of Alexandria. Translated by
 H. M. DEXTER, D.D., 1846, 1849.

THE WAY AND THE LIFE.

WILHELM MARTIN LEBERECHE DE WETTE, an eminent German preacher and biblical critic of moderate rationalistic opinions, was born at Ulla, near Weimar, Jan. 14, 1780, and died at Basel, June 16, 1847. His "Introduction to the Old and New Testaments" was translated into English and published in an American edition in 1843-1848.

WORLD Redeemer, Lord of glory! as of old
to zealous Paul
Thou didst come in sudden splendor, and from
out the cloud didst call;
As to Mary, in the garden, did thy risen form
appear, —
Come, arrayed in heavenly beauty; come and
speak, and I will hear!

"Hast thou not," the Master answered, —
"hast thou not my written word?
Hast thou not, to go before thee, the example
of the Lord?"
— Blessed One! thy word of wisdom is too
high for me to know,
And my feet are all too feeble for the path
where thou didst go.

Doubts torment me while I study; all my
reading and my thinking
Lead away from firm conviction, and in mire
my feet are sinking.
Then I turn to works of duty, — here thy law
is very plain,
But I look at thy example, strive to follow, —
strive in vain.

Let me gaze, then, at thy glory; change to
flesh this heart of stone!
Let the light illumine my darkness that around
the Apostle shone!
Cold belief is not conviction, rules are impo-
tent to move
Let me see thy heavenly beauty, let me learn
to trust and love.

In my heart the voice made answer: "Ask not
for a sign from heaven.
In the gospel of thy Saviour, life, as well as
light, is given.
Ever looking unto Jesus, all his glory thou
shalt see,
From thy heart the veil be taken, and the Word
made clear to thee.

"Love the Lord, and thou shalt see him; do
his will, and thou shalt know
How the spirit lights the letter, — how a little
child may go

Where the wise and prudent stumble, — how
a heavenly glory shines
In his acts of love and mercy, from the gos-
pel's simplest lines."

WILHELM MARTIN LEBERECHE DE WETTE.
Translated by J. F. CLARKE, D. D.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appear'dst in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
To call thy brethren forth from want and
woe! —

Thee would I sing. Thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes, thou art still the life; thou art the way
The holiest know, — light, life, and way of
heaven;

And they who dearest hope and deepest pray
Toil by the truth, life, way that thou hast
given;

And in thy name aspiring mortals trust
To uplift their bleeding brothers rescued from
the dust.

THEODORE PARKER.

THERE COMES A GALLEY LADEN.

"Es kommt ein Schiff geladen."

Little is known of the life of TAULER. He was a Domini-
can monk, whose chief work was done in Strassburg, where
he died June 16, 1361. Tauler was born about 1294. His
theology was a species of mysticism. Twenty-five of his ser-
mons are translated in Miss Susannah Winkworth's "Life
and Times of Tauler," 1857.

THERE comes a galley laden,
A heavenly freight on board;
It bears God's Son, the Saviour,
The great Undying Word.

And proudly floats that galley,
From troubled coast to coast:
Its sail is love and mercy;
Its mast, the Holy Ghost.

Now earth hath caught the anchor,
The ship hath touched the strand;
God's Word, in fleshly garment, —
The Son, — steps out on land.

Thou Bethlehem the lowly
Receiv'st him in thy stall;
Thou giv'st him rest and shelter,
Who comes to save us all.

Oh! haste, my brothers, quickly
To kiss this little Child,
Who dies a glorious Martyr
For souls with sin defiled.

And he who dies with Jesus,
With Jesus he shall rise,
And love eternal waft him
With Christ beyond the skies.

Translated from the German of JOHN TAULER
by E. KENEALY.

THE ALTERED MOTTO.

These beautiful lines, written during a series of meetings in Broadlands, England, in 1875, by the Rev. THEODORE MONOD of Paris, were first published in this country as the conclusion of a letter written by Dr. Schaff to the New York Evangelist. Since that time — Aug. 5, 1875 — they have gone the rounds of the religious press, verifying the remark with which they were introduced, that they were likely to live.

OH, the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
"All of self, and none of thee."

Yet he found me. I beheld him
Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard him pray, "Forgive them, Father!"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of thee."

Day by day his tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of thee?"

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my soul's desire, —
"None of self, and all of thee!"

From the French of THEODORE MONOD.

SING TO THE LORD.

JOHN BOWDLER, a loved friend of Macaulay and Wilberforce, was born in London, Feb. 4, 1783, and died Feb. 1, 1815. Educated at Winchester, he was designed for the law, but was not able to practise long on account of ill health.

SING to the Lord with cheerful voice;
From realm to realm the notes shall sound,
And heaven's exulting sons rejoice
To bear the full hosanna round.

When, starting from the shades of night,
At dread Jehovah's high behest,
The Sun arrayed his limbs in light,
And Earth her virgin beauty drest;

Thy praise transported Nature sung
In pealing chorus loud and far;
The echoing vault with rapture rung,
And shouted every morning star.

When, bending from his native sky,
The Lord of Life in mercy came,
And laid his bright effulgence by,
To bear on earth a human name;

The song, by cherub voices raised,
Rolled through the dark blue depths above;
And Israel's shepherds heard amazed.
The seraph notes of peace and love.

And shall not man the concert join,
For whom this bright creation rose, —
For whom the fires of morning shine,
And eve's still lamps, that woo repose?

And shall not he the chorus swell,
Whose form the Incarnate Godhead wore,
Whose guilt, whose fears, whose triumph tell
How deep the wounds his Saviour bore?

Long as yon glittering arch shall bend,
Long as yon orbs in glory roll,
Long as the streams of life descend
To cheer with hope the fainting soul,

Thy praise shall fill each grateful voice,
Shall bid the song of rapture sound:
And heaven's exulting sons rejoice
To bear the full hosanna round.

JOHN BOWDLER.

1814.

HELPED BY THE ALMIGHTY'S ARM, AT LAST.

"Forti tengine branchia."

The author of the following is a graduate of Oriel College, Oxford, and a writer on ecclesiastical themes. He was born in 1840. He is the author of "Lauda Syon," a collection of translations of Latin hymns, published in 1857.

HELPED by the Almighty's arm, at last
Behold the Red Sea's channel past,
Where he, with matchless prowess, broke
The infernal tyrant's hateful yoke.

Oh, therefore joyful thanks this day
Let us to Christ, our champion, pay;
And round the Lamb's own board unite,
Arrayed in shining robes of white.

There duly may his sacred flesh
And hallowed blood our souls refresh ;
Enkindling there the fire of love,
That we may live with him above.

Henceforth our passover is Christ,
Our lamb, our victim sacrificed :
As sprinkled with his blood we stand,
The angel stays his vengeful hand.

O worthiest victim ! born to reign,
By whom death's very self is slain,
And, crushed before whose potent sway,
The gates of heil disgorge their prey !

Christ, from the grave's departing gloom,
To light hath issued from the tomb ;
Down to the abyss the foe hath driven,
And oped the sanctuaries of heaven.

Translated from the Latin of the Paris Breviary
by JOHN DAVID CHAMBERS.

I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., one of the most popular of living religious writers, was born in Edinburgh in 1808, and was educated in that city. In 1837 he became pastor of a church at Kelso, and remained there for many years. He is now at Grange, Edinburgh. In 1852 Dr. Bonar published an interesting and valuable monograph entitled "The New Jerusalem : a Hymn of the Olden Time," in which he gave various renderings of "O Mother dear, Jerusalem."

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious.
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in him ;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child ;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng ;
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

1857.

O JESUS! WHEN I THINK OF THEE.

O JESUS! when I think of thee,
Thy manger, cross, and throne,
My spirit trusts exultingly
In thee, and thee alone.

I see thee in thy weakness first ;
Then, glorious from thy shame,
I see thee death's strong fetters burst,
And reach heaven's mightiest name.

In each a brother's love I trace
By power divine express,
One in thy Father God's embrace,
As on thy mother's breast.

For me thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die,
For me achieve thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

Oh, let me share thy holy birth,
Thy faith, thy death to sin,
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin !

Then shall I know what means the strain
Triumphant of Saint Paul :
"To live is Christ, to die is gain",
"Christ is my all in all."

GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D.

1867.

JESUS ALL SUFFICIENT.

FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD VON HARDENBERG, usually called "Novalis," was a pure and lofty poetic genius of the Romantic school. He was of Moravian connections, and wrote hymns of deep longing and mystic fire. He was born in 1772, and died at Weissenfels, in 1801.

IF only I have thee,
If only mine thou art,
And to the grave
Thy power to save
Upholds my faithful heart, —
Nought can then my soul annoy,
Lost in worship, love, and joy.

If only I have thee,
I gladly all forsake.
To follow on
Where thou hast gone,
My pilgrim staff I take ;
Leaving other men to stray
In the bright, broad, crowded way.

If only I have thee,
If only thou art near,
In sweet repose
My eyes shall close,
Nor death's dark shadow fear ;
And thy heart's flood through my breast
Gently charm my soul to rest.

If only I have thee,
Then all the world is mine ;
Like those who gaze
Upon the rays
That from thy glory shine ;
Rapt in holy thought of thee,
Earth can have no gloom for me.

Where only I have thee,
There is my fatherland ;
For everywhere
The gifts I share
From thy wide-spreading hand ;
And in all my human kind
Long-lost brothers dear I find.

FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD VON HARDENBERG. Trans-
lated by GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D.

— ◆ —

THY KINGDOM COME.

JESUS, thy Church with longing eyes
For thy expected coming waits ;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates ?
Even now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.
Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress,
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown thy gospel with success.
Oh, come, and reign o'er every land ;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled ;
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world !
Yes, thou wilt speedily appear !
The smitten earth already reels ;
And not far off we seem to hear
The thunder of thy chariot-wheels.

Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for the appointed hour ;
And fit us by thy grace to share
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

1831.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

— ◆ —

THE GLORIOUS GIFT OF GOD.

JESUS, my Lord, my chief delight !
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

When shall I see thy smiling face,
That face which often I have seen ?
Arise, thou Sun of righteousness !
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distressed ;
The first of all his gifts bestowed,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

Could I but say, " This gift is mine !"
The world should lie beneath my feet ;
Though poor, no more would I repine,
Or look with envy on the great.

This precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart ;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart.

1787.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

— ◆ —

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDG- MENT.

WHEN came in flesh the Incarnate Word,
The heedless world slept on,
And only simple shepherds heard
That God had sent his Son.

When comes the Saviour at the last,
From west to east shall shine
The awful pomp, and earth aghast
Shall tremble at the sign.

Then shall the pure in heart be blest ;
As mild he comes to them,
As when upon the Virgin's breast
He lay at Bethlehem :

As mild to meek-eyed love and faith,
Only more strong to save ;
Strengthened by having bowed to death,
By having burst the grave.

Lord! who could dare see thee descend
 In state, unless he knew
 Thou art the sorrowing sinner's Friend,
 The gracious and the true?

Dwell in our hearts, O Saviour blest!
 So shall thine advent- dawn
 'Twixt us and thee, our bosom guest,
 Be but the veil withdrawn.

1836.

JOSEPH ANSTICE

OUR DOUBLE KINDRED TO EMMANUEL.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL is a layman now living in England. He was born in 1819. His hymns are the expression of his religious experience. The following, he says, was written "when fresh from the contemplation of the misery and anarchy of Shelley's life. The blessing that has gone with it is wonderful." The Rev. F. M. Bird said of Mr. Gill's hymns: "Wesley, in 1739, was scarcely more an innovator on the then established precedents of hymn-writing than was Mr. Gill ten years ago. His hymns, though little known now, will, we believe, be well known and widely used hereafter." These stanzas are based upon the following verses from the fifteenth chapter of Second Corinthians: "The second man was the Lord from heaven." "As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

OH! mean may seem this house of clay,
 Yet 't was the Lord's abode;
 Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
 Yet here Emmanuel trod.

This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;
 This watch the Lord did keep;
 These burdens sore the Lord did bear;
 These tears the Lord did weep.

This world the Master overcame;
 This death the Lord did die;
 He bore our sins, he took our shame,
 In our dark bed did lie.

O vale of tears no longer sad,
 Wherein the Lord did dwell!
 O happy robe of flesh that clad
 Our own Emmanuel!

Our very frailty brings us near
 Unto the Lord of heaven;
 To every grief, to every tear,
 Such glory strange is given.

But not this fleshly robe alone
 Shall link us, Lord, to thee;
 Not only in the tear and groan
 Shall the dear kindred be.

We shall be reckoned for thine own
 Because thy heaven we share,
 Because we sing around thy throne
 And thy bright raiment wear.

Thou to our woe who down didst come,
 Who one with us wouldst be,
 Wilt lift us to thy heavenly home,
 Wilt make us one with thee.

Thou who wast clothed in our clay
 And stricken in our stead,
 Wilt put on us thy bright array,
 Thy joy on us wilt shed.

O mighty grace, our life to live,
 To make our earth divine!
 O mighty grace, thy heaven to give,
 And lift our life to thine!

Yes, strange the gifts and marvellous
 By thee received and given!
 Thou tookest woe and death for us,
 And we receive thy heaven!

1860.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL.

THE MASTER'S CALL.

RISE, said the Master, come unto the feast.
 She heard the call, and rose with willing feet;
 But thinking it not otherwise than meet
 For such a bidding to put on her best,
 She is gone from us for a few short hours
 Into her bridal closet, there to wait
 For the unfolding of the palace-gate,
 That gives her entrance to the blissful Lowers
 We have not seen her yet, though we have
 been
 Full often to her chamber-door, and oft
 Have listened underneath the postern green,
 And laid fresh flowers, and whispered short
 and soft;
 But she hath made no answer; and the day
 From the clear west is fading fast away.

HENRY ALFORD, D. D.

FOR GRACE TO RETURN.

THE REV. WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST lives on his paternal estate, Lydney Park, Gloucestershire. He was born Aug. 28, 1796, and was educated at Oxford. He took orders in 1819. His "Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use" was published in 1830. He has produced "Metrical Musings; or, Thoughts on Sacred Subjects in Verse" (1849), and a translation of the Georgics of Virgil.

OH for a beam of heavenly light
 To guide my roving steps aright,
 And lead me to the blest abode
 Where dwells my Father and my God.

Lord, I am weak and prone to stray;
 Oh, keep me in thy holy way;
 What nature wants let grace supply,
 And smooth my progress to the sky.

Though I am but a worm of earth,
Sinful by practice as by birth ;
Oh, let divine compassion shed
New lustre on the path I tread.

Trusting in Jesus, let me go
In safety through this vale of woe ;
And may his gracious presence cheer
My heart in all its wanderings here.

And when my pilgrimage is o'er,
Oh, let me rest upon that shore
Where sin shall never more molest
Nor drive me from my-Saviour's breast.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

—◆—
FOLLOW ME !

SOUL, o'er life's sad ocean faring,
Whither drifts thy bark ?
To what haven art thou steering
Through the dark ?

Torn by tempests, tossed by billows,
Wouldst thou anchor fast ;
Stay thee on eternal pillows
At the last ?

Far away the happy islet,
Where the blessed be,
Lies quite past the utmost twilight
Of the sea.

But the waves are dark between thee
And that shelter warm :
Haven there is none to screen thee
From the storm.

Weary, wounded, wind-tost, stricken,
Hark ! across the sea
Comes a voice thy hopes to quicken :
" Follow Me ! "

Whither, Lord ? the path is gloomy ;
Dim the harbor-light ;
Cruel doubts and fears pursue me
Through the night.

" Follow me in faith and meekness
Where my steps have led,
For my strength is in thy weakness
Perfected."

Shall I find thee when I need thee ?
" Only look above :
I will keep thee, shield thee, lead thee
With my love."

Shall the rough waves stay their riot ?
" Nay, I say not so ;
Not in peace and calm and quiet
Must thou go ;

" Many a time thy soul shall sicken :
Yet, though faint thou be,
Hardly pressed and sorely stricken,
Follow me !

" I myself will be thy pilot
Till thou rest for aye,
Anchored at that happy islet
Far away.

" There of storm and strife and riot
Shall be full surcease ;
Life for death, for brief disquiet
Utter peace."

BARTON GREY.

—◆—
YET THERE IS ROOM.

JAMES BODEN was a Congregational minister, born at Chester, in the house in which Matthew Henry once lived, April 13, 1757. He was one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, and died at Chesterfield, June 4, 1841. Seven hymns by him were contributed to a collection that he edited in 1801, in connection with the Rev. Edward Williams, D.D.

Ye dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
Which Jesus sends to you :
Ye perishing and guilty, come ;
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame ;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor and blind and lame ;
All things are ready ; sinner, come ;
For every trembling soul there's room.

Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim ;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name.
Backsliding souls, return and come ;
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near ;
Christ calls you from above ;
His charming accents hear !
Let whosoever will now come,
In mercy's breast there yet is room.

JAMES BODEN.

INVITATION.

COME, says Jesu's sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come !

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed this barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Long to see the morning rise ;

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In strong remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care :
A wounded spirit who can bear ?

Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

1812.

LORD JESUS, GOD AND MAN. -

LORD Jesus, God and man,
For love of men a child,
The very God, yet born on earth
Of Mary undefiled ;

Lord Jesus, God and man,
In this our festal day
To thee for precious gifts of grace
Thy ransomed people pray.

We pray for childlike hearts,
For gentle, holy love,
For strength to do thy will below
As angels do above.

We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints,
For true communion evermore
With all thy blessed saints.

On friends around us here,
Oh, let thy blessing fall ;
We pray for grace to love them well,
But thee beyond them all.

Oh, joy to live for thee !
Oh, joy in thee to die !
Oh, very joy of joys to see
Thy face eternally !

Lord Jesus, God and man,
We praise thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father one,
And Spirit evermore.

SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER

THOU BRIGHTNESS OF THE
FATHER'S RAY.

"Splendor Paternæ gloriæ."

SAINT AMBROSE, Bishop of Milan, was born at Treves, Gaul, in the year 340, and died April 3, 397. He is known as the Father of Latin hymnology. Saint Augustine, his spiritual son, speaks with much feeling of him as the introducer into the Western Church of responsive or antiphonal singing and of the singing of psalms. Twelve unrhymed, but simple and vigorous hymns of a churchly spirit, are attributed to him, of which are the *Te Deum*, called the Ambrosian Hymn (p. 465), and others.

THOU brightness of the Father's ray,
True Light of light and Day of day,
Light's fountain and eternal spring,
Thou Morn the morn illumining !

Glide in, thou very Sun divine ;
With everlasting brightness shine ;
And shed abroad on every sense
The Spirit's light and influence.

Thee, Father, let us seek aright,
The father of perpetual light,
The father of almighty grace,
Each wile of sin away to chase.

Our acts with courage do thou fill :
Blunt thou the Tempter's tooth of ill ;
Misfortune into good convert,
Or give us grace to bear unhurt.

Our spirits, whatsoe'er betide,
In chaste and loyal bodies guide ;
Let faith, with fervor unalloyed,
The bane of falsehood still avoid,

And Christ, our daily food, be nigh,
And faith our daily cup supply ;
So may we quaff, to calm and bless,
The Spirit's rapturous holiness.

Now let the day in joy pass on ;
Our modesty like early dawn,
Our faith like noontide splendor glow,
Our souls the twilight never know.

All laud to God the Father be ;
All laud, Eternal Son, to thee :
All laud, as is forever meet,
To God the holy Paraclete. Amen.

AMBROSE. Translator unknown.

WORTHY THE LAMB!

JAMES ALLEN, a zealous itinerant preacher in connection with the Countess of Huntingdon, was born at Gayle, Yorkshire, June 24, 1734, and died at the same place in 1804. In 1752 he became a Sandemanian, but subsequently preached in a chapel that he built on his estate at Gayle until his death. He was the editor and chief contributor to "The Kendall Hymn-Book" (1757, 1761), which contains seventy-one of his productions. His hymn, "Sweet the moments, rich in blessing," was much altered by the Rev. Walter Shirley for the Countess of Huntingdon's collection, and made one of the best. The following is sometimes attributed to Christopher Batty or James Boden, and is usually given with great variation from the original.

GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply;
Praise ye his name:
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud forevermore,
Worthy the Lamb!

All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread his dear name abroad:
Worthy the Lamb!

To him our hearts we raise,—
None else shall have our praise;
Praise ye his name!
Him our exalted Lord,
By us below adored,
We praise with one accord,—
Worthy the Lamb!

If we should hold our peace,
Storms would cry out apace;
Praise ye his name!
Love does our souls inspire
With heavenly, pure desire,
And sets us all on fire,—
Worthy the Lamb!

Join, all the human race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a cheerful noise,
And say with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
Praising his name:
To him we'll tribute bring,
Laud him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

THE GOOD SHEPHERD WITH THE KID.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, son of the celebrated Thomas Arnold, the teacher of Rugby School, was born at Laleham, Middlesex, Dec. 24, 1822. His poetry has appeared in several volumes, the earliest being dated 1849. His style is subdued and forcible, and in prose his criticism is acute.

"He saves the sheep, the goats he doth not save!"

So rang Tertullian's sentence on the side
Of that unpietying Phrygian sect which cried:
"Him can no fount of fresh forgiveness lave,

"Whose sins once washed by the baptismal wave!"

So spake the fierce Tertullian. But she sighed,

The infant Church: of love she felt the tide
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.

And then she smiled, and in the Catacombs,
With eye suffused, but heart inspired true,
On those walls subterranean, where she hid

Her head in ignominy, death, and tombs,
She her Good Shepherd's hasty image drew;
And on his shoulders, not a lamb, a kid.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

1867.

SALUTATION TO JESUS CHRIST.

"Je te salue, mon certain Rédempteur!"

The Rev. D. D. Bannerman is minister of the Free Church at Perth, Scotland. The following hymn, together with eleven others (mostly translations of Psalms), written in French, was discovered by Felix Bovet, of Neuchatel, in an old Genevese prayer-book, and first published in the sixth volume of the new edition of the works of Calvin by Baum, Cunitz, and Reuss, 1868. It reveals a poetic vein, and a devotional fervor and tenderness, which one would hardly have suspected in the severe logician.

I GREET thee, my Redeemer sure,
I trust in none but thee,
Thou who hast borne such toil and shame
And suffering for me;
Our hearts from cares and cravings vain
And foolish fears set free.

Thou art the King compassionate,
Thou reignest everywhere,
Almighty Lord, reign thou in us,
Rule all we have and are:
Enlighten us and raise to heaven,
Amid thy glories there.

Thou art the life by which we live;
Our stay and strength's in thee;

Uphold us so in face of death,
 What time soe'er it be,
 That we may meet it with strong heart,
 And may die peacefully.

The true and perfect gentleness
 We find in thee alone ;
 Make us to know thy loveliness,
 Teach us to love thee known ;
 Grant us sweet fellowship with thee,
 And all who are thine own.

Our hope is in none else but thee ;
 Faith holds thy promise fast ;
 Be pleased, Lord, to strengthen us,
 Whom thou redeemed hast,
 To bear all troubles patiently,
 And overcome at last.

Children of Eve, and heirs of ill,
 To thee thy banished cry ;
 To thee in sorrow's vale we bring
 Our sighs and misery ;
 We take the sinners' place, and plead :
 Lord, save us, or we die.

Look, thou, our Daysman and High Priest,
 Upon our low estate ;
 Make us to see God's face in peace
 Through thee, our Advocate ;
 With thee, our Saviour, may our feet
 Enter at heaven's gate.

Lord Jesus Christ of holy souls,
 The Bridegroom sweet and true,
 Meet thou the rage of Antichrist,
 Break thou his nets in two ;
 Grant us thy Spirit's help, thy will
 In very deed to do.

JOHN CALVIN, 1560. Translated by
 D. D. BANNERMAN, 1879.

THE WORLD.

"And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin,
 and of righteousness, and of judgment."—JOHN xvi. 8.

THE world is wise, for the world is old ;
 Five thousand years their tale have told ;
 Yet the world is not happy, as the world might
 be,—

Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is kind if we ask not too much ;
 It is sweet to the taste, and smooth to the
 touch ;
 Yet the world is not happy, as the world might
 be,—

Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is strong, with an awful strength,
 And full of life in its breadth and length ;
 Yet the world is not happy, as the world might
 be,—

Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is so beautiful one may fear
 Its borrowed beauty might make it too dear ;
 Yet the world is not happy, as the world might
 be,—

Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is good in its own poor way,
 There is rest by night and high spirits by day ;
 Yet the world is not happy, as the world might
 be,—

Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The cross shines fair, and the church-bell
 rings,
 And the earth is peopled with holy things ;
 Yet the world is not happy, as the world might
 be,—

Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

What lackest thou, world? for God made thee
 of old ;
 Why,—thy faith hath gone out, and thy love
 grown cold ;
 Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
 For the want of Christ's simplicity.

It is blood that thou lackest, thou poor old
 world !
 Who shall make thy love hot for thee, frozen
 old world ?

Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
 For the love of dear Jesus is little in thee.

Poor world! if thou cravest a better day,
 Remember that Christ must have his own way ;
 I mourn thou art not as thou mightest be,
 But the love of God would do all for thee.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

ABIDE WITH US.

LUKE xxiv. 29.

'T is evening now!
 O Saviour, wilt not thou
 Enter my home and heart,
 Nor ever hence depart,
 Even when the morning breaks,
 And earth again awakes?
 Thou wilt abide with me,
 And I with thee.

The world is old!
 Its air grows dull and cold;
 Upon its aged face
 The wrinkles come apace;
 Its western sky is wan,
 Its youth and joy are gone.
 O Master, be our light,
 When o'er us falls the night.

Evil is round!
 Iniquities abound;
 Our cottage will be lone
 When the great Sun is gone;
 O Saviour, come and bless,
 Come share our loneliness;
 We need a comforter;
 Take up thy dwelling here.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

IN TEMPTATION.

JESU, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 Oh, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me!
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing!

Wilt thou not regard my call?
 Wilt thou not accept my prayer?
 Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
 Lo! on thee I cast my care!
 Reach me out thy gracious hand!
 While I of thy strength receive,
 Hoping against hope I stand,
 Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
 Just and holy is thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within!
 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart!
 Rise to all eternity!

CHARLES WESLEY.

1740

IN HIM WE LIVE.

O MASTER, let me walk with thee
 In lowly paths of service free;
 Tell me thy secret; help me bear
 The strain of toil, the fret of care;
 Help me the slow of heart to move
 By some clear winning word of love;
 Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
 And guide them in the homeward way.

O Master, let me walk with thee
 Before the taunting Pharisee;
 Help me to bear the sting of spite,
 The hate of men who hide thy light,
 The sore distrust of souls sincere
 Who cannot read thy judgments clear,
 The dulness of the multitude
 Who dimly guess that thou art good.

Teach me thy patience; still with thee
 In closer, dearer company,
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
 In trust that triumphs over wrong,
 In hope that sends a shining ray
 Far down the future's broadening way,
 In peace that only thou canst give,
 With thee, O Master, let me live!

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

1879.

JESUS, JESUS, VISIT ME!

The REV. ROBINSON POTTER DUNN was Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Brown University. He was born in 1825, and died in 1867.

JESUS, Jesus, visit me!
 How my soul longs after thee!
 When, my best, my dearest Friend,
 Shall our separation end?

Lord, my longings never cease,
 Without thee I find no peace;
 'Tis my constant cry to thee,
 Jesus, Jesus, visit me!

Mean the joys of earth appear,
All below is dark and drear ;
Nought but thy beloved voice
Can my wretched heart rejoice.

Thou alone, my gracious Lord,
Art my shield and great reward ;
All my hope, my Saviour thou,
To thy sovereign will I bow.

Come, inhabit then my heart,
Purge its sin, and heal its smart ;
See, I ever cry to thee,
Jesus, Jesus, visit me !

Patiently I wait thy day ;
For this gift alone I pray,
That when death shall visit me
Thou my light and life wilt be.

ANGELUS SILESUS, 1660. Translated by
ROBINSON POTTER DUNN, D. D.

HYMN TO JESUS.

ALEXANDRE RODOLPHE VINET, a celebrated French theologian, was born at Ouchy, canton Vaud, Switzerland, June 17, 1797, and died at Clarens, May 10, 1847. He was a member of the Free Church, and in 1837 was made professor at the seminary at Lausanne. The REV. HENRY DOWNTON, an English clergyman, was born in 1818, and graduated at Cambridge. For a time he was British chaplain at Geneva. His hymns appeared in Arthur Tozer Russell's "Psalms and Hymns" (1857), but the following is of a later date.

THOU, of earth desired, adored,
Joy and glory of the skies,
Thou, my Brother, Saviour, Lord,
Lo ! I bend before thine eyes :
Oh that mild, yet awful mien !
Grace commanding, yet serene !
Of thy gifts the triple dower,
Light, hope, peace, upon me shower.

Long have I my feeble sight
Strained, and nothing met my view ;
Long my mind hath yearned for light,
Fathomed all, yet nothing knew :
Oh the blessings thus foregone !
Fleeting lights in vain that shone !
Useless griefs which failed to bless !
Draughts of deadly happiness !

Say, my soul, but now forlorn,
Whence is come this calm to thee ?
Say, my mind, with searching worn,
How so clearly dost thou see ?
All my doubts, behold, they cease !
Sinks the storm to deepest peace !
Oh, strange mystery of love !
Grace my highest thoughts above !

Greater than all names that are,
Jesus is our Saviour's name :
Gulfs to fill, which severed far
God from sinners. Jesus came !
To my tongue that name how dear,
Melting hardness, calming fear ;
Name to make the rebel mourn,
And remorse to sorrow turn !

Heart Divine ! my comfort be ;
Be my refuge in the strife ;
From the tempest shelter me ;
Be at death my better life !
See my wound, how deep and sore ;
Heal me, — heal ten thousand more ;
Yea, o'er all this world of woe
Bid thy boundless mercy flow !

Translated from the French of VINET
by HENRY DOWNTON.

A HYMN TO CHRIST,

AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO GERMANY.

JOHN DONNE was born of Roman Catholic parentage, in London, in 1573. He took orders in the Established Church, and became a preacher of note. He is now remembered as a poet of strange conceits, of the class called, without exact reason, "Metaphysical" poets. He died March 31, 1631.

IN what torn ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be my emblem of thy ark ;
What sea soever swallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood.
Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face, yet through that mask I know those
eyes,
Which, though they turn away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto thee,
And all whom I love here, and who love me :
When I have put this flood 'twixt them and
me,
Put thou thy blood betwixt my sins and thee.
As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go
Where none but thee, the eternal root
Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion, dost control
The amorousness of an harmonious soul ;
But thou wouldst have that love thyself : as
thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now.
Thou lov'st not till from loving more thou free
My soul : whoever gives takes liberty ;
Oh, if thou car'st not whom I love,
Alas, thou lov'st not me !

Seal, then, this bill of my divorce to all
 On whom those fainter beams of love did fall;
 Marry those loves, which in youth scattered be
 On face, wit, hopes (false mistresses), to thee.
 Churches are best for prayer that have least
 light;

To see God only, I go out of sight;
 And to 'scape stormy days, I choose
 An everlasting night.

JOHN DONNE

1600.

 HAPPY DAY.

OH, happy day, that fixed my choice
 On thee, my Saviour and my God!
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

'T is done, the great transaction 's done;
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart!
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 Oh, who with earth would grudge to part,
 When called with angels to be blest?

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1755.

 LOVEST THOU ME? FEED MY
 LAMBS.

JOHN XXI. 15.

Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
 Behold my heart and see;
 And turn each cursed idol out
 That dares to rival thee.

Do not I love thee from my soul?
 Then let me nothing love:
 Dead be my heart to every joy,
 When Jesus cannot move.

Is not thy name melodious still
 To mine attentive ear?
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
 My Saviour's voice to hear?

Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
 I would disdain to feed?
 Hast thou a foe, before whose face
 I fear thy cause to plead?

Would not my ardent spirit vie,
 With angels round the throne,
 To execute thy sacred will,
 And make thy glory known?

Would not my heart pour forth its blood
 In honor of thy name?
 And challenge the cold hand of death
 To damp the immortal flame?

Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
 But oh, I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

 PRAISE TO JESUS.

As with gladness men of old
 Did the guiding star behold;
 As with joy they hailed its light,
 Leading onward, beaming bright;
 So, most gracious God, may we
 Evermore be led by thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
 To that lowly manger-bed,
 There to bend the knee before
 Him whom heaven and earth adore;
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
 At that manger rude and bare;
 So may we, with holy joy,
 Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus! every day
 Keep us in the narrow way;
 And, when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
 Need they no created light;
 Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
 Thou its sun, which goes not down:
 There forever may we sing
 Hallelujahs to our King.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX.

1860.

FAITH AND COMMUNION.

JAMES GEORGE DECK has written a number of hymns that are in the collection of the Plymouth Brethren, of which body Mr. Deck is a minister. He was once an officer in the English army in India, but later lived in New Zealand, where he went in 1852.

WHEN first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame,
To Jesu's cross I trembling came,
Burdened with guilt, and full of fear,
Yet drawn by love, I ventured near,
Pardon I found, and peace with God,
In Jesu's rich, atoning blood.

My sin is gone, my fears are o'er,
I shun his presence now no more ;
He sits upon the throne of grace,
He bids me boldly seek his face ;
Sprinkled upon the throne of God,
I see that rich, atoning blood.

Before his face my priest appears ;
My Advocate the Father hears :
That precious blood, before his eyes,
Both day and night, for mercy cries !
It speaks, it ever speaks to God, —
The voice of that atoning blood.

By faith that voice I also hear ;
It answers doubt, it stills each fear :
The accuser seeks in vain to move
The wrath of him whose name is Love ;
Each charge against the sons of God
Is silenced by the atoning blood.

Here I can rest without a fear :
By this, to God I now draw near ;
By this, I triumph over sin,
For this has made and keeps me clean ;
And when I reach the throne of God,
I'll praise that rich, atoning blood.

JAMES GEORGE DECK.

TO THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME.

I SING the name which none can say
But touched with an interior ray ;
The name of our new peace ; our good ;
Our bliss, and supernatural blood ;
The name of all our lives and loves.
Hearken, and help, ye holy doves !
The high-born brood of day ; you bright
Candidates of blissful light,
The heirs elect of love ; whose names belong
Unto the everlasting life of song ;
All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast
Of this unbounded name build your warm nest.

Awake, my glory, soul, if such thou be,
And that fair word at all refer to thee,

Awake and sing,
And be all wing ;

Bring hither thy whole self ; and let me see
What of thy parent heaven yet speaks in thee.

Oh, thou art poor
Of noble powers, I see,

And full of nothing else but empty me ;
Narrow, and low, and infinitely less
Than this great morning's mighty business.

One little word or two,
Alas ! will never do ;

We must have store.

Go, soul, out of thyself, and seek for more ;
Go and request

Great Nature for the key of her huge chest
Of heaven's, the self-involving set of spheres,
Which dull mortality more feels than hears ;

Then rouse the nest

Of nimble art, and traverse round
The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound :
And beat a summons in the same

All-sovereign name,

To warn each several kind
And shape of sweetness, be they such

As sigh with supple wind,
Or answer artful touch,

That they convene and come away
To wait at the love-crowned doors of that
Illustrious day.

Shall we dare this, my soul ? We'll do 't, and
bring

No other note for 't, but the Name we sing.

Wake, lute and harp,
And every sweet-lipped thing
That talks with tuneful string ;

Start into life, and leap with me
Into a hasty fit-tuned harmony.

Nor must you think it much
To obey my bolder touch ;

I have authority in Love's name to take you
And to the work of love this morning wake
you :

Wake, in the name

Of Him who never sleeps, all things that are,
Or what 's the same,

Are musical ;
Answer my call

And come along ;

Help me to meditate mine immortal song.

Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,
Bring all your household-stuff of heaven on
earth :

O you, my soul's most certain wings,
Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,

Bring all the store

Of sweets you have, and murmur that you have
 no more.
 Come, ne'er to part,
 Nature and art !
 Come, and come strong,
 To the conspiracy of our spacious song.
 Bring all the powers of praise
 Your provinces of well-united worlds can raise ;
 Bring all your lutes and harps of heaven and
 earth ;
 Whate'er co-operates to the common mirth ;
 Vessels of vocal joys,
 Or you, more noble architects of intellectual
 noise,
 Cymbals of heaven, or human spheres,
 Solicitors of souls or ears ;
 And when you are come, with all
 That you can bring, or we can call,
 Oh, may you fix
 Forever here, and mix
 Yourselves into the long
 And everlasting series of a deathless song !
 Mix all your many worlds above,
 And loose them into one of love.
 Cheer thee, my heart !
 For thou, too, hast thy part
 And place in the great throng
 Of this unbounded, all-embracing song.
 Powers of my soul, be proud !
 And speak loud
 To all the dear-bought nations this redeeming
 name ;
 And in the wealth of one rich word proclaim
 New smiles to nature.
 May it be no wrong,
 Blest heavens, to you, and your superior
 song,
 That we dark sons of dust and sorrow
 Awhile dare borrow
 The name of your delights, and our desires,
 And fit it to so far inferior lyres !
 Our murmurs have their music, too,
 Ye mighty orbs, as well as you,
 Nor yields the noblest nest
 Of warbling seraphim to the ears of love,
 A choicer lesson than the joyful breast
 Of a poor panting turtle-dove.
 And we, low worms, have leave to do
 The same bright business, ye third heavens,
 with you.
 Gentle spirits, do not complain,
 We will have care
 To keep it fair,
 And send it back to you again.
 Come, lovely name ! appear from forth the
 bright
 Regions of peaceful light ;

Look from thine own illustrious home,
 Fair king of names, and come :
 Leave all thy native glories in their gorgeous
 nest,
 And give thyself awhile the gracious guest
 Of humble souls, that seek to find
 The hidden sweets
 Which man's heart meets
 When thou art master of the mind.
 Come, lovely name ! life of our hope !
 Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope !
 Unlock thy cabinet of day,
 Dearest sweet, and come away.
 Lo, how the thirsty lands
 Gasp for thy golden showers with long-
 stretched hands !
 Lo, how the laboring earth,
 That hopes to be
 All heaven by thee,
 Leaps at thy birth !
 The attending world, to wait thy rise,
 First turned to eyes,
 And then, not knowing what to do,
 Turned them to tears, and spent them, too.
 Come, royal name ! and pay the expense
 Of all this precious patience ;
 Oh, come away,
 And kill the death of this delay !
 Oh, see so many worlds of barren years
 Melted and measured out in seas of tears !
 Oh, see the weary lids of wakeful hope,
 Love's eastern windows, all wide ope,
 With curtains drawn,
 To catch the daybreak of thy dawn !
 Oh, dawn, at last, long-looked-for day !
 Take thine own wings and come away.
 Lo, where aloft it comes ! It comes, among
 The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng,
 Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.
 Oh, they are wise,
 And know what sweets are sucked from out it !
 It is the hive
 By which they thrive,
 Where all their hoard of honey lies.
 Lo, where it comes, upon the snowy dove's
 Soft back, and brings a bosom big with loves !
 Welcome to our dark world, thou
 Womb of day !
 Unfold thy fair conceptions, and display
 The birth of our bright joys.
 Oh, thou compacted
 Body of blessings : spirit of souls extracted !
 Oh, dissipate thy spicy powers,
 Cloud of condensed sweets, and break upon us
 In balmy showers !
 Oh, fill our senses, and take from us
 All force of so profane a fallacy

To think aught sweet but that which smells
of thee !

Fair, flowery name, in none but thee,
And thy nectareal fragrancy,
Hourly there meets

An universal synod of all sweets ;

By whom it is defined thus

That no perfume

Forever shall presume

To pass for odoriferous,

But such alone whose sacred pedigree

Can prove itself some kin, sweet name, to thee.

Sweet name, in thy each syllable

A thousand blest Arabias dwell ;

A thousand hills of frankincense,

Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices,

And ten thousand paradises,

The soul that tastes thee takes from thence.

How many unknown worlds there are

Of comforts, which thou hast in keeping !

How many thousand mercies there

In Pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping !

Happy he who has the art

To awake them,

And to take them

Home, and lodge them in his heart.

Oh, that it were as it was wont to be !

When thy old friends of fire, all full of thee,

Fought against frowns with smiles ; gave
glorious chase

To persecutions ; and against the face

Of death and fiercest dangers durst, with brave

And sober pace, march on to meet a grave.

On their bold breasts about the world they bore
thee,

And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach thee ;

In centre of their inmost souls they wore thee,

Where racks and torments strived in vain to
reach thee.

Little, alas ! thought they

Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,

Their fury but made way

For thee, and served them in thy glorious ends.

What did their weapons, but with wider pores

Enlarge thy flaming-breasted lovers,

More freely to transpire

That impatient fire,

The heart that hides thee hardly covers !

What did their weapons, but set wide the doors

For thee ; fair purple doors, of Love's devising,

The ruby windows which enriched the east

Of thy so oft-repeated rising !

Each wound of theirs was thy new morning,

And re-enthroned thee in thy rosy nest,

With blush of thine own blood thy day adorn-

ing :

It was the wit of love o'erflowed the bounds

Of wrath, and made the way through all these
wounds.

Welcome, dear, all-adored Name !

For sure there is no knee

That knows not thee.

Or, if there be such sons of shame,

Alas ! what will they do

When stubborn rocks shall bow,

And hills hang down their heaven-saluting
heads

To seek for humble beds

Of dust, where, in the bashful shades of night,

Next to their own low nothing they may lie,

And couch before the dazzling light of thy
dread Majesty !

They that by love's mild dictate now

Will not adore thee,

Shall then, with just confusion, bow

And break before thee.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

FISHERMEN, — NOT OF GALILEE.

AFTER READING A CERTAIN BOOK.

THEY have toiled all the night, the long weary
night,

They have toiled all the night, Lord, and
taken nothing : —

The heavens are as brass, and all flesh seems
as grass,

Death strikes with horror and life with
loathing.

Walk'st thou by the waters, the dark silent
waters,

The fathomless waters that no line can
plumb ?

Art thou Redeemer, or a mere schemer —

Preaching a kingdom that cannot come ?

Not a word say'st thou : no wrath betray'st
thou :

Scarcely delay'st thou their terrors to lull ;

On the shore standing, mutely commanding,

“ Let down your nets ! ” — and they draw
them up, — full !

Jesus, Redeemer, — only Redeemer !

I, a poor dreamer, lay hold upon thee ;

Thy will pursuing, though no end viewing,

But simply doing as thou biddest me.

Though thee I see not, — either light be not,

Or thou wilt free not the scales from mine
eyes,

I ne'er gainsay thee, but only obey thee ;

Obedience is better than sacrifice.

Though on my prison gleams no open vision,
Walking elysian by Galilee's tide,
Unseen, I feel thee, and death will reveal thee :
I shall wake in thy likeness, satisfied.

The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

ONE THING'S NEEDFUL.

"Eins ist noth : ach Herr, diess Eine."

The following is one of the most popular German hymns.

ONE thing's needful : then, Lord Jesus,
Keep this one thing in my mind ;
All beside, though first it please us,
Soon a grievous yoke we find.
Beneath it the heart is still fretting and striving ;
No true, lasting happiness ever deriving :
The gain of this one thing all loss can requite,
And teach me in all things to find some delight.

Soul, wilt thou this one thing find thee ?
Seek it in no earthly end ;
Leave all Nature far behind thee,
High above the world ascend :
For, where God and man both in one are united,
With God's perfect fulness the heart is delighted ;
There, there, is the worthiest lot and the best,
My one and my all, and my joy and my rest.

How were Mary's thoughts devoted,
Her eternal joy to find,
As intent each word she noted,
At her Saviour's feet reclined !
How kindled her heart, how devout was its feeling,
While hearing the lessons that Christ was revealing !
For Jesus all earthly concerns she forgot,
And all was repaid in that one happy lot.

Thus my longings, heavenward tending,
Jesu, rest alone on thee :
Help me, thus on thee depending,
Saviour ! come and dwell in me.
Although all the world should forsake and forget thee,
In love I will follow thee, ne'er will I quit thee :
Lord Jesus, both spirit and life is thy word ;
And is there a joy which thou dost not afford ?

Wisdom's highest, noblest treasure,
Jesus, lies concealed in thee ;

Grant that this may still the measure
Of my will and actions be.
Humility there, and simplicity, reigning,
In paths of true wisdom my steps ever training :

Oh ! if I of Christ have this knowledge divine,
The fulness of heavenly wisdom is mine.

Christ, thou art the sole oblation
I will bring before my God :
In his sight is acceptation
Only through thy streaming blood.
Immaculate righteousness now I've acquired,
Since thou on the tree of the cross' hast expired :
The robe of salvation forever is mine ;
In this shall my faith through eternity shine.

Let my soul, in full exemption,
Wake up in thy likeness now :
Thou art made to me redemption,
My sanctification thou.
What though, all through life, in good works
I had striven,
For thy sake alone my reward should be given :
Oh, let me all perishing pleasures forego,
And thy life, O Jesus, alone let me know !

Where should else my hopes be centred ?
Grace o'erwhelms me with its flood !
Thou, my Saviour, once hast entered
Holiest heaven through thy blood.
Eternal redemption for sinners there finding,
From hell's dark dominion my spirit unbinding,
To me perfect freedom thy entrance has brought,
Who childlike to cry "Abba, Father" am taught.

Christ himself, my Shepherd, feeds me ;
Peace and joy my spirit fill :
In a pasture green, he leads me
Forth beside the waters still.
Oh ! nought to my soul is so sweet and reviving,
As thus unto Jesus alone to be living :
True happiness this, and this only supplies,
Through faith on my Saviour to fasten mine eyes.

Then, Lord Jesus, my salvation,
Thou my One, my All, shalt be !
Prove my fixed determination,
Root out all hypocrisy.

Look well if on sin's slippery paths I am
hasting,

And lead me, O Lord! in the way everlasting:
This one thing is needful, all others are vain;
I count all but loss that I Christ may obtain.

JOHANN HEINRICH SCHRÖDER, 1697. Translated
by FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, 1841.

EARTH HAS NOTHING SWEET OR FAIR.

"Keine Schönheit hat die Welt."

ANGELUS SILESIVS (JOHANN ANGELUS SCHEFFLER) was born at Breslau, Silesia, in 1624, and died in 1677. He was the author of two hundred and five hymns and poetic proverbs, most of which were composed before he joined the Roman Catholic Church. Several of his hymns are among the deepest and most tender in the German language, and breathe a glowing love to the Saviour. Of the following poem we have another excellent English translation by Catherine Winkworth, beginning,—

"Nothing fair on earth I see,
But I straightway think of thee."

EARTH has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty source and spring.

When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

When the daybeams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesu's light,
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright.

When I see, in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the awful thought in me,
What must their Creator be!

If I trace the fountain's source,
Or the brooklet's devious course,
Straight my thoughts to Jesus mount,
As the best and purest fount.

Sweet the song the night-bird sings,
Sweet the lute, with quivering strings;
Far more sweet than every tone
Are the words, "Maria's Son."

Sweetness fills the air around
At the echo's answering sound;
Far more sweet than echo's fall,
Is to me the Bridegroom's call.

Lord of all that's fair to see!
Come, reveal thyself to me;
Let me, mid thy radiant light,
See thine unveiled glories bright.

Let thy Deity profound
Me in heart and soul surround;
From my mind its idols chase,
Wean from joys of time and place.

Come, Lord Jesus! and dispel
This dark cloud in which I dwell;
Thus to me the power impart,
To behold thee as thou art.

ANGELUS SILESIVS. Translated by
FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, 1841.

THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS.

"So shall He sprinkle many nations."
ISA. lii. 15.

SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let thy sorrows be;
By thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto thee:
Of thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see thee in thy glory,
And thy mercy manifold.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for thee are flowing,
Human hearts in thee would rest,
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain;
Thee they seek as God of heaven,
Thee as man for sinners slain.

Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For thy spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D. D.

1851.

LOVEST THOU ME?

JOHN XXI. 16.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'T is thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

"I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore, —
Oh for grace to love thee more!

WILLIAM COWPER.

1779.

THE SHIP IN THE MIDST OF THE SEA.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, Bishop of Lincoln, nephew of the poet-laureate, was born in 1807, and educated at Winchester School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He wrote a volume of hymns entitled "The Holy Year," and has written "Memoirs of William Wordsworth," and a devout commentary on the Holy Scriptures.

THE waters were thy path;
Thy way was on the sea:
Who in that night could trace thy steps?
Who solve the mystery?

Some at Capernaum asked,
"When and how cam'st thou here?"
In vain they tried to find the track
By which thou didst appear.

But thy disciples, Lord,
Did gladly thee receive;
And then the ship was at the shore:
They pry not, but believe.

Lord, in thy sacraments
Thou walkest on the sea;
Let us not ask, "How dost thou come?"
But gladly welcome thee.

Then will the winds be hushed,
The waves no longer roar;
When Christ is with us in the ship,
The ship is at the shore.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D. D.

THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

ZECH. xiii. 1.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me:

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine;
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1779.

JESUS, MY SALVATION

ISA. xii. 1.

I WILL praise Thee every day,
Now thine anger's turned away:
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

Here, in the fair gospel field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.

Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

Praise ye then his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame!
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round!
Zion, shout, for this is he,
God the Saviour dwells in thee!

WILLIAM COWPER.

1779.

TRUST IN JESUS.

JOSIAH CONDER, a prolific writer of hymns, was born in London, in 1789, and became a publisher. His father had been a bookseller. While still young he wrote articles for the *Athenæum*, and at a later period became proprietor of the *Eclectic Review*. He was also a lay preacher and a helper in all benevolent enterprises. His "Hymns of Praise, Prayer, and Devout Meditation" was published after his death, which occurred Dec. 27, 1855. His hymns were written after he had suffered some trial or vicissitude, and are useful, but not great as poetical works.

WHEN, in the hour of lonely woe,
I give my sorrow leave to flow,
And anxious fear and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirit to the dust;

When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made,
Oh, this shall check each rising sigh,
That Jesus is forever nigh.

His counsels and upholding care
My safety and my comfort are;
And he shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

Jesus! in whom but thee above
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee?

My flesh is hastening to decay,
Soon shall the world have passed away;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart and strength and life shall fail?

But oh, be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die;
My strength, my portion, is divine,
And Jesus is forever mine!

JOSIAH CONDER.

1855.

WHAT WENT YE OUT FOR TO SEE?

ACROSS the sea, along the shore,
In numbers more and ever more,
From lonely hut and busy town,
The valley through, the mountain down,

What was it ye went out to see,
Ye silly folk of Galilee?
The reed that in the wind doth shake?
The weed that washes in the lake?
The reeds that waver, the weeds that float? —
A young man preaching in a boat.

What was it ye went out to hear
By sea and land, from far and near?
A teacher? Rather seek the feet
Of those who sit in Moses' seat.
Go humbly seek, and bow to them,
Far off in great Jerusalem.
From them that in her courts ye saw,
Her perfect doctors of the law,
What is it came ye here to note? —
A young man preaching in a boat.

A prophet! Boys and women weak!
Declare, or cease to rave;
Whence is it he hath learned to speak?
Say, who his doctrine gave?
A prophet? Prophet wherefore he
Of all in Israel tribes? —
*He teacheth with authority,
And not as do the Scribes.*

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

SING, MY TONGUE, THE SAVIOUR'S BATTLE.

"Pange, lingua, gloriosi proelium certaminis."

VENANTIUS HONORIUS CLEMENTIANUS FORTUNATUS was born about 530, in Venetia. He studied at Ravenna, and trained himself to oratory and poetry, but lived a life of pleasure until under the influence of Queen Rhadegunda, wife of Clotaire, he entered the priesthood, and in 599 became Bishop of Poitiers. He died in 609. His sacred poetry was but a fraction of the whole verse that he produced. He was the favorite poet of his age, a friend of St. Gregory of Tours and Queen Rhadegunda, and he marks the transition from the ancient to the mediæval hymnology. This passion-hymn found a place in the Roman Breviary, with some alterations.

SING, my tongue, the Saviour's battle;
Tell his triumph far and wide;
Tell aloud the wondrous story
Of his body crucified;
How upon the cross a victim,
Vanquishing in death, he died.

Eating of the tree forbidden,
Man had sunk in Satan's snare,
When our pitying Creator
Did this second tree prepare;
Destined, many ages later,
That first evil to repair.

Such the order God appointed
When for sin he would atone;

To the serpent thus opposing
Schemes yet deeper than his own ;
Thence the remedy procuring,
Whence the fatal wound had come.

So, when now at length the fulness
Of the sacred time drew nigh,
Then the Son, the world's Creator,
Left his Father's throne on high ;
From a virgin's womb appearing,
Clothed in our mortality,

All within a lowly manger,
Lo, a tender babe he lies !
See his gentle virgin mother
Lull to sleep his infant cries !
While the limbs of God Incarnate
Round with swathing-bands she ties.

Thus did Christ to perfect manhood
In our mortal flesh attain ;
Then of his free choice he goeth
To a death of bitter pain ;
He, the lamb upon the altar
Of the cross, for us was slain.

Lo, with gall his thirst he quenches !
See the thorns upon his brow ;
Nails his hands and feet are rending ;
See, his side is open now !
Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,
Streams of blood and water flow.

Faithful cross ! above all other,
One and only noble tree !
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peers may be ;
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron,
Sweetest weight is hung on thee !

Bend thy boughs, O tree of glory !
Thy relaxing sinews bend ;
For a while the ancient rigor,
That thy birth bestowed, suspend ;
And the King of heavenly beauty
On thy bosom gently tend.

Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to uphold ;
For a shipwrecked race preparing
Harbor, like the ark of old ;
With the sacred blood anointed,
From the smitten Lamb that rolled.

When, O Judge of this world ! coming
In thy glory all divine,
Thou shalt bid thy cross's trophy
Bright above the stars to shine ;
Be the light and the salvation
Of the people that are thine !

Blessing, honor everlasting,
To the immortal Deity ;
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Equal praises ever be :
Glory through the earth and heaven
To the blessed Trinity.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS. Translated by
EDWARD CASWALL. (Altered.)

JESU! THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

“ Jesu, dulcis memoria.”

The following is one of the sweetest of the mediæval hymns. The writer was the celebrated BERNARD of Clairvaux, called “ Doctor Mellifluous,” who was born of a noble family in Burgundy about 1091. He was educated at the University of Paris, and at the age of twenty-two entered the Cistercian monastery at Cîteaux, near Dijon. Three years later he was made abbot of a new monastery at Clairvaux, in Champagne. Luther called Bernard the best monk who ever lived. He persuaded the King of France to enter upon the Crusade of 1146. Bernard died in 1153.

JESU, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind !

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind thou art !
How good to those who seek !

But what to those who find ? ah ! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show :
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

Jesu ! our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be ;
Jesu ! be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

O Jesu ! King most wonderful !
Thou Conqueror renowned !
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found !

When once thou visitest the heart.
Then truth begins to shine ;
Then earthly vanities depart ;
Then kindles love divine.

O Jesu ! light of all below !
 Thou fount of life and fire !
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 All that we can desire :

May every heart confess thy name,
 And ever thee adore ;
 And seeking thee, itself inflame
 To seek thee more and more.

Thee may our tongues forever bless,
 Thee may we love alone ;
 And ever in our lives express
 The image of thine own.

O Jesu ! thou the beauty art
 Of angel worlds above ;
 Thy name is music to the heart,
 Enchanting it with love.

Celestial sweetness unalloyed !
 Who eat thee hunger still ;
 Who drink of thee still feel a void,
 Which naught but thou can fill.

O my sweet Jesu ! hear the sighs
 Which unto thee I send ;
 To thee mine inmost spirit cries,
 My being's hope and end !

Stay with us, Lord, and with thy light
 Illume the soul's abyss ;
 Scatter the darkness of our night,
 And fill the world with bliss.

O Jesu ! spotless Virgin flower !
 Our life and joy ! to thee
 Be praise, beatitude, and power,
 Through all eternity !

BERNARD of Clairvaux. Translated by
 EDWARD CASWALL.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

"Jesu, dulcis memoria."

JESUS, how sweet thy memory is !
 Thinking of thee is truest bliss ;
 Beyond all honeyed sweets below
 Thy presence is it here to know.

Tongue cannot speak a lovelier word,
 Nought more melodious can be heard,
 Nought sweeter can be thought upon,
 Than Jesus Christ, God's only Son.

Jesus, thou hope of those who turn,
 Gentle to those who pray and mourn,
 Ever to those who seek thee, kind—
 What must thou be to those who find !

Jesus, thou dost true pleasures bring,
 Light of the heart, and living spring ;
 Higher than highest pleasures roll,
 Or warmest wishes of the soul.

Lord, in our bosoms ever dwell,
 And of our souls the night dispel ;
 Pour on our inmost mind the ray,
 And fill our earth with blissful day.

If thou dost enter to the heart,
 Then shines the truth in every part ;
 All worldly vanities grow vile,
 And charity burns bright the while.

This love of Jesus is most sweet,
 This laud of Jesus is most meet,
 Thousand and thousand times more dear
 Than tongue of man can utter here.

Praise Jesus, all with one accord !
 Crave Jesus, all, your love and Lord !
 Seek Jesus, warmly, all below,
 And seeking, into rapture glow !

Thou art of heavenly grace the fount,
 Thou art the true sun of God's mount ;
 Scatter the saddening cloud of night !
 And pour upon us glorious light !

BERNARD of Clairvaux. Translated by
 JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D.D.

1859.

LIGHT OF THE SOUL.

"Lux alma Jesu mentium."

LIGHT of the soul, O Saviour blest !
 Soon as thy presence fills the breast,
 Darkness and guilt are put to flight,
 And all is sweetness and delight.

Son of the Father ! Lord most high !
 How glad is he who feels thee nigh !
 How sweet in heaven thy beam doth glow,
 Denied to eye of flesh below !

O Light of light celestial !
 O Charity ineffable !
 Come in thy hidden majesty ;
 Fill us with love, fill us with thee !

To Jesus, from the proud concealed,
 But evermore to babes revealed,
 All glory with the Father be,
 And Holy Ghost, eternally !

Translated from the Latin by
 EDWARD CASWALL.

THE SOUL'S TENDENCY TOWARDS
ITS TRUE CENTRE.

STONES towards the earth descend ;
Rivers to the ocean roll ;
Every motion has some end :
What is thine, beloved soul ?

" Mine is, where my Saviour is ;
There with him I hope to dwell :
Jesu is the central bliss,
Love the force that doth impel."

Truly thou hast answered right :
Now may Heaven's attractive grace
Towards the source of thy delight
Speed along thy quickening pace !

" Thank thee for thy generous care :
Heaven, that did the wish inspire,
Through thy instrumental prayer,
Plumes the wings of my desire.

" Now, methinks, aloft I fly ;
Now with angels bear a part :
Glory be to God on high !
Peace to every Christian heart !"

JOHN BYROM.

THE TESTIMONY OF MIRACLES.

"The works which the Father hath given me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me." — JOHN v. 36.

HOLY Son of God most high,
Clothed in heavenly majesty !
Many a miracle and sign,
In thy Father's name divine,
Manifested forth thy might
In the chosen people's sight.

But, O Saviour ! not alone
Thus thy glory was made known.
Kindly human wants relieving,
Gently with the mourner grieving,
Far thy matchless power above,
Stands the witness of thy love.

Thou, who by the open grave,
Ere thy voice was raised to save,
Didst with those fond sisters shed
Tears above the faithful dead ;
Even thy word of might appears
Less resistless than thy tears.

When upon the fatal tree
Thou didst writhe in agony,

Had that pain in triumph ended,
Hadst thou royally ascended,
Less sublime had been thy power,
Than thy patience shone that hour.

Lord ! it is not ours to gaze
On thy works of ancient days ;
But thy love, unchanged and bright,
More than all those works of might,
More than miracle and sign,
Makes us ever, ever thine.

STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULFINCH.

1834.

SUBSTITUTION.

WHEN some beloved voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and
new —

What hope ? what help ? what music will
undo

That silence to your sense ? Not friendship's
sigh —

Nor reason's subtle count ! Not melody
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew —
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales,
Whose hearts leap upward through the cy-
press trees

To the clear moon ; nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted, — nor the angel's sweet All
hails,

Met in the smile of God. Nay, none of these.
Speak THOU, availing Christ ! — and fill this
pause.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THOU HAST PUT ALL THINGS
UNDER HIS FEET.

O NORTH, with all thy vales of green !
O South, with all thy palms !
From peopled towns and fields between
Uplift the voice of psalms.
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo ! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son ;
He brings a train of brighter years ;
His kingdom is begun.
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

O Father ! haste the promised hour,
When at his feet shall lie

All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky :
When he shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul :

When all shall heed the words he said,
Amid their daily cares,
And, by the loving life he led,
Shall strive to pattern theirs ;
And he, who conquered Death, shall win
The mightier conquest over sin.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

COMFORT.

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as Mary at thy feet —
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
In reach of thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection — thus in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing ! As a child
Whose song-bird seeks the woods forever-
more,

Is sung to instead by mother's mouth ;
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

SIR JOHN BOWRING was born at Exeter, England, Oct. 17, 1792, and was one of the most voluminous and versatile writers of his time in prose and verse. His acquaintance with European literatures was remarkable, and he was for the most of his life in the midst of affairs at home and abroad. His hymns are found in most collections. He died in 1872.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are !
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star !
Watchman, does its beautiful ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell ?
Traveller, yes ; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night ;
Higher yet that star ascends !
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends !
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Traveller, ages are its own ;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn !
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease ;
Hie thee to thy quiet home :
Traveller, lo, the Prince of peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come !

SIR JOHN BOWRING

1825.

AWAKE, AND SING THE SONG.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Tune every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of his dying love ;
Sing of his rising power ;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

If you have felt his grace,
You 'll not refuse to sing,
But summon all your powers to praise
Your Saviour and your King.

Look back and see the state
Wherein your nature lay ;
Then wonder at his love so great,
Who did your ransom pay.

His faithfulness proclaim,
While life and health are given ;
Join hands and hearts to praise his name,
Till we all meet in heaven.

May Jesu's word take place,
And wisdom in us dwell,
That we his miracles of grace
In psalms and hymns may tell.

Tell, in seraphic strains,
What Christ has done for you ;
How he has taken off your chains,
And formed your hearts anew.

Be careful to approve
Yourselves his children dear ;
Admonish and provoke to love,
To righteousness and fear.

Leave carnal joys below,
To men of meaner taste ;
Think, speak, and sing of nothing now
But Christ the first and last.

Are you in deep distress?
Then sing to ease the smart.
Are you rejoiced? let psalms express
The gladness of your heart.

When Paul and Silas sung,
The earth began to quake;
The prison doors were open flung,
Her firm foundations shake.

The prisoners' bands were loosed:
Who can the Lord control?
May equal powers be now diffused,
And free each captive soul.

Sing, till you feel your hearts
Ascending with your tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires your songs.

Sing, till you hear Christ say,
"Your sins are all forgiven";
Go on, rejoicing all the way,
And sing your souls to heaven.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

PRAYER TO JESUS.

WHEN Jesus came to earth of old,
He came in weakness and in woe;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But took our nature, poor and low.
But, when he cometh back once more,
There shall be set the great white throne,
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of him that sits thereon.

O Son of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead!
O Son of man, so pitying fount
For all the tears thy people shed!
Be with us in this darkened place, —
This weary, restless, dangerous night;
And teach, oh, teach us, by thy grace,
To struggle onward into light!

And since, in God's recording book,
Our sins are written, every one, —
The crime, the wrath, the wandering look,
The good we knew, and left undone;
Lord, ere the last dread trump be heard,
And ere before thy face we stand,
Look thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with thy bleeding hand.

And by the love that brought thee here,
And by the cross, and by the grave,

Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the day of judgment save.
And lead us on while here we stray,
And make us love our heavenly home,
Till from our hearts we love to say,
"Even so, Lord Jesus, quickly come."

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

I LEAVE THEE NOT.

"Ich lass Dich nicht, Du musst mein Jesus bleiben."

I LEAVE thee not: thou art my Jesus ever,
Though earth rebel,
And death and hell
Would from its steadfast hold my faith dis-
sever.

Ah, no! I ever will
Cling to my Helper still,
Hear what my love is taught;
Thou art my Jesus ever,
I leave thee not, I leave thee not!

I leave thee not, O Love! of love the highest,
Though doubt display
Its battle-day;

I own the power which thou my Lord appliest:
Thou didst bear guilt and woe;
Shall I to torment go,
When into judgment brought?
O Love! of love the highest,
I leave thee not, I leave thee not!

I leave thee not, O thou who sweetly cheerest!
Whose fresh supplies
Cause strength to rise,
Just in the hour when faith's decay is nearest.
If sickness chill the soul,
And nights of languor roll,
My heart one hope hath caught:
O thou who sweetly cheerest,
I leave thee not, I leave thee not!

I leave thee not, thou help in tribulation:
By stroke on stroke,
Though almost broke,
I hope, when all seems near to desolation.
Do what thou wilt with me,
I still must cling to thee;
Thy grace I have besought;
Thou help in tribulation,
I leave thee not, I leave thee not!

I leave thee not: shall I forsake salvation?
No, Jesus, no!
Thou shalt not go;
Mine still thou art, to free from condemnation.

After this fleeting night,
 Thy presence brings me light,
 Whose ray my soul hath sought;
 Shall I forsake salvation?
 I leave thee not, I leave thee not!

I leave thee not: thy word my way shall
 brighten;
 With thee I go
 Through weal and woe,
 Thy precept wise shall every burden lighten.
 My Lord, on thee I hang,
 Nor heed the journey's pang,
 Though thorny be my lot:
 Let but thy word enlighten,
 I leave thee not, I leave thee not!

I leave thee not, even in the lap of pleasure;
 For when I stray
 Without thy ray
 My richest joy must cease to be a treasure.
 I shudder at the glee,
 When no delight from thee
 Has heartfelt peace begot:
 Even in the lap of pleasure,
 I leave thee not, I leave thee not!

I leave thee not, my God, my Lord, my heaven!
 Nor death shall rend
 From thee, my Friend,
 Who for my soul thyself to death hast given.
 For thou didst die for me,
 And love goes back to thee;
 My heart has but one thought:
 My God, my Life, my heaven,
 I leave thee not, I leave thee not!

WOLFGANG CHRISTOPH DESSLER. Translated
 by DR. JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS.

IMITATED FROM QUARLES.

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
 Far did I rove, and found no certain home:
 At last I sought them in his sheltering breast,
 Who ope his arms, and bids the weary
 come.
 With him I found a home, a rest divine;
 And I since then am his, and he is mine.

Yes, he is mine! and nought of earthly things,
 Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or
 power,
 The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
 Could tempt me to forego his love an hour.
 Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine!
 Go! I my Saviour's am, and he is mine.

The good I have is from his stores supplied:
 The ill is only what he deems the best.
 He for my friend, I'm rich with nought be-
 side;

And poor without him, though of all pos-
 sessed.
 Changes may come, — I take, or I resign,
 Content, while I am his, while he is mine.

Whate'er may change, in him no change is
 seen,
 A glorious sun, that wanes not, nor declines:
 Above the clouds and storms he walks serene,
 And on his people's inward darkness shines.
 All may depart, — I fret not nor repine,
 While I my Saviour's am, while he is mine.

He stays me falling; lifts me up when down;
 Reclaims me wandering; guards from every
 foe;

Plants on my worthless brow the victor's
 crown,

Which in return before his feet I throw,
 Grieved that I cannot better grace his shrine
 Who deigns to own me his, as he is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half his love,
 But half discern him, and but half adore;
 But when I meet him in the realms above,
 I hope to love him better, praise him more,
 And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
 How fully I am his, and he is mine.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

A PRAYER.

EDWARD ROBERT BULWER-LYTTON, second son of Bulwer
 the novelist, was born Nov. 8, 1831. He has written under
 the name "Owen Meredith." He has been much in public
 life. In 1849 he was the private secretary of his uncle, Sir
 Henry Bulwer, then minister at Washington.

My Saviour, dare I come to thee,
 Who let the little children come?
 But I? . . . my soul is faint in me!
 I come from wandering to and fro
 This weary world. There still his round
 The Accuser goes: but thee I found
 Not anywhere. Both joy and woe
 Have passed me by. I am too weak
 To grieve or smile. And yet I know
 The tears lie deep in all I do.
 The homeless that are sick for home
 Are not so wretched. Ere it break,
 Receive my heart; and for the sake,
 Not of my sorrows, but of thine,
 Bend down thy holy eyes on mine,
 Which are too full of misery
 To see thee clearly, though they seek.

Yet, if I heard thy voice say . . . "Come,"
 So might I, dying, die near thee.
 It shames me not, to have passed by
 The temple-doors in every street
 Where men profaned thee: but that I
 Have left neglected, choked with weeds,
 Defrauded of its incense sweet
 From holy thoughts and loyal deeds,
 The fane thou gavest me to enshrine
 Thee in, this wretched heart of mine.
 The satyr there hath entered in;
 The owl that loves the darkened hour;
 And obscene shapes of night and sin
 Still haunt, where God designed a bower
 For angels.

Yet I will not say
 How oft I have aspired in vain,
 How toiled along the rugged way,
 And held my faith above my pain,
 For this thou knowest. Thou knowest when
 I faltered, and when I was strong;
 And how from that of other men
 My fate was different: all the wrong
 Which devastated hope in me:
 The ravaged years; the excited heart,
 That found in pain its only part
 Of love: the master misery
 That shattered all my early years,
 From which, in vain, I sought to flee:
 Thou knowest the long repentant tears,
 Thou heard'st me cry against the spheres,
 So sharp my anguish seemed to be!
 All this thou knowest. Though I should keep
 Silence, thou knowest my hands were free
 From sin, when all things cried to me
 To sin. Thou knowest that had I rolled
 My soul in hell-flame fifty-fold,
 My sorrow could not be more deep.
 Lord! there is nothing hid from thee.

ROBERT, LORD LYTON.

WE HAVE LEFT ALL.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave, and follow thee;
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought and hoped and known,
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own!

Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour, too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me;
 Thou art not, like man, untrue;

And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate and friends may shun me,
 Show thy face, and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
 In thy service pain is pleasure;
 With thy favor loss is gain.
 I have called thee, Abba, Father;
 I have stayed my heart on thee:
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
 'T will but drive me to thy breast;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
 Oh, 't is not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me!
 Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with thee!

Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
 What a Father's smile is thine;
 What a Saviour died to win thee;
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Haste then on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there;
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

1825.

THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

AND now, behold! as at the approach of
 morning,
 Through the gross vapors, Mars grows fiery
 red
 Down in the west upon the ocean floor,
 Appeared to me, — may I again behold it! —
 A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,
 Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.
 And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little
 Mine eyes, that I might question my con-
 ductor,
 Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.

Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared
I knew not what of white, and underneath,
Little by little, there came forth another.

My master yet had uttered not a word,
While the first whiteness into wings unfolded ;

But, when he clearly recognized the pilot,
He cried aloud : "Quick, quick, and bow the knee !

Behold the Angel of God ! fold up thy hands !

Henceforward shalt thou see such officers !
See, how he scorns all human arguments,
So that no oar he wants, no other sail
Than his own wings, between so distant shores !

See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,

Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair !"

And then, as nearer and more near us came
The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,

So that the eye could not sustain his presence,

But down I cast it ; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,
So that the water swallowed nought thereof.

Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot !
Beatitude seemed written in his face !

And more than a hundred spirits sat within.
" *In exitu Israel de Ægypto !*"

Thus sang they all together in one voice,
With whatso in that Psalm is after written.
Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.

DANTE DEGLI ALIGHIERI. Translated
by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

1845.

CHRIST OUR SUN ON US AROSE.

CHRIST our sun on us arose,
From his glory fled our foes.
Christ our sun from us is gone,
And our hearts were faint and wan.
Thirsty yearned we for his grace,
Weary watched we for his face,
While the bare and lonely shrine
Waited for the guest divine.

Joy hath come to earth again ;
Downward poured the Spirit's rain ;
And the rushing wind of might
Swept away the clouds of night.

She whom weary years before
In his love he hovered o'er,
Mother, daughter, spouse of God,
Chants anew her song of laud :

And the apostolic choir,
Glowing with the tongues of fire,
Clearer now and joyous raise
Christ their monarch's endless praise.
He hath let his breath go forth
And renewed the face of earth,
Bid the brook a river be,
And the river made a sea.

From the snows where Scythians toil
To Cyrene's thirsty soil,
From the Indian's distant home
To the gates of mighty Rome,
Alleluia ! raise the song,
Raise it high, and raise it long,
To the Father and the Word,
And the Spirit, God adored.

Alleluia !

RICHARD FREDERICK LITTLEDALE.

1867.

HALLOWED FOREVER BE THAT TWILIGHT HOUR.

MRS MARTHA A. PERRY LOWE, widow of the late Rev. Charles Lowe, was born at Keene, N. H., Nov. 21, 1829. Not long after her marriage, in 1857, she published "The Olive and the Pine," in which scenes in Spain and New England are contrasted.

HALLOWED forever be that twilight hour
When those disciples went upon their way :
The deepening shadows o'er their spirits
lower,
The tender griefs that come with close of day.

A gentle stranger tarried by their side,
And asked them sweetly why they were so
sad.

"Hast thou not seen our Master crucified ?"
They answered, "How can we again be
glad ?"

"O children," said the stranger, "do you read
The things which all the holy prophets said,
How he would suffer and would die indeed,
But yet should rise in glory from the dead ?"

And when the little village came in view,
They said, "Abide with us ; for it is late" :
So he went in, and sat down with the two,
And took the bread, and blessed it ere they
ate.

Their searching eyes were fastened on his face;
They caught the look which chained them as
of old,

Only it wore diviner, loftier grace:
Their glorious risen Master they behold!

And then they knew how strangely all the
while

Their spirits burned within them as he talked,
Or listened to them with that very smile,
Explaining oft the Scriptures while they
walked.

They felt reward for all their bitter pain,
When lo, he vanished softly from their sight!
But they could never be so sad again
Who had the memory of that blessed night.

MARTHA PERRY LOWE

CONSECRATION.

FROM my lips in their defilement,
From my heart in its beguilement,
From my tongue, which speaks not fair,
From my soul, stained everywhere, —
O my Jesus, take my prayer!
Spurn me not, for all it says, —
Not for words and not for ways,
Not for shamelessness endued!
Make me brave to speak my mood,
O my Jesus, as I would,
Or teach me (which I rather seek)
What to do and what to speak.
I have sinned more than she
Who, learning where to meet with thee,
And bringing myrrh, the highest priced,
Anointed bravely, from her knee
Thy blessed feet accordingly.

My God, my Lord, my Christ,
As thou saidest not, "Depart,"
To that suppliant from her heart,
Scorn me not, O Word, that art
The gentlest one of all words said!
But give thy feet to me instead,
That tenderly I may them kiss,
And clasp them close, and never miss,
With over-dropping tears, as free
And precious as that myrrh could be,
To anoint them bravely from my knee!
Wash me with thy tears! draw nigh me,
That their salt may purify me!
Thou remit my sins, who knowest
All the sinning, to the lowest, —
Knowest all my wounds, and seest
All the stripes thyself decreest;
Yea, but knowest all my faith, —

Seest all my force to death, —
Hearst all my wailings low
That mine evil should be so.

Nothing hidden but appears
In thy knowledge, O Divine,
O Creator, Saviour mine!

Not a drop of falling tears,
Not a breath of inward moan,
Not a heart-beat which is gone.

From the Greek of ST. JOHN DAMASCENUS.
Translated by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, 1863.

OUR CHRIST.

IN Christ I feel the heart of God
Throbbing from heaven through earth:
Life stirs again within the clod:
Renewed in beauteous birth,
The soul springs up, a flower of prayer,
Breathing his breath out on the air.

IN Christ I touch the hand of God,
From his pure height reached down,
By blessed ways before untrod,
To lift us to our crown; —
Victory that only perfect is
Through loving sacrifice, like his.

Holding his hand, my steadied feet
May walk the air, the sea;
On life and death his smile falls sweet, —
Lights up all mysteries:
Stranger nor exile can I be
In new worlds where he leadeth me.

Not my Christ only; he is ours;
Humanity's close bond;
Key to its vast, unopened powers,
Dream of our dreams beyond. —
What yet we shall be, none can tell;
Now are we his, and all is well.

LUCY LARCOM.

1879.

O FOUNTAIN ETERNAL OF LIFE.

CHRISTIAN JACOB KOITSCH, who died in 1735, in the position of head master of the schools of Ebling, Prussia, was a writer of eminent piety and learning. He was born in Meissen.

O FOUNTAIN eternal of life and of light,
Where all find refreshment, who seek it aright,
Pure spring of salvation
And true consolation,
From God's holy temple thy living stream
rolls,
Whose waters flow ample for all thirsty souls.

Let him that is thirsty encouraging call,
 Now drink of the waters abounding for all;
 See where the glad river
 Flows full from the Giver;
 All ye who are ailing and needy, draw nigh,
 This well-spring ne'er-failing your wants will
 supply.

Here come I, my Shepherd, athirst after thee,
 In mercy receive me, for mercy's my plea;
 The word thou hast spoken
 Can never be broken;
 Thou know'st I am needy and greatly distressed,
 Thou callest the weary to come and find rest.

Thou river of life dost refresh heart and mind,
 Those whom thou dost enrichest eternal good find:
 Amidst tribulation
 The cup of salvation
 I take; thus with gladness inspired by thee,
 All sorrow and sadness far distant must flee.

I plead thy rich promise, oh, give me to drink:
 With fervor of spirit I wholly would sink
 Into thy love's ocean;
 Oh, let true devotion
 My heart be impelling still onward to move
 To Zion, thy dwelling, the city of love.

Should bitter be mixed with the sweet of my
 cup,
 Oh, grant me with joy all self-will to give up:
 The cup of dire sorrows,
 Which thou hast drank for us,
 To thine thou dost offer in this world of pain;
 With thee they here suffer, with thee they
 shall reign.

Oh, therefore, Lord Jesus, permit me to rest,
 Where saints are no longer by suffering oppressed;
 Where joys beyond measure
 And fulness of pleasure
 In glory transcendent the conquerors share,
 And where crowns resplendent the faithful
 shall wear.

CHRISTIAN JACOB KOITSCH. Translator unknown.

JESUS! THE LADDER OF MY FAITH.

JESUS! the ladder of my faith
 Rests on the jasper walls of heaven;
 And through the veiling clouds I catch
 Faint visions of the mystic Seven!

The glory of the rainbowed throne
 Illumes those clouds like lambent flame;
 As once, on earth, thy love divine
 Burned through the robes of human shame.

Thou art the same, O gracious Lord!
 The same dear Christ that thou wert then;
 And all the praises angels sing
 Delight thee less than prayers of men!

We have no tears thou wilt not dry;
 We have no wounds thou wilt not heal;
 No sorrows pierce our human hearts
 That thou, dear Saviour! dost not feel.

Thy pity, like the dew, distils;
 And thy compassion, like the light,
 Our every morning overfills,
 And crowns with stars our every night.

Let not the world's rude conflict drown
 The charmed music of thy voice,
 That calls all weary ones to rest,
 And bids all mourning souls rejoice!

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

THE BLESSED TASK.

I SAID, "Sweet Master, hear me pray;
 For love of thee the boon I ask;
 Give me to do for thee each day
 Some simple, lowly, blessed task."
 And listening long, with hope elate,
 I only heard him whisper, "Wait."

The days went by, but nothing brought
 Beyond the wonted round of care,
 And I was vexed with anxious thought,
 And found the waiting hard to bear;
 But when I said, "In vain I pray!"
 I heard him answer gently, "Nay."

So praying still and waiting on,
 And pondering what the waiting meant,
 This knowledge sweet at last I won,—
 And oh, the depth of my content!—
 My blessed task for every day
 Is humbly, gladly to obey.

And though I daily, hourly fail
 To bring my task to him complete,
 And must with constant tears bewail
 My failures at my Master's feet,
 No other service would I ask
 Than this my blessed, blessed task.

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

LIGHT.

φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἁγίας δόξης ἀθανάτου Πατρὸς
 Οὐρανοῦ, ἀγίου, μάκαρος,
 Ἰησοῦ Χριστὲ,
 ἐλθόντες ἐπὶ τοῦ ἡλίου δύσιν,
 ἰδόντες φῶς ἐσπερινόν,
 ὑμνοῦμεν Πατέρα, καὶ Υἱόν, καὶ Ἅγιον Πνεῦμα Θεοῦ,
 ἕξιος εἶ ἐν πᾶσι καιροῖς ὑμνεῖσθαι φωναῖς ὁσίαις
 Ἰτιὲ Θεοῦ, ζῶν ὁ διδοῦς·
 διδὸς ὁ κοσμὸς σε δοξάζει.
Hymn of the First or Second Century.

HAIL! gladdening Light, of his pure glory
 poured

Who is the immortal Father, heavenly,
 blest,

Holiest of Holies — Jesus Christ our Lord!

Now we are come to the Sun's hour of
 rest,

The lights of evening round us shine,
 We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit
 divine!

Worthiest art thou at all times to be
 sung

With undefiled tongue,

Son of our God, Giver of life, alone!

Therefore, in all the world, thy glories, Lord,
 they own.

JOHN KEBLE.

THE SUCCESSFUL RESOLVE.

EDMUND JONES, a Baptist minister, lived in Wales about
 1777.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve;
 Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
 And make this last resolve: —

“I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Hath like a mountain rose;
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.

“Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 And there my guilt confess;
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
 Without his sovereign grace.

“I'll to the gracious King approach,
 Whose sceptre pardon gives;
 Perhaps he may command my touch,
 And then the suppliant lives.

“Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 Perhaps will hear my prayer;
 But if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.

“I can but perish, if I go;
 I am resolved to try:
 For, if I stay away, I know
 I must forever die.”

But if I die with mercy sought,
 When I the King have tried,
 This were to die (delightful thought!)
 As sinner never died.

EDMUND JONES.

1760.

SURSUM CORDA.

WILLIAM JOSIAH IRONS, one of the successful translators
 of the “Dies Irae,” is Prebendary of St. Paul's Church, Lon-
 don, England. He was born in 1812, and was educated at
 Oxford. He is the author of many books and pamphlets.

WHY art thou weary, O my soul,
 And why cast down within thee?
 Though floods of sorrow o'er thee roll,
 Thy Father's eye hath seen thee:
 From dangers thus thy life he keeps,
 From shallow shores to safer deeps
 The storm is sent to win thee.

All things within, without, around,
 Must prove unsatisfying:
 And comes there not from all a sound,
 The echo of our sighing,
 Telling that earth may never be
 Our home of immortality,
 Or rest for souls undying?

Father, I hear thy warning voice
 Midst fears the soul appalling;
 No sunny days of earthly joys
 Could stay the shadows falling:
 Sun-lighted times are types of heaven,
 Dark nights to calm the heart are given,
 Man to his God recalling.

Lift thyself up, O weary heart,
 And claim thy high election:
 Strength for thy cross will he impart
 Who tasted earth's rejection.
 Joint heirs with Christ, on things above,
 The joys of God's eternal love,
 Must set their own affection.

Lift up thy heart! his Church's chant
 Tells of the joy before us:
 Such bliss as heavenly love can grant
 His promises assure us.
 Sing all our souls with full accord, —
 We lift them up to thee, O Lord,
 In eucharistic chorus.

WILLIAM JOSIAH IRONS

THY WILL BE DONE.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY, an English clergyman, was born in 1803, and was for many years curate of Lutterworth, and a friend of Dr. Arnold. In 1851 he published "Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship," a volume that included some original productions. He died March 8, 1862.

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine.
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, should meekly cry,
Father, thy will be done!

Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY.

1838.

NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'T is midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save

Till then, — nor is my boasting vain, —
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain:
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765. Altered by
BENJAMIN FRANCIS, 1787.

TRUST IN CHRIST.

"Christen erwarten in allerlei fällen."

CHRISTIAN LUDWIG EDELING was the teacher of Count Zinzendorf. He died in 1742.

CHRISTIANS may find in each scene of com-
motion

The succor of Christ's all-encompassing
hand;

Mid the rush of the winds, and the dash of the
ocean,

Their station is high on the firm-seated land;
And when the deep shadows of sorrow benight
them,

That sadness and blackness shall little affright
them.

Right hand and left be the enemy trooping,
Round us the flash and the stroke of their
sword,

Why should the head of the Christian be
drooping,

Bright at his heart with the form of his Lord?
Shouting and tumult their cry may be raising,
We the All-righteous are evermore praising.

Stripped of thy seed-corn, O earth, when thou
starvest!

Garden, field, orchard, bereft of their fruits;
Hail beating down the full ears of the harvest;
Trees on the hillsides all scorched at the
roots, —

Still be thou, man, patient truster and waiter;
Yield the rule of the world to its righteous
Creator.

Many consume, with their anxious distresses,
Vigor and health and the span of their date;
While the Most High, in his council's recesses,
Wraps up the When and the Where of their
fate.

Is it not all but a profitless sorrow,
Feeble of heart, that you hasten to borrow?

Doubting and caring disfigure the pious ;
 Hoping, confiding, are honored on high :
 Soul, have the peace that our cares would
 deny us ;

Cheer ! and the hellish foe scorn and defy.
 Though help from above may seem ready to
 vanish,
 Trust in the Lord, and complaining thoughts
 banish.

Good most besought, and a manifold blessing,
 Follow thee on till thy rest in the ground ;
 Thence, and far on, hope immortal possessing,
 How should a place for misgiving be found ?
 Stillness and peace be thy patient endeavor :—
 So speaks the will of the Blessed Forever.

CHRISTIAN LUDWIG EDELING, 1714. Translated
 by N. L. FROTHINGHAM, 1869.

“SAVE, LORD, OR I PERISH.”

My Saviour, mid life's varied scene
 Be thou my stay ;
 Guide me, through each perplexing path,
 To perfect day.

In weakness and in sin I stand ;
 Still faith can clasp thy mighty hand,
 And follow at thy dear command.

My Saviour, I have nought to bring
 Worthy of thee ;
 A broken heart thou wilt not spurn :
 Accept of me.

I need thy righteousness divine,
 I plead thy promises as mine,
 I perish if I am not thine.

My Saviour, wilt thou turn away
 From such a cry ?
 My refuge, and wilt thou forget,
 And must I die ?
 Faith trembles ; but her glance of light
 Has pierced through regions dark as night,
 And entered into realms of light.

My Saviour, mid heaven's glorious throng
 I see thee there
 Pleading with all thy matchless love
 And tender care,

Not for the angel-forms around,
 But for lost souls in fetters bound,
 That they may hear salvation's sound.

My Saviour, thus I find my rest
 Alone with thee,
 Beneath thy wing I have no fear
 Of what may be.

Strengthened with thy all-glorious might,
 I shall be conqueror in the fight,
 Then give to thee my crown of light.

1867. ELIZABETH AYTON ETHERIDGE GODWIN.

PRAYER TO THE SAVIOUR.

O HOLY Saviour ! Friend unseen !
 The faint, the weak, on thee may lean :
 Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
 By faith to cling to thee.

Blest with communion so divine,
 Take what thou wilt, shall I repine,
 When as the branches to the vine
 My soul may cling to thee ?

Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,
 Here she has found a place of rest ;
 An exile still, yet not unblest,
 While she can cling to thee.

Without a murmur I dismiss
 My former dreams of earthly bliss ;
 My joy, my recompense be this,
 Each hour to cling to thee.

What though the world deceitful prove,
 And earthly friends and joys remove ;
 With patient uncomplaining love
 Still would I cling to thee.

Oft, when I seem to tread alone
 Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
 A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
 Whispers, “Still cling to Me.”

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
 I ask not, need not aught beside :
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
 The souls that cling to thee !

They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
 Since thou art near, and strong to save ;
 Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave ;
 Because they cling to thee.

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall :
 What can disturb me, who appall,
 While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
 Saviour ! I cling to thee ?

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

THE SAVIOUR.

BEYOND the glittering starry globe,
 Far as the eternal hills,
 There, in the boundless worlds of light,
 Our great Redeemer dwells.

Immortal angels, bright and fair,
 In countless armies shine,
 At his right hand, with golden harps,
 To offer songs divine.

"Hail, Prince!" they cry, "forever hail!
 Whose unexampled love
 Moved thee to quit these glorious realms
 And royalties above!"

While thou didst condescend on earth
 To suffer rude disdain,
 They cast their honors at thy feet,
 And waited on thy train.

Blest angels, who adoring wait
 Around the Saviour's throne,
 Oh! tell us, for your eyes have seen,
 The wonders he has done.

Ye saw him, when the heavens and earth,
 A chaos first, he made,
 And night involved the formless deep
 In her tremendous shade.

And when, amidst the darksome void,
 He bade the light arise,
 And kindled up those shining orbs
 That now adorn the skies,

Ye saw; and in melodious song
 Your powerful voices raise,
 While all the new-born worlds resound
 Their great Creator's praise.

And when on earth he deigned to dwell,
 In mortal flesh arrayed,
 Ye wondering saw the Holy Child
 In Bethlehem's stable laid.

While in the lowly crib reposed,
 His mother's tender care,
 Ye stood around his homely bed,
 And watched his slumbers there.

When fasting in the desert long
 His spotless soul was tried,
 Ye saw him there the Tempter foil,
 And soon his wants supplied.

Ye heard what gracious words he spoke,
 The hearts of men to win;
 And saw, well-pleased, the listening crowd
 Drink the sweet doctrine in;

Beheld diseases, tempests, death,
 His sovereign word obey,
 And how on dark benighted minds
 He poured eternal day.

Saw him, from busy scenes retired
 To spend the midnight hours,
 While pure devotion filled his soul
 With all her rapturous powers.

When on the sacred mount he shone,
 In his own light arrayed,
 Ye saw, and owned your Sovereign there,
 And your just homage paid;

Saw, when o'er Salem's fearful doom
 He shed the tender tear;
 And how, to all his gracious calls,
 She turned the deafened ear.

In all his toils, and dangers too,
 Ye did his steps attend;
 Oft paused, and wondered how at last
 This scene of love would end.

And when the powers of hell combined
 To fill his cup of woe,
 Your pitying eyes beheld his tears
 In bloody anguish flow.

As on the torturing cross he hung,
 And darkness veiled the sky,
 Ye saw, aghast, that awful sight,
 The Lord of glory die!

Astonished, here ye search and learn
 High Heaven's mysterious ways,
 That thus to guilty dying man
 Immortal life conveys.

Anon he bursts the gates of death,
 Subdues the tyrant's power:
 Ye saw the illustrious Conqueror rise,
 And hailed the blissful hour,

Tended his chariot up the sky,
 And bore him to his throne;
 Then swept your golden harps, and cried,
 "The glorious work is done!"

My soul the joyful triumph feels,
 And thinks the moments long,
 Ere she her Saviour's glory sees,
 And joins your rapturous song.

JAMES FRENCH and DANIEL TURNER.

1791.

THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
 Thy word into our minds instill;
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day is done, its hours have run,
 And thou hast taken count of all,
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,

O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
 True absolution and release ;
 And bless us, more than in past days,
 With purity and inward peace.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,

O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Do more than pardon, give us joy,
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
 And simple hearts without alloy
 That only long to be like thee.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,

O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Labor is sweet, for thou hast toiled ;
 And care is light, for thou hast cared ;
 Let not our works with self be soiled,
 Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,

O gentle Jesus, be our light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto thee we call ;
 Oh, let thy mercy make us glad :
 Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,

O gentle Jesus, be our light.

1849.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

JESUS, MY GOD AND MY ALL.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER was born at Durham, Eng-
 land, June 28, 1814, and after graduation at Oxford became a
 tutor and fellow of that university. In 1846 he became a
 Roman Catholic, and in 1849 went to London and organized a
 brotherhood. He had established his reputation as a poet
 in 1842. The complete edition of his hymns, published in
 1862, comprises one hundred and fifty pieces, many of them
 of great beauty, and some have been taken to enrich the col-
 lections of those who do not agree with the author's religious
 views. Dr. Faber died Sept. 26, 1863. The "heavenly
 homesickness," as it has been called, of some of Faber's
 hymns is deficient in hopefulness.

O JESUS! Jesus! dearest Lord,
 Forgive me if I say,
 For very love, thy sacred name
 A thousand times a day.

I love thee so, I know not how
 My transports to control ;
 Thy love is like a burning fire
 Within my very soul.

Oh, wonderful that thou shouldst let
 So vile a heart as mine
 Love thee with such a love as this,
 And make so free with thine.

The craft of this wise world of ours
 Poor wisdom seems to me ;
 Ah, dearest Jesus ! I have grown
 Childish with love of thee !

For thou to me art all in all,
 My honor and my wealth,
 My heart's desire, my body's strength,
 My soul's eternal health.

Burn, burn, O love ! within my heart
 Burn fiercely night and day,
 Till all the dross of earthly loves
 Is burned, and burned away.

O Light in darkness, Joy in grief,
 O Heaven begun on earth !
 Jesus ! my love, my treasure ! who
 Can tell what thou art worth ?

O Jesus ! Jesus ! sweetest Lord !
 What art thou not to me ?
 Each hour brings joys before unknown,
 Each day, new liberty !

What limit is there to thee, love ?
 Thy flight where wilt thou stay ?
 On, on ! our Lord is sweeter far
 To-day than yesterday.

O Love of Jesus ! blessed love !
 So will it ever be ;
 Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,
 No, nor eternity !

1840.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

MERCY BESOUGHT.

CORNELIUS ELVEN, pastor of a Baptist church in Bury St.
 Edmunds, Suffolk, England, was born in 1797. The hymn
 here given was written to be used with revival sermons
 preached to his people.

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
 A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry ;
 Thy pardoning grace is rich and free :
 O God, be merciful to me !

I smite upon my troubled breast,
 With deep and conscious guilt oppressed ;
 Christ and his cross my only plea :
 O God, be merciful to me !

Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies ;
But thou dost all my anguish see,
O God, be merciful to me !

Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone ;
To Calvary alone I flee :
O God, be merciful to me !

And when redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me !

CORNELIUS ELVEN.

1852.

JUST AS I AM.

" Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out "
JOHN vi. 37.

JUST as I am — without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee —
O Lamb of God, I come !

JUST as I am — and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot —
O Lamb of God, I come !

JUST as I am — though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without —
O Lamb of God, I come !

JUST as I am — poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find —
O Lamb of God, I come !

JUST as I am — thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe —
O Lamb of God, I come !

JUST as I am — thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone —
O Lamb of God, I come !

JUST as I am — of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
prove,
Here for a season, then above —
O Lamb of God, I come !

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

1834.

ALLEZ A CHRIST.

APPEL D'UNE VOIX ÉTRANGÈRE.

" Je ne mettrai point dehors celui qui viendra à Moi."

JEAN vi. 37.

"A foreign lady in mourning, passing through Geneva, Switzerland, (in September, 1857), where she knew no one, wished to call upon a Christian, whose name she was acquainted with : and not finding h'm, left at his house eighty francs, — in part to print and distribute the following hymn, and in part for a work of charity ; not wishing to pass through that city, she said, without leaving there a mark of affection."

Tel que je suis — sans aucune défense,
N'espérant qu'en ton sang versé pour mon offense,
Vaincu par tes appels, qui font mon assurance,
Agneau de Dieu, je viens !

Tel que je suis — me sentant incapable
D'effacer de mon âme un seul désir coupable,
A toi qui m'as aimé d'un amour ineffable,
Agneau de Dieu, je viens !

Tel que je suis — ballotté dans ma route
Au dedans, au dehors, par la crainte et le doute,
Par des combats sans fin, que mon âme redoute,
Agneau de Dieu, je viens !

Tel que je suis — aveugle et misérable,
Santé d'âme, et d'esprit, vie et paix véritable,
Je trouve tout en toi, mon Sauveur adorable,
Agneau de Dieu, je viens !

Tel que je suis — ne cache point ta face,
Pardonne, accueille-moi, tous mes péchés efface,
Seigneur, n'ai-je pas cru ta promesse de grâce ?
Agneau de Dieu, je viens !

Tel que je suis — par ton amour immense,
Tu brises, de mon cœur, la longue résistance ;
Pour être tout à toi, pour vivre en ta présence,
Agneau de Dieu ! je viens.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Translator unknown.

A PRAYER TO CHRIST.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, widely known as author of the hymn "Just as I am," was granddaughter of the celebrated Rev. John Venn. She was born in 1789, and died in 1871. She was a contributor to the "Invalid's Hymn-Book," and published several volumes of poems, some of the pieces in which became very popular. She wrote with the purpose of doing good

O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me !

When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me!

When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me!

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with thy pitying arms infold,
And plead, oh, plead for me!

And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me!

When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say thou hast washed them all away;
Oh, say thou plead'st for me!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

1837.

NOW I HAVE FOUND A FRIEND.

HENRY HOPE was born at Belfast, and is a bookbinder in Dublin. The following hymn was printed for private circulation; it has been altered by editors of hymn-books and popular collections, and is here printed from a copy supplied by the author to Rogers's "Lyra Britannica," in 1867.

Now I have found a friend,
Jesus is mine;
His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though earthly friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace;
Jesus is mine.

Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine;
Though I grow faint and cold,
Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh,
Nought can my hope destroy;
Jesus is mine.

When death is sent to me,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome eternity,
Jesus is mine.
He my redemption is,
Wisdom and righteousness,
Life, light, and holiness;
Jesus is mine.

When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine.

In the great judgment-day,
Jesus is mine.

Oh, what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King, —
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine!

Father, thy name I bless,
Jesus is mine;
Thine was the sovereign grace,
Praise shall be thine.

Spirit of holiness,
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus as mine.

HENRY HOPE.

1852.

EMMANUEL'S LAND.

COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place!
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;

This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
And from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields

A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

1709.

ISAAC WATTS.

MY HEAVENLY FRIEND.

MRS. GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE, daughter of the late Prof. Charles B. Haddock, of Dartmouth College, and granddaughter of Abigail Webster (sister of Daniel Webster), was born at Hanover, N. H., in 1832. Her husband is Theodore Hinsdale, and her home is in Brooklyn, L. I. Mrs. Hinsdale is a frequent contributor of religious poetry to the periodical press.

JESUS! the rays divine,
Which from thy presence shine,
Cast light o'er depths profound,
Which in thy word are found,
And lead me on!

The love within thine eye
Oft checks the rising sigh;
The touch of thy dear hand
Answers my heart's demand,
And comforts me!

Yes, Lord, in hours of gloom,
When shadows fill my room,
When pain breathes forth its groans,
And grief its sighs and moans,
Then thou art near!

Oh! will it always be
That thou wilt comfort me?
When friends are far away,
Wilt thou, my Saviour, stay,
And soothe my pain?

Jesus, thou art my life!
No more I dread the strife, —
The rays of light divine,
Which from thy presence shine,
Fall o'er my heart!

GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE.

THE SON.

LET foreign nations of their language boast,
What fine variety each tongue affords;
I like our language, as our men and coast:
Who cannot dress it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly do we give one only name
To parents' issue and the sun's bright star!

A son is light and fruit, a fruitful flame
Chasing the father's dimness, carried far
From the first man in the east, to fresh and new
Western discoveries of posterity.
So in one word our Lord's humility
We turn upon him in a sense most true;
For what Christ once in humbleness began,
We him in glory call, *the Son of man.*

1633.

GEORGE HERBERT.

REMEMBER ME!

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me!

When groaning on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me!

Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee:
Oh, give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me!

Distress in pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see!
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear, and remember me!

If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me!

The hour is near; consigned to death,
I own the just decree;
"Saviour!" with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, "Remember me!"

1792.

THOMAS HAWEIS.

PEACE.

Is this the peace of God, this strange sweet
calm?

The weary day is at its zenith still,
Yet 't is as if beside some cool, clear rill,
Through shadowy stillness rose an evening
psalm,
And all the noise of life were hushed away,
And tranquil gladness reigned with gently
soothing sway.

It was not so just now. I turned aside
With aching head, and heart most sorely
bowed;

Around me cares and griefs in crushing crowd,
While inly rose the sense, in swelling tide,
Of weakness, insufficiency, and sin,
And fear, and gloom, and doubt in mighty
flood rolled in.

That rushing flood I had no power to meet,
Nor power to flee: my present, future, past,
Myself, my sorrow, and my sin I cast

In utter helplessness at Jesu's feet:
Then bent me to the storm, if such his will.
He saw the winds and waves, and whispered,
"Peace, be still!"

And there was calm! O Saviour, I have
proved
That thou to help and save art really near:
How else this quiet rest from grief and fear
And all distress? The cross is not removed,
I must go forth to bear it as before,
But, leaning on thine arm, I dread its weight
no more.

Is it indeed thy peace? I have not tried
To analyze my faith, dissect my trust,
Or measure if belief be full and just,
And therefore claim thy peace. But thou
hast died,
I know that this is true, and true for me,
And, knowing it, I come, and cast my all on
thee.

It is not that I feel less weak, but thou
Wilt be my strength; it is not that I see
Less sin, but more of pardoning love with thee,
And all-sufficient grace. Enough! and now
All fluttering thought is stilled, I only rest,
And feel that thou art near, and know that I
am blest.

1872.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

CHRIST THE COMFORTER.

"Herz, du hast viel geweinet."

LONG hast thou wept and sorrowed,
Poor mourner; dry thy tears!
Behold, with light and comfort,
Jesus himself appears!

All other hopes must perish,
All earthly props decay;
Then let the seed be buried,
The husk be blown away.

Yet think not, God has granted
But to recall again,
His gifts of love and goodness
Shall ever thine remain.

The seed, before it flourish,
Must low in darkness lie;
And love, to live forever,
Must for a season die.

But those like thee, bereaved,
Within earth's darkened home,
Are rich in many a promise
And pledge of joys to come.

"Trust in my mercy ever,
My people," saith the Lord;
Hold fast in deepest sorrow,
That soul-sustaining word.

The harvest-day is hastening,
The rest from toil and pain,
When those who sleep in Jesus
Shall come with him again.

And, more than all the treasures
That morning shall restore,
Himself, himself, shall meet thee,
Thy portion evermore!

Then rest, sad heart, in patience,
With this petition still,
"Lord, all these vacant places
With thine own fulness fill!"

Translated from the German of META HEUSSER
SCHWEIZER, 1837, by JANE BORTHWICK, 1863

FAITH'S QUESTION.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go
For life, and joy, and light?
No help, no comfort from below,
No lasting gladness we may know,
No hope may bless our sight.
Our souls are weary and athirst,
But earth is iron-bound and cursed,
And nothing she may yield can stay
The restless yearnings day by day;
Yet, without thee, Redeemer blest,
We would not, if we could, find rest.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go?
We gaze around in vain.
Though pleasure's fairy lute be strung,
And mirth's enchaining lay be sung,
We dare not trust the strain.
The touch of sorrow or of sin
Hath saddened all, without, within;
What here we fondly love and prize,
However beautiful be its guise,
Has passed, is passing, or may pass,
Like frost-frost on the autumn grass.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go?
 Our spirits dimly wait
 In the dungeon of our mortal frame;
 And only one of direful name
 Can force its sin-barred gate.
 Our loved ones can but greet us through
 The prison grate, from which we view
 All outward things. They enter not:
 Thou, thou alone, canst cheer our lot.
 O Christ, we long for thee to dwell
 Within our solitary cell!

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go?
 Unless thy voice we hear,
 All tuneless falls the sweetest song,
 And lonely seems the busiest throng,
 Unless we feel thee near.
 We dare not think what earth would be,
 Thou Heaven-Creator, but for thee;
 A howling chaos, wild and dark, —
 One flood of horror, while no ark,
 Upborne above the gloom-piled wave,
 From one great death-abysse might save.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go?
 The Tempter's power is great;
 E'en in our hearts is evil bound,
 And, lurking stealthily around,
 Still for our souls doth wait.
 Thou tempted One, whose suffering heart
 In all our sorrows bore a part,
 Whose life-blood only could atone,
 Too weak are we to stand alone;
 And nothing but thy shield of light
 Can guard us in the dreaded fight.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go?
 The night of death draws near;
 Its shadow must be passed alone,
 No friend can with our souls go down,
 The untried way to cheer.
 Thou hast the words of endless life;
 Thou givest victory in the strife;
 Thou only art the changeless Friend,
 On whom for aye we may depend;
 In life, in death, alike we flee,
 O Saviour of the world, to thee!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

1872.

COME, AND WELCOME, TO JESUS.

COME ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, joined with power:
 He is able,
 He is willing. Doubt no more!

Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh, —
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him:
 This he gives you, —
 'T is the Spirit's rising beam!

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and broken by the fall!
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

View him grovelling in the garden;
 Lo, your Maker prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold him;
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 It is finished:
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood:
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels, joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name:
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may sing the same.

JOSEPH HART.

1759.

EXHORTATION.

THOMAS HASTINGS, a musician and writer of hymns, who accomplished much for the improvement of psalmody in America, was born at Washington, Conn., Oct. 15, 1784, and died in New York City in 1872. From 1824 to 1832 he gave currency to his views on the improvement of church music in a journal which he conducted in Utica, N. Y., and from this resulted an invitation to come to the metropolis to carry out his theories. For years he devoted himself to this work with marked success. He prepared a number of books of hymns and music.

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
 Filled with dismay,
 Wait not for to-morrow,
 Yield thee to-day.

Heaven bids thee come
While yet there's room :
Child of sin and sorrow !
Hear and obey.

Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die ?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high :
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

Child of sin and sorrow,
Thy moments glide
Like the flitting arrow,
Or the rushing tide ;
Ere time is o'er,
Heaven's grace implore :
Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1832.

MY LORD AND GOD.

The author of the following was Secretary of the Moravian Church Missions of London, and father of the Rev. John Antes La Trobe, also a hymn-writer.

My Lord and God,
Who hast for me atoned,
And in death's agony for me hast groaned ;
I weep for joy,
And raise my feeble song ;
For both in life and death this meditation
Proves unto me a sweet and strengthening
consolation :
My pardon's sealed with thy blood,
My Lord, my God.

The time will come,
When endless consolation
Will be their lot, who wait for Christ's salva-
tion :
" I am redeemed,"
Saith a believing heart ;
" Even here the Lord, whose mercy never
endeth,
Wipes oft my tears away, and all my steps
attendeth ;
The time to be with him at home
At last will come."

Come soon, oh, come,
Ye hours, wherein forever
With hosts of saints I too shall have the favor
To see my Lord :
With joy for him I wait :

Who knows but I this day may leave the body,
Called forth to meet the Bridegroom ; may he
find me ready :
I long to be with him at home ;
Come soon, oh, come.

O happy lot,
To live in blessed union
With Christ, and with his church in close
communion ;
To look to him,
Prompted by love and need ;
To feed by faith upon his death and merit,
And, purified in heart, become with him one
spirit ;
To love him, though we see him not ;
O happy lot !

O happy lot,
To dwell with Christ our Saviour,
There to behold his countenance forever ;
In songs of joy
His holy name to praise ;
To thank him for our blessed consummation,
And view his wounds, those pledges of com-
plete salvation,
All pain and sorrow then forgot ;
O happy lot !

C. I. LA TROBE.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

MRS. SARAH ELIZABETH MILES, daughter of Nathaniel W. Appleton, was born in Boston, March 28, 1807, and lives in Brattleboro', Vermont. She is widow of Solomon P. Miles, formerly Principal of the Boston High School.

THOU, who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality ;
Thy blessed labors done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to thy home
on high.

Our eyes behold thee not,
Yet hast thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust,
in thee ;
Before thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
That where thou art, there they may also be.

It was no path of flowers,
Which, through this world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread ;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it
spread ?

O thou, who art our life,
 Be with us through the strife;
 Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was
 bowed;
 Raise thou our eyes above,
 To see a Father's love
 Beam like the bow of promise through the
 cloud.

And, oh, if thoughts of gloom
 Should hover o'er the tomb,
 That light of love our guiding star shall be;
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
 Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to
 thee.

SARAH ELIZABETH MILES

1827.

LOOKING UNTO CHRIST.

ROBERT CASSIE WATERSTON, D.D., was born in Kenne-
 bunk, Me., in 1812, but has been a life-long resident of Bos-
 ton. He has been a contributor to the North American
 Review, and has written many addresses and poems on sub-
 jects connected with education and reform.

IN darkest hours I hear a voice,
 Which comes my saddened heart to cheer,
 Saying in tones of love, — "Rejoice!
 Jesus is near!"

IN times of trial and dismay,
 Through the dark gloom of doubt and fear,
 There breaks a light, like dawning day, —
 "Jesus is near!"

When years autumnal tokens bring,
 And fading hopes seem dry and sear,
 There bursts a bloom, like second spring, —
 "Jesus is near!"

Thus, when at length the veil shall rise,
 Will my enfranchised spirit hear,
 From angel-voices through the skies, —
 "Jesus is near!"

Not far away, but close at hand,
 A constant friend, most true and dear;
 Gladly I follow Heaven's command,
 With Jesus near!

ROBERT CASSIE WATERSTON, D.D.

1871.

THE BLESSED NAME JESUS:

AN EVANGELICAL ROSARY.

JESUS' name shall ever be
 For my heart its rosary.
 I will tell it o'er and o'er,
 Always dearer than before.

Ave Mary may not be
 For my heart its rosary;
 Jesus, Saviour, all in all, —
 Other name why should I call?

Morning hymns and evening lays,
 Noontide prayer and midnight praise,
 Heart and voice, and tune and time,
 Jesus' name they all shall chime.

Ever new and fresh the strain;
 Of all themes the sweet refrain:
 Time bring what it may along;
 Jesus still the unchanging song.

Redolent with healing balm,
 Pleasure's charm and trouble's calm;
 All of heaven my hope and claim,
 Grace on grace in Jesus' name.

In my soul each deepest chord
 Ring it out, One Saviour Lord;
 Jesus, the eternal hymn
 Forth from saint and seraphim.

Breathe it, then, my every breath;
 Linger on my last in death;
 Jesus — Rest in paradise;
 Jesus — Glory in the skies!

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG, D.D.

1842, 1868.

THE SHADOW OF THE STAR.

SABÆAN odors load the air;
 See myrrh as though for burial brought;
 The flash of royal gold is there,
 But where is he for whom 't is sought?
 Behold him on the spotless virgin's knee,
 The Priest, the Man, the Monarch, lo! 't is
 he.

Mother of Christ! the eastern star
 Shines brightly on the humble shed
 Where wise Chaldeans, led from far,
 Bend low before the Infant head;
 The priestly arms spread forth to bless e'en
 now;
 Steadfast to win the crown, by death, the brow.

Mother of sorrows! mark the word,
 And ponder it within thy heart,
 Through thine own soul shall pierce the sword
 Ere God full knowledge shall impart;
 Then shalt thou see with reawakened eye
 The signs, worked out, of the Epiphany.

Upon the great Good Friday morn
 Thy Son in royal guise shall stand
 With purple robe, and crown of thorn,
 And sceptred reed in his right hand :
 When these things come to pass, look up !
 behold
 The first great sign worked out, — the gift of
 gold.

When priestly arms on Calvary's crest
 In intercession wide are spread,
 And to that blessing from their rest
 Hades sends forth the sainted dead,
 The second gift behold, — see heavenward rise
 Atoning incense of the sacrifice.

The soul has fled; the vexed limbs sleep,
 O'er both the Godhead spreads its span :
 Bring myrrh and spices; vigil keep
 Over the archetypal man :
 With eyes of awful love and bated breath,
 Lady ! behold the myrrh, — the type of death.

In mystic number, vested white,
 The presbyters around the throne
 Cast down their crowns of golden light,
 Their Maker and their Lord to own ;
 " For he is worthy of all praise," they sing,
 " Of heaven and earth, Creator, Lord, and
 King."

Unchangeable the priesthood's vow,
 Which this man, pure from human stain
 Yet man in all things, offers now,
 Himself for sin the victim slain.
 At last the threefold gifts in one concur,
 Here blend the gold, the frankincense, the
 myrrh.

GERARD MOULTRIE.

THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

PSALM lxxii.

The memories associated with this noble hymn are precious. It was repeated by the poet at the close of a Wesleyan missionary meeting in 1822, where Adam Clark, who presided, begged the manuscript, and put it, with the Psalm of which it is a rendering, in his "Commentaries."

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed !
 Great David's greater Son ;
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy
 To those who suffer wrong ;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemned and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.

By such shall he be feared
 While sun and moon endure,
 Beloved, obeyed, revered ;
 For he shall judge the poor,
 Through changing generations,
 With justice, mercy, truth,
 While stars maintain their stations,
 Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth :
 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall Peace, the herald, go ;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert ranger
 To him shall bow the knee,
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see :
 With offerings of devotion,
 Ships from the Isles shall meet,
 To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before him,
 And gold and incense bring ;
 All nations shall adore him,
 His praise all people sing :
 For he shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

For him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end :
 The mountain-dews shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
 He on his throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious,
 All-blessing and all-blest ;

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever ;
That name to us is Love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1822.

THE FULNESS OF CHRIST.

“Wo ist göttliches Erbarmen.”

WHERE is mercy and compassion
For the sinner that repents ?
Love, which offers free salvation
To returning penitents ?
Where is crimson guilt forgiven ?
Who, when death and hell affright,
Sets before us joy in heaven,
Everlasting life and light ?
Christ, in whom all fulness is,
Can alone bestow all this.

Where is balsam which assuages
Grief or pain's acutest smart ?
Where is counsel for all ages,
Comfort for the broken heart ?
Who revives the faint and weary ?
Who brings back the sheep that stray ?
Who, when long the way and dreary,
Is our guide, support, and stay ?
Christ, in whom all fulness is,
Can alone bestow all this.

Who gives joy in tribulation ?
Who enables us to bless
God in every dispensation,
And in all to acquiesce ?
Who the trust of children gives us,
Lays us on our Father's breast,
From all needless care relieves us,
Shows us all is for the best ?
Christ, in whom all fulness is,
Can alone bestow all this.

Who gives us a childlike meekness,
And humility of mind ?
Calm endurance, strength in weakness,
Gentleness to all mankind ?
Love, which shuns no sacrifices,
Prompt to answer every call,
And a heart which sympathizes
In the joy and grief of all ?
Ah ! thank him who will and can
Give such grace to every man.

Who to us a life hath given
Over which death hath no power ?
Who makes us the heirs of heaven,
And of joys forevermore ?

Who will raise again in glory
What is here in weakness sown,
And the frail and transitory
Clothe with beauty like his own ?
Ah ! rejoice, for Jesus is
He who can alone do this.

Thou who with the Father livest,
And whose presence all things fills,
Who to all men all things givest,
And in whom all fulness dwells,
Oh, how large the invitation
Which thou giv'st to all our race,
To accept a free salvation,
And partake of thy rich grace !
Happy he who thus can taste
All thou art, and all thou hast !

KARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA. Translated
by RICHARD MASSIE.

BIRDS HAVE THEIR QUIET NEST.

“The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.”—
MATT. viii. 20.

BIRDS have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful
bed ;
All creatures have their rest ;
But Jesus had not where to lay his head.

Winds have their hour of calm,
And waves—to slumber on the voiceless
deep ;
Eve hath its breath of balm
To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep :

The wild deer hath his lair ;
The homeward flocks, the shelter of their
shed ;
All have their rest from care,
But Jesus had not where to lay his head.

And yet he came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest,
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on his
breast.

What then am I, my God,
Permitted thus the path of peace to tread ?
Peace, purchased by the blood
Of him who had not where to lay his head !

I, who once made him grieve,
I, who once bid his gentle spirit mourn,
Whose hand essayed to weave
For his meek brow the cruel crown of thorn !

Oh, why should I have peace ?

Why ? but for that unchanged undying love
Which would not, could not cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above ?

Yes; but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face
That once was pale and agonized for me.

Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful
bed;
Come, Saviour ! in my breast
Deign to repose thine oft-rejected head.

Come, give me rest, and take
The only rest on earth thou lov'st, within
A heart that for thy sake
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

1850.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

"Gelobet seist du, Jesu Christ."

ALL praise to Jesus' hallowed name,
Who of virgin pure became
True man for us ! The angels sing,
As the glad news to earth they bring,
Hallelujah !

The everlasting Father's Son
For a manger leaves his throne ;
The mighty God, the eternal Good,
Hath clothed himself in flesh and blood.
Hallelujah !

He whom the world could not inwrap
Yonder lies in Mary's lap ;
He is become an infant small,
Who by his might upholdeth all.
Hallelujah !

The eternal Light, come down from heaven,
Hath to us new sunshine given ;
It shineth in the midst of night,
And maketh us the sons of light.
Hallelujah !

The Father's Son, God ever blest,
In the world became a guest :
He leads us from this vale of tears,
And makes us in his kingdom heirs.
Hallelujah !

He came to earth so mean and poor,
Man to pity and restore,
And make us rich in heaven above,
Equal with angels through his love.
Hallelujah !

All this he did to show his grace
To our poor and sinful race ;
For this let Christendom adore
And praise his name forevermore.

Hallelujah !

MARTIN LUTHER. Translated by
RICHARD MASSIE.

LITANY FOR DELIVERANCE.

THOU who dost dwell alone,
Thou who dost know thine own,
Thou to whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave, —
Save, oh, save !

From the world's temptations,
From tribulations ;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish ;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave, —
Save, oh, save !

When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer :
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher :
But the arch-fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And, when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore ;
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion,
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence ;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave, —
Save, oh, save !

From the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars thy creature ;
From grief, that is but passion ;
From mirth, that is but feigning ;
From tears, that bring no healing ;
From wild and weak complaining ;
Thine old strength revealing,
Save, oh, save !

From doubt, where all is double ;
Where wise men are not strong ;
Where comfort turns to trouble ;
Where just men suffer wrong ;
Where sorrow treads on joy ;
Where sweet things soonest cloy ;

Where faiths are built on dust;
Where Love is half mistrust,
Hungry and barren and sharp as the sea;
Oh, set us free!

Oh, let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie
Tossing continually.
Oh, where thy voice doth come
Let all doubts be dumb;
Let all words be mild;
All strifes be reconciled;
All pains beguiled.
Light bring no blindness;
Love no unkindness;
Knowledge no ruin;
Fear no undoing.
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, oh, save!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A LITANY.

SIR ROBERT GRANT was born of an ancient Scottish family in 1785. He was educated at Cambridge, England, and became a member of Parliament. In 1834 he was appointed governor of Bombay, and died at Daporee, India, July 9, 1838. After his death his brother, Lord Glenelg, published his poems in London.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh, by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting Tempter's power;
Turn, oh, turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold;
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By thine hour of dire despair;
By thine agony of prayer;

By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

1815.

LITANY.

By thy sorrow and thy pain,
By thy form once bruised and slain,
By thy blood poured out like rain, —
Jesu, audi nos!

By thy toil and bitter grief,
By thy tears without relief,
By thy life so grand, so brief, —
Jesu, audi nos!

By thy death and agony,
By thy sweet humility,
By thy boundless charity, —
Jesu, audi nos!

By thy Resurrection-morn,
By thy glorious face that shone,
O thou Holy, Sinless One!
Jesu, audi nos!

MARIAN LONGFELLOW.

Sept. 5, 1872.

A LITANY TO THE SAVIOUR.

SAVIOUR, who, exalted high
In thy Father's majesty,
Yet vouchsafest thyself to show
To thy faithful flock below;
Foretaste of that blissful sight,
When, arrayed in glorious light,
Beaming with paternal grace,
They shall see thee face to face:
Saviour, though this earthly shroud
Now my mortal vision cloud,
Still thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me!

Son of God, to thee I cry :
 By the holy mystery
 Of thy dwelling here on earth,
 By thy pure and holy birth,
 Offspring of the Virgin's womb ;
 By the light, through midnight gloom,
 Bursting on the shepherds' gaze ;
 By the angels' song of praise :
 By the leading of the star,
 The Eastern sages' guide from far ;
 By thy gifts, with worship meet
 Offered at thy infant feet :
 Lord, thy presence let me see,
 Manifest thyself to me !

Man of sorrows, hear me cry !
 By thy great humility ;
 By thy meekly bowed head ;
 By thy gentle spirit, fled
 To the mansions of the dead ;
 By the wound, whence issuing flowed
 Water mingled with thy blood ;
 By thy breathless body, laid
 In the rock's sepulchral shade,
 Where man ne'er before reposed,
 Straitly watched, securely closed ;
 Lord, thy presence let me see,
 Manifest thyself to me !

Lord of Glory, God most high,
 Man exalted to the sky,
 God and man, to thee I cry !
 With thy love my bosom fill,
 Prompt me to perform thy will ;
 Grant me what thou bidd'st to do ;
 What thou proffer'st to pursue :
 So may he, the Sire above,
 Guard me with a Parent's love !
 So may he, the Spirit blest,
 Whisper comfort, *hopé*, and rest !
 So mayst thou, my Saviour, come,
 Make this froward heart thy home,
 And manifest thyself to me
 In the Triune Deity !

RICHARD MANT, D. D.

1831.

RIDE ON! RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

RIDE on! ride on in majesty !
 In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
 O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
 O'er captive death and conquered sin !

Ride on! ride on in majesty !
 The winged armies of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes
 To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty !
 The last and fiercest strife is nigh ;
 'The Father on his sapphire throne
 Expects his own anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty !
 In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
 Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
 Then take, O God, thy power, and reign !

HENRY HART MILMAN.

CHRIST.

JOHN ROSS MACDUFF, an eminent Scottish minister, was born about 1820, and after 1857 was a pastor in Glasgow.

JESUS, my Saviour, look on me,
 For I am weary and opprest ;
 I come to cast my soul on thee,
 Thou art my *rest*.

Look down on me, for I am weak ;
 I feel the toilsome journey's length ;
 Thine aid omnipotent I seek ;
 Thou art my *strength*.

I am bewildered on my way ;
 Dark and tempestuous is the night ;
 Oh, shed thou forth some cheering ray ;
 Thou art my *light*.

Why feel I desolate and lone ?
 Thy praises should my thoughts employ ;
 Thy presence can pour gladness down ;
 Thou art my *joy*.

Thou hast on me so much bestowed,
 Surely I may relinquish health ;
 Thou'st made me rich, yea, rich towards God ;
 Thou art my *wealth*.

I hear the storms around me rise,
 But when I dread the impending shock,
 My spirit to her refuge flies ;
 Thou art my *rock*.

When the accuser flings his darts,
 I look to thee — my terrors cease ;
 Thy cross a hiding-place imparts ;
 Thou art my *peace*.

Vain is all human help for me ;
 I dare not trust an earthly prop ;
 My sole reliance is on thee ;
 Thou art my *hope*.

Full many a conflict must be fought !
 But shall I perish? shall I yield?
 Is that bright motto given for nought?
 Thou art my *shield*.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink ;
 Thou art my *life*.

Thou wilt my every want supply
E'en to the end, whate'er befall ;
Through life, in death, eternally,
 Thou art MY ALL.

JOHN ROSS MACDUFF.

—◆—
COMING.

MRS. MACANDREW is daughter of the late Hugh Miller. She has published a volume containing a number of her poems, entitled "Ezekiel and other Poems, by B. M." This poem is founded upon the following passage of Scripture: "At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning."—MARK xiii. 35.

"It may be in the evening,
 When the work of the day is done.
And you have time to sit in the twilight
 And watch the sinking sun,
While the long bright day dies slowly
 Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
 With thoughts of me ;
While you hear the village children
 Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
 May come the sound of *my* feet.
Therefore I tell you : Watch
 By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
 As the clouds afar :
Let the door be on the latch
 In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
 I will come.

"It may be when the midnight
 Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
 Along the sand ;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house ;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
 Beside the bed :
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
 In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
 I will come.

"It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
 In the sky,

And the sea looks calm and holy,
 Waiting for the dawn
 Of the golden sun
 Which draweth nigh ;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
 The rivers chill,
And my morning-star is fading, fading
 Over the hill :
Behold I say unto you : Watch ;
Let the door be on the latch
 In your home ;
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,
 I may come.

"It may be in the morning,
 When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
 Over the little lawn ;
When the waves are laughing loudly
 Along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly
 About the door ;
With the long day's work before you,
 You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbors come in to talk a little
 Of all that must be done.
But remember that *I* may be the next
 To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
 Forevermore :
As you work your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
 In your room,
And it may be in the morning
 I will come."

So He passed down my cottage garden,
 By the path that leads to the sea,
Till he came to the turn of the little road
 Where the birch and laburnum tree
Lean over and arch the way ;
There I saw him a moment stay,
 And turn once more to me,
 As I wept at the cottage door,
And lift up his hands in blessing —
 Then I saw his face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway,
 Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair white roses,
 Though I crushed them and let them fall.
Only looking down the pathway,
 And looking toward the sea,
And wondering, and wondering
 When he would come back for me ;
Till I was aware of an angel
 Who was going swiftly by,

With the gladness of one who goeth
In the light of God Most High.

He passed the end of the cottage
Toward the garden gate;
(I suppose he was come down
At the setting of the sun
To comfort some one in the village
Whose dwelling was desolate)
And he paused before the door—
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face.

"Weep not," he said, "for unto you is given
To watch for the coming of his feet
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven;
The work and watching will be very sweet,
Even in an earthly home;
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come."

So I am watching quietly
Every day.
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say:
"Surely it is the shining of his face!"
And look unto the gates of his high place
Beyond the sea;
For I know he is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door, and ask
If he is come;
And the angel answers sweetly
In my home:
"Only a few more shadows,
And he will come."

BARBARA MILLER MACANDREW.

COME UNTO ME.

GEORGE MACDONALD, a popular English poet and novelist, was born in Scotland in 1825. He was at first an Independent minister, but has for a considerable time devoted himself entirely to literature. His home is in London. Volumes of his poems were published in 1855, 1857, 1864, and 1868. In 1872 he visited America.

"Come unto me," the Master says;
But how? I am not good;
No thankful song my heart will raise,
Nor even wish it could.

I am not sorry for the past,
Nor able not to sin;
The weary strife would ever last
If I should once begin.

"Hast thou no burden, then, to bear?
No action to repent?
Is all around so very fair?
Is thy heart quite content?"

"Hast thou no sickness in thy soul?
No labor to endure?
Then go in peace, for thou art whole;
Thou needest not his cure."

Ah! mock me not; sometimes I sigh;
I have a nameless grief,
A faint, sad pain — but such that I
Can look for no relief.

"Come, come to him who made thy heart;
Come weary and oppressed;
To come to Jesus is *thy* part;
His part, to give thee rest.

"New grief, new hope he will bestow,
Thy grief and pain to quell;
Into thy heart himself will go,
And that will make thee well."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

GRATEFUL AND TENDER REMEMBRANCE.

GERARD THOMAS NOEL was elder brother of the Rev. Baptist Wriothlesley Noel. He was born Dec. 2, 1782, and died Feb. 24, 1851. He was a graduate of Cambridge University, and a clergyman of the Church of England. For a while he was canon of Winchester, and he died vicar of Romsey. He was author of a "Selection of Psalms and Hymns." The following is found in "Arvendel," a volume describing the author's travels in Italy and Switzerland.

If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;

Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed.
"Meet, and remember me."

Remember thee, thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there!

GERARD THOMAS NOEL.

A FRIEND THAT STICKETH CLOSER
THAN A BROTHER.

PROV. xviii. 24.

ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend !
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love !

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood ?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
This was boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a friend in need.

Men, when raised to lofty stations,
Often know their friends no more ;
Slight and scorn their poor relations,
Though they valued them before :
But our Saviour always owns
Those whom he redeemed with groans.

When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same :
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

Could we bear from one another
What he daily bears from us ?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat him thus :
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

Oh, for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

JOHN NEWTON.

1779.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

"Gloriosi Salvatoris."

To the Name that brings salvation
Honor, worship, laud we pay :
That for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay ;
But to every tongue and nation
Holy Church proclaims to-day.

Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
By the tongue ineffable,
Name of sweetness passing measure,
To the ear delectable,
'T is our safeguard and our treasure,
'T is our help 'gainst sin and hell.

'T is the name for adoration,
'T is the name of victory ;
'T is the name for meditation
In the vale of misery :

'T is the name for veneration
By the citizens on high.

'T is the name that whoso preaches
Finds it music in his ear :
'T is the name that whoso teaches
Finds more sweet than honey's cheer :
Who its perfect wisdom reaches
Makes his ghostly vision clear.

'T is the name by right exalted
Over every other name :
That when we are sore assaulted
Puts our enemies to shame :
Strength to them that else had halted,
Eyes to blind and feet to lame.

Jesu, we thy name adoring
Long to see thee as thou art :
Of thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That, hereafter, upward soaring,
We with angels may have part. Amen.

Translated from the Latin of an unknown author
by JOHN MASON NEALE 1851.

CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

Ζοφερός τρικυμίας.

This vivid and popular hymn was written by one of the most original of the Greek ecclesiastical poets, ST. ANATOLIUS of Constantinople. He was an ambassador from Dioscorus to the Byzantine court. In 449 he was made pontiff of Ephesus, and afterwards Patriarch of Constantinople. He was a member of the Council of Chalcedon in 451. He lived in a time of persecutions and discord, during which he exerted a pious and peaceful influence. Anatolius died in 458.

FIERCE was the wild billow ;
Dark was the night ;
Oars labored heavily ;
Foam glimmered white ;
Mariners trembled ;
Peril was nigh ;
Then said the God of God,
"Peace ! It is I !"

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest !
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest !

Peril can none be,
Sorrow must fly,
Where saith the Light of light,
"Peace! It is I!"

Jesu, Deliverer!
Come thou to me:
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea!
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of truth!
"Peace! It is I!"

ST ANATOLIUS. Translated by
JOHN MASON NEALE, 1862.

◆

THE EFFORT.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

Be thou my shield and hiding-place!
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

"Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promised grace receive":
'T is Jesus speaks — I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

JOHN NEWTON.

1779

◆

COME, MY SOUL, THY SUIT PREPARE.

"Ask what I shall give thee."
I KINGS iii. 5.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such
None can never ask too much.

With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord! I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast:
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear;
Print thine own resemblance there.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer!
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death!

JOHN NEWTON.

1779

◆

THE NAME OF JESUS.

CANT. i. 3.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death !

JOHN NEWTON.

1779

THE GOD OF ABRAHAM PRAISE.

THOMAS OLIVERS was born in Wales, in 1725, and died in 1799. He was brought up on a farm in Ireland, and apprenticed to a shoemaker at the age of eighteen. Converted under the preaching of Whitefield, he became one of Mr. Wesley's successful travelling preachers. This hymn was a source of great consolation to Henry Martyn, when in 1805 he was bidding adieu to his native land, and setting out on his important missionary career. Montgomery's opinion of it was stated thus : " There is not in our language a lyric of more majestic style, more elevated thought, or more glorious imagery. Its structure, indeed, is unattractive ; but like a stately pile of architecture, severe and simple in design, it strikes less in the first view than after deliberate examination, when its proportions become more graceful, its dimensions expand, and the mind grows greater by contemplating it." It is said to have been written in the house of the Rev. John Bakewell, at Westminster, London.

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above :
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love !

Jehovah ! Great I Am !
By earth and heaven confessed ;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
Forever blest.

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand :

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways ;

He calls a worm his friend :
He calls himself my God !
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

He by himself hath sworn :
I on his oath depend ;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend :

I shall behold his face ;
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Forevermore.

Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command ;
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view ;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest ;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound ;
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace ;
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains ;
And, glorious, with his saints in light
Forever reigns.

He keeps his own secure ;
He guards them by his side ;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride ;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

Before the great Three One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land :
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame ;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing,
And, " Holy, holy, holy," cry,
" Almighty King !
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be !
Jehovah ! Father ! Great I Am,
We worship thee."

Before the Saviour's face
 The ransomed nations bow ;
 O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace,
 Forever new :
 He shows his prints of love ;
 They kindle to a flame !
 And sound, through all the worlds above,
 The slaughtered Lamb.

The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high ;
 "Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
 They ever cry :
 Hail, Abraham's God and mine !
 I join the heavenly lays ;
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise !

THOMAS OLIVERS.

1770.

THE FOUR EVANGELISTS.

"Supra Cœlos dum conscendit."

EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE, a prominent divine of the Church of England, and translator of Sophocles, was born Aug. 6, 1821, and educated at Oxford. He became Fellow of Brasenose College, and is now Professor of New Testament Exegesis in King's College, London. He has published valuable commentaries. Dr Plumptre visited America in 1879.

SEE, far above the starry height,
 Beholding, with unclouded sight,
 The brightness of the sun,
 John doth, as eagle swift, appear,
 Still gazing on the vision clear
 Of Christ, the Eternal Son.

To Mark belongs the lion's form,
 With voice loud-roaring as the storm,
 His risen Lord to own ;
 Called by the Father from the grave,
 As victor crowned, and strong to save,
 We see him on his throne.

The face of man is Matthew's share,
 Who shows the Son of man doth bear
 Man's form with might divine,
 And tracks the line of high descent
 Through which the Word with flesh was blent,
 In David's kingly line.

To Luke the ox belongs, for he,
 More clearly than the rest, doth see
 Christ as the victim slain ;
 Upon the cross as altar true,
 The bleeding, spotless Lamb we view,
 And see all else in vain.

So from their source in paradise
 The four mysterious rivers rise,

And life to earth is given :
 On these four wheels and staves, behold,
 God and his ark are onward rolled,
 High above earth in heaven.

From the Latin of ADAM of St. Victor. Translated
 by E. H. PLUMPTRE, D. D.

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECGUE IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more — O Thou my voice inspire,
 Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire !
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son !
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the
 skies :

The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall
 fail ;
 Returning justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-robed innocence from heaven
 descend.

Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !
 Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe ! be born.
 See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring ;
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance ;
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
 Prepare the way ! A God, a God appears !
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply ;
 The rocks proclaim the approaching deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
 Sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys, rise ;
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay ;
 Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give
 way !

The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold.
 Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eyeball pour the day :
 'T is he the obstructed paths of sound shall
 clear,

And bid new music charm the unfolding ear :
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch
forego,

And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the
field.

The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts amidst the thrifty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with
thorn,

The spiry fir and shapely box adorn !
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms suc-
ceed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
mead,

And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead ;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet ;
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently
play.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn.
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;

See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate
kings,

And heaped with products of Sabæan springs !
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts : the light himself shall
shine

Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke de-
cay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah
reigns !

1709.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE EARLIEST CHRISTIAN HYMN.

This hymn occurs at the end of an Ethical Guide to Life which Clement of Alexandria wrote under the title of the *Pædagogus*, or Tutor. The central thought of the whole is that Christ is the true *Pædagogus*, the guardian, teacher, friend ; and this is worked out with every possible variety of illustration, and applied to the details of daily life. At the end, after a prayer of wonderful beauty, he burst out into a kind of choral, dithyrambic ode, in anapestic metre, the lines very short and abrupt, and the whole being more exclamatory and fervid than most later hymns. Its chief interest lies in its being almost the only surviving relic of a class of hymns which would perhaps seem startling to us, but which were the natural aftergrowth of the ecstatic doxologies, the " spiritual songs," that formed part at least of the working of the gift of tongues. — E. H. P.

CURB for the stubborn steed,
Making its will give heed ;
Wing that directest right
The wild bird's wandering flight ;
Helm for the ships that keep
Their pathway o'er the deep ;
Shepherd of sheep that own
Their Master on the throne,
Stir up thy children meek
With guileless lips to speak,
In hymn and song, thy praise,
Guide of their infant ways.
O King of saints, O Lord,
Mighty, all-conquering Word ;
Son of the highest God
Wielding his wisdom's rod ;
Our stay when cares annoy,
Giver of endless joy ;
Of all our mortal race
Saviour, of boundless grace,
O Jesus, hear !

Shepherd and Sower thou,
 Now helm, and bridle now,
 Wing for the heavenward flight
 Of flock all pure and bright,
 Fisher of men, the blest,
 Out of the world's unrest,
 Out of Sin's troubled sea
 Taking us, Lord, to thee ;
 Out of the waves of strife
 With bait of blissful life,
 With choicest fish, good store,
 Drawing thy nets to shore.
 Lead us, O Shepherd true,
 Thy mystic sheep, we sue,
 Lead us, O holy Lord,
 Who from thy sons dost ward,
 With all-prevailing charm,
 Peril, and curse, and harm ;
 O path where Christ has trod,
 O Way that leads to God,
 O Word, abiding aye,
 O endless Light on high,
 Mercy's fresh-springing flood,
 Worker of all things good,
 O glorious Life of all
 That on their Maker call,

Christ Jesus, hear !

O Milk of Heaven, that prest
 From full, o'erflowing breast
 Of her, the mystic Bride,
 Thy wisdom hath supplied ;
 Thine infant children seek,
 With baby lips, all weak,
 Filled with the Spirit's dew
 From that dear bosom true,
 Thy praises pure to sing,
 Hymns meet for thee, our King,
 For thee, the Christ ;
 Our holy tribute this,
 For wisdom, life, and bliss,
 Singing in chorus meet,
 Singing in concert sweet,

The Almighty Son.

We, heirs of peace unpriced,
 We, who are born in Christ,
 A people pure from stain,
 Praise we our God again,

Lord of our Peace !

From the Greek of CLEMENT of Alexandria.
 Translated by E. H. PLUMPTRE, D. D.

CHRIST LOVED UNSEEN.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
 That radiant form of thine ;
 The veil of sense hangs dark between
 Thy blessed face and mine.

I see thee not, I hear thee not,
 Yet art thou oft with me ;
 And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
 As where I meet with thee.

Like some bright dream that comes un-
 sought,
 When slumbers o'er me roll,
 Thine image ever fills my thought,
 And charms my ravished soul.

Yet though I have not seen, and still
 Must rest in faith alone,
 I love thee, dearest Lord, — and will,
 Unseen, but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
 And still this throbbing heart,
 The rending veil shall thee reveal,
 All glorious as thou art.

1858.

RAY PALMER, D. D.

THE SAVIOUR'S GOSPEL.

O BROTHER, who for us didst meekly wear
 The crown of thorns about thy radiant
 brow !

What gospel from the Father didst thou bear,
 Our hearts to cheer, making us happy now ?
 " 'T is this alone," the immortal Saviour
 cries :

"To fill thy heart with ever-active love, —
 Love for the wicked as in sin he lies,
 Love for thy brother here, thy God above.
 Fear nothing ill ; 't will vanish in its day :
 Live for the good, taking the ill thou
 must :

Toil with thy might ; with manly labor pray ;
 Living and loving, learn thy God to trust,
 And he will shed upon thy soul the blessings
 of the just."

THEODORE PARKER.

JESUS, THOU JOY OF LOVING HEARTS.

"Jesu, dulcedo cordium."

JESUS, thou joy of loving hearts,
 Thou Fount of life, thou Light of men,
 From the best bliss that earth imparts,
 We turn unfilled to thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
 Thou savest those that on thee call ;
 To them that seek thee, thou art good,
 To them that find thee, All in all.

We taste thee, O thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst, our souls from thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

BERNARD of Clairvaux, 1140. Translated
by RAY PALMER, D. D., 1858.

I GIVE MY HEART TO THEE.

"Cor meum Tibi dedo, Jesu dulcissime."

I GIVE my heart to thee,
O Jesus most desired!
And heart for heart the gift shall be,
For thou my soul hast fired:
Thou hearts alone wouldst move:
Thou only hearts dost love.
I would love thee as thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

What offering can I make,
Dear Lord, to love like thine?
That thou, the God, didst stoop to take
A human form like mine!
"Give me thy heart, my son":
Behold my heart, — 't is done!
I would love thee as thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

Thy heart is opened wide,
Its offered love most free,
That heart to heart I may abide,
And hide myself in thee:
Ah, how thy love doth burn,
Till I that love return!
I would love thee as thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

Here finds my heart its rest,
Repose that knows no shock,
The strength of love that keeps it blest:
In thee, the riven rock.
My soul, as *gird* around,
Her citadel hath found.
I would love thee as thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

Translated from the Latin of an unknown author
by RAY PALMER, D. D., 1868.

THE DAYSTAR.

STAR of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven,
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn thine ear;
Through what'er may come,
Thou canst lead us home.

Though the gloom be grievous,
Those we leant on leave us,
Though the coward heart
Quit its proper part,
Though the Tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home.

Saviour pure and holy,
Lover of the lowly,
Sign us with thy sign,
Take our hands in thine,
Take our hands and come,
Lead thy children home!

Star of morn and even,
Shine on us from heaven,
From thy glory-throne
Hear thy very own!
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home!

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

1862.

LOOKING TO JESUS.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh! let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine!

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll ;
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove ;
 Oh, bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul.

RAY PALMER, D. D.

1830.

CANTICA.

OUR LORD CHRIST: OF ORDER.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, translator of the "Early Italian Poets," is son of Gabriel Rossetti, and was born in London in 1828. As a poet he belongs to what is known as the Romance school. Concerning the following, Mr. Rossetti says: "This speech occurs in a long poem on Divine Love, half ecstatic, half scholastic, and hardly appreciable now. The passage stands well by itself, and is the only one spoken by our Lord."

SET love in order, thou that lovest me.
 Never was virtue out of order found ;
 And though I fill thy heart desirously,
 By thine own virtue I must keep my ground :
 When to my love thou dost bring charity,
 Even she must come with order girt and
 gowned.

Look how the trees are bound
 To order, bearing fruit ;
 And by one thing compute,
 In all things earthly, order's grace or gain.

All earthly things I had the making of
 Were numbered and were measured then
 by me ;
 And each was ordered to its end by love,
 Each kept, through order, clean for ministry.
 Charity most of all, when known enough,
 Is of her very nature orderly.

Lo, now ! what heat in thee,
 Soul, can have bred this rout ?
 Thou putt'st all order out,
 Even this love's heat must be its curb and
 rein.

ST. FRANCIS D'ASSISI. Translated by
 D. G. ROSSETTI.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

THOU who, for forty days and nights, o'er-
 mastered all the might
 Of Satan, and the fiercest pangs of famished
 appetite, —
 O Saviour! leave us not alone to wrestle
 with our sin,
 But aid us in these holy hours of solemn
 discipline.

Let not the tempter tempt us, Lord, beyond
 our strength to bear,
 Though, in the desert of our woe, he wildly
 shrieks, Despair !
 Let not our humble confidence be in thy
 promise stirred,
 Nor clouds of dark distrust spring up between
 us and thy word.

Nor let us yet be lifted up — by him, the
 prince of air,
 To scale presumption's dizzy height, and left
 to perish there ;
 Nor on the temple's pinnacle, in our self-
 righteous pride,
 Be set for thee to frown upon, and demons to
 deride.

And oh, when pleasure, power, and pomp
 around our vision swim,
 And, through the soft, enchanting mist, he
 bids us worship him,
 Assist us from the revelling sense the sor-
 cerer's spell to break,
 And tread the arch-apostate down, Redeemer,
 for thy sake.

WILLIAM CROSWELL, D. D.

THE THREE ENEMIES.

THE FLESH.

"SWEET, thou art pale."
 "More pale to see,
 Christ hung upon the cruel tree
 And bore his Father's wrath for me."

"Sweet, thou art sad."
 "Beneath a rod
 More heavy Christ for my sake trod
 The wine-press of the wrath of God."

"Sweet, thou art weary."
 "Not so Christ :
 Whose mighty love of me sufficed
 For strength, salvation, eucharist."

"Sweet, thou art footsore."
 "If I bleed,
 His feet have bled : yea, in my need
 His heart once bled for mine indeed."

THE WORLD.

"Sweet, thou art young."
 "So he was young
 Who for my sake in silence hung
 Upon the cross with passion wrung."

"Look, thou art fair."

"He was more fair
Than men, who deigned for me to wear
A visage marred beyond compare."

"And thou hast riches."

"Daily bread:
All else is his; who living, dead,
For me lacked where to lay his head."

"And life is sweet."

"It was not so
To him, whose cup did overflow
With mine unutterable woe."

THE DEVIL.

"Thou drinkest deep."

"When Christ would sup
He drained the dregs from out my cup;
So how should I be lifted up?"

"Thou shalt win glory."

"In the skies,
Lord Jesus, cover up mine eyes,
Lest they should look on vanities."

"Thou shalt have knowledge."

"Helpless dust,
In thee, O Lord, I put my trust:
Answer thou for me, Wise and Just."

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

This hymn, attributed sometimes to the Countess of Huntingdon, is claimed by ROBERT ROBINSON, one of the converts of Whitefield, who became afterwards a Baptist, an Independent, and a Unitarian by turns. He was born in Norfolk, Nov. 3, 1735, and became minister of the Baptist congregation at Cambridge in 1761, to which he continued to preach, despite his changed views. He died June 8, 1790. He was succeeded by the celebrated Dr. Hall.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune mine heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount; I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither, by thine help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's mine heart — oh, take and seal it!
Seal it from thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

IMITATION.

WHERE shall we find a perfect life whereby
To shape our lives for all eternity?

This man is great and wise; the world reveres
him,

Reveres, but cannot love his heart of stone;
And so it dares not follow, though it fears him,
But bids him walk his mountain path alone.

That man is good and gentle; all men love him,
Yet dare not ask his feeble arm for aid;
The world's best work is ever far above him,
He shrinks beneath the storm-capped mountain's shade.

O loveless strength! O strengthless love! the
Master

Whose life shall shape our lives is not as
thou;
Sweet Friend in peace, strong Saviour in dis-
aster,
Our heart of hearts infolds thine image
now!

Be Christ's the fair and perfect life whereby
We shape our lives for all eternity.

CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON.

1879.

CHILD'S HYMN AT NIGHTFALL.

JESUS, Jesus,
The day is almost done,
The shadows fly across the sky,
The night is coming on;
And through the fading western light
A great red star is shining bright.

Jesus, Jesus,
The stars are very high,
And higher far than highest star
Thou reignest in the sky;
Yet here beside me, Lord, thou art,
With waiting ear and loving heart.

Jesus, Jesus,
The wrongs that I have done,
Both great and small, thou knowest all :
Forgive them, every one ;
So shall my sleep be sweet and sound,
And guardian angels cluster round.

Jesus, Jesus,
Oh, bless not only me ;
With thy strong arm defend from harm
All who need help from thee ;
And since thou knowest whom I love,
Send all a blessing from above.

Jesus, Jesus,
O King of Paradise,
When shines the light of morning bright,
Ope thou my willing eyes ;
Or if earth's morn I never see,
Take me, my Saviour, home to thee !

CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON.

JESUS, MY LORD.

"Ach, mein Herr Jesu, dein Nahesein."

CHRISTIAN GREGOR was born in Silesia, Jan. 1, 1723, and became organist and schoolmaster to the settlement at Herrnhut. In 1756 he was made deacon, but retained direction of the choir, and prepared and published the Moravian hymn and tune books, to which he contributed some beautiful hymns of his own. In 1789 he was chosen Bishop of the Moravian Church. Gregor died Nov. 6, 1801. This was translated by EDWARD REYNOLDS, M. D., of Boston, in 1859.

JESUS, my Lord, thy nearness does impart
Sweet peace and gladness to the longing heart ;
Thy gracious smiles infuse a joyous thrill,
And soul and body with sweet pleasure fill,
And thankfulness.

We see not with our eyes thy friendly face,
So full of kindness, love, and gentle grace ;
But in our hearts we know that thou art here,
For thou canst make us feel thy presence near,
Although unseen.

Whoever makes it life's chief aim and end
To have his happiness on thee depend,
In him a well of joy forever springs,
And all day long his heart is glad, and sings :
Who is like thee ?

To meet us ever with a friendly face,
In mercy, patience, and the kindest grace,
Daily thy rich forgiveness to bestow,
To comfort, heal, in peace to bid us go, —
Is thy delight.

Lord, for thy rich salvation, hear our prayer,
And daily give us an abounding share ;
And let our souls, in all their poverty,
From deep-felt love be looking unto thee,
Till life's last end.

In sorrowing hours may our o'erflowing eyes
For comfort look to thy dear sacrifice ;
And, with thy cross before us, may we find
Thy genuine image stamped upon our mind,
In constant view !

Lord, at all times mayst thou within us find
A loving spirit and a childlike mind ;
And from thy wounds may we receive the
power,
Through all life's weal and woe, in every hour,
To cling to thee.

Thus, till the heavens receive us, shall we be
Like children, finding all our joys in thee ;
And though the tears of sorrow oft must fall,
Yet, if thou to our hearts art all in all,
Sweet peace will come.

Thy wounded hand, dear Saviour, as a friend,
Thou dost to us in faithfulness extend ;
At the sad sight our tears of grief must flow,
And conscious shame come o'er us as we go,
With thankful praise.

CHRISTIAN GREGOR. Translated by
EDWARD REYNOLDS.

BEAR THE TIDINGS ROUND.

ANDREW REED, a philanthropic Congregational minister of London, was born in that city, Nov. 27, 1787, and died there Feb. 25, 1862. He visited this country in 1834, and wrote a volume on the American churches. In 1841 he published a collection of hymns of which twenty-seven were original. Dr. Reed was founder of the London Orphan Asylum, and was an active philanthropist.

HARK, hark, the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains ;
Some new delight in heaven is known ;
Loud ring the harps around the throne.

Hark, hark, the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend ;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend ;
He comes to bless our fallen race,
He comes with messages of grace.

Bear, bear the tidings round ;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show ;
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name ;

Arise, ye sons of men,
 And all his grace proclaim :
 Angels and men, wake every string,
 'T is God the Saviour's praise we sing.

ANDREW REED, D. D.

1842.

COMFORTS OF GOD'S LOVE.

The following was constructed from two hymns written by John Mason, author of the treatise on "Self-Knowledge."

THE world can neither give nor take,
 Nor can they comprehend,
 That peace of God, which Christ hath bought,
 That peace which knows no end.

The burning bush was not consumed
 Whilst God remained there ;
 The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
 Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand ;
 But Zion's God sits by,
 As the refiner views his gold
 With an observant eye.

His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
 His wounds a cure intend ;
 And, though he doth not always smile,
 He loves unto the end.

His love is constant as the sun,
 Though clouds come oft between ;
 And, could my faith but pierce these clouds,
 It might be always seen.

Yet I shall ever, ever sing,
 And thou forever shine :
 I have thine own dear pledge for this ;
 Lord, thou art ever mine.

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

WHOM BUT THEE ?

FROM past regret and present faithlessness,
 From the deep shadow of foreseen distress,
 And from the nameless weariness that grows
 As life's long day seems wearing to its close,—

Thou Life within my life, than self more near !
 Thou veiled Presence infinitely clear !
 From all illusive shows of sense I flee
 To find my centre and my rest in thee.

Below all depths thy saving mercy lies.
 Through thickest glooms I see thy light arise,
 Above the highest heavens thou art not found
 More surely than within this earthly round.

Take part with me against these doubts that
 rise,
 And seek to throne thee far in distant skies !
 Take part with me against this self that dares
 Assume the burden of these sins and cares !

How can I call thee, who art always here ;
 How shall I praise thee who art still most
 dear ;
 What may I give thee save what thou hast
 given ;
 And whom but thee have I in earth or heaven ?

ELIZA SCUDDER.

THE CHARMER.

"WE need some Charmer, for our hearts are
 sore
 With longings for the things that may not
 be ;
 Faint for the friends that shall return no
 more,
 Dark with distrust, or wrung with agony.

"What is this life ? And what to us is death ?
 Whence came we ? whither go ? And where
 are those
 Who in a moment stricken from our side
 Passed to that land of shadow and repose ?

"Are they all dust ? and dust must we be-
 come ?
 Or are they living in some unknown clime ?
 Shall we regain them in that far-off home,
 And live anew beyond the waves of time ?

"O man divine ! on thee our souls have
 hung,
 Thou wert our teacher in these questions
 high ;
 But ah ! this day divides thee from our side,
 And veils in dust thy kindly guiding eye."

So spake the youth of Athens, weeping round
 When Socrates lay calmly down to die ;
 So spake the Sage, prophetic of the hour
 When earth's fair Morning Star should
 rise on high.

They found him not, those youths of soul
 divine,
 Long seeking, wandering, watching on life's
 shore :
 Reasoning, aspiring, yearning for the light,
 Death came and found them doubting as
 before.

But years passed on — and lo! the Charmer came,
 Pure, silent, sweet as comes the silver dew —
 And the world knew him not — he walked alone
 Encircled only by his trusting few.

Like the Athenian Sage, rejected, scorned,
 Betrayed, condemned, his day of doom drew nigh,
 He drew his faithful few more closely round,
 And told them that *his* hour was come to die.

“Let not your heart be troubled,” then he said :

“My Father’s house has mansions large and fair ;
 I go before you to prepare your place ;
 I will return to take you with me there.”

And since that hour the awful foe is charmed,
 And life and death are glorified and fair :
 Whither he went we know, the way we know,
 And with firm step press on to meet him there.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

GOD CALLING YET.

“Gott rufet noch.”

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN was born in Westphalia, Nov. 27, 1697. He was a manufacturer of silk ribbons, but devoted the most of his business cares upon a partner, and indulged himself in mystic contemplation. When apprentice he was attacked by violent spasms while travelling in a forest alone. He prayed that he might be spared to prepare for eternity, and immediately dedicated himself to Christ. He became a public benefactor in his community, and gave up business that he might write and minister to the spiritual and bodily wants of those about him. He has been called the greatest of the mystical poets of the period. He was a great sufferer, and died at Mühlheim, April 3, 1769.

God calling yet! and shall I never hearken,
 But still earth’s witcheries my spirit darken ?
 This passing life, these passing joys all flying,
 And still my soul in dreamy slumbers lying!

God calling yet! and I not yet arising ;
 So long his loving, faithful voice despising ;
 So falsely his unwearied care repaying ;
 He calls me still, and still I am delaying.

God calling yet! loud at my door is knocking,
 And I my heart, my ear still firmer locking.
 He still is ready, willing to receive me,
 Is waiting now, but oh! he soon may leave me.

God calling yet, and I no answer giving ;
 I dread his yoke and am in bondage living ;
 Too long I linger, but not yet forsaken,
 He calls me still, oh, my poor heart, awaken.

Ah! yield him all, all to his care confiding,
 Where but with him are rest and peace abiding ;

Unloose, unloose, break earthly bonds asunder,
 And let this spirit rise in soaring wonder.

God calling yet! — I can no longer tarry,
 Nor to my God a heart divided carry ;
 Now vain and giddy world, your spells are broken ;
 Sweeter than all the voice of God hath spoken!

God calling yet! shall I not hear ?
 Earth’s pleasures shall I still hold dear ?
 Shall life’s swift passing years all fly,
 And still my soul in slumbers lie ?

God calling yet! shall I not rise ?
 Can I his loving voice despise,
 And basely his kind care repay ?
 He calls me still; can I delay?

God calling yet! and shall he knock
 And I my heart the closer lock ?
 He still is waiting to receive,
 And shall I dare his spirit grieve ?

God calling yet; and shall I give
 No heed, but still in bondage live ?
 I wait, but he does not forsake,
 He calls me still! My heart, awake!

God calling yet! I cannot stay ;
 My heart I yield without delay.
 Vain world, farewell! from thee I part ;
 The voice of God hath reached my heart.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1730. Translated
 by MRS. ERIC FINDLATER.

CHRIST’S CALL TO THE SOUL

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA, the great Italian reformer, was born at Ferrara, Sept. 21, 1452, and was hanged and burned in the Piazza della Signoria, Florence, May 23, 1498. An interesting reference to his work is to be found in George Eliot’s “Romola.”

FAIR soul, created in the primal hour,
 Once pure and grand,
 And for whose sake I left my throne and power

At God’s right hand ;
 By this sad heart pierced through because I
 loved thee ;
 Let love and mercy to contrition move thee.

Cast off the sins thy holy beauty veiling,
 Spirit divine!
 Vain against thee the hosts of hell assailing ;
 My strength is thine!

Drink from my side the cup of life immortal,
And love shall lead the path to heaven's
portal.

I for thy sake was pierced with many sorrows,
And bore the cross,
Yet heeded not the galling of the arrows,
The shame and loss.
So faint not, then, whate'er the burden be,
But bear it bravely, even to Calvary.

From the Latin of GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA.
Translator unknown.

ADVENT.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."
REV. iii. 20.

KARL GEROK is the Court preacher at Stuttgart, and one of the best religious poets of Germany.

BEHOLD, I knock! At holy Advent, see,
Without thy door I stand;
Oh, haste and open! very blest is he
Who knows the Shepherd's hand.
Lo! I will enter in and sup with him,
I will give grace, and light mid shadows dim,
Will open to him all the heavenly land!
Behold, I knock!

Behold, I knock! 'T is piercing cold abroad
This bitter winter-time;
The ice upon the dark pines has not thawed,
The earth is white with rime:
O human hearts! are ye all frozen too,
That at closed doors I vainly call to you?
Is there not one will open to his Lord?
Behold, I knock!

Behold, I knock! Methinks if on my face
Thou wouldst but rest thine eyes,
Wouldst mark the crown of thorns, the sharp
nail's trace,
Thou couldst not me despise!
Thee have I yearned for with a love so strong,
Have sought for thee so earnestly and long;
My road led from a cross unto this place:
Behold, I knock!

Behold, I knock! The evening shadows lie
So peaceful, near and far;
Earth sleepeth, but in yonder cloudless sky
Glimmers the evening star;
'T is in such holy twilight time, that oft
Full many a stony heart hath waxed soft,
Like Nicodemus, in the dark, drawn night:
Behold, I knock!

Behold, I knock! To thee I would impart
Salvation's gift alone,

Zaccheus' blessings, Mary's better part,
Would gladly make thine own:
As unto my disciples, would increase,
In the dark night, thy spirit's inner peace;
Thus, didst thou open, would I greet thy heart:
Behold, I knock!

Behold, I knock! O soul, art thou at home,
For thy Beloved's here;
Hast thou made ready flowers ere he should
come?

Is thy lamp burning clear?
Know'st thou how such a Friend received
should be?
Art thou in bridal garments dressed for me?
Decked with thy jewels as for guest most dear?
Behold, I knock!

Behold, I knock! but doth thine own heart
beat
With mine in unison?
Does the soft echo of my loving feet
Scare thee like thunder's moan?
List to thine heart which beats so rapidly,
It is the voice of God which speaks to thee:
Wake up! Loud crows the cock, the night
is gone;
Behold, I knock!

Behold, I knock! Say not, "'T is zephyr mild
Which rustles the dead leaf";
It is thy Saviour, 't is thy God, my child,
Let not thine ear be deaf;
If I come now in breezes soft and warm,
I may return again upon the storm;
'T is no light fancy; firm be thy belief:
Behold, I knock!

Behold, I knock! As yet I am thy guest,
Waiting without for thee;
The time shall come when, homeless and dis-
tressed
Thou, soul, shalt knock for me;
To those who heard my voice ere 't was too
late,
I open, in that hour, my peaceful gate;
To those who scorned, a closed door will it be:
Behold, I knock!

Translated from the German of KARL GEROK
by J. E. A. BROWN.

THE HEART'S SONG.

In the silent midnight watches,
List — thy bosom door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!

Say not 't is thy pulses beating ;
'T is thy heart of sin :
'T is thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
Rise and let me in !

Death comes down with reckless footstep
To the hall and hut :
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut ?
Jesus waiteth — waiteth — waiteth ;
But thy door is fast !
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth :
Death breaks in at last,

Then 't is thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in :
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas ! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot,
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he knows thee not !

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D. D.

THE MORNING WATCH.

HERBERT KYNASTON was born at Warwick, England, Nov. 23, 1809, and was educated at Oxford. He is Prebendary of St. Paul's, London. His "Occasional Hymns, Original and Translated," was published in 1862. It contains fifty-six original compositions and forty-four translations. Dr. Kynaston has written other works in prose and verse.

THE night is far spent and the day is at hand,
There are signs in the heaven, and signs' in
the land,
In the wavering earth, and the drought of the
sea, —
But He stands and he knocks, sinner, nearer
to thee.

His night-winds but whisper until the day
break
To the Bride, for in slumber her heart is
awake ;
He must knock at the sleep where the revellers
toss,
With the dint of the nails and the shock of the
cross.

Look out at the casement, see how he appears,
Still weeping for thee all Gethsemane's tears ;
Ere they plait him earth's thorns, in its soli-
tude crowned
With the drops of the night and the dews of
the ground.

Will you wait ? Will you slumber until he is
gone,
Till the beam of the timber cry out to the
stone ;
Till he shout at thy sepulchre, tear it apart,
And knock at thy dust, who would speak to
thy heart ?

HERBERT KYNASTON, D. D.

CHRIST KNOCKING AT THE HEART.

A WOUNDED hand doth knock upon thy door,
A gentle, loving one, with bleeding brow,
Stands waiting for thy leave to enter now,
That to thy sin-sick soul He may restore
The bloom of virtue's health forevermore.
He once upon the cross his head did bow,
That thy poor, sinful soul he might endow
With all his heavenly grace. He waits to
pour
His light divine into thy darkened eye ;
He waits to cheer thy soul with music sweet.
Dost thou not hear his call ? Lo ! from the
sky

Angelic ones look down to see thee meet
Thy Saviour and thy friend. No longer try
To bar thy door, but rise, thy Lord to greet.

GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE.

BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, an English clergyman, was born at Shrewsbury in 1823, and graduated at Wadham College, Oxford. He was curate of Kidderminster (where Baxter had been before him), in 1846, and rector of Whittington in 1851. He has edited a collection of psalms and hymns.

O JESU, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er :
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear,
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep him standing there.

O Jesu, thou art knocking,
And lo ! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred :
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait !
Oh, sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate !

O Jesu, thou art pleading
 In accents meek and low,
 "I died for you, my children,
 And will ye treat me so?"
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow
 We open now the door:
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
 And leave us nevermore!

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

CHRIST AT THE DOOR.

Little is known of the history of the author of this hymn. He died Oct. 29, 1768. Born in humble circumstances, he became assistant minister of the Presbyterian Church, Silver Street, London, and upon retiring from that post preached and wrote elsewhere.

BEHOLD, a stranger's at the door!
 He gently knocks, has knocked before;
 Has waited long, is waiting still;
 You treat no other friend so ill.

But will he prove a friend indeed?
 He will; the very friend you need;
 The Man of Nazareth, 't is he,
 With garments dyed at Calvary.

Oh, lovely attitude! He stands
 With melting heart and laden hands:
 Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
 Turn out his enemy and thine,—
 That hateful, hell-born monster, sin,
 And let the heavenly stranger in.

If thou art poor, and poor thou art,
 Lo, he has riches to impart;
 Not wealth, in which mean avarice rolls;
 Oh, better far the wealth of souls!

Thou 'rt blind, he'll take the scales away,
 And let in everlasting day:
 Naked thou art, but he shall dress
 Thy blushing soul in righteousness.

Art thou a weeper? Grief shall fly,
 For who can weep with Jesus by?
 No terror shall thy hopes annoy,
 No tear, except the tear of joy.

Admit him, for the human breast
 Ne'er entertained so kind a guest:
 Admit him, for you can't expel;
 Where'er he comes, he comes to dwell.

Admit him, ere his anger burn;
 His feet depart ne'er to return;
 Admit him; or the hour's at hand,
 When, at his door, denied you'll stand.

Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
 If Jesus comes, he comes to reign;
 To reign, and with no partial sway;
 Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

Sovereign of souls, thou Prince of peace!
 Oh, may thy gentle reign increase!
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
 And be his empire all mankind!

JOSEPH GRIGG.

1765.

KNOCKING, EVER KNOCKING.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

REV. iii. 20.

KNOCKING, knocking, ever knocking?
 Who is there?

'T is a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
 Never such was seen before;—

Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder,
 Undo the door.

No,—that door is hard to open;
 Hinges rusty, latch is broken;
 Bid Him go.

Wherefore with that knocking dreary
 Scare the sleep from one so weary?
 Say him, no.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking?
 What! Still there?

O sweet soul, but once behold him,
 With the glory-crowned hair;
 And those eyes, so strange and tender,
 Waiting there;

Open! Open! Once behold him,
 Him so fair.

Ah, that door! Why wilt thou vex me,
 Coming ever to perplex me?
 For the key is stiffly rusty,
 And the bolt is clogged and dusty;
 Many-fingered ivy vine
 Seals it fast with twist and twine;
 Weeds of years and years before
 Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking! knocking! What? Still knocking?
 He still there?

What's the hour? The night is waning—
 In my heart a drear complaining,
 And a chilly, sad unrest.

Ah, this knocking! It disturbs me!
 Scares my sleep with dreams unblest!
 Give me rest,
 Rest—ah, rest!

Rest, dear soul, he longs to give thee ;
 Thou hast only dreamed of pleasure,
 Dreamed of gifts and golden treasure,
 Dreamed of jewels in thy keeping,
 Waked to weariness of weeping ; —
 Open to thy soul's one Lover,
 And thy night of dreams is over, —
 The true gifts he brings have seeming
 More than all thy faded dreaming !

Did she open ? Doth she ? Will she ?
 So, as wondering we behold,
 Grows the picture to a sign,
 Pressed upon your soul and mine ;
 For in every breast that liveth
 Is that strange, mysterious door ; —
 The forsaken and betangled,
 Ivy-gnarled and weed-bejangled,
 Dusty, rusty, and forgotten ; —
 There the pierced hand still knocketh,
 And with every patient watching,
 With the sad eyes true and tender,
 With the glory-crowned hair, —
 Still a God is waiting there.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

SPEAK, LORD, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH.

CHANDLER ROBBINS, the successor of Ralph Waldo Emerson as minister of the Second Church, Boston, is a grandson of Dr. Chandler Robbins, for forty years minister of the Congregational Church at Plymouth, Mass. He was born at Lynn, Mass., Feb. 14, 1810, and has had but a single pastoral relation with a church, which he held for over forty years. He compiled "The Social Hymn-Book" in 1843, and a "Hymn-Book for Christian Worship" in 1854. Dr. Robbins has been prominent in the literary world for many years.

WHILE thus thy throne of grace we seek,
 O God, within our spirits speak !
 For we will hear thy voice to-day,
 Nor turn our hardened hearts away.

Speak in thy gentlest tones of love,
 Till all our best affections move ;
 We long to hear no meaner call,
 But feel that thou art all in all.

To conscience speak thy quickening word,
 Till all its sense of sin is stirred ;
 For we would leave no stain of guile,
 To cloud the radiance of thy smile.

Speak, Father, to the anxious heart,
 Till every fear and doubt depart ;
 For we can find no home or rest,
 Till with thy Spirit's whispers blest.

Speak to convince, forgive, console ;
 Childlike we yield to thy control :
 These hearts, too often closed before,
 Would grieve thy patient love no more.

CHANDLER ROBBINS, D. D.

A SONG OF ISRAEL.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY, son of Judge Joseph Story, was born in Salem, Mass., Feb. 19, 1819, and after graduation at Harvard College studied law and was admitted to the bar. He published in 1851 "The Life and Letters of Joseph Story, LL. D." He had previously published poems and other works, but eventually he became a sculptor, and since 1848 has for the most of his time lived in Italy.

OUR Christ shall come in glory and in power,
 Born to command.

He shall not weep or pray, or cringe or cower,
 But with God's lightnings in his hand
 Tremendous then shall stand.

All eyes shall drop before his awful face
 In doubt and dread ;
 When he shall come, the Saviour of our race,
 The crown of triumph on his head,
 Even as the prophets said.

The sharp sword of his vengeance he shall
 wield

To smite and slay.
 Justice shall be his weapon and our shield ;
 And all who dare to disobey
 His breath shall sweep away.

His hand shall wipe away their griefs and woes,
 Who cling to him.

His wrath like chaff shall scatter all their foes ;
 His power shall build Jerusalem,
 With sounding song and hymn.

The hand and thought of man shall quail
 before

That shape august ;
 And prostrate every face to earth adore
 Him in whose balance we are dust,
 The mighty King, — the Just.

Then shall the song of triumph once again
 For us be heard,
 And Israel's children sound the joyous strain,
 The Christ has come — the King and Lord —
 The Wonderful — the Word.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

JESUS WEPT.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep ?
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

The Son of God in tears,
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

He wept, that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found;
There is no weeping there.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

1787.

—◆—
TO-MORROW.

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, that thou didst
wait,

Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion! that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and oh, to heaven how
lost,

If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy
feet.

How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou
shalt see

How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, oh! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still,
"To-morrow."

Translated from the Spanish of LOPE DE VEGA by
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

—◆—
MAJESTIC SWEETNESS.

To Christ, the Lord, let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing!

Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

His hand a thousand blessings pours
Upon my guilty head:
His presence gilds my darkest hours,
And guards my sleeping bed.

To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

SAMUEL STENNETT.

—◆—
LONGING SOULS INVITED.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every hungry guest.

See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

In him the Father reconciled
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home.

Oh, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love,
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

There with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

ANNE STEELE.

1760.

THE INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

He lives, the great Redeemer lives,
What joy the blest assurance gives !
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And Justice armed with frowns appears ;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet Mercy smiles, and all is peace.

Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts :
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

Great Advocate, almighty Friend !
On him our humble hopes depend ;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

ANNE STEELE.

1760.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

WALTER WILLIAM SKEAT, one of the most eminent students of the early literature and language of England, was born in London, Nov. 21, 1835. He graduated at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1858, and became a fellow of the same college two years later. He took orders, and became curate of East Dereham, Norfolk, in 1860. He was afterwards curate of Godalming, Surrey. He is now Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Cambridge, England. This piece is founded on the following passage of Scripture : "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me." — REV. iii. 20.

WITH patient heart, O man, before
Thy closed, inhospitable door
I stand, and watch, and wait ;
In earnest tones I sadly plead ;
My oft-repeated summons heed ;
Open, ere yet too late !

Know'st thou my voice ? The Shepherd I,
Who seek the lost, who dared to die
To save my chosen flock ;

Bid me come in and sup with thee ;
Open wide thy door and welcome me ;
I stand without and knock.

What marvel if thou scarce canst hear
My frequent summons, soft yet clear ?
For still — thy house within —
Mixed with confused, conflicting cries,
From room to room the tumult flies,
The revelry of sin.

Within thy house wild passions dwell,
That every gentler thought repel,
And feast each evil guest ;
On me alone thou shut'st the door ;
Yet who, like me, can calm restore,
And give thee peace and rest ?

Thy garden should be trimmed, and meet
To welcome mine approaching feet,
Who bring the words of God ;
But ah ! neglected by thy toil,
Unsightly weeds usurp the soil,
And thistles mar the sod.

Day wanes ; not far the night doth lurk,
The night, wherein can no man work,
The darkness of the tomb :
With patient heart I stand and wait,
Open, O man ! ere yet too late,
Ere denser grows the gloom !

Day wanes ; the sun hath almost set,
With dews of night my locks are wet ;
Ah ! wilt thou hearken never ?
Thy day of grace is almost o'er,
Except thou hear, and open the door,
I leave thee — and forever !

WALTER WILLIAM SKEAT.

CHRIST THE LIFE OF THE SOUL.

WHEN sins and fears almost prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes, —
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

Art thou not mine, my living Lord ?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on thy everlasting word ;
That word which built the earth and sky ?

If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure ;
His word a firm foundation gives ;
Here let me build, and rest secure.

Here let my faith unshaken dwell ;
 Immovable the promise stands ;
 Not all the powers of earth or hell
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

Here, O my soul, thy trust repose !
 If Jesus is forever mine,
 Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine.

ANNE STEELE.



A LIVING AND DYING PRAYER

FOR THE HOLIEST BELIEVER IN THE WORLD.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee !
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring ;
 Simply to thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eye-strings break in death, —
 When I soar through tracts unknown, —
 See thee on thy judgment-throne ; —
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee !

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

1776.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

MISS DOROTHY ANN THRUPP was born in 1799, and died in 1847, in London.

SAVIOUR ! like a shepherd lead us ;
 Much we need thy tender care ;
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use thy folds prepare :
 Blessed Jesus !
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We are thine ; do thou befriend us,
 Be the guardian of our way ;

Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray :
 Blessed Jesus !
 Hear young children when they pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be ;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
 Blessed Jesus !
 Let us early turn to thee.

Early let us seek thy favor,
 Early let us do thy will ;
 Holy Lord, our only Saviour !
 With thy grace our bosom fill :
 Blessed Jesus !
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP.

1838.



NOT AS THE WORLD GIVETH.

CLEARER than vision of inspired dreamer !
 Dearer than hope of glories yet to be !
 Fall on the heart, thy words, O blest Re-
 deemer, —
 "Not as the world giveth give I unto thee !"

Not as the world giveth, though her fields are
 waving
 White with her incense-flowers, like foam
 upon the sea ;
 Not though her singing birds their earth-born
 songs are saving
 Till in the upper air they pour them out to
 thee ;

Not though the fair of earth still with sweet
 endeavor,
 Set firm white faces 'gainst the tide of wrong ;
 Not though love's monotone and children's
 voices ever
 Hide in the harmonies of earth's purest song ;

Not though faith, victorious, seizes earth's
 high places,
 Sets over all the steady star of hope ;
 Not though love that suffereth and is kind,
 her traces
 Leaves on the soul, that scarce with flesh can
 cope ;

Not with earthly splendor, though her days in
 dying
 Lie down in blue and gold, and wrap them-
 selves in flame ;

Not though the saints of God in her still
valleys lying,
Write o'er their resting-places, "Hallowed be
thy name";

Not as the world giveth, though her trees and
grasses
Climb her high mountains and cluster in her
clouds;

Not as the world giveth, though her fame,
that passes,
Gilds with brief glory her kings in purple
shrouds;

Not as the world giveth, though her hand be
laden
Heavy with the jewels earth still holds for
man;

Not as the world giveth, though a man and
maiden

Know, for a moment, more than angel can

Not such as these, that leave no sign in dying,
Is the dear Voice — we know it to be true —
That through the ages to the saints is crying,
"Not as the world giveth give I unto you."

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

HYMN FOR THE BOATMEN,

AS THEY APPROACH THE RAPIDS BY HEIDELBERG.

JESU, bless our slender boat,
By the current swept along!
Loud its threatenings, — let them not
Drown the music of a song
Breathed thy mercy to implore,
Where these troubled waters roar.

Saviour, for our warning, seen
Bleeding on that precious rood;
If, while through the meadows green
Gently wound the peaceful flood,
We forget thee, do not thou
Disregard thy suppliants now!

Hither, like yon ancient tower
Watching o'er the river's bed,
Flung the shadow of thy power,
Else we sleep among the dead;
Thou who trod'st the billowy sea,
Shield us in our jeopardy!

Guide our bark among the waves;
Through the rocks our passage smooth;
Where the whirlpool frets and raves,
Let thy love its anger soothe:
All our hope is placed in thee;
Miserere Domine!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I KNOW IN WHOM I PUT MY TRUST.

"Ich weiss, an wen ich glaube."

The author was one of the noblest German patriots, and at the same time a sincere, childlike Christian. His "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" is one of the most popular German songs. ARNDT was Professor of History at Bonn. He was born at Rügen, Dec. 26, 1769, and died at Bonn, Feb. 3, 1860.

I KNOW in whom I put my trust,
I know what standeth fast,
When all things here dissolve like dust
Or smoke before the blast:
I know what still endures, howe'er
All else may quake and fall,
When lies the prudent men ensnare,
And dreams the wise intrall.

It is the dayspring from on high,
The adamantine rock,
Whence never storm can make me fly,
That fears no earthquake's shock;
My Jesus Christ, my sure defence,
My Saviour, and my light,
That shines within, and scatters thence
Dark phantoms of the night;

Who once was borne, betrayed and slain,
At evening to the grave;
Whom God awoke, who rose again,
A conqueror strong to save:
Who pardons all my sin, who sends
His spirit pure and mild;
Whose grace my every step befriends,
Who ne'er forgets his child!

Therefore I know in whom I trust,
I know what standeth fast,
When all things formed of earthly dust
Are whirling in the blast;
The terrors of the final foe
Can rob me not of this;
And this shall crown me once, I know,
With never-fading bliss.

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT. Translated
by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

THE GLAD TIDINGS.

FOREVER hallowed be this morning fair,
Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye
tread,
And blest the silver cross, which ye, instead
Of martial banner, in procession bear;
The cross preceding him, who floats in air,
The pictured Saviour! By Augustine led,
They come, — and onward travel without
dread,
Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer,

Sung for themselves, and those whom they
would free!

Rich conquest waits them: — the tempestuous
sea

Of ignorance, that ran so rough and high,
And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,
These good men humble by a few bare words,
And calm with fear of God's divinity.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

O LOVE, WHO FORMEDST ME.

“Liebe, die Du mich zum Bilde.”

O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
On me thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, who here as man wast born
And wholly like to us wast made;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter
woe;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain,
That we eternal joy might know;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

O Love, of whom is truth and light,
The Word and Spirit, life and power,
Whose heart was bared to them that smite,
To shield us in our trial hour;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

O Love, who thus hath bound me fast,
Beneath that gentle yoke of thine;
Love, who hast conquered me at last
And rapt away this heart of mine:
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

O Love, who once shall bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;

O Love, who once o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

JOHANN SCHEFFLER, 1657. Translated by
CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858.

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.

“Macht hoch die Thür.”

PSALM xxiv.

GEORGE WEISSEL, pastor of the Rossgarten Church at
Königsberg, was born in Prussia in 1590, and died at Kö-
nigsberg, Aug. 1, 1635. This hymn is said to have been
written when the Thirty Years' War was raging.

LIFT up your heads. ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.
Life and salvation doth he bring,
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing
Praise, O my God, to thee!
Creator, wise is thy decree!

The Lord is just, a helper tried,
Mercy is ever at his side,
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress,
The end of all our woe he brings;
Wherefore the earth is glad, and sings
Praise, O my God, to thee!
O Saviour, great thy deeds shall be!

Oh, blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confest!
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!
The cloudless Sun of joy he is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss;
Praise, O my God, to thee!
Comforter, for thy comfort free!

Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.
Praise, O my God, be thine,
For word, and deed, and grace divine.

Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let me thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal,

Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
 Until our glorious goal be won !
 Eternal praise and fame
 Be offered, Saviour, to thy name !

GEORGE WEISSEL, 1635. Translated by
 CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1855.

—◆—
 LORD, OPEN MY EYES.

“ Hüter ! wird die Nacht der Sünden.”

O WATCHMAN, will the night of sin
 Be never past ?
 O watchman, doth the day begin
 To dawn upon thy straining sight at last ?
 Will it dispel
 Erelong the mists of sense wherein I dwell ?
 Now all the earth is bright and glad
 With the fresh morn ;
 But all my heart is cold and dark and sad ;
 Sun of the soul, let me behold thy dawn !
 Come, Jesus, Lord !
 Oh, quickly come, according to thy word !
 Do we not live in those blest days
 So long foretold,
 When thou shouldst come to bring us light
 and grace ?
 And yet I sit in darkness as of old,
 Pining to see
 Thy glory ; but thou still art far from me.
 Long since thou cam'st to be the light
 Of all men here ;
 And yet in me is nought but blackest night.
 Wilt thou not then to me, thine own, appear ?
 Shine forth and bless
 My soul with vision of thy righteousness ?
 If thus in darkness ever left,
 Can I fulfil
 The works of light, while of all light bereft ?
 How shall I learn in love and meekness still
 To follow thee,
 And all the sinful works of darkness flee ?
 The light of reason cannot give
 Life to my soul ;
 Jesus alone can make me truly live.
 One glance of his can make my spirit whole.
 Arise, and shine
 On this poor longing, waiting heart of mine !
 Single and clear, not weak or blind,
 The eye must be,
 To which thy glory shall an entrance find ;
 For if thy chosen ones would gaze on thee,
 No earthly screen
 Between their souls and thee must intervene.

Jesus, do thou mine eyes unseal,
 And let them grow
 Quick to discern whate'er thou dost reveal,
 So shall I be delivered from that woe,
 Blindly to stray
 Through hopeless night, while all around is
 day.

CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH RICHTER, 1704. Translated
 by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1855.

—◆—
 I AM THE ROSE OF SHARON.

I KNOW a flower so sweet and fair,
 There is no earthly blossom
 With Sharon's rose that may compare ;
 Fain would I wear
 Its fragrance in my bosom.

It is the true and living Word,
 Whom God himself hath given
 To be our guide, our light, our Lord,
 In whom is stored
 All hope for earth and heaven.

Hark ! how he saith — “ Come unto me,
 Ye burdened and sad-hearted ;
 Granted your heart's desire shall be,
 And pardon free
 To mourning souls imparted.

“ This is my body that I give
 For you in mercy broken ;
 Whate'er is mine with it receive,
 If ye believe
 And keep what I have spoken.

“ This is my blood once shed for you,
 Ye hearts, now faint and sinking ;
 Drink of my cup, and find anew
 Fresh strength to do
 My bidding without shrinking.”

Ah, Lord, by thy most bitter woes
 We pray thee ne'er forsake us ;
 Since thou couldst even die for those
 Who were thy foes,
 Thy children deign to make us.

And keep us ever close to thee,
 Give courage to confess thee,
 However dark the time may be,
 Till safe and free
 In heaven at last we bless thee.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

AWAY WITH SORROW'S SIGH.

"Jam desinant suspiria."

ISAAC WILLIAMS, one of the unsuccessful candidates for the professorship of poetry at Oxford upon the retirement of Keble, was one of the many translators of the "Dies Iræ." His poems were reprinted in America. His birth occurred in Wales in 1802, and he died May 1, 1865. He was an associate of Newman, Keble, and Pusey in the Tractarian movement.

AWAY with sorrow's sigh,
Our prayers are heard on high;
And through heaven's crystal door
On this our earthly floor
Comes meek-eyed Peace to walk with poor
mortality.

In dead of night profound,
There breaks a seraph sound
Of never-ending morn;
The Lord of glory born
Within a holy grot on this our sullen ground.

Now with that shepherd crowd,
If it might be allowed,
We fain would enter there
With awful hastening fear,
And kiss that cradle chaste in reverend wor-
ship bowed.

O sight of strange surprise
That fills our gazing eyes;
A manger coldly strewed,
And swaddling bands so rude,
A leaning mother poor, and child that help-
less lies.

Art thou, O wondrous sight,
Of lights the very Light,
Who holdest in thy hand
The sky and sea and land, —
Who than the glorious heavens art more ex-
ceeding bright?

'T is so; faith darts before,
And, through the cloud drawn o'er,
She sees the God of all,
Where angels prostrate fall,
Adoring tremble still, and trembling still adore.

No thunders round thee break;
Yet doth thy silence speak
From that, thy Teacher's seat,
To us around thy feet,
To shun what flesh desires, what flesh abhors
to seek.

Within us, Babe divine,
Be born, and make us thine;

Within our souls reveal
Thy love and power to heal;
Be born, and make our hearts thy cradle and
thy shrine.

1839.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

COURAGE, MY TEMPTED HEART!

"Brich durch, mein angefocht'nes Herz."

COURAGE, my sorely tempted heart!
Break through thy woes, forget their smart;
Come forth, and on thy bridegroom gaze,
The Lamb of God, the fount of grace;
Here is thy place!

His arms are open; thither flee!
There rest and peace are waiting thee,
The deathless crown of righteousness,
The entrance to eternal bliss;
He gives thee this!

Then combat well, of nought afraid,
For thus his follower thou art made:
Each battle teaches thee to fight,
Each foe to be a braver knight,
Armed with his might.

If storms of fierce temptations rise,
Unmoved we'll face the frowning skies;
If but the heart is true indeed,
Christ will be with us in our need, —
His own could bleed.

I flee away to thy dear cross,
For hope is there for every loss,
Healing for every wound and woe;
There all the strength of love I know,
And feel its glow.

Before the Holy One I fall,
The eternal sacrifice for all;
His death has freed us from our load,
Peace on the anguished soul bestowed,
Brought us to God.

How then should I go mourning on?
I look to thee, — my fears are gone;
With thee is rest that cannot cease,
For thou hast wrought us full release,
And made our peace.

Thy word hath still its glorious powers,
The noblest chivalry is ours;
O thou for whom to die is gain,
I bring thee here my all! oh, deign
To accept and reign!

J. H. BOHMER, 1704. Translated by
CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

OUR MASTER.

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
 Forever flowing free,
 Forever shared, forever whole,
 A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
 All other names above ;
 Love only knoweth whence it came,
 And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
 The mists of earth away !
 Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
 How wide and far we stray !

Hush every lip, close every book,
 The strife of tongues forbear ;
 Why forward reach, or backward look,
 For love that clasps like air ?

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
 To bring the Lord Christ down :
 In vain we search the lowest deeps,
 For him no depths can drown.

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,
 The lineaments restore
 Of him we know in outward shape
 And in the flesh no more.

He cometh, not a king to reign ;
 The world's long hope is dim ;
 The weary centuries watch in vain
 The clouds of heaven for him.

Death comes, life goes ; the asking eye
 And ear are answerless ;
 The grave is dumb, the hollow sky
 Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, and systems fall,
 And every symbol wanes ;
 The Spirit over-brooding all
 Eternal Love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above
 Or earth below they look,
 Who know with John his smile of love,
 With Peter his rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense
 Of sorrow over sin,
 He is his own best evidence,
 His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
 Nor dream of bards and seers,
 No dead fact stranded on the shore
 Of the oblivious years ; —

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is he ;
 And faith has still its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain ;
 We touch him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
 Our lips of childhood frame,
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all !
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
 We test our lives by thine.

Thou judgest us ; thy purity
 Doth all our lusts condemn ;
 The love that draws us nearer thee
 Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight ;
 And, naked to thy glance,
 Our secret sins are in the light
 Of thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains, a keen distress
 Thy tender light shines in ;
 Thy sweetness is the bitterness,
 Thy grace the pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
 Thou dost our service own ;
 We bring our varying gifts to thee,
 And thou rejectest none.

To thee our full humanity,
 Its joys and pains, belong ;
 The wrong of man to man on thee
 Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates thee, who loves, becomes
 Therein to thee allied ;
 All sweet accords of hearts and homes
 In thee are multiplied.

Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
 Within our earthly sod,
 Most human and yet most divine,
 The flower of man and God !

O Love ! O Life ! Our faith and sight
 Thy presence maketh one :
 As through transfigured clouds of white
 We trace the noonday sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

The homage that we render thee
Is still our Father's own;
Nor jealous claim or rivalry
Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self thy service hath,
No place for me and mine;
Our human strength is weakness, death
Our life, apart from thine.

Apart from thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from thee is hell,
To walk with thee is heaven!

How vain, secure in all thou art,
Our noisy championship!—
The sighing of the contrite heart
Is more than flattering lip.

Not mine the bigot's partial plea,
Nor thine the zealot's ban:
Thou well canst spare a love of thee
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves thee best who loveth most
His brothers and thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE SAVIOUR'S PRAISE.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

But oh! what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

Arrayed in mortal flesh
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands;
Commissioned from his Father's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.

Great prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with Heaven.

Be thou my counsellor,
My pattern, and my guide;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side:
Oh, let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way!

I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;

He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws :
Behold my soul at freedom set ;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

Jesus, my great High-Priest,
Offered his blood and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

My Advocate appears
For my defence on high ;
The Father bows his ears
And lays his thunder by :
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing :
Thine is the power : behold I sit
In willing bonds before thy feet !

Now let my soul arise,
And tread the Tempter down ;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown ;
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

Should all the hosts of death
And powers of hell unknown
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe ; for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

1709.

ISAAC WATTS.

LONGING TO LOVE.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee ?
I thirst and faint and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love ;
The love of Christ to me.

Stronger his love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable :
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

God only knows the love of God ;
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part !

Oh that I could forever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Oh that with humbled Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove :
Thou know'st (for all to thee is known),
Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,
Thou know'st that thee I love,

Oh that I could, with favored John,
Recline my wearied head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast !
From care and sin and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above :
Let earth and heaven and all things go,
Give me thy only love to know,
Give me thy only love.

1749.

CHARLES WESLEY.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

LORD, thou hast sought this wayward heart
in vain ;
Choked by the world's vile weeds its por-
tals stand,
Closed to the touch of thy redeeming hand,
Which, knocking gently, would an entrance
gain ;
Oh, love unspeakable ! that thou shouldst be
Patient amidst the night's chill falling dews,
While I thy proffered fellowship refuse,
Slothful to rise and ope the door to thee !
Long have I tarried, dreading yet to bear
The emblems of thy suffering, thorns and
cross,
Lost in idolatry of Mammon's dross,
And lured by pleasure's transitory glare ;
Henceforth vouchsafe to shed thy light within ;

Illume my soul, and let these contrite tears
 Blot out all record of my misspent years,
 Dark with the sad remembrances of sin ;
 Then, in this purified, repentant breast,
 Enter, and be forevermore my Guest !

W. R. WEALE.

IN HEAVEN WE SHALL BE PURIFIED.

The last stanza of this hymn was added extemporaneously by the author, one summer evening, when he was with a few friends on the Trent, and singing, as he was accustomed to do on such occasions.

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake !
 Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake ;
 We sing the Saviour of our race,
 The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

When God's right arm is bared for war,
 And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
 Where, where, oh, where shall man retire,
 To escape the horrors of his ire ?

'T is he, the Lamb, to him we fly,
 While the dread tempest passes by ;
 God sees his well-beloved's face,
 And spares us in our hiding-place.

Thus while we dwell in this low scene,
 The Lamb is our unfailing screen ;
 To him, though guilty, still we run,
 And God still spares us for his Son.

While yet we sojourn here below,
 Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow ;
 Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,
 We deeply need a hiding-place.

Yet, courage ! days and years will glide,
 And we shall lay these clods aside,
 Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
 And washed in Jesus' cleansing blood.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
 We through the Lamb shall be decreed ;
 Shall meet the Father face to face,
 And need no more a hiding-place.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

The fourth, fifth, and seventh stanzas of the following hymn are usually omitted.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimmering day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief :
 He saw, and oh, amazing love !
 He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above
 With joyful haste he fled ;
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
 And brake our iron chains :
 Jesus has freed our captive souls
 From everlasting pains.

In vain the baffled prince of hell
 His cursed projects tries ;
 We that were doomed his endless slaves,
 Are raised above the skies.

Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak !

Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord ;
 Our souls are all on flame ;
 Hosanna round the spacious earth
 To thine adored name !

Angels, assist our mighty joys ;
 Strike all your harps of gold !
 But, when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

ISAAC WATTS.

1709.

STANZAS.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI, called Lorenzo the Magnificent, the patron of learning in Italy in the fifteenth century, was born Jan. 1, 1448, and died April 8, 1492. The following translation is from an unknown source.

FOLLOW that fervor, O devoted spirit,
 With which thy Saviour's goodness fires thy
 breast !
 Go where it draws, and when it calls, oh,
 hear it ;
 It is thy Shepherd's voice, and leads to rest.

In this thy new devotedness of feeling,
 Suspicion, envy, anger, have no claim ;
 Sure hope is highest happiness revealing,
 With peace and gentleness and purest fame.

For in thy holy and thy happy sadness
 If tears or sighs are sometimes sown by thee,
 In the pure regions of immortal gladness
 Sweet and eternal shall thine harvest be.

Leave them to say, "This people's meditation
Is vain and idle!" sit with ear and eye
Fixed upon Christ, in childlike dedication,
O thou inhabitant of Bethany!

LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

PRAYER FOR PARDON.

SELINA SHIRLEY, Countess of Huntingdon, second daughter of Washington, Earl Ferrers, was born Aug 24, 1707, and died June 17, 1791. She has been, not without good reason, called the most remarkable woman of her age. She became the wife of Theophilus Hastings, Earl Huntingdon, in June, 1728. Her husband sympathized with her in her religious views. He died in 1746. George Whitefield became Lady Huntingdon's chaplain, and she devoted her time and fortune to the furtherance of the work of the Calvinistic Methodists, who came to be known as of "Lady Huntingdon's Connection." Her hymns were included in a collection that she issued in 1764. The following text is from Rippon's collection, and differs in many lines from that given by Dr. Rogers, in his "Lyra Britannica."

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!

O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day:
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray!

Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

1772.

SHOW US JESUS.

LEAD us, O Lord, to Bethlehem:
Show us the child there born,
The Son to us there given:
There show us Christ the Lord,
Reveal the love of God.

Take us, O Lord, to Nazareth;
Show us the tender plant,
The root from the dry ground:
There show us Christ the Lord,
Reveal the love of God.

Lord, guide us to Gethsemane;
Show us the sweat of blood,
Make known the agony:
There show us Christ the Lord,
Reveal the love of God.

Lord, bring us on to Calvary;
Display the cross of shame,
Show us the sacrifice:
There show us Christ the Lord,
Reveal the love of God.

Lord, take us to the empty tomb,
And say, He is not here;
Lo, he is risen indeed:
There show us Christ the Lord,
Reveal the love of God.

Place us at last on Olivet,
Whereon his feet shall stand
When he shall come again:
There show us Christ the Lord,
Reveal the love of God.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

1866.

WE SING TO THEE, EMMANUEL.

"Wir singen Dir, Immanuel."

This hymn has, in the original, twenty stanzas, but is much abridged in German hymn-books.

WE sing to thee, Emmanuel,
The Prince of life, salvation's well,
The plant of heaven, the star of morn,
The Lord of lords, the virgin-born!

All glory, worship, thanks, and praise,
That thou art come in these our days!
Thou heavenly guest, expected long,
We hail thee with a joyful song.

For thee, since first the world was made,
Men's hearts have waited, watched, and prayed;
Prophets and patriarchs, year by year,
Have longed to see thy light appear.

"O God!" they prayed, "from Sion rise,
And hear thy captive people's cries;
At length, O Lord! salvation bring:
Then Jacob shall rejoice and sing!"

Now thou, by whom the world was made,
Art in thy manger-cradle laid;
Maker of all things great, art small,
Naked thyself, though clothing all.

Thou, who both heaven and earth dost sway,
In strangers' inn art fain to stay;
And though thy power makes angels blest,
Dost seek thy food from human breast.

Encouraged thus, our love grows bold
On thee to lay our steadfast hold;
The cross which thou didst undergo
Has vanquished death and healed our woe.

Thou art our Head: then, Lord, of thee,
True, living members we will be;
And, in the strength thy grace shall give,
Will live as thou wouldst have us live.

As each short year goes quickly round,
Our hallelujahs shall resound;
And, when we reckon years no more,
May we in heaven thy name adore!

PAUL GERHARDT, 1656. Translated by
FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, 1865.

THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

WHEREFORE groan the gates eternal?
Wherefore quake the gates of Hell?
Who hath power to stir those portals brazen-
bound, invincible?

See, they tremble, as the earthquake shud-
ders inward from afar,
And the waves of light and motion shimmer
through the prison bar:

And we hear advancing footsteps nearer still
and still more near:
Crash the bars! the gates fly open! the
august Unknown is here!

Lift your heads, ye everlasting gates of
Hades! Open wide,
For the King of Glory cometh in the triumph
of his pride:

Who is then the King of Glory? 'T is the
Lord of strength and power,
The First-born of all creation, Ruler of the
battle-hour.

Lift your heads, ye everlasting gates of
Hades! Open wide,
For the King of Glory cometh in the triumph
of his pride.

Who is then the King of Glory? Lord of
Hosts, we greet thee well!
King of Glory, enter welcome to the fortalice
of Hell.

Who is this that comes from Edom, with his
robes from Bozrah dyed?
Say, is this the King of Glory with the pale
thief by his side?

Wherefore are thy garments ruddy? Why is
thine apparel red,
Like the robes of them who labor in the wine-
vat's under-tread?

It is I who speak in justice, the Almighty,
strong to save
From the prison-house of Hades, from the
dungeon of the grave:

I have trodden out the wine-press, — trodden
it in grief, alone;
And of all the ransomed people who would
aid me there was none:

And amazement came upon me in their silence,
and mine arm
Brought mine own salvation to me when my
fury waxed warm:

I will tread them in mine anger, make them
drunken in my wrath:
I will bring their strength and glory in confu-
sion to the earth:

For the day of vengeance cometh, and the
Dayspring's light hath beamed
On the fulness of the nations and the year of
the redeemed.

Hell beneath is moved to meet thee at thy
coming: all the dead
Stir themselves in restless wonder, thronging
up before thy tread:

Far along the plains of Hades rises up the
spirit host
To the farthest, dimmest distance of the iron-
girded coast:

All along the sunless valleys move their
myriads; prince and peer,
Chief and peasant, all the units of the old
world's sum are here:

They are here, — of the departed the unending
muster-roll,
Thick as thoughts which throng the death-
scene of the conscience-stricken soul:

They are here, the lords of Hades; in their
disobedience dark
Who unbending saw the waters lap the keel-
beam of the ark:

They are here: and forth advancing say,
 "Art thou, too, weak as we?
 Are the virgin gates of Hades opened then at
 last for thee?"

"Art thou too become as we are? Is thy pomp
 and glory come
 With the noise of all thy viols to the portals of
 the tomb?"

"Do the serpent's twines infold thee, as they
 sweep their sevenfold coil
 Round and round the adamantine walls of
 Hell to clasp their spoil?"

Lift your heads, ye gates eternal! quake, ye
 iron doors of Hell!
 For your God disguised in manhood hath sur-
 prised your citadel:

He hath conquered death by dying: in the
 serpent's girth he stands,
 And the serpent faints before him, and his
 loosened coil expands;

For his head is bruised and wounded by the
 seed of Mary's womb,
 And deceived is the Deceiver, — Tempter
 tempted to his doom.

Lift your heads, ye gates eternal! loose your
 hinges iron-shod,
 For our Jesus leads his faithful to the Paradise
 of God:

There in peace shall they await him: calm the
 cycles roll away,
 Till the trump of the archangel shall announce
 the Judgment day:

Far and faint is heard the footfall on earth's
 tumult-trodden floor,
 Dull, as round her vast cathedral London's
 thousand voices roar;

Roar without in deafening clangor, but within
 sound far and soft,
 Rolling on from aisle and transept to the
 vaulted dome aloft.

But the voice of adoration swells in full and
 fuller tone,
 As earth's aye departing children join their
 number one by one:

One by one they join the chorus, waiting
 patient till once more
 Christ shall say, "Fling wide the portals of
 the everlasting door."

For the number is accomplished of the elect,
 the kingdom come,
 And the quick and dead are mustered for the
 opening of the Doom.

1867.

GERARD MOULTRIE.

THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

EDGAR ALFRED BOWRING, a younger son of the states-
 man, Sir John Bowring, was born in England in 1826, and
 was educated at University College, London. He has been
 much in public life, and was a favorite of the late Prince
 Consort. He has translated the poems of Schiller, Heine,
 and Goethe, and has been a frequent contributor to periodical
 literature. He was Secretary to the Royal Commission
 for the Great Exhibition of 1851, and held the appointment
 until he became member of Parliament in 1868. In pub-
 lishing the following translation, Mr. Bowring says: "The
 remarkable poem of which this is a literal but very faint
 representation was written when Goethe was only sixteen
 years old. It derives additional interest from being the very
 earliest piece of his that is preserved."

WHAT wondrous noise is heard around!
 Through heaven exulting voices sound,
 A mighty army marches on,
 By thousand millions followed, lo,
 To yon dark place makes haste to go
 God's Son, descending from his throne!
 He goes, the tempests round him break,
 As judge and hero cometh he;
 He goes, the constellations quake,
 The sun, the world, quake fearfully.

I see him in his victor-car,
 On fiery axles borne afar,
 Who on the cross for us expired.
 The triumph to yon realms he shows,
 Remote from earth, where star ne'er glows,
 The triumph he for us acquired.
 He cometh, hell to extirpate,
 Whom he by dying wellnigh killed;
 He shall pronounce her fearful fate:
 Hark! now the curse is straight fulfilled.

Hell sees the victor come at last,
 She feels that now her reign is past,
 She quakes and fears to meet his sight;
 She knows his thunders' terrors dread,
 In vain she seeks to hide her head,
 Attempts to fly, but vain is flight;
 Vainly she hastes to 'scape pursuit
 And to avoid her Judge's eye;
 The Lord's fierce wrath restrains her foot
 Like brazen chains, — she cannot fly.

Here lies the Dragon, trampled down,
 He lies, and feels God's angry frown,
 He feels, and grinneth hideously;
 He feels hell's speechless agonies,
 A thousand times he howls and sighs:

“Oh, burning flames, quick swallow me!”
There lies he in the fiery waves,
By torments racked and pangs infernal,
Instant annihilation craves,
And hears those pangs will be eternal.

Those mighty squadrons, too, are here,
The partners of his curst career,
Yet far less bad than he were they.
Here lies the countless throng combined,
In black and fearful crowds entwined,
While round him fiery tempests play;
He sees how they the Judge avoid,
He sees the storm upon them feed,
Yet is not at the sight o'erjoyed,
Because his pangs e'en theirs exceed.

The Son of Man in triumph passes
Down to hell's wild and black morasses,
And there unfolds his majesty.
Hell cannot bear the bright array,
For since her first created day,
Darkness alone e'er governed she.
She lay remote from every light,
With torments filled in Chaos here;
God turned forever from her sight
His radiant features' glory clear.

Within the realms she calls her own
She sees the splendor of the Son,
His dreaded glories shining forth;
She sees him clad in rolling thunder,
She sees the rocks all quake with wonder,
When God before her stands in wrath.
She sees he comes her Judge to be,
She feels the awful pangs inside her,
Herself to slay endeavors she,
But e'en this comfort is denied her.

Now looks she back with pains untold
Upon those happy times of old,
When all these glories gave her joy;
When yet her heart revered the truth,
When her glad soul in endless youth
And rapture dwelt, without alloy.
She calls to mind with maddened thought
How over man her wiles prevailed;
To take revenge on God she sought,
And feels the vengeance it entailed.

God was made man and came to earth;
Then Satan cried with fearful mirth,
“E'en he my victim now shall be!”
He sought to slay the Lord Most High,
The world's Creator now must die;
But Satan, endless woe to thee!
Thou thought'st to overcome him then,
Rejoicing in his suffering;

But he in triumph comes again
To bind thee: Death, where is thy sting?

Speak, hell! Where is thy victory?
Thy power destroyed and scattered see!
Knowest thou not now the Highest's might?
See, Satan, see thy rule o'erthrown!
By thousand varying pangs weighed down,
Thou dwellest in dark and endless night.
As though by lightning struck thou liest,
No gleam of rapture far or wide;
In vain! no hope thou there descriest, —
For me alone Messiah died!

A howling rises through the air,
A trembling fills each dark vault there,
When Christ to hell is seen to come.
She snarls with rage, but needs must cover
Before our mighty hero's power;
He signs, and hell is straightway dumb.
Before his voice the thunders break,
On high his victor-banner blows;
E'en angels at his fury quake,
When Christ to the dread judgment goes.

Now speaks he, and his voice is thunder,
He speaks, the rocks are rent in sunder,
His breath is like devouring flames.
Thus speaks he: “Tremble, ye accurst!”
He who from Eden hurled you erst,
Your kingdom's overthrow proclaims.
Look up! My children once were ye,
Your arms against me then ye turned,
Ye fell, that ye might sinners be,
Ye've now the wages that ye earned.

My greatest foemen from that day,
Ye led my dearest friends astray —
As ye had fallen, man must fall.
To kill him evermore ye sought,
“They all shall die the death,” ye thought;
But howl! For me I've won them all.
For them alone did I descend,
For them prayed, suffered, perisht I.
Ye ne'er shall gain your wicked end;
Who trusts in me shall never die.

“In endless chains here lie ye now,
Nothing can save you from the slough,
Not boldness, not regret for crime.
Lie then, and writhe in brimstone fire!
'Twas ye yourselves drew down mine ire,
Lie and lament throughout all time!
And also ye whom I selected,
E'en ye forever I disown.
For ye my saving grace rejected;
Ye murmur? Blame yourselves alone!

"Ye might have lived with me in bliss,
 For I of yore had promised this ;
 Ye sinned, and all my precepts slighted.
 Wrapped in the sleep of sin ye dwelt,
 Now is my fearful judgment felt,
 By a just doom your guilt requited."
 Thus spake he, and a fearful storm
 From him proceeds, the lightnings glow,
 The thunders seize each wicked form,
 And hurl them in the gulf below.

The God-man closeth hell's sad doors,
 In all his majesty he soars
 From those dark regions back to light.
 He sitteth at the Father's side ;
 Oh, friends, what joy doth this betide !
 For us, for us he still will fight !
 The angels' sacred quire around
 Rejoice before the mighty Lord,
 So that all creatures hear the sound :
 "Zebaoth's God be aye adored !"

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE, 1765. Translated
 by EDGAR ALFRED BOWRING, 1853.

SOURCE OF GOOD, WHOSE POWER CONTROLS.

RICHARD MASSIE is one of the most successful translators
 of German hymns. He has made versions of those of Spitta
 and of selections from a number of other writers.

SOURCE of good, whose power controls
 Every movement of our souls ;
 Wind that quickens where it blows ;
 Comforter of human woes ;
 Lamp of God, whose ray serene
 In the darkest night is seen ;
 Come, inspire my feeble strain,
 That I may not sing in vain !

God's own finger, skilled to teach
 Tongues of every land and speech
 Balsam of the wounded soul,
 Binding up, and making whole ;
 Flame of pure and holy love ;
 Strength of all that live and move ;
 Come ! thy gifts and fire impart ;
 Make me love thee from the heart !

As the hart, with longing, looks
 For refreshing water-brooks,
 Heated in the burning chase ;
 So my soul desires thy grace :
 So my heavy-laden breast,
 By the cares of life opprest,
 Longs thy cooling streams to taste
 In this dry and barren waste.

Mighty Spirit ! by whose aid
 Man a living soul was made ;
 Everlasting God ! whose fire
 Kindles chaste and pure desire ;
 Grant, in every grief and loss,
 I may calmly bear the cross,
 And surrender all to thee,
 Comforting and strengthening me !

Let not hell, with frowns or smiles,
 Open force or cunning wiles,
 Snap the thread of my brief days ;
 But, when gently life decays,
 Take to heaven thy servant dear,
 Who hath loved and served thee here ;
 There eternal hymns to raise,
 Mighty Spirit ! to thy praise !

JOHANN FRANK. Translated by
 RICHARD MASSIE, 1854.

THE MILLENNIUM.

MICHAEL BRUCE was born in Kinross-shire, Scotland,
 March 27, 1746, and died July 6, 1767. His poems show that he
 was a writer of great promise. His hymns were intrusted to a
 college friend, John Logan, who published some of them as
 his own. The authorship was afterwards vindicated. Bruce's
 style is marked by dignity.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
 In latter days shall rise
 On mountain-tops above the hills,
 And draw the wondering eyes !

To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
 Up to the hill of God, they 'll say,
 And to his house we 'll go.

The beam that shines from Zion hill
 Shall lighten every land ;
 The King who reigns in Salem's towers
 Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
 Or mar the peaceful years ;
 To ploughshares men shall beat their swords.
 To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts
 Their million slain deplore ;
 They hang the trumpet in the hall
 And study war no more.

Come, then, oh, come, from every land,
 To worship at his shrine ;
 And, walking in the light of God,
 With holy beauties shine !

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

This hymn appears in "Hymns Ancient and Modern" as "God eternal, mighty King." The author is a clergyman of the Church of England, once a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.

GOD eternal, Lord of all,
Lowly at thy feet we fall;
All the earth doth worship thee;
We amidst the throng would be.

All the holy angels cry,
"Hail, thrice holy, God most High!"
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.

Glorified apostles raise
Night and day continual praise;
Hast thou not a mission too
For thy children here to do?

With thy prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For thou hast to babes revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of thy cross are heard to boast;
Since so bright the crown they wear,
Early we thy cross would bear.

All thy Church in heaven and earth,
Jesus! hail thy spotless birth;
Own the God, who all has made;
And the Spirit's soothing aid.

Offspring of a virgin's womb;
Slain, and victor o'er the tomb;
Seated on the Judgment-throne,
Number us among thine own!

Day by day we magnify thee,
And would evermore be nigh thee;
Keep us from the Tempter's snare;
Spare thy people, Jesu, spare!

JAMES ELWIN MILLARD.

1848.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

The following, written by MRS. MARGARET MACKAY, wife of Lieut. William Mackay, of the Sixty-eighth Light Infantry, of the British army, appeared in the Amethyst, an Annual published in Edinburgh, in 1832.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet:
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

MARGARET MACKAY.

1832.

IMMANUEL.

GO, worship at Immanuel's feet;
See, in his face what wonders meet;
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace!

The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colors not her own.

Is he compared to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed:
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is Bread of Life, is heavenly wine.

Is he a Tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That righteous Branch, that fruitful Bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.

Is he a Rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields;
Or if the Lily he assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.

Is he a Vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
Oh, let a lasting union join
My soul the branch to Christ the Vine!

Is he the Head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital power he gives;
The saints below and saints above
Joined by his Spirit and his love.

Is he a Fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

Is he a Fire? He'll purge my dross;
But the true gold sustains no loss:
Like a Refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.

Is he a Rock? How firm he proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves:
Yet the sweet streams, that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

Is he a Way? He leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.

Is he a Door? I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green!
A paradise divinely fair;
None but the sheep have freedom there.

Is he designed a Corner-stone
For men to build their heaven upon?
I'll make him my Foundation too;
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

Is he a Temple? I adore
The indwelling majesty and power;
And still to his most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.

Is he a Star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning Star!

Is he a Sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.

Oh, let me climb those higher skies
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his powers abroad,
And shines and reigns, the incarnate God.

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears:
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

ISAAC WATTS.

JESUS FIRST AND JESUS LAST.

THOMAS MACKELLAR, a stereotyper of Philadelphia, was born at New York, Aug. 12, 1812. In 1833 he removed to Philadelphia. He has published three volumes of poems.

JESUS! when my soul is parting
From this body frail and weak,
And the deathly dew is starting
Down this pale and wasted cheek,—
Thine, my Saviour,
Be the name I last shall speak.

Jesus! when my memory wanders
Far from loved ones at my side,
And in fitful dreaming ponders
Who are they that near me glide,—
Last, my Saviour,
Let my thoughts on thee abide.

When the morn in all its glory
Charms no more mine ear nor eye,
And the shadows closing o'er me
Warn me of the time to die,—
Last, my Saviour,
Let me see thee standing by.

When my feet shall pass the river,
And upon the farther shore
I shall walk, redeemed forever,—
Ne'er to sin, to die no more;
First, Lord Jesus,
Let me see thee, and adore.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

COMFORT IN SORROW.

MRS. HELEN L. PARMELEE, of Albany, N. Y., died in 1864. This is from her "Poems, Religious and Miscellaneous," New York, 1865.

IN the hours of pain and sorrow,
When the world brings no relief,
When the eye is dim and heavy,
And the heart oppressed with grief,
While blessings flee,
Saviour, Lord, we trust in thee!

When the snares of earth surround us,—
Pride, ambition, love of ease,
Mammon with her false allurements,
Words that flatter, smiles that please,—
Then, ere we yield,
Saviour, Lord, be thou our shield!

When forsaken, in distress,
Poor, despised, and tempest-tost,
With no anchor here to stay us,
Drifting, sail and rudder lost,
Then save us, thou
Who trod this earth with weary brow!

Thou, the hated and forsaken !
 Thou, the bearer of the cross !
 Crowned of thorns and mocked and smitten,
 Counting earthly gain but loss ;
 When scorned are we,
 We joy to be the more like thee !

Thou, the Father's best beloved !
 Thou, the throned and sceptred King !
 Who but thee should we, adoring,
 All our prayers and praises bring ?
 Thrice blest are we,
 Saviour, Lord, in loving thee !

HELEN L. PARMELEE.

CHRIST'S MISSION.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, twentieth child of his father, was born in London in 1702, and died at Lisbon, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, in 1751. He was a contemporary of Watts, and like him a great hymn-writer. He was in the habit of composing hymns to be read at the close of his sermons, presenting in succinct form the lesson of the discourse. He was pastor of the Congregational Church at Northampton, and principal of an academy. He prepared the "Family Expositor," and, at the suggestion of Dr. Watts, wrote "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." His hymns were collected by Job Orton, and published after his death, in 1755. Those in the present collection are from the seventh edition of Orton's book, London, 1793.

HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,—
 The Saviour promised long ;
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

On him the Spirit, largely poured,
 Exerts his sacred fire ;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
 His holy breast inspire.

He comes, the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held,
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice,
 To clear the mental ray,
 And on the eyeballs of the blind
 To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure ;
 And with the treasures of his grace
 To enrich the humble poor.

His silver trumpets publish loud
 The Jubilee of the Lord ;
 Our debts are all remitted now,
 Our heritage restored.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace !
 Thy welcome shall proclaim,
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D D

1735.

HYMN TO THE REDEEMER.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, since 1865 Bishop of Western New York, was born at Mendham, N. J., May 10, 1818. He is the author of "Christian Ballads." This poem passed in mutilated form into several hymn-books, where it commences with the fifth line of the first stanza, "How beauteous were." We give it in its original form, with corrections furnished by the author in 1869.

WHEN o'er Judea's vales and hills,
 Or by her olive-shaded rills,
 Thy weary footsteps went of old,
 Or walked the lulling waters bold,
 How beauteous were the marks divine,
 That in thy meekness used to shine,
 That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
 In wondrous love, O Lamb of God !

Oh, who like thee, so mild, so bright,
 Thou Son of man, thou Light of light !
 Oh, who like thee, did ever go
 So patient, through a world of woe !
 Oh, who like thee, so humbly bore
 The scorn, the scoffs of men before,
 So meek, so lowly — yet so high,
 So glorious in humility !

The morning saw thee, like the day,
 Forth on thy light-bestowing way ;
 And evening in her holy hues
 Shed down her sweet baptismal dews,
 Where bending angels stooped to see
 The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
 And smile, as in a father's eye,
 Upon thy mild divinity.

The hours when princes sought their rest
 Beheld thee, still, no chamber's guest ;
 But when the chilly night hung round,
 And man from thee sweet slumber found,
 Thy wearied footsteps sought, alone,
 The mountain to thy sorrows known,
 And darkness heard thy patient prayer,
 Or hid thee in the prowler's lair.

And all thy life's unchanging years,
 A man of sorrows and of tears,
 The cross, where all our sins were laid,
 Upon thy bending shoulders weighed ;
 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
 Was pang and scoff and scorn to thee ;
 Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
 And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

O wondrous Lord! my soul would be
 Still more and more conformed to thee,
 Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,
 That burns these fevered veins within,
 And learn of thee, the lowly One,
 And like thee, all my journey run,
 Above the world, and all its mirth,
 Yet weeping still with weeping earth.

1840.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D. D.

◆

HIS BANNER OVER ME.

SURROUNDED by unnumbered foes,
 Against my soul the battle goes!
 Yet though I weary, sore distressed,
 I know that I shall reach my rest:
 I lift my tearful eyes above, —
 His banner over me is love.

Its sword my spirit will not yield,
 Though flesh may faint upon the field;
 He waves before my fading sight
 The branch of palm, — the crown of light;
 I lift my brightening eyes above, —
 His banner over me is love.

My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
 His veil of splendor curtain him!
 And in the midnight of my fear
 I may not feel him standing near;
 But, as I lift mine eyes above,
 His banner over me is love.

1869.

GERALD MASSEY.

◆

LOVE.

SEEMETH not Love at times so occupied
 For thee, as though it cared for none beside?

To great and small things Love alike can reach,
 And cares for each as all, and all as each.

Love of my bonds partook, that I might be
 In turn partaker of its liberty.

Love found me in the wilderness, at cost
 Of painful quests, when I myself had lost.

Love on its shoulders joyfully did lay
 Me, weary with the greatness of the way.

Love lit the lamp and swept the house all
 round,

Till the lost money in the end was found.

Love the king's image there would stamp again,
 Effaced in part, and soiled with rust and
 stain.

'T was Love, whose quick and ever-watchful eye
 The wanderer's first step homeward did espy.
 From its own wardrobe Love gave word to
 bring
 What things I needed, — shoes, and robe, and
 ring.

Love threatens that it may not strike, and still
 Unheeded, strikes, that so it may not kill.

Love set me up on high; when I grew vain
 Of that my height, Love brought me down
 again.

Love often draws good for us from our ill,
 Skilful to bless us even against our will.

The bond-servant of Love alone is free;
 All other freedom is but slavery.

How far above all price Love's costly wine,
 Which can the meanest chalice make divine!

Fear this effects, that I do not the ill,
 Love more, — that I thereunto have no will.

Seeds burst not their dark cells without a
 throe;
 All birth is effort; shall not Love's be so?

Love weeps, but from its eyes these two
 things win

The largest tears, — its own, its brother's sin.

The sweetness of the trodden camomile
 Is Love's, which, injured, yields more sweets
 the while.

The heart of Love is with a thousand woes
 Pierced, which secure indifference never
 knows.

The rose aye wears the silent thorn at heart,
 And never yet might pain for Love depart.

Once o'er this painful earth a man did move,
 The Man of griefs, because the Man of Love.

Hope, Faith, and Love, at God's high altar
 shine,

Lamp triple-branched, and fed with oil divine.

Two of these triple-lights shall once grow pale,
 They burn without, but Love within the veil.

Nothing is true but Love, nor aught of worth;
 Love is the incense which doth sweeten earth.

O merchant at heaven's mart for heavenly ware,
 Love is the only coin that passes there.

The wine of Love can be obtained of none,
 Save him who trod the wine-press all alone.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D.

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

LOVE, lift me up upon thy golden wings,
From this base world unto thy heavens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy sovaine
might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly hymne may sing
Unto the God of love, high heavens King.

Many lewd layes (ah! woe is me the more!)
In praise of that mad fit which fooles call
love,

I have in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection move;
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the tenor of my string,
The heavenly praises of true love to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire
To reade my fault, and, wondring at my flame,
To warme yourselves at my wide sparkling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my
blame,

And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame;
For who my passed follies now pursues,
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renews.

Before this worlds great frame, in which all
things

Are now contained, found any being-place,
Ere fitting time could wag his eyas wings
About that mightie bound which doth embrace
The rolling spheres, and parts their houres
by space,

That high eternall Powre, which now doth
move

In all these things, mov'd in it selfe by love.

It lov'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire;
(For faire is lov'd;) and of it selfe begot,
Like to it selfe his eldest sonne and heire,
Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,
The firstling of his joy, in whom no jot
Of loves dislike or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equall honour crown'd.

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,
In endlesse glorie and immortall might,
Together with that, third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most Almighty Spright!
Whose kingdomes throne no thought of
earthly wight

Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling
verse

With equall words can hope it to reherse.

Yet, O most blessed Spirit! pure lampe of
light,

Eternall spring of grace and wisdoms trew,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright
Some little drop of thy celestiaall dew,
That may my rymes with sweet infuse em-
brew,

And give me words equall unto my thought,
To tell the marveiles by thy mercie wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace,
And full of fruitfull love, that loves to get
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not in powre so
great,

Yet full of beautie, next he did beget
An infinite increase of angels bright,
All glistring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heavens illimitable hight
(Not this round heaven, which we from hence
behold,

Adorned with thousand lamps of burning
light,

And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning
gold,)

He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve him in eternall blis,
And be partakers of those joyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicites
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his messages doth send,
Or on his owne dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glorie of his light,
And caroll hymnes of love both day and night.

Both day, and night, is unto them all one;
For he his beames doth still to them extend,
That darknesse there appeareth never none:
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse, an end.
(But there their termelesse time in pleasure
spend;

Ne ever should their happiness decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobey.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puffe them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan cast their state how to increase
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in Gods owne seat without commis-
sion:

The brightest angell, even the child of light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of his consuming yre,

And with his onely breath them blew away
 From heavens hight, to which they did aspyre,
 To deepest hell, and lake of damned fyre,
 Where they in darknesse and dread horror
 dwell,
 Hating the happie light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers love,
 Next to himselfe in glorious degree,
 Degendering to hate, fell from above
 Through pride (for pride and love may ill
 agree)

And now of sinne to all ensample bee;
 How then can sinfull flesh itselfe assure,
 Sith purest angels fell to be impure?

But that eternall Fount of love and grace,
 Still flowing forth his goodnesse unto all,
 Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
 In his wyde pallace, through those angels
 fall,

Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
 A new unknowen colony therein,
 Whose root from earths base groundworke
 shold begin.

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to
 nought,
 Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his
 might,
 According to an heavenly patterne wrought,
 Which he had fashioned in his wise foresight,
 He man did make, and breathd a living
 spright
 Into his face most beautifull and fayre,
 Endewd with wisdomes riches, heavenly,
 rare.

Such he him made, that he resemble might
 Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could;
 Him to be lord of every living wight
 He made by love out of his owne like mould,
 In whom he might his mightie selfe behould;
 For love doth love the thing belov'd to see,
 That like itselfe in lovely shape may bee.

But man, forgetfull of his Makers grace
 No lesse then angels whom he did ensw,
 Fell from the hope of promist heavenly place,
 Into the mouth of death, to sinners dew,
 And all his off-spring into thraldome threw,
 Where they for ever should in bonds remaine
 Of never-dead yet ever-dying paine;

Till that great Lord of love, which him at first
 Made of meere love, and after liked well,
 Seeing him lie like creatures long accurst

In that deepe horror of despeyred hell,
 Him, wretch, in doole would let no lenger
 dwell,
 But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
 And pay the price, all were his debt extreme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
 In which he reigned with his glorious syre,
 He downe descended, like a fraile demisse
 And abject thrall, in fleshes froite attyre,
 That he for him might pay sinnes deadly
 hyre,

And him restore unto that happie state
 In which he stood before his haplesse fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
 Therefore in flesh it must be satisfde;
 Nor spirit, nor ancell, though they man surpas,
 Could make amends to God for mans mis-
 guyde,

But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slyde:
 So, taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
 For mans deare sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was
 borne

Without all blemish or reproachfull blame,
 He freely gave to be both rent and torne
 Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
 Revyling him, that them most vile became,
 At length him nayled on a gallow-tree,
 And slew the Just by most unjust decree.

O huge and most unspeakable impression
 Of loves deepe wound, that pierst the piteous
 hart

Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection,
 And, sharply launching every inner part,
 Dolours of death into his soule did dart,
 Doing him die that never it deserved,
 To free his foes, that from his heast had
 swerved!

What hart can feele least touch of so sore
 launch,
 Or thought can think the depth of so deare
 wound?

Whose bleeding sourse their streames yet
 never staunch

But stil do flow, and freshly still redound,
 To heal the sores of sinfull soules unsound,
 And cense the guilt of that infected cryme
 Which was enrooted in all fleshy slyme.

O blessed well of love! O floure of grace!
 O glorious morning-starre! O lamps of light!
 Most lively image of thy Fathers face,
 Eternall King of glorie, Lord of might,

Meeke Lamb of God, before all worlds beight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy most precious
blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
But love of us, for guerdon of thy paine:
Ay me! what can us lesse then that behove?
Had he required life of us againe,
Had it bene wrong to aske his owne with
gaine?

He gave us life, he it restored lost;
Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But he our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was
band;

Ne ought demands but that we loving bee,
As he himselfe hath lov'd us afore-hand,
And bound thereto with an eternall band
Him first to love that us so dearly bought,
And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fared had amisse,
Us wretches from the second death did save;
And last, the food of life, which now we
have,

Even he himselfe, in his deare sacrament,
To feede our hungry souls, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were
made

Of that selfe mould, and that selfe Makers
hand,

That we, and to the same againe shall fade,
Where they shall have like heritage of land,
How ever here on higher steps we stand,
Which also were with selfe-same price re-
deemed

That we, how ever of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet since that loving Lord
Commanded us to love them for his sake,
Even for his sake, and for his sacred word,
Which in his last bequest he to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs
partake;

Knowing that, whatsoere to them we give,
We give to him by whom we all doe live.

Such mercy he by his most holy reede
Unto us taught, and to approve it trew,
Ensampled it by his most righteous deede,
Shewing us mercie (miserable crew!)
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And love our brethren; thereby to approve
How much, himselfe that loved us, we love.

Then rouze thy selfe, O earth! out of thy
soyle,

In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,
And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures
moyle,

Unmindfull of that dearest Lord of thyne;
Lift up to him thy heavie clouded eyne,
That thou his souveraine bountie mayst behold,
And read, through love, his mercies manifó'd.

Beginne from first, where he encradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Betweene the toylfull oxe and humble asse,
And in what rags, and in how base aray,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When him the silly shepherds came to see,
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest
knee.

From thence reade on the storie of his life,
His humble carriage, his unfaulty wayes,
His cancred foes, his flights, his toyle, his
strife,

His paines, his povertie, his sharpe assayes,
Through which he past his miserable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malist both of great and small.

And looke at last, how of most wretched
wights

He taken was, betrayd, and false accused;
How with most scornfull taunts, and fell de-
spights,

He was revyld, disgrast, and foule abused:
How scourgd, how crownd, how buffeted,
how brused;

And lastly, how twixt robbers crucifyde,
With bitter wounds through hands, through
feet, and syde!

Then let thy flinty hart, that feeles no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorse,
And let thy bowels bleede in every vaine,
At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
So torne and mangled with malicious forse;
And let thy soule, whose sins his sorrows
wrought,

Melt into teares, and grone in grieved thought.

With sence whereof, whilest so thy softened
spirit

Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale
Through meditation of his endless merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weale,
And to his souveraine mercie doe appeale;
Learne him to love that loved thee so deare,
And in thy breast his blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,
Thou must him love, and his beheasts embrace ;

All other loves, with which the world doth blind

Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thy selfe unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possesst,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
And all earthes glorie, on which men do gaze,
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted
eye,

Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze

With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soule inspired bee
With heavenly thoughts farre above humane
skil,

And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
The idee of his pure glorie present still
Be'fore thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweet enragement of celestiall love,
Kindled through sight of those faire things
above.

EDMUND SPENSER.

OH, HOW COULD I FORGET HIM ?

“ Wie könnst' ich Sein vergessen.”

OH, how could I forget Him
Who ne'er forgetteth me ?

Or tell the love that let him
Come down to set me free ?

I lay in darkest sadness,
Till he made all things new ;
And still fresh love and gladness
Flow from that heart so true.

Oh, how could I e'er leave him
Who is so kind a Friend ?
Or how could ever grieve him
Who thus to me doth bend ?

Have I not seen him dying
For us on yonder tree ?

Do I not hear him crying :
“ Arise and follow me !”

Forever will I love him

Who saw my hopeless plight,
Who felt my sorrows move him,
And brought me life and light :
Whose arm shall be around me
When my last hour is come,
And suffer none to wound me,
Though dark the passage home.

He gives me pledges holy,
His body and his blood ;
He lifts the scorned, the lowly,
He makes my courage good ;
For he will reign within me,
And shed his graces there :
The heaven he died to win me,
Can I then fail to share ?

In joy and sorrow ever
Shine through me, blessed Heart,
Who, bleeding for us, never
Didst shrink from sores smart !
Whate'er I've loved or striven
Or borne, I bring to thee ;
Now let thy heart and heaven
Stand open, Lord, to me !

GOTTLIEB CHRISTIAN KERN. Translated by
CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1853.

JESUS, THY BLOOD AND RIGHT-
EOUSNESS.

“ Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit.”

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me — e'en for my soul — was shed.

Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then this shall be all my plea :
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,
Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim;
Sinners of whom the chief I am.

Jesus, be endless praise to thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me, —
For me, and all thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

Ah ! give to all thy servants, Lord,
With power to speak thy gracious word ;
That all who to thy wounds will flee,
May find eternal life in thee.

Thou, God of power, thou, God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove !
Now let thy word o'er all prevail ;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

NICOLAUS LUDWIG VON ZINZENDORF, 1739. Freely
reproduced and abridged by JOHN WESLEY, 1740.

THY LOVE.

"I, even I, am he that comforteth you."
ISA. ii 12.

SWEET is the solace of thy love,
My heavenly Friend, to me,
While through the hidden way of faith
I journey home with thee,
Learning by quiet thankfulness
As a dear child to be.

Though from the shadow of thy peace
My feet would often stray,
Thy mercy follows all my steps,
And will not turn away ;
Yea, thou wilt comfort me at last,
As none beneath thee may.

Oft in a dark and lonely place,
I hush my hastened breath,
To hear the comfortable words
Thy loving Spirit saith :
And feel my safety in thy hand
From every kind of death.

Oh, there is nothing in the world
To weigh against thy will ;
Even the dark times I dread the most
Thy covenant fulfil ;
And when the pleasant morning dawns
I find thee with me still.

Then in the secret of my soul,
Though hosts my peace invade,
Though through a waste and weary land
My lonely way be made,
Thou, even thou, wilt comfort me, —
I need not be afraid.

Still in the solitary place
I would awhile abide,
Till with the solace of thy love
My heart is satisfied ;
And all my hopes of happiness
Stay calmly at thy side.

ANNA L. WARING.

THE PASTOR.

"Pastor Animarum."

COME, wandering sheep, oh, come !
I'll bind thee to my breast ;
I'll bear thee to thy home,
And lay thee down to rest.

I saw thee stray forlorn,
And heard thee faintly cry,
And on the tree of scorn
For thee I deigned to die.
What greater proof could I
Give, than to seek the tomb ?
Come, wandering sheep, oh, come !

I shield thee from alarms,
And wilt thou not be blest ?
I bear thee in my arms ;
Thou, bear me in thy breast !
Oh, this is love ! Come, rest ;
This is a blissful doom,
Come, wandering sheep, oh, come !

Translated from the Spanish by
EDWARD CASWALL.

JOY AND GLADNESS.

Joy and gladness ! joy and gladness !
O happy day !
Every thought of sin and sadness
Chase, chase away.
Heard ye not the angels telling,
Christ the Lord of might excelling,
On the earth with man is dwelling,
Clad in our clay ?

With the shepherd throng around him
Haste we to bow :
By the angels' sign they found him,
We know him now ;

New-born Babe of houseless stranger,
Cradled low in Bethlehem's manger,
Saviour from our sin and danger,
Jesus, 't is thou !

God of life, in mortal weakness,
Hail, Virgin-born !
Infinite in lowly meekness,
Thou wilt not scorn ;
Though all heaven is singing o'er thee,
And gray wisdom bows before thee,
When our youthful hearts adore thee,
This holy morn.

Son of Mary, (blessed mother !)
Thy love we claim ;
Son of God, our elder brother,
(O gentle name !)
To thy Father's throne ascended,
With thine own his glory blended,
Thou art, all thy trials ended,
Ever the same.

Thou wert born to tears and sorrows,
Pilgrim divine ;
Watchful nights and weary morrows,
Brother, were thine :
By thy fight with strong temptation,
By thy cup of tribulation,
O thou God of our salvation,
With mercy shine !

In thy holy footsteps treading,
Guide, lest we stray ;
From thy word of promise shedding
Light on our way ;
Never leave us nor forsake us,
Like thyself in mercy make us,
And at last to glory take us,
Jesus, we pray.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D.D.

1847.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

LOPE FELIX DE LA VEGA CARPIO, the wonderful poet of Spain, was born at Madrid, Nov. 25, 1562, and died at the same place, Aug. 26, 1635. Few writers, ancient or modern, have surpassed this author in productiveness, while he is almost equally remarkable for his poetic genius and correctness of style.

SHEPHERD ! that with thine amorous, sylvan
song
Hast broken the slumber that encompassed
me,
Who mad'st thy crook from the accursed tree,
On which thy powerful arms were stretched
so long !
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains :

For thou my Shepherd, guard, and guide
shalt be ;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all-beautiful upon the mountains
Hear, Shepherd ! thou who for thy flock art
dying,
Oh, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
Oh wait ! to thee my weary soul is crying.
Wait for me ! Yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou 'rt waiting
still for me !

From the Spanish of LOPE DE VEGA. Translated
by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

PEACE.

„Hoch am Himmel stand die Sonne.“

HEINRICH HEINE, who after the publication of his "Book of Songs" in 1822, was one of the most widely read authors in Germany, was born Dec. 12, 1799, and died at Paris, Feb. 17, 1856.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND, a versatile American writer, was born in Philadelphia, Aug. 15, 1824, and graduated at Princeton College in 1846. He subsequently studied abroad, and has lived much in Europe. He translated from Heine "Pictures of Travel" and "Book of Songs."

HIGH in heaven the sun was standing,
By cold-white vapors bedimmed.
The sea was still,
And, musing, I lay by the helm of the vessel,
Dreamily musing, — and, half in waking
And half in slumber, I saw in vision
The Saviour of earth.
In flowing, snow-white garments
He wandered giant-high
Over land and sea ;
He lifted his head unto heaven,
His hands were stretched forth in blessing
Over land and sea ;
And as a heart in his breast
He bore the sun-orb,
The ruddy, radiant sun-orb,
And the ruddy, radiant, burning heart
Poured forth its beams of mercy
And its gracious and love-blessed light,
Enlightening and warming,
Over land and sea.
Sweetest bell-tones drew us gayly
Here and there, like swans soft leading
By bands of roses the smooth-gliding ship,
And swam with it sporting to a verdant sea-
shore,
Where men were living in a high-towering
And stately town.

Oh, peaceful wonder ! how still the town !
Where the sounds of this world were silent,
Of prattling and sultry employment,

And o'er the clean and echoing highways
Mortals were walking, in pure white garments,
Bearing palm-branches,
And whenever two met together,
They saw each other with ready feeling,
And, thrilling with true love and sweet self-
denial,

Each pressed a kiss on the forehead,
And looked up on high
To the sun-heart of the Saviour,
Which, gladly atoning, his crimson blood,
Flashed down upon them,
And, trebly blessed, thus they spoke :
"Blessed be Jesus Christ !"

HEINRICH HEINE. Translated by
C. G. LELAND, 1863.

◆

THE PEACE OF CHRIST.

JOHN ANTES LA TROBE, a graduate of Oxford, and son of
C. I. La Trobe, was born in London, and became honorary
canon of Carlisle Cathedral. He retired from the active du-
ties of the ministry in 1863.

LET not your heart be faint,
My peace I give to you :
Such peace as reason never planned,
As worldlings never knew.

'T is not the stilly calm
That bodes a tempest nigh,
Or lures the heedless mariner
Where rocks and quicksands lie.

It is not nature's sleep,
The stupor of the soul,
That knows not God, nor owns his hand,
Though wide his thunders roll.

'T is not the sleep of death,
Low in the darksome grave,
Where the worm spreads its couch and feeds,
No hand put forth to save.

It speaks a ransomed world,
A Father reconciled,
A sinner to a saint transformed,
A rebel to a child.

It tells of joys to come,
It soothes the troubled breast,
It shines, a star amid the storm,
The harbinger of rest.

Then murmur not, nor mourn,
My people faint and few ;
Though earth to its foundation shake,
My peace I leave with you !

JOHN ANTES LA TROBE.

REDEMPTION.

WHEN I remember Christ our burden bears,
I look for glory, but find misery ;
I look for joy, but find a sea of tears ;
I look that we should live, and find him die ;
I look for angels' songs, and hear him cry :
Thus what I look, I cannot find so well ;
Or, rather, what I find I cannot tell ;
These banks so narrow are, these streams so
highly swell.

Christ suffers, and in this his tears begin ;
Suffers for us — and our joys spring in this ;
Suffers to death — here is his manhood
seen ;

Suffers to rise — and here his Godhead is ;
For man, that could not by himself have ris'
Out of the grave doth by the Godhead rise ;
And lived, that could not die, in manhood dies,
That we in both might live by that sweet
sacrifice.

A tree was first the instrument of strife,
Where Eve to sin her soul did prostitute ;
A tree is now the instrument of life,
Though ill that trunk and this fair body suit :
Ah ! fatal tree, and yet, oh, blessed fruit !
That death to him, this life to us doth give ;
Strange is the cure, when things past cure
revive,
And the physician dies to make his patient live.

Sweet Eden was the arbor of delight,
Yet in his honey flowers our poison blew ;
Sad Gethsemane, the bower of baleful night,
Where Christ a health of poison for us drew,
Yet all our honey in that poison grew :
So we from sweetest flowers could suck our
bane,
And Christ from bitter venom could again
Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of
pain.

A man was first the author of our fall,
A man is now the author of our rise :
A garden was the place we perished all,
A garden is the place he pays our price :
And the old serpent, with a new device,
Hath found a way himself for to beguile ;
So he, that all men tangled in his wile,
Is now by one man caught, beguiled with his
own guile.

The dewy night had with her frosty shade
Immantled all the world, and the stiff ground
Sparkled in ice : only the Lord that made
All for himself, himself dissolved found,

Sweat without heat, and bled without a wound;
Of heaven and earth, and God and man forlore,
Thrice begging help of those whose sins he
bore,
And thrice denied of one, not to deny had
swore.

GILES FLETCHER.

GOD MANIFEST IN THE FLESH.

"Corde natus ex Parentis."

SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER was one of the compilers of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," a volume of almost unprecedented popularity, two million copies having been sold on its publication in 1861, and the annual sale being about half a million copies. He is a son of Sir Henry Loraine Baker, and was born in London, May 27, 1821. He was educated at Cambridge, entered holy orders, and was appointed vicar of Monkland Herts. He has written many original hymns and translations. The Latin from which this is taken was composed by AURELIUS CLEMENS PRUDENTIUS, born probably in Saragossa, Spain, in 348. He followed the law, and was a favorite in the Court of Rome, but in his fifty-seventh year, becoming convinced of the unsatisfying nature of earthly honors, retired to his native land, and spent his life in religious pursuits, among which was the composition of hymns and poems. He died about 413.

Of the Father's love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending he,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore!

At his word the worlds were framed;
He commanded; it was done:
Heaven and earth and depths of ocean
In their threefold order one;
All that grows beneath the shining
Of the moon and burning sun,
Evermore and evermore!

He is found in human fashion,
Death and sorrow here to know,
That the race of Adam's children,
Doomed by law to endless woe,
May not henceforth die and perish
In that dreadful gulf below,
Evermore and evermore!

Oh that birth forever blessed,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race;
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First revealed his sacred face,
Evermore and evermore!

This is he whom seers in old time
Chanted of with one accord;
Whom the voices of the prophets
Promised in their faithful word;

Now he shines, the long-expected:
Let creation praise its Lord:
Evermore and evermore!

O ye heights of heaven, adore him!
Angel-hosts his praises sing!
All dominions bow before him
And extol our God and King:
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore!

Righteous Judge of souls departed!
Righteous King of them that live!
On the Father's throne exalted,
None in might with thee may strive:
Who at last in vengeance coming,
Sinners from thy face shalt drive,
Evermore and evermore!

Thee let old men, thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens
With glad voices answering;
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore!

Christ! to thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to thee!
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honor, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore: Amen.

PRUDENTIUS. Translated by SIR H. W. BAKER
and J. M. NEALE, D. D.

HOSANNA.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing,
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer;
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim;
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest;

And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

REGINALD HEBER.

1811.

STILL ON THY LOVING HEART.

"Still an Deinem liebevollen Herzen."

KARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA, a German pastor and one of the most gifted and popular hymn-writers of Germany, was born at Hanover, Aug. 1, 1801, and died Sept. 28, 1859. He was a graduate of the University of Göttingen, and a man of genius united with simple Christian faith.

STILL on thy loving heart let me repose,
Jesus, sweet Author of my joy and rest;
Oh, let me pour my sorrows, cares, and woes,
Into thy true and sympathizing breast!
Thy love grows never cold, but its pure flame
Seems every day more strong and bright to
glow:
Thy truth remains eternally the same,
Pure and unsullied as the mountain snow.

Oh, what is other love compared with thine;
Of such high value, such eternal worth!
What is man's love compared with love divine,
Which never changes in this changing
earth,—
Love, which in this cold world grows never
cold;
Love, which decays not with the world's
decay;
Love, which is young when all things else
grow old,
Which lives when heaven and earth shall
pass away?

How little love unchangeable and fixed
In this dark valley doth to man remain!
With what unworthy motive is it mixed!
How full of grief, uncertainty, and pain!
Love is the object which attracts all eyes:
We win it, and already fear to part;
A thousand rivals watch to seize the prize,
And tear the precious idol from our heart.

But thou, in spite of our offences past,
And those, alas! which still in us are found,
Hast loved us, Jesus, with a love so vast,
No span can reach it, and no plummet
sound.

Though the poor love we give thee in return
Should be extinguished, thine is ever true;
Its vestal fire eternally doth burn,
Though everlasting, always fresh and new.

Thou, who art ever ready to embrace
All those who truly after thee inquire;
Thou who hast promised in thy heart a place
To all who love thee, and a place desire,—
O Lord, when I am anxious and deprest,
And dim with tears, mine eyes can hardly see,
Oh, let me lean upon thy faithful breast,
Rejoicing that e'en I am loved by thee!

KARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA. Translated
by RICHARD MASSIE.

JOY IN CHRIST.

JOHN MOULTRIE, a descendant of a family that for generations had lived in Charleston, S. C., was born in London, Dec. 31, 1799, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, after which he was appointed rector of Rugby. He published several volumes of poetry. He died at Rugby, Dec. 26, 1874.

REJOICE in Christ alway:
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day
And peace shuts in the night.
Rejoice, when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress,
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.

Rejoice, when festal boughs
Our winter walls adorn,
And Christians greet with hymns and vows
The Saviour's natal morn.
Rejoice, when mourning weeds
The widowed church doth wear,
In memory of her Lord who bleeds,
While Christians fast to prayer.

Rejoice, in hope and fear;
Rejoice in life and death;
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth:
When should not they rejoice,
Whom Christ his brethren calls,—
Who hear and know his guiding voice,
When on their hearts it falls.

Yet not to rash excess,
Let joy like ours prevail;
Feast not on earth's deliciousness,
Till faith begins to fail.
Our temperate use of bliss,
Let it to all appear;
And be our constant watchword this,—
The Lord himself is near!

Take anxious care for nought,
 To God your wants make known ;
 And soar on wings of heavenly thought
 Toward his eternal throne ;
 So, though our path is steep,
 And many a tempest lowers,
 Shall his own peace our spirits keep,
 And Christ's dear love be ours.

JOHN MOULTRIE.

PEACE AND JOY IN JESUS CHRIST.

" Jesu, meine Freude "

JOHANN FRANCK, one of the greatest of German hymn-writers, was born in Saxony, June 1, 1618, and died in 1677. He was educated at the University of Königsberg, where his poetical tendencies were fostered by Simon Dach, Professor of Poetry. He composed many profound and massive hymns full of the mystic longing for union with Christ that is a mark of the writings of Silesius and others.

JESUS, my chief pleasure,
 Jesus, my heart's treasure,
 Matchless pearl of grace!
 Long my heart hath panted,
 And hath wellnigh fainted,
 To behold thy face.
 Lamb who died, behold thy bride!
 Oh, what tie can e'er be nearer?
 Who than Jesus dearer?

When the tempest rages,
 In the Rock of Ages
 I will safely hide ;
 Though the earth be shaking,
 And all hearts be quaking,
 Christ is at my side.
 Lightnings flash, and thunders crash ;
 Yea, though sin and hell assail me,
 Jesus will not fail me.

Hence, deluding pleasure !
 Jesus is the treasure
 To my heart most dear.
 Hence, vain pomp and glories !
 To your flattering stories
 I will lend no ear.
 Grief and loss, shame, death, the cross,
 Though they may afflict, shall never
 Me from Jesus sever.

Hence, ye empty bubbles,
 Self-inflicted troubles,
 Vanish from my sight !
 Sins, which once could bind me,
 Get ye all behind me,
 Come not to the light.
 Pomp and pride, your faces hide !
 Hence, ye brood of sin and folly,
 I renounce you wholly.

Flee, ye shades of sadness !
 Christ, the Prince of gladness,
 Comes with me to sup.
 He may joy discover,
 Who is Christ's true lover,
 In the bitterest cup.
 Welcome cross, reproach, and loss,
 Thou art still my consolation
 In all tribulation.

JOHANN FRANCK. Translated by
 RICHARD MASSIE, 1863.

REDEEMING LOVE.

This hymn has been attributed to John Langford, a dissenting minister who died in 1790, and also to Martin Madan, a friend and relative of Cowper, who was born in 1726 and died in 1790.

Now begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
 Ye who his salvation prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye who see the Father's grace
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 As to Canaan on ye rove,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.

Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
 Banish all your guilty fears ;
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Cancelled by redeeming love.

Ye, alas ! who long have been
 Willing slaves of death and sin,
 Now from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop, and taste redeeming love.

Welcome, all by sin opprest,
 Welcome to his sacred rest ;
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.

When his Spirit leads us home,
 When we to his glory come,
 We shall all the fulness prove
 Of our Lord's redeeming love.

He subdued the infernal powers,
 Those tremendous foes of ours ;
 From their cursed empire drove,
 Mighty in redeeming love.

Hither, then, your music bring ;
 Strike aloud each joyful string :
 Mortals, join the host above,
 Join to praise redeeming love.

THE KING ETERNAL.

"A thousand years as one day."
 "Not yet fifty years old."

GLORY on glory compassed him around
 From everlasting on to everlasting years ;
 And through the depths of glory rang the
 sound,

The voices of the seraphs standing crowned,
 And glorifying God through all the years :
 A thousand years of glory swept along

Year after year ;

But on his face who sitteth on the throne
 No hope or fear

In all these wide long years had marked a
 change,

And unto him came nothing sad or strange.

The years told on him heavily,
 And he was grown old before his time:
 And it seemed so long since the sweet low
 chime

Of the angel-voices had died away
 As he passed out from the golden city,
 Through the starry spaces that round it lay,
 And down, in the strength of his own strong
 pity,

To our dark earth rolling drearily ;
 And the years told on him wearily.

Glory on glory compasseth him round,
 From henceforth unto all the deathless years ;
 The smile of God, wherewith he sitteth
 crowned,

More sweet, because the memory of tears
 Is in his heart, and dieth not away :
 And in exchange for every weary day
 He spent on earth, some blessed soul for-
 given,

Some face once darkened with our sin and
 night

Is lifted up to him in cloudless light,
 And addeth glory to these days of heaven.

BARBARA MILLER MACANDREW.

THE SACRED HEART.

WHAT wouldst thou have, O soul,
 Thou weary soul ?

Lo ! I have sought for rest
 On the earth's heaving breast,
 From pole to pole.

Sleep, — I have been with her,
 But she gave dreams ;

Death, — nay, the rest he gives
 Rest only seems.

Fair nature knows it not, —
 The grass is growing ;

The blue air knows it not, —

The winds are blowing :
 Not in the changing sky,

The stormy sea,
 Yet somewhere in God's wide world
 Rest there must be.

Within thy Saviour's heart

Place all thy care,
 And learn, O weary soul,
 Thy rest is there.

What wouldst thou, trembling soul ?

Strength for the strife, —
 Strength for this fiery war

That we call life.

Fears gather thickly round ;
 Shadowy foes,

Like unto armed men,
 Around me close.

What am I, frail and poor,
 When griefs arise ?

No help from the weak earth,
 Or the cold skies.

Lo ! I can find no guards,

No weapons borrow ;

Shrinking, alone I stand,

With mighty sorrow.

Courage, thou trembling soul,
 Grief thou must bear,

Yet thou canst find a strength

Will match despair ;

Within thy Saviour's heart,
 Seek for it there.

What wouldst thou have, sad soul,
 Oppressed with grief ? —

Comfort : I seek in vain,
 Nor find relief.

Nature, all pitiless,
 Smiles on my pain ;

I ask my fellow-men,
 They give disdain.

I asked the babbling streams,
 But they flowed on ;

I asked the wise and good,
 But they gave none.

Though I have asked the stars,
 Coldly they shine ;

They are too bright to know
 Grief such as mine.

I asked for comfort still,

And I found tears,

And I have sought in vain
 Long, weary years.

Listen, thou mournful soul,
 Thy pain shall cease ;

Deep in his sacred heart
 Dwells joy and peace.

Yes, in that heart divine
 The angels bright
 Find, through eternal years,
 Still new delight.
 From thence his constancy
 The martyr drew,
 And there the virgin band
 Their refuge knew.
 There, racked by pain without,
 And dread within,
 How many souls have found
 Heaven's bliss begin.
 Then leave thy vain attempts
 To seek for peace ;
 The world can never give
 One soul release :
 But in thy Saviour's heart
 Securely dwell,
 No pain can harm thee, hid
 In that sweet cell.
 Then fly, O coward soul,
 Delay no more :
 What words can speak the joy
 For thee in store ?
 What smiles of earth can tell
 Of peace like thine ?
 Silence and tears are best
 For things divine.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

COME UNTO ME.

Κόπον τε καὶ κάματον.

ST. STEPHEN, like St John of Damascus, his uncle, and St. Cosmas, was an inmate of the monastery of St. Sabas, between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. Little is known of his life, except that he was born in 725, and died in 794.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distrest ?
 "Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
 Be at rest !"

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
 If he be my Guide ?
 "In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And his side."

Is there diadem, as monarch,
 That his brow adorns ?
 "Yea, a crown, in very surety,
 But of thorns !"

If I find him, if I follow,
 What his guerdon here ?
 "Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
 What hath he at last ?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan past !"

If I ask him to receive me,
 Will he say me nay ?
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away !"

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is he sure to bless ?

"Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
 Answer, Yes !"

STEPHEN, THE SABAITE. Translated by
 JOHN MASON NEALE.

SWEETEST JESUS.

Ἰησοῦ γλυκύτατε.

THEOCISTUS of the Studium is said to have been the friend of St. Joseph, but is only known to us by the "Suppliant Canon to Jesus," to be found at the end of the "Paracletice." The following is a Cento formed from it.

JESU, name all names above,
 Jesu, best and dearest,
 Jesu, fount of perfect love,
 Holiest, tenderest, nearest ;
 Jesu, source of grace completest,
 Jesu purest, Jesu sweetest,
 Jesu, well of power divine,
 Make me, keep me, seal me thine !

Jesu, open me the gate
 That of old he entered,
 Who, in that most lost estate,
 Wholly on thee ventured ;
 Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,
 And thy Passion interceding,
 From my misery let me rise
 To a home in paradise !

Thou didst call the prodigal :
 Thou didst pardon Mary :
 Thou whose words can never fall,
 Love can never vary :
 Lord, amidst my lost condition
 Give—for thou canst give—contrition !
 Thou canst pardon all mine ill
 If thou wilt : oh, say, "I will !"

Woe, that I have turned aside
 After fleshly pleasure !
 Woe, that I have never tried
 For the heavenly treasure !
 Treasure, safe in homes supernal ;
 Incorruptible, eternal !
 Treasure no less price hath won
 Than the Passion of the Son !

Jesu, crowned with thorns for me!
 Scourged for my transgression!
 Witnessing, through agony,
 That thy good confession;
 Jesu, clad in purple raiment,
 For my evils making payment;
 Let not all thy woe and pain,
 Let not Calvary, be in vain!

When I reach death's bitter sea
 And its waves roll higher,
 Help the more forsaking me
 As the storm draws nigher;
 Jesu, leave me not to languish,
 Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish!
 Tell me, "Verily, I say,
 Thou shalt be with me to-day!"

THEOCISTUS. Translated by
 JOHN MASON NEALE.

MORE LOVE TO CHRIST.

MRS. ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS, youngest daughter of the celebrated Dr. Edward Payson, was born in Portland, Me., Oct. 26, 1818, and in 1845 became the wife of George Lewis Prentiss, D. D., now professor in Union Theological Seminary, New York City. Her career as a writer began in 1854, when she published "The Flower of the Family," anonymously, which was very successful. Probably one hundred thousand copies of her "Stepping Heavenward" have been sold. Mrs. Prentiss died in 1878. Her poems are collected in a volume published by Randolph, New York, entitled "Golden Hours," and her works have been republished in England.

MORE love to thee, O Christ!
 More love to thee!
 Hear thou the prayer I make,
 On bended knee;
 This is my earnest plea,—
 More love, O Christ! to thee,
 More love to thee!

Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest;
 Now thee alone I seek,
 Give what is best:
 This all my prayer shall be,—
 More love, O Christ! to thee,
 More love to thee!

Let sorrow do its work,
 Send grief and pain;
 Sweet are thy messengers,
 Sweet their refrain,
 When they can sing with me,—
 More love, O Christ! to thee,
 More love to thee!

Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper thy praise;

This be the parting cry
 My heart shall raise,—
 This still its prayer shall be,—
 More love, O Christ! to thee,
 More love to thee!

ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS.

1869.

CHRIST'S COMING.

GODFREY THRING, an English clergyman, was born at Alford in 1823, and graduated at Oxford University in 1845.

JESUS came, the heavens adoring,
 Came with peace from realms on high;
 Jesus came for man's redemption,
 Lowly came on earth to die;
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Came in deep humility.

Jesus comes again in mercy,
 When our hearts are bowed with care;
 Jesus comes again in answer
 To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Comes to save us from despair.

Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
 Bringing news of sins forgiven;
 Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
 Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Now the gate of death is riven.

Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
 Shares alike our hopes and fears;
 Jesus comes whate'er befalls us,
 Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Cheering e'en our failing years.

Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
 When the heavens shall pass away;
 Jesus comes again in glory;
 Let us then our homage pay,
 Hallelujah! ever singing,
 Till the dawn of endless day.

1866.

GODFREY THRING.

GOSPEL TIMES.

How beautiful are their feet
 Who stand on Zion's hill!
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal.

How charming is their voice!
 How sweet their tidings, are!
 "Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
 He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God!

ISAAC WATTS.

1719.

EXCEEDING GREAT AND PRE- CIOUS PROMISES.

The authorship of the following is doubtful, though it is usually attributed to GEORGE KEITH, a publisher in London, who was a son-in-law of Dr. Gill, and is said to have composed hymns on the themes discussed in the sermons of his father-in-law.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?

In every condition, — in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand thy succor shall be

Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed;
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
borne.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

GEORGE KEITH.

1787.

GUIDANCE THROUGH LIFE.

JANE TAYLOR, daughter of Isaac Taylor of Ongar, was born at London, Sept. 23, 1723, and died at Ongar, Essex, April 12, 1824. She wrote, in conjunction with her mother and with her sister ANN, books for the young. She was a friend of Miss Anne Maxwell, who became the wife of the poet Henry Francis Lyte.

THOU, who didst for Peter's faith
Kindly condescend to pray,
Thou, whose loving-kindness hath
Kept me to the present day,
Kind Conductor,
Still direct my devious way!

When a tempting world in view
Gains upon my yielding heart,
When its pleasures I pursue,
Then one look of pity dart, —
Teach me pleasures
Which the world can ne'er impart.

When with horrid thoughts profane
Satan would my soul invade,
When he calls religion vain,
Mighty Victor, be my aid!
Send thy Spirit,
Bid me conflict undismayed.

When my unbelieving fear
Makes me think myself too vile,
When the legal curse I hear,
Cheer me with a gospel smile:
Or if hiding,
Hide thee only for a while.

When I listen to thy word,
In thy temple cold and dead,
When I cannot see my Lord,
All faith's little daylight fled,
Sun of glory,
Beam again around my head.

When thy statutes I forsake,
 When my graces dimly shine,
 When the covenant I break,
 Jesus, then remember thine ;
 Check my wanderings
 By a look of love divine.

Then if heavenly dews distil,
 And my views are bright and clear,
 While I sit on Zion's hill,
 Temper joy with holy fear ;
 Keep me watchful,
 Safe alone while thou art near.

When afflictions cloud my sky,
 When the tide of sorrow flows,
 When the rod is lifted high,
 Let me on thy love repose ;
 Stay thy rough wind,
 When thy chilling east-wind blows.

When the vale of death appears,
 Faint and cold this mortal clay,
 Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
 Light me through the darksome way ;
 Break the shadows,
 Usher in eternal day.

Starting from this dying state,
 Upward bid my soul aspire,
 Open thou the crystal gate,
 To thy praise attune my lyre ;
 Dwell forever,
 Dwell on each immortal wire.

From the sparkling turrets there,
 Oft I 'll trace my pilgrim way,
 Often bless thy guardian care,
 Fire by night, and cloud by day ;
 While my triumphs
 At my Leader's feet I lay.

And when mighty trumpets blown
 Shall the judgment dawn proclaim,
 From the central burning throne,
 Mid creation's final flame,
 With the ransomed,
 Judge and Saviour, own my name !

JANE TAYLOR.

CHRIST THE PRIEST FOREVER.

"Mein Jesu, dem die Seraphinen."

My Jesus, if the seraphim,
 The burning host that near thee stand,
 Before thy majesty are dim,
 And veil their face at thy command ;

How shall these mortal eyes of mine,
 Now dark with evil's hateful night,
 Endure to gaze upon the light
 That aye surrounds that throne of thine ?

Yet grant the eye of faith, O Lord,
 To pierce within the holy place ;
 For I am saved and thou adored,
 If I am quickened by thy grace.
 Behold, O King, before thy throne
 My soul in lowly love doth bend ;
 Oh, show thyself her gracious Friend,
 And say, "I choose thee for mine own."

Have mercy, Lord of love, for long
 My spirit for thy mercy sighs :
 My inmost soul hath found a tongue,
 "Be merciful, O God !" she cries :
 I know thou wilt not bid me go,
 Thou canst not be ungracious, Lord,
 To one for whom thy blood was poured,
 Whose guilt was cancelled by thy woe.

Here in thy gracious hands I fall,
 To thee I cling with faith's embrace :
 O righteous Sovereign, hear my call,
 And turn, oh, turn to me in grace !
 For through thy sorrows I am just,
 And guilt no more in me is found :
 Thus reconciled, my soul is bound
 To thee in endless love and trust.

And let thy wisdom be my guide,
 Nor take thy light from me away ;
 Thy grace be ever at my side,
 That from the path I may not stray
 That thou dost love, but evermore
 In steadfast faith my course fulfil,
 And keep thy word, and do thy will,
 Thy love within, thy heaven before !

Reach down, and arm me with thy hand,
 And strengthen me with inner might,
 That I, through faith, may strive and stand,
 Though craft and force against me fight :
 So shall the kingdom of thy love
 Be through me and within me spread,
 That honors thee, our glorious Head,
 And crowneth us in realms above.

Yes, yes, to thee my soul would cleave :
 Oh, choose it, Saviour, for thy throne !
 Couldst thou in love to me once leave
 The glory that was all thine own ?
 So honor thou my life and heart
 That thou mayst find a heaven in me :
 And, when this house decayed shall be,
 Then grant the heaven where now thou art.

To thee I rise in faith on high :
 Oh, bend thou down in love to me !
 Let nothing rob me of this joy,
 That all my soul is filled with thee :
 As long as I have life and breath,
 Thee will I honor, fear, and love ;
 And when this heart hath ceased to move,
 Yet love shall live and conquer death.

WOLFGANG CHRISTOPH DESSLER, 1692. Translated
 by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858.

CHRIST OUR LIGHT.

“ Was du vor tausend Jahren ”

Fouqué, the author of “ Undine,” was born at Neubrandenburg, Feb. 12, 1777, and died at Berlin, Jan. 23, 1843.

MISS FRANCES ELIZABETH COX was born at Oxford, England, where she lives. She is one of the earliest and most successful translators of German hymns.

A THOUSAND years have fled,
 And, Saviour, still we see
 Thy deed of love repeated
 On all who come to thee.
 As he who sat benighted,
 Afflicted, poor, and blind,
 So now, thy word is plighted,
 Joy, light, and peace I find.
 Dark gloom my spirit filling,
 Beside the way I sat ;
 Desire my heart was thrilling ;
 But anguish more than that.
 To me no ray was granted,
 Although I heard the psalms
 The faithful sweetly chanted,
 And felt the waving palms.

With grief my heart was aching ;
 O'erwhelming were my woes,
 Till, heaven-born courage taking,
 To thee my cry arose :
 “ O David's Son, relieve me,
 My bitter anguish quell ;
 Thy promised succor give me,
 And this dark night dispel ! ”

With tears that fast were flowing,
 I sought thee through the crowd,
 My heart more tender growing,
 Until I wept aloud :
 Oh, then my grief diminished ;
 For then they cried to me,
 “ Blind man, thy woe is finished ;
 Arise, he calleth thee ! ”

I came with steps that faltered ;
 Thy course I felt thee check ;
 Then straight my mind was altered,
 And bowed my stubborn neck :

Thou saidst, “ What art thou seeking ? ”
 “ O Lord ! that I might see ! ”
 Oh, then I heard thee speaking :
 “ Believe, and it shall be. ”

Our hope, Lord, faileth never,
 When thou thy word dost plight :
 My fears then ceased forever,
 And all my soul was light.
 Thou gavest me thy blessing ;
 From former guilt set free,
 Now heavenly joy possessing,
 O Lord ! I follow thee !

FRIEDRICH FREIHERR DE LA MOTTE-FOUQUE.
 Translated by FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

ON THE GLORY DEPICTED ROUND THE HEAD OF THE SAVIOUR.

A BLAMELESS fancy it perchance might be
 Which first with glory's radiant halo crowned
 thee ;
 Art's reverent homage, eager all should see
 The majesty of Godhead beaming round thee.

But if thine outward image had been such,
 The glory of the inner God revealing,
 What hand had dared thy vesture's hem to
 touch,
 Though conscious even touch was fraught
 with healing !

More truly, but more darkly, prophecy
 The form of thy humanity had painted :
 One not to be desired of the eye,
 A man of sorrows, and with grief acquainted.

Saviour and Lord ! if in thy mortal hour
 Prophets and saints alone could tell thy story,
 Oh, how shall painter's art, or poet's power,
 Describe thee coming in thy promised glory !

BERNARD BARTON.

HAIL, THOU ONCE DESPISED JESUS !

JOHN BAKEWELL was born in Derbyshire in 1721, and began to preach in 1744. He afterwards removed to London, and became one of the circle which included the Wesleys, Toplady, Madan, and others. Thomas Olivers is said to have composed his hymn, “ The God of Abraham praise,” at his house. He died in Lewisham in 1819. Toplady published the following hymn in his collection in 1776, after having made alterations in it to make it meet his views.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !
 Hail, thou Galilean King !
 Who didst suffer to release us ;
 Who didst free salvation bring :

Hail, thou universal Saviour,
Who hast borne our sin and shame!
By whose merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on thee laid;
By almighty Love appointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
Every sin may be forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading:
"Spare them yet another year";
Thou for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Jesu's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

JOHN BAKEWELL.

1760.

PRAISE TO JESUS!

WILLIAM BALL resided near Rydal, Westmoreland. He was bred to the bar, and belonged to the Society of Friends. His "Hymns and Lyrics" was published in 1864 for private circulation.

PRAISE to Jesus! Praise to God
For the love he sheds abroad,
Lightening o'er a world of sin,
Glowing in the heart within.

For the pristine promise made
E'en in Eden's darkened shade;
For the light of sacrifice,
Till the Morning Star should rise.

For the harp of prophecy,
Singing of redemption nigh;
For the Branch of Jesse's stem;
For the birth at Bethlehem.

For the sacred standard spread;
For the life our pattern led;
For his precept pure and true;
For his doctrine, like the dew.

For his love's inviting call,
All embracing, seeking all;
For the grace and truth he brought,
For the ransom he hath wrought.

For the crown of thorns he wore;
For the painful cross he bore;
For the dying word he said,
Sealed with blood of sprinkling shed.

For the radiant rising dawn,
For the sting of death withdrawn;
For the victory gained so well
O'er the grave and over hell.

For his glorious reign on high,
When he rose from Bethany;
For the heavenly peace he leaves;
For the Comforter he gives.

For his parting promise dear
Of his presence, always near;
For the blest assurance made
Of his intercessory aid.

For the pledge that we shall rise,
In his likeness, to the skies;
For the merciful decree
That our Friend our Judge shall be.

All redeeming bounty gives,
All that humble faith receives,
All that rising doubt restrains,
All that drooping hope sustains, —

Saviour! these to thee we owe,
From thy dying love they flow;
And we praise, for grace so free,
Thee, Jehovah-Jesus, thee!

WILLIAM BALL.

1864.

THE HUMILIATION AND GLORY
OF CHRIST.

THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is his, is his by right
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

To them the cross, with all its shame,
 With all its grace, is given;
 Their name an everlasting name,
 Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
 They reign with him above;
 Their profit and their joy to know
 The mystery of his love.

The cross he bore is life and health,
 Though shame and death to him;
 His people's hope, his people's wealth,
 Their everlasting theme.

1820.

THOMAS KELLY.

CHRIST THE LAMB ENTHRONED.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love:
 See, he sits on yonder throne!
 Jesus rules the world alone.

Well may angels bright and glorious
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While on earth he proved victorious,
 Now he bears a matchless name.
 Well may angels sing of him:
 Heaven supplies no richer theme.

Come, ye saints, unite your praises
 With the angels round his throne;
 Soon, we hope, our God will raise us
 To the place where he is gone.
 Meet it is that we should sing
 "Glory, glory to our King."

Sing how Jesus came from heaven,
 How he bore the cross below,
 How all power to him is given,
 How he reigns in glory now.
 'T is a great and endless theme;
 Oh, 't is sweet to sing of him!

Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
 All above and gives it worth;
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
 When we think of love like thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine.

King of glory, reign forever!
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own:
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.

Saviour, hasten thine appearing!
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away!
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King!"

1804.

THOMAS KELLY.

HALLELUJAH.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, one of the most popular of English hymn-writers, was for thirty-one years editor of a liberal newspaper in Sheffield. He was the son of a Moravian minister, and was born Nov. 4, 1771, in Ayrshire, Scotland. Like Cowper, whom he resembles in other traits, Montgomery distrusted his religious character, and did not connect himself with the Moravian Church until his forty-third year. His hymns are expressions of his own feelings, and though not all poems in the highest sense, are, as he said himself, "acceptable vehicles of expression of the experience of his fellow-creatures during the pilgrimage of the Christian life." Montgomery died April 30, 1854. He was the patron of Ebenezer Elliott.

HARK, the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore:
 "Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God Omnipotent shall reign!"
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies.
 See Jehovah's banners furled,
 Sheathed his sword: he speaks; 't is done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway;
 He shall reign, when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have passed away,
 Then the end; beneath his rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall:
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

1819, 1825.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WE SING HIS LOVE WHO ONCE
 WAS SLAIN.

We sing his love who once was slain,
 Who soon o'er death revived again,
 That all his saints through him might have
 Eternal conquests o'er the grave.
 Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality.

The saints who now with Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day
When death itself shall die away :
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

How loud shall our glad voices sing
When Christ his risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust, and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day !
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete ;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse will be no more :
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display,
When all thy saints from death shall rise
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies !
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

ROWLAND HILL

1796.

THE GLORY OF THE LORD.

BRIGHT the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer,
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

Round the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled his temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn.

"Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord !"

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High !"

Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite ;
Chief the heart when duty raises
God-ward at his mystic rite :

With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow :

"Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord !"

Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, blessing
Thee the Lord of hosts most high.

BISHOP RICHARD MANT.

1837.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

"Gloria, laus, et honor."

This processional hymn for Palm Sunday is said to have been composed by ST. THEODULPH at Metz, or, as others will have it, at Angers, while imprisoned on a false accusation, and to have been sung by him from his dungeon window, or by choristers instructed by him, as the Emperor Louis le Débonnaire, son of Charlemagne, and his Court were on their way to the Cathedral. The good bishop was immediately liberated. St. Theodulph, whose hymns were thought the best of the age in which he lived, was abbot of a Benedictine monastery at Florence, but at the invitation of Charlemagne removed to France, where he died in 821, Bishop of Orleans.

GLORY and honor and laud be to thee, King
Christ, the Redeemer !
Children before whose steps raised their
hosannas of praise.

Israel's Monarch art thou, and the glorious
offspring of David,
Thou that approachest a king blessed in the
name of the Lord.

Glory to thee in the highest the heavenly
armies are singing :
Glory to thee upon earth man and creation
reply.

Met thee with palms in their hands that day
the folk of the Hebrews :
We with our prayers and our hymns now
to thy presence approach.

They to thee proffered their praise for to
herald thy dolorous Passion ;
We to the King on his throne utter the
jubilant hymn.

They were then pleasing to thee, unto thee
our devotion be pleasing ;
Merciful King, kind King, who in all good-
ness art pleased.

They in their pride of descent were rightly
the children of Hebrews :
Hebrews are we, whom the Lord's Pass-
over maketh the same.

Victory won o'er the world be to us for our
branches of palm-tree :

So in the Conqueror's joy this to thee still
be our song :

Glory, and honor, and laud be to thee, King
Christ the Redeemer,

Children before whose steps raised their
hosannas of praise.

ST. THEODULPH. Translated by
JOHN MASON NEALE.

CANTEMUS CUNCTI MELODIUM.

ALLELUIATIC SEQUENCE.

Little is known of GODESCALCUS, except that he died about 950, and was familiar with Scripture and in sympathy with nature. He is not to be confounded with Gotteschalculus, a Benedictine monk who died in 868, after twenty-one years of imprisonment for his support of the Augustinian doctrine on the divine decrees.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise,
Alleluia.

To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing, Alleluia.

And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky, Alleluia.

They through the fields of paradise that roam,
The blessed ones, repeat through that bright
home, Alleluia.

The planets glittering on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join, and say,
Alleluia.

Ye clouds that onward sweep!
Ye winds on pinions light!
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep!
Ye lightnings, wildly bright!
In sweet consent unite! Alleluia.

Ye floods and ocean billows!
Ye storms and winter snow!
Ye days of cloudless beauty!
Hoar frost and summer glow!
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing Alleluia.

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say;
Alleluia.

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying
strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again,
Alleluia.

Here let the mountains thunder forth, sonorous,
Alleluia.

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,
Alleluia.

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry,
Alleluia.

Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply,
Alleluia.

To God, who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid: Alleluia.

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord
of all things loves: Alleluia.

This is the song, the heavenly song, that
Christ himself approves: Alleluia.

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice
awaking, Alleluia.

And children's voices echo, answer making,
Alleluia.

Now from all men be outpoured

Alleluia to the Lord;

With Alleluia evermore

The Son and Spirit we adore.

Praise be done to the Three in One.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

GODESCALCUS. Translated by
JOHN MASON NEALE, 1851.

THE JUBILEE PROCLAIMED.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow!

The gladly solemn sound;

Let all the nations know,

To earth's remotest bound,

The year of Jubilee is come;

Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High-Priest,

Hath full atonement made;

Ye weary spirits, rest;

Ye mournful souls, be glad:

The year of Jubilee is come;

Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,

The all-atoning Lamb;

Redemption in his blood

Throughout the world proclaim:

The year of Jubilee is come;

Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,

Your liberty receive;

And safe in Jesus dwell,

And blest in Jesus live:

The year of Jubilee is come;

Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye, who have sold for naught

Your heritage above,

Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1751.

◆

LOVE.

IF suddenly upon the street
My gracious Saviour I should meet,
And he should say, "As I love thee,
What love hast thou to offer me?"
Then what could this poor heart of mine
Dare offer to that heart divine?

His eye would pierce my outward show,
His thought my inmost thought would know;
And if I said, "I love thee, Lord,"
He would not heed my spoken word,
Because my daily life would tell
If verily I loved him well.

If on the day or in the place
Wherein he met me face to face,
My life could show some kindness done,
Some purpose formed, some work begun
For his dear sake, then it were meet
Love's gift to lay at Jesus' feet.

CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON.

1879

◆

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

"Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when
the time is." — MARK xiii. 33.

COME suddenly, O Lord, or slowly come,
I wait thy will, thy servant ready is;
Thou hast prepared thy follower a home,
The heaven in which thou dwellest too is his.

Come in the morn, at noon, or midnight deep
Come, for thy servant still doth watch and
pray ;

E'en when the world around is sunk in sleep,
I wake, and long to see thy glorious day.

I would not fix the time, the day, nor hour,
When thou with all thine angels shalt ap-
pear ;

When in thy kingdom thou shalt come with
power,

E'en now, perhaps, the promised day is near!

For though in slumber deep the world may lie,
And e'en thy Church forget thy great com-
mand,

Still year by year thy coming draweth nigh,
And in its power thy kingdom is at hand.

Not in some future world alone 't will be,
Beyond the grave, beyond the bounds of time;
But on the earth thy glory we shall see,
And share thy triumph, peaceful, pure, sub-
lime.

Lord! help me that I faint not, weary grow,
Nor at thy coming slumber too, and sleep;
For thou hast promised, and full well I know
Thou wilt to us thy word of promise keep.

1874.

JONES VERY.

◆

MORE THAN ALL.

"Eines wünsch ich mir vor allem andern."

This, the best and most popular of Knapp's hymns, was
first translated by Prof. T. C. Porter for Schaff's "Christ in
Song."

MORE than all, one thing my heart is craving,
As my food by night or day;
With it blessed, and all trials braving,
Through this wilderness we stray:
Ever on the Man to gaze adoring,
Who, with bloody sweat and tears, imploring,
On his face submissive sank,
And the Father's chalice drank.

Ever shall mine eyes, his form retaining,
View the Lamb once slain for me,
As he yonder, pale and uncomplaining,
Hangs upon the bitter tree;
As he thirsting, wrestled in his anguish,
That in hell my soul might never languish, —
Of me thinking, when his cry,
"It is finished!" rose on high.

O my Saviour! never shall thy kindness,
Nor my guilt forgotten be:
When I sat a stranger in my blindness,
Thou didst still remember me;
For thy sheep thou long hadst interceded,
Ere the Shepherd's gentle voice was heeded,
And — a costly ransom-price! —
Bought me with thy sacrifice.

I am thine! Say thou, "Amen, forever!"
Blessed Jesus, mine thou art!
Let thy precious name escape me never;
Stamp it burning on my heart.
With thee all things bearing and achieving;
In thee both to live and die, believing:
This our solemn covenant be,
Till my spirit rest in thee!

ALBERT KNAPP, 1829. Translated by
THOMAS C. PORTER, 1868

CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

ISAAC WATTS, the best-known of all English hymn-writers, was born at Southampton, England, July 17, 1674, and died Nov. 25, 1748. For fourteen years he was minister to an independent congregation in London; but his health failed, and in 1712 he accepted the invitation of Sir Thomas Abney to live with him in a quiet place in the country. Here he died thirty-six years afterwards. Dr. Watts was a cheerful and philosophical character, noted for his wit, and had a high reputation as a preacher. At the close of his liberal and useful life Dr. Watts remarked, "It is a great mercy that I have no manner of fear or dread of death. I could, if God please, lay my head back and die without alarm this afternoon or night."

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Behold! the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India, shines in eastern gold;
And barbarous nations, at his word,
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.

For him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

ISAAC WATTS.

1719

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE IN CHRIST.

I WALK along the crowded streets, and mark
The eager, anxious faces;
Wondering what this man seeks, what that
heart craves,
In earthly places.

Do I want anything that they are wanting?
Is each of them my brother?
Could we hold fellowship, speak heart to heart,
Each to the other?

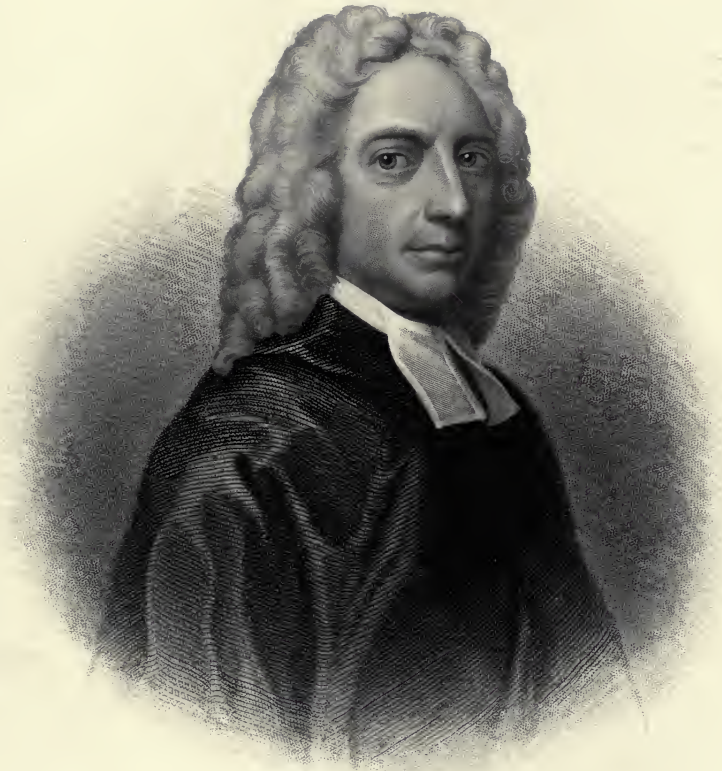
Nay, but I know not! only this I know,
That sometimes merely crossing
Another's path, where life's tumultuous waves
Are ever tossing,

He, as he passes, whispers in mine ear
One magic sentence only,
And in the awful loneliness of crowds
I am not lonely.

Ah, what a life is theirs who live in Christ;
How vast the mystery!
Reaching in height to heaven, and in its depth
The unfathomed sea!

ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS.





Engraved by H. H. Hall - Paris. N.Y.

J. Watt.

THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTH.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

THE last and greatest herald of heaven's King,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he more harmless found than man, and mild;
His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distilled;
Parched body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing,
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled,
There burst he forth; all ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!
Who listened to his voice, obeyed his cry?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, Repent, repent!

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

GERARD MOULTRIE, son of John Moultrie, and joint editor with Dr. Littledale of the "People's Hymnal," was born in 1830. He is a graduate of Exeter College, Oxford.

The 24th of June is the day marked in the calendar as the "nativity of John the Baptist."

HERALD of Christ, the day is come,
Day by prophetic lips foretold,
When from the shadow of the tomb
The page of life shall be unrolled:
The daylight dawns: the bright beams glow:
First witness of that light art thou.

Greatest among the sons of clay,
Less than the least in heaven's domain,
Last of the old world, called away
Ere God in man restores his reign:
Thou seest the dawn climb up the skies,
Yet mayst not see the Sun arise.

Those beams shall tint the humblest cot,
Shall flood the plains of earth with light,
Thou mayst not feel them: 't is thy lot
To stand upon the skirts of night:
Didst thou not long to see that morn?
Rejoice: thou seest the daylight dawn.

Through the bright gates of orient pearl
Elias drives his fiery car,
On thee his mantle may unfurl
With spirit and with power from far:
Jordan for thee may part once more,
But earth lies on the farther shore.

'T is thine in desert paths to stand
And cry, "The Lord's highway prepare!
Heaven's promised kingdom is at hand,
Make straight the rugged pathways there:
Lay low the hills his steps before,
Who comes with fan to purge his floor.

"Upon the hills I hear his feet:
He comes to burn the chaff with fire,
And he will gather in his wheat
Upon the day of wrath and ire:
The axe is laid unto the root,
Woe to the tree that bears no fruit!"

Stern accents of the law of fear,
Last threatening accents from above,
Sole birthday in the Church's year
Which veils in death the law of love;
Our God to light for all who die
Brings life and immortality.

GERARD MOULTRIE.

1867.

WHILE TO BETHLEM.

VIOLANTE DO CEO was born at Lisbon in 1601. She wrote in Portuguese and Spanish. She devoted herself to a religious life, and died in 1693. She has been called the Tenth Muse of Portugal.

WHILE to Bethlem we are going,
Tell me, Blas, to cheer the road,
Tell me why this lovely Infant
Quitted his divine abode.

"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Wherefore from his throne exalted
Came he on this earth to dwell;
All his pomp an humble manger,
All his court a narrow cell?
"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Why did he, the Lord eternal,
Mortal pilgrim deign to be,
He who fashioned for his glory
Boundless immortality?
"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Well, then, let us haste to Bethlem;
Thither let us haste and rest;
For, of all Heaven's gifts, the sweetest,
Sure, is peace, — the sweetest, best.

VIOLANTE DO CEO. Translated
by SIR JOHN BOWRING.

BETHLEHEM! OF NOBLEST CITIES.

"O sola magnarum urbium."

EDWARD CASWALL, to whom we are indebted for many of the very best translations from the Latin, was born at Yately, Hampshire, England, July 15, 1814, and was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he was of marked proficiency in the classics. He took orders in the Church of England, but in 1847 was received into the Catholic Church at Rome. In 1850 he was admitted to the congregation of the Oratory at Birmingham, and later was re-ordained as priest.

BETHLEHEM! of noblest cities
None can once with thee compare;
Thou alone the Lord from heaven
Didst for us incarnate bear.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told his birth;
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

By its lambent beauty guided,
See, the Eastern kings appear;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

Offerings of mystic meaning! —
Incense doth the God disclose;
Gold a royal child proclaimeth;
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

Holy Jesu! in thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed!
With the Father and the Spirit,
Endless praise to thee be paid!

AURELIUS CLEMENS PRUDENTIUS. Trans-
lated by EDWARD CASWALL, 1849.

MIDNIGHT HYMN OF THE EAST- ERN CHURCH.

BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh in the
middle of the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose
lamp is burning bright;
But woe to that dull servant whom the Mas-
ter shall surprise
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with
slumber in his eyes.

Do thou, my soul, beware, beware lest thou
in sleep sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose
the golden crown;
But see that thou be sober, with watchful
eye, and thus
Cry, "Holy, holy, holy God, have mercy
upon us."

That day, the day of fear, shall come: my
soul, slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp and feed it well, and make
it bright with oil;
Who knowest not how soon may sound the
cry at eventide,
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes! arise! go
forth to meet the Bride."

Beware, my soul, beware, beware lest thou in
slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock,
and vainly cry;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and
Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding robe of light, — the
glory of the Son.

GERARD MOULTRIE.

1867.

HIS NAME.

O WONDERFUL! round whose birth-hour
Prophetic song, miraculous power,
Cluster and turn like star and flower.

Those marvellous rays that at thy will,
From the closed heaven which is so still,
So passionless, streamed round thee still,

Are but as broken gleams that start,
O Light of lights, from thy deep heart:
Thyself, thyself, the wonder art!

O Counsellor! four thousand years,
One question, tremulous with tears,
One awful question vexed our peers.

They asked the vault, but no one spoke;
They asked the depth, no answer woke;
They asked their hearts, that only broke.

They looked, and sometimes on the height
Far off, they saw a haze of white,
That was a storm, but looked like light.

The secret of the years is read,
The enigma of the quick and dead,
By the child-voice interpreted.

O everlasting Father, God!
Sun after sun went down, and trod
Race after race the green earth's sod,

Till generations seemed to be
But dead waves of an endless sea,
But dead leaves from a deathless tree.

But thou hast come, and now we know
Each wave hath an eternal flow,
Each leaf a lifetime after snow.

O Prince of peace! crowned, yet discrowned,
They say no war nor battle's sound
Was heard the tired world around;

They say the hour that thou didst come
The trumpet's voice was stricken dumb,
And no one beat the battle-drum.

Yea, still as life to them that mark,
Its poor adventure seems a bark,
Whose track is pale, whose sail is dark.

Thou who art wonderful dost fling
One ray, till like a sea-bird's wing
The canvas is a snowy thing;

Till the dark boat is turned to gold,
The sun-lit silvered ocean rolled
With anthems that are new and old,

With noble path of luminous ray
From the boat slanting all the way,
To the island of undying day.

And still as clouding questions swarm
Around our hearts, and dimly form
Their problems of the mist and storm;

And still as ages fleet, but fraught
With syllables, whereby is wrought
The fulness of the eternal thought;

And when, not yet in God's sunshine,
The smoke drifts from the embattled line
Of warring hearts that would be thine;

We bid our doubts and passions cease,
Our restless fears be stilled with these,—
Counsellor, Father, Prince of peace!

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

THE GUIDING STAR.

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

But lo, a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

Oh, haste to follow where it leads,
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

Oh, gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

HARRIET AUBER.

1829.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem:
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And through the storm and dangers' thrall
 It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 Forever and forevermore,
 The Star! — the Star of Bethlehem!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

JEREMY TAYLOR, the learned and good bishop of Down and Connor, was born at Cambridge in 1613, and died at Lisburn, Ireland, Aug. 3, 1667. Coleridge called him the most eloquent of divines, and said that if he had pronounced him the most eloquent of men, Cicero would have forgiven him and Demosthenes have nodded assent. He was a royalist, and is best known as the author of "Holy Living and Dying."

WHERE is this blessed babe
 That hath made
 All the world so full of joy
 And expectation;
 That glorious boy
 That crowns each nation
 With a triumphant wreath of blessedness?

Where should he be but in the throng
 And among
 His angel ministers that sing
 And take wing
 Just as may echo to his voice,
 And rejoice,
 When wing and tongue and all
 May so procure their happiness?

He hath other waiters now:
 A poor cow,
 An ox and mule stand and behold
 And wonder
 That a stable should infold
 Him that can thunder.

CHORUS.

Oh, what a gracious God have we!
 How good? How great? Even as our misery.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE STAR-SONG,

A CAROLL, SUNG AT WHITE-HALL.

TELL us, thou clear and heavenly tongue,
 Where is the babe but lately sprung?
 Lies he the lillie-banks among?

Or say, if this new birth of ours
 Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
 Spangled with dew-light; thou canst clear
 All doubts, and manifest the where.

Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek
 Him in the morning's blushing cheek,
 Or search the beds of spices through,
 To find him out?

STAR.

No, this ye need not do;
 But only come, and see him rest
 A princely babe in 's mother's breast.

CHORUS.

He's seen, he's seen! Why then around,
 Let's kiss the sweet and holy ground;
 And all rejoice that we have found
 A King, before conception crowned.

Come then, come then, and let us bring
 Unto our pretty twelfth-tide King
 Each one his several offering;

And when night comes we'll give him was-
 sailing:
 And that his treble honors may be seen,
 We'll chuse him King, and make his mother
 Queen.

ROBERT HERRICK.

1648.

"ADESTE FIDELES."

FREDERICK OAKELEY, author of "Historical Notes on the Tractarian Movement," youngest son of Sir Charles Oakeley, was born at Shrewsbury, England, Sept. 5, 1802, and was a clergyman of the Church of England until 1845, when he entered the Church of Rome. He is the author of "Lyra Liturgica: Reflections in Verse for Holy Days and Seasons," after the style of Keble's "Christian Year." It was published in 1865. His death occurred Jan. 31, 1880. The following is varied from Canon Oakeley's text, which begins, "Ye faithful, approach ye."

OH, come, all ye faithful,
 Joyful and triumphant;
 Oh, come ye, oh, come ye, to Bethlehem;
 Come and behold him
 Born, the King of angels:
 Oh, come, let us adore him,
 Oh, come, let us adore him,
 Oh, come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!
 God of God,
 Light of light,
 Lo! he abhors not the virgin's womb;
 Very God,
 Begotten, not created:
 Oh, come, let us adore him, etc.
 Sing, choirs of angels,
 Sing in exultation,

Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
 Glory to God
 In the highest ;
 Oh, come, let us adore him, etc.

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
 Born this happy morning ;
 Jesu, to thee be glory given ;
 Word of the Father,
 Now in flesh appearing ;
 Oh, come, let us adore him,
 Oh, come, let us adore him,
 Oh, come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord !

FREDERICK OAKELEY.

1841.

A HYMN OF THE NATIVITY.

SUNG BY THE SHEPHERDS.

RICHARD CRASHAW was born about 1610, and became a clergyman, but refusing to sign the Covenant in 1644, was ejected from a fellowship that he held at Cambridge, and went to France, where he became a Romanist, and canon of Loretto, in which place he died about 1650.

CHORUS.

COME, we shepherds whose blest sight
 Hath met love's noon in nature's night ;
 Come, lift we up our loftier song,
 And wake the sun that lies too long.

To all our world of well-stolen joy
 He slept, and dreamt of no such thing,
 While we found out Heaven's fairer eye,
 And kissed the cradle of our King ;
 Tell him he rises now too late
 To show us aught worth looking at.

Tell him we now can show him more
 Than he e'er showed to mortal sight,
 Than he himself e'er saw before,
 Which to be seen needs not his light :
 Tell him, Tityrus, where th' hast been,
 Tell him, Thyrsis, what th' hast seen.

TITYRUS.

Gloomy night embraced the place
 Where the noble infant lay :
 The babe looked up, and showed his face ;
 In spite of darkness it was day.
 It was thy day, sweet, and did rise,
 Not from the east, but from thy eyes.

Chorus. It was thy day, sweet, etc.

THYRSIS.

Winter chid aloud, and sent
 The angry North to wage his wars :
 The North forgot his fierce intent,
 And left perfumes instead of scars.

By those sweet eyes' persuasive powers,
 Where he meant frosts he scattered flowers
Chorus. By those sweet eyes', etc.

BOTH.

We saw thee in thy balmy nest,
 Young dawn of our eternal day ;
 We saw thine eyes break from the east,
 And chase the trembling shades away :
 We saw thee, and we blest the sight,
 We saw thee by thine own sweet light.

TITYRUS.

Poor world, said I, what wilt thou do
 To entertain this starry stranger ?
 Is this the best thou canst bestow —
 A cold and not too cleanly manger ?
 Contend, the powers of heaven and earth,
 To fit a bed for this huge birth.

Chorus. Contend, the powers, etc.

THYRSIS.

Proud world, said I, cease your contest,
 And let the mighty babe alone,
 The phœnix builds the phœnix' nest,
 Love's architecture is his own.
 The babe, whose birth embaves this morn,
 Made his own bed ere he was born.

Chorus. The babe whose birth, etc.

TITYRUS.

I saw the curled drops, soft and slow,
 Come hovering o'er the place's head,
 Offering their whitest sheets of snow,
 To furnish the fair infant's bed.
 Forbear, said I, be not too bold,
 Your fleece is white, but 't is too cold.

THYRSIS.

I saw the obsequious seraphim
 Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
 For well they now can spare their wings,
 Since heaven itself lies here below.
 Well done, said I ; but are you sure
 Your down, so warm, will pass for pure ?
Chorus. Well done, said I, etc.

BOTH.

No, no, your King's not yet to seek
 Where to repose his royal head ;
 See, see how soon his new-bloomed cheek
 'Twixt mother's breasts is gone to bed.
 Sweet choice, said we, no way but so,
 Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow !

Chorus. Sweet choice, said we, etc.

FULL CHORUS.

Welcome all wonders in one sight!
 Eternity shut in a span!
 Summer in winter! day in night!

CHORUS.

Heaven in earth! and God in man!
 Great little one, whose all-embracing birth
 Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth!

Welcome, though nor to gold nor silk,
 To more than Cæsar's birthright is:
 Two sister seas of virgin's milk,
 With many a rarely tempered kiss,
 That breathes at once both maid and mother,
 Warms in the one, cools in the other.

She sings thy tears asleep, and dips
 Her kisses in thy weeping eye;
 She spreads the red leaves of thy lips,
 That in their buds yet blushing lie.
 She 'gainst those mother diamonds tries
 The points of her young eagle's eyes.

Welcome, — though not to those gay flies,
 Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,
 Slippery souls in smiling eyes, —
 But to poor shepherds, homespun things,
 Whose wealth's their flocks, whose wit's to be
 Well read in their simplicity.

Yet, when young April's husband showers
 Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
 We'll bring the firstborn of her flowers,
 To kiss thy feet and crown thy head.
 To thee, dread Lamb! whose love must keep
 The shepherds while they feed their sheep.

To thee, meek Majesty, soft King
 Of simple graces and sweet loves!
 Each of us his lamb will bring,
 Each his pair of silver doves!
 At last, in fire of thy fair eyes,
 Ourselves become our own best sacrifice!

RICHARD CRASHAW.

THE SHEPHERDS.

"OH, than the fairest day, thrice fairer night!
 Night to best days, in which a sun doth rise
 Of which that golden eye which clears the
 skies

Is but a sparkling ray, a shadow-light!
 And blessed ye, in silly pastors' sight,
 Mild creatures, in whose warm crib now lies
 That heaven-sent youngling, holy-maid-born
 wight,

Midst, end, beginning of our prophecies!
 Blest cottage that hath flowers in winter
 spread!
 Though withered — blessed grass, that hath
 the grace
 To deck and be a carpet to that place!"
 Thus sang, unto the sounds of oaten reed.
 Before the babe, the shepherds bowed on
 knees;
 And springs ran nectar, honey dropped from
 trees!

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
 That glorious song of old,
 From angels bending near the earth
 To touch their harps of gold:
 "Peace to the earth, good-will to men
 From heaven's all-gracious King!"
 The world in solemn stillness lay
 To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
 With peaceful wings unfurled;
 And still their heavenly music floats
 O'er all the weary world:
 Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend on heavenly wing,
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds
 The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
 The world has suffered long;
 Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
 Two thousand years of wrong;
 And man, at war with man, hears not
 The love-song which they bring:
 Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
 And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
 Whose forms are bending low;
 Who toil along the climbing way
 With painful steps and slow, —
 Look now! for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing;
 Oh! rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
 By prophet-bards foretold,
 When with the ever-circling years
 Comes round the age of gold;

When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND H. SEARS, D. D.

1849

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When God spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heaven and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And can man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice :
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1820.

HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY
VOICES?

REV. JOHN CAWOOD was born at Matlock, in Derbyshire, March 18, 1775, and died Nov. 7, 1852. The following is from the author's manuscript, furnished by his son for Rogers's "Lyra Britannica," London, 1867. In the usual collections the Hallelujah and the last stanza are omitted. Cawood wrote also, as a counterpart, a missionary hymn commencing,

"Hark! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?"

"Tis the cry of heathen nations, —
'Come and help us, or we die!'"

HARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly warbling in the skies?
Sure the angelic host rejoices,
Loudest hallelujahs rise.
Hallelujah!

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!
Hallelujah!"

"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Hallelujah!"

"Christ is born, the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth his glory sing!
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Hallelujah!"

"Hasten, mortals, to adore him,
Learn his name and taste his joy,
Till in heaven you sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!
Hallelujah!"

Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.
Hallelujah!

JOHN CAWOOD.

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground;
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, — for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind, —
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease !"

TATE and BRADY.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

This carol, founded on Luke ii. 10, was written by Martin Luther for his son Hans.

FROM heaven above to earth I come
To bear good news to every home ;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing :

To you, this night, is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild ;
This little child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all your earth.

'T is Christ our God, who far on high
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry ;
Himself will your salvation be,
Himself from sin will make you free.

He brings those blessings, long ago
Prepared by God for all below ;
Henceforth his kingdom open stands
To you, as to the angel bands.

These are the tokens you shall mark,
The swaddling clothes and manger dark ;
There shall ye find the young child laid,
By whom the heavens and earth were made.

Now let us all with gladsome cheer
Follow the shepherds, and draw near,
To see this wondrous gift of God
Who hath his only Son bestowed.

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes !
Who is it in yon manger lies ?
Who is this child so young and fair ?
The blessed Christ-child lieth there.

Welcome to earth, thou noble guest,
Through whom e'en wicked men are blest !
Thou com'st to share our misery,
What can we render, Lord, to thee !

Ah, Lord, who hast created all,
How hast thou made thee weak and small,
That thou must choose thy infant bed
Where ass and ox but lately fed !

Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for thee.

For velvets soft and silken stuff
Thou hast but hay, and straw so rough,
Whereon thou King, so rich and great,
As 't were thy heaven, art throned in state.

Thus hath it pleased thee to make plain
The truth to us poor fools and vain,
That this world's honor, wealth, and might
Are nought and worthless in thy sight.

Ah, dearest Jesus, holy child,
Make thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep ;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song, —

Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man his Son hath given !
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad new year to all the earth.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1540. Translated by
CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1855.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF THE ADORATION OF THE
MAGIANS.

LITTLE pomp or earthly state
On his lowly steps might wait ;
Few the homages, and small,
That the guilty earth at all
Was permitted to accord
To her King and hidden Lord.
Therefore do we set more store
On those few, and prize them more :
Dear to us for this account
Is the glory of the Mount,
When bright beams of light did spring
Through the sackcloth covering,
Rays of glory forced their way
Through the garment of decay,
With which, as with a cloak, he had
His divinest splendor clad ;
Dear the lavish ointment shed
On his feet and sacred head ;
And the high raised hope sublime,
And the triumph of the time
When through Zion's streets the way
Of her peaceful Conqueror lay,
Who, fulfilling ancient fame,
Meek, and with salvation came.
But of all this scanty state
That upon his steps might wait,

Dearest are those Magian kings
 With their far-brought offerings.
 From what region of the morn
 Are ye come thus travel-worn,
 With those boxes pearl-embost,
 Caskets rare, and gifts of cost?
 While your swarth attendants wait
 At the stable's outer gate,
 And the camels lift their head
 High above the lowly shed;
 Or are seen a long-drawn train
 Winding down into the plain,
 From beyond the light blue line
 Of the hills in distance fine.

Dear for your own sake, whence are ye?
 Dearer for the mystery
 That is round you, — on what skies
 Gazing, saw you first arise
 Through the darkness that clear star
 Which has marshalled you so far,
 Even unto this strawy tent,
 Dancing up the Orient?
 Shall we name you kings indeed,
 Or is this an idle creed?
 Kings of Seba, with the gold
 And the incense long foretold?
 Would the Gentile world by you
 First-fruits pay of tribute due,
 Or have Israel's scattered race,
 From their unknown hiding-place,
 Sent to claim their part and right
 In the Child new-born to-night?
 But although we may not guess
 Of your lineage, not the less
 We the self-same gifts would bring
 For a spiritual offering.
 May the frankincense in air
 As it climbs instruct our prayer,
 That it ever upward tend,
 Ever struggle to ascend,
 Leaving earth, yet ere it go
 Fragrance rich diffuse below.
 As the myrrh is bitter sweet,
 So in us may such things meet,
 As unto the mortal taste
 Bitter seeming, yet at last
 Shall to them who try be known
 To have sweetness of their own, —
 Tears for sin, which sweeter far
 Than the world's mad laughter are;
 Desires, that in their dying give
 Pain, but die that we may live.
 And the gold from Araby. —
 Fitter symbol who could see
 Of the love which, thrice refined,
 Love to God and to our kind,

Duly tendered, he will call
 Choicest sacrifice of all?

Thus so soon as far apart
 From the proud world, in our heart
 As in stable dark, defiled,
 There is born the Eternal Child,
 May to him the spirit's kings
 Yield their choicest offerings;
 May the affections, reason, will,
 Wait upon him to fulfil
 His behests, and early pay
 Homage to his natal day.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D.

VENI, VENI, EMMANUEL.

This hymn was much altered by the author in the edition of his "Mediæval Hymns," published in 1862, but the version below had already been adopted, and, as it has superior excellence to the new text, will hardly be superseded.

Oh, come, oh, come, Emmanuel,
 And ransom captive Israel,
 That mourns in lonely exile here,
 Until the Son of God appear.
 Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Oh, come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
 Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
 From depths of hell thy people save,
 And give them victory o'er the grave.
 Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Oh, come, thou Dayspring, come and cheer
 Our spirits by thine advent here;
 Disperse the gloomy clouds by night,
 And death's dark shadows put to flight.
 Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Oh, come, thou Key of David, come,
 And open wide our heavenly home;
 Make safe the way that leads on high,
 And close the path to misery.
 Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Oh, come, oh, come, thou Lord of Might!
 Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
 In ancient times didst give the law,
 In cloud and majesty and awe.
 Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Apparently of the twelfth century. Translated
 by J. M. NEALE, 1850.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

Thus angels sung, and thus sing we ;
 To God on high all glory be ;
 Let him on earth his peace bestow,
 And unto men his favor show.

GEORGE WITHER.

THE WISE MEN COMING TO
WORSHIP JESUS.

A COMET dangling in the air
 Presaged the ruin both of death and sin ;
 And told the wise men of a king,
 The King of Glory, and the Sun
 Of Righteousness, who then begun
 To draw towards that blessed hemisphere.
 They from the furthest East, this new
 And unknown light pursue,

Till they appear

In this blest infant King's propitious eye,
 And pay their homage to his royalty.
 Persia might then the rising sun adore ;
 It was idolatry no more.

Great God! they gave to thee

Myrrh, frankincense, and gold ;

But, Lord, with what shall we
 Present ourselves before thy Majesty,
 Whom thou redeem'st when we were sold ?

We've nothing but ourselves, and scarce
 that neither ;

Vile dirt and clay ;

Yet it is soft, and may

Impression take.

Accept it, Lord, and say, this thou hadst
 rather ;

Stamp it, and on this sordid metal make

Thy holy image, and it shall outshine

The beauty of the golden mine. Amen.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE ADVENT.

MRS. ELIZABETH CLEMENTINE KINNEY was born in New York City about 1812, and is now wife of the Hon. William B. Kinney, of the Newark Daily Advertiser. Mrs. Kinney was a daughter of David L. Dodge, and first married Edmund B. Stedman, of Hartford, by whom she had two sons. One of these is the poet Edmund C. Stedman.

PEACE brooded o'er earth ; in the distance
 afar

Had died the harsh echo of clangorous war ;
 The heart of the nations from tumult reposed,
 The long opened temple of Janus was closed.

Night's canopy over Judæa now hung :
 The harp of the minstrel lay still and un-
 strung ;

The shepherds together sat watching the fold :
 While round them reigned darkness and
 silence and cold.

But whence came that shaft, than a daybeam
 more bright,
 Shot suddenly through the still heart of the
 night ?

What melody startles her silent domain,
 Awaking the echo from mountain to plain ?

All the pale winter stars are extinguished as
 one,

Yet the light that conceals them is not like
 the sun ;

It moves with the swiftness of wings, it de-
 scends,

While its luminous track the strange music
 attends !

But cold as the night air of Israel's plains
 The blood of the shepherds congeals in their
 veins ;

They speak not, but heart unto heart beats
 aloud,

While glory envelops them all as a cloud.

And now, in their midst, shines an angel of
 light, —

Quick vanishes fear at the radiant sight !

And hark, in the words of their own native
 tongue,

" Good tidings of joy " by the angel are sung !

" This day in the city of David is born
 A Saviour, whose birth is redemption's glad

morn ;

No longer through darkness and doubt shall
 ye grope,

In Bethlehem's manger lies Israel's Hope ! "

A chorus angelic re-echoes in Heaven

The glorious news to the meek shepherds
 given, —

" Peace, peace and good-will unto earth ! " is
 their song,

While praises to God the loud pæan prolong.

'T is gone, the bright vision, — its music hath
 ceased !

But lo, there ariseth a Star in the East ;
 O'er the manger it stands in its glory alone, —
 The despot beholds it, while trembles his
 throne.

Oh, awful to him is the radiance mild
 That circles the brow of the heavenly Child !

That cradle where Innocence sleeps is his
dread,
And Guilt feels the doom that hangs over his
head.

But joy to the watchers of Zion ! that star,
Predicted and seen by the prophets afar,
Now points with its beams to the place of his
birth
Whose kingdom shall rule all the kingdoms
of earth.

ELIZABETH CLEMENTINE KINNEY.

ADVENT ANTHEMS.

EARL NELSON of Trafalgar and Merton was born Aug. 7, 1823, and was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He is an active member of the Church of England. In 1857 he prepared, with assistance, the "Salisbury Hymn-Book," of which a vast number have been sold. It was the earliest collection in which mediæval hymns were a marked feature.

DEC. 16. — O SAPIENTIA.

O WISDOM ! spreading mightily
From out the mouth of God most high,
All nature sweetly ordering,
Within thy paths thy children bring.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

DEC. 17. — O ADONAI.

RULER of Israel, Lord of might,
Who gav'st the law from Sinai's height ;
Once in the fiery bush revealed,
With outstretched arm thy chosen shield ;
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

DEC. 18. — O RADIX JESSE.

O ROOT of Jesse ! Ensign thou !
To whom all Gentile kings shall bow,
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

DEC. 19. — O CLAVIS DAVID.

O ISRAEL'S Sceptre ! David's key !
Come thou, and set death's captives free ;
Unlock the gate that bars their road,
And lead them to the throne of God.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

DEC. 20. — O ORIENS.

O DAYSPRING and Eternal Light !
Pierce through the gloom of error's night -
Predestined Sun of Righteousness !
Haste with thy rising beams to bless.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

DEC. 22. — O REX GENTIUM.

O KING ! Desire of nations ! come,
Lead sons of earth to heaven's high home ;
Thou chief and precious Corner-stone,
Binding the severed into one.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

DEC. 23. — O EMMANUEL.

O LAWGIVER ! Emmanuel ! King !
Thy praises we would ever sing ;
The Gentiles' hope, the Saviour blest,
Take us to thine eternal rest.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

Translated by EARL NELSON.

1864.

THE ADVENT.

O'ER the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day ;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing and watch and pray :
'T is thy Saviour,
On his bright, returning way.

O thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for thee ;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where thy light I do not see :
O my Saviour,
When wilt thou return to me ?

Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from thee I pine ;
When, oh, when shall I the gladness
Of thy spirit feel in mine ?
O my Saviour,
When shall I be wholly thine ?

Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand ;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In thy bright and promised land.

With my lamp well-trimmed and burning,
 Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
 Watching for thy glad returning
 To restore me to my home,
 Come, my Saviour,
 O my Saviour, quickly come!

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

1863.

A STAR SHINES FORTH.

EPHRAËM SYRUS was a monk and deacon in Mesopotamia, and the father of Syrian psalmody. After a life spent in the study of the Scriptures and the service of the Church, he died in April, 381.

A STAR shines forth in heaven suddenly,
 A wondrous orb, less than the sun, yet
 greater, —

Less in its outward light, but greater in
 Its inward glory, pointing to a mystery.
 That morning star sent forth its beams afar
 Into the land of those who had no light;
 Led them as blind men, by a way they knew
 not,

Until they came and saw the Light of men,
 Offered their gifts, received eternal life,
 Worshipped, and went their way.
 Thus had the Son two heralds, one on high,
 And one below. Above, the star rejoiced;
 Below, the Baptist bore him record:
 Two heralds thus, one heavenly, one of earth;
 That witnessing the nature of the Son,
 The majesty of God, and this, his human
 nature.

O mighty wonder! thus were they the heralds,
 Both of his Godhead and his manhood,
 Who held him only for a son of earth,
 To such the star proclaimed his heavenly glory;
 Who held him only for a heavenly spirit,
 To such the Baptist spoke of him as man.
 And in the holy temple Simeon held the Babe
 Fast in his aged arms, and sang to him, —

“To me, in thy mercy,
 An old man, thou art come;
 Thou layest my body
 In peace in the tomb.
 Thou soon wilt awake me,
 And bid me arise;
 Wilt lead me transfigured
 To paradise.”

Then Anna took the Babe upon her arms,
 And pressed her mouth upon his infant lips;
 Then came the Holy Spirit on her lips,
 As erst upon Isaiah's, when the coal
 Had touched his silent lips, and opened them;
 With glowing heart she sang, —

“O Son of the King!
 Though thy birthplace was mean,
 All-hearing, yet silent,
 All-seeing, unseen,
 Unknown, yet all-knowing,
 God, and yet Son of man,
 Praise to thy name!”

EPHRAËM SYRUS. Translator unknown.

THERE CAME A LITTLE CHILD TO EARTH.

THERE came a little child to earth,
 Long ago;
 And the angels of God proclaimed his birth
 High and low.
 Out on the night so calm and still
 Their song was heard,
 For they knew that the child on Bethlehem's
 hill
 Was Christ, the Lord.

Far away in a goodly land,
 Fair and bright,
 Children with crowns of glory stand,
 Robed in white;
 In white more pure than the spotless snow,
 And their tongues unite
 In the psalm which the angels sang long ago
 On Christmas night.

They sing how the Lord of that world so fair,
 A child was born;
 And that they might a crown of glory wear,
 Wore a crown of thorn.
 And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,
 Came forth to die,
 That the children of earth might forever reign
 With him on high.

He has put on his kingly apparel now,
 In that goodly land:
 And he leads, to where fountains of water flow,
 That chosen band.
 And forevermore in their garments fair
 And undefiled
 Those ransomed children his praise declare,
 Who was once a child.

EMILY S. ELLIOTT.

EPIPHANY.

“We have seen his star in the east.”

MATT. ii. 2.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
 morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
 aid;

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the
 stall;
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the
 mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
 aid:

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

1811.

REGINALD HEBER.

LO, HE COMES!

ISA. xl. 3-5.

THOMAS KELLY was born in Dublin, July 13, 1769. He was educated for the law, but was ordained in 1792. He left the Established Church, and labored with the brothers Haldane and others. He died in Dublin, May 14, 1855. Mr. Kelly was author of seven hundred and sixty-five hymns, some of which are among the best in the English language.

Lo, he comes! let all adore him!
 'Tis the God of grace and truth!
 Go! prepare the way before him,
 Make the rugged places smooth!
 Lo, he comes, the mighty Lord!
 Great his work, and his reward.

Let the valleys all be raised;
 Go, and make the crooked straight;
 Let the mountains be abased;
 Let all nature change its state;
 Through the desert mark a road,
 Make a highway for our God.

Through the desert God is going,
 Through the desert waste and wild,
 Where no goodly plant is growing,
 Where no verdure ever smiled;
 But the desert shall be glad,
 And with verdure soon be clad.

Where the thorn and brier flourished,
 Trees shall there be seen to grow,

Planted by the Lord and nourished,
 Stately, fair, and fruitful too;
 They shall rise on every side,
 They shall spread their branches wide.

From the hills and lofty mountains
 Rivers shall be seen to flow;
 There the Lord will open fountains,
 Thence supply the plains below;
 As he passes, every land
 Shall confess his powerful hand.

1809.

THOMAS KELLY.

EPIPHANY.

JOHN WEISS was born in Boston, June 28, 1818, and died in 1879. He graduated at Harvard College in 1837, and became a minister. Compelled by ill health to give up his pastoral work, he wrote and delivered lectures on Shakespeare and contributed to the press. The following hymn was written for Visitation Day, when the author graduated from the Divinity School, in 1843.

A WONDROUS star our pioneer,
 We left the mystic land
 Where heaven-nurtured childhood slept,
 Where yet old visions stand.

O God! the land of dreams we left,
 Repose we left for aye,
 And followed meekly to the place
 Where our Redeemer lay.

That humble manger we have found;
 The world his cradle is;
 His life is hidden far below
 Its sins and miseries.

The world throws wide its brazen gates,
 With thee to enter in;
 Oh, grant us, in our humble sphere,
 To free that world from sin.

We have one mind in Christ our Lord
 To stand and point above;
 To hurl rebuke at social wrong;
 But all, O God, in love.

The star is resting in the sky:
 To worship Christ we came;
 The moments haste! Oh, touch our tongues
 With thy celestial flame!

The truest worship is a life;
 All dreaming we resign;
 We lay our offerings at thy feet,—
 Our lives, O God, are thine!

1843.

JOHN WEISS.

OF THE EPIPHANY.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, elder brother of the dramatist, Francis, was born in 1582 and died in 1628. He lived on the family estate in Leicestershire, and devoted a portion of his time to verse-writing. His chief poem is entitled "Bosworth Field."

FAIR eastern star, that art ordained to run
Before the sages, to the rising sun,
Here cease thy course, and wonder that the
cloud

Of this poor stable can thy Maker shroud :
Ye, heavenly bodies, glory to be bright,
And are esteemed as ye are rich in light ;
But here on earth is taught a different way,
Since under this low roof the Highest lay.
Jerusalem erects her stately towers,
Displays her windows, and adorns her bowers ;
Yet there thou must not cast a trembling
spark :

Let Herod's palace still continue dark ;
Each school and synagogue thy force repels,
There pride, enthroned in misty errors, dwells ;
The temple, where the priests maintain their
choir,

Shall taste no beam of thy celestial fire.
While this weak cottage all thy splendor takes :
A joyful gate of every chink it makes.
Here shines no golden roof, no ivory stair,
No king exalted in a stately chair,
Girt with attendants, or by heralds styled,
But straw and hay enwrap a speechless child ;
Yet Sabæ's lords before this babe unfold
Their treasures, offering incense, myrrh, and
gold.

The crib becomes an altar: therefore dies
No ox nor sheep; for in their fodder lies
The Prince of peace, who, thankful for his bed,
Destroys those rites in which their blood was
shed :

The quintessence of earth he takes and fees,
And precious gums distilled from weeping
trees ;

Rich metals and sweet odors now declare
The glorious blessings which his laws pre-
pare,

To clear us from the base and loathsome flood
Of sense, and make us fit for angels' food,
Who lift to God for us the holy smoke
Of fervent prayers with which we him invoke,
And try our actions in that searching fire
By which the seraphims our lips inspire :
No muddy dross pure minerals shall infect,
We shall exhale our vapors up direct :
No storms shall cross, nor glittering lights
deface

Perpetual sighs which seek a happy place.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

THE NATIVITY.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, an artist, sculptor, and writer, known best for his "Sheridan's Ride," was born in Pennsylvania, March 12, 1822 and died in New York, May 11, 1872.

THE air was still o'er Bethlehem's plain,
As if the great night held its breath,
When Life Eternal came to reign
Over a world of death.

All Nature felt a thrill divine
When burst that meteor on the night,
Which, pointing to the Saviour's shrine,
Proclaimed the new-born Light.

Light to the shepherds ! and the star
Gilded their silent midnight fold ;
Light to the wise men from afar
Bearing their gifts of gold.

Light to a realm of sin and grief ;
Light to a world in all its needs ;
The Light of Life, a new belief
Rising o'er fallen creeds.

Light on a tangled path of thorns,
Though leading to a martyr's throne :
A light to guide till Christ returns
In glory to his own.

There still it shines, while far abroad
The Christmas choir sings now, as then,
"Glory, glory unto our God !
Peace and good-will to men !"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

GOD OF OUR FATHERS.

Οἱ παῖδες εὐσεβείᾳ.

THE holy children boldly stand
Against the tyrant's dread command :
The kindled furnace they defy, —
No doom can shake their constancy :
They in the midmost flame confessed,
"God of our fathers, thou art blessed !"

The shepherds keep their flocks by night ;
The heaven glows out with wondrous light ;
The glory of the Lord is there,
The angel-bands their King declare :
The watchers of the night confessed,
"God of our fathers, thou art blessed !"

The angel ceased ; and suddenly
Seraphic legions filled the sky :

Glory to God, they cry again :
 Peace upon earth, good-will to men :
 Christ comes !—And they that heard con-
 fessed,
 “ God of our fathers, thou art blessed ! ”

What said the shepherds ?— Let us turn
 This new-born miracle to learn.
 To Bethlehem's gate their footsteps drew :
 The Mother with the Child they view :
 They knelt, and worshipped, and confessed,
 “ God of our Fathers, thou art blessed ! ”

ST. COSMAS. Translated by
 JOHN MASON NEALE.

OH, HOW WONDROUS IS THE STORY !

HANNAH MORE, a writer of the deepest religious convictions and of active benevolence, was born in Gloucestershire, England, in 1744. For many years she was principal of a boarding-school, and a constant writer. She died Sept. 7, 1833. Her books brought her a fortune.

OH, how wondrous is the story
 Of our blest Redeemer's birth !
 See, the mighty Lord of glory
 Leaves his heaven to visit earth.

Hear with transport, every creature,
 Hear the gospel's joyful sound :
 Christ appears in human nature,
 In our sinful world is found.

Comes to pardon our transgression,
 Like a cloud our sins to blot ;
 Comes to his own favored nation,
 But his own receive him not.

If the angels who attended
 To declare the Saviour's birth,
 Who from heaven with songs descended
 To proclaim good-will on earth, —

If, in pity to our blindness,
 They had brought the pardon needed,
 Still Jehovah's wondrous kindness
 Had our warmest hopes exceeded.

If some prophet had been sent
 With salvation's joyful news,
 Who that heard the blest event
 Could their warmest love refuse ?

But 't was he to whom in heaven
 Hallelujahs never cease ;
 He, the mighty God, was given, —
 Given to us, — a Prince of peace.

None but he who did create us
 Could redeem from sin and hell ;
 None but he could reinstate us
 In the rank from which we fell.

Had he come, the glorious stranger,
 Decked with all the world calls great ;
 Had he lived in pomp and grandeur,
 Crowned with more than royal state, —

Still our tongues, with praise o'erflowing,
 On such boundless love would dwell ;
 Still our hearts, with rapture glowing,
 Feel what words could never tell.

But what wonder should it raise,
 Thus our lowest state to borrow !
 Oh, the high mysterious ways,
 God's own Son a child of sorrow !

'T was to bring us endless pleasure
 He our suffering nature bore ;
 'T was to give us heavenly treasure
 He was willing to be poor.

Come, ye rich, survey the stable
 Where your infant Saviour lies ;
 From your full, o'erflowing table
 Send the hungry good supplies.

Boast not your ennobled stations ;
 Boast not that you 're highly fed ;
 Jesus — hear it, all ye nations ! —
 Had not where to lay his head.

“ Learn of me,” thus cries the Saviour,
 “ If my kingdom you 'd inherit ;
 Sinner, quit your proud behavior,
 Learn my meek and lowly spirit.”

Come, ye servants, see your station
 Freed from all reproach and shame :
 He who purchased your salvation
 Bore a servant's humble name.

Come, ye poor, some comfort gather ;
 Faint not in the race you run :
 Hard the lot your gracious Father
 Gave his dear, his only Son.

Think that, if your humbler stations
 Less of worldly good bestow,
 You escape those strong temptations
 Which from wealth and grandeur flow.

See, your Saviour is ascended ;
 See, he looks with pity down :
 Trust him, all will soon be mended ;
 Bear his cross, you 'll share his crown.

HANNAH MORE.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

JOHN BYROM, author of the "Universal English Short-hand," was an associate of John Wesley and of William Law, the great Mystic. He was born at Manchester, England, in 1691, and died Sept. 28, 1763. He was a member of the Royal Society, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was a man of joyous religious temperament. His poems appeared after his death, in 1773.

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:

With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son:
Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold!

"I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

"In David's city, shepherds, ye shall find
The long-foretold Redeemer of mankind.
Wrapt up in swaddling clothes, the babe
divine
Lies in a manger; this shall be your sign.

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang.

God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and mutual good-will.
To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,

To see the wonder God had wrought for man;

And found, with Joseph and the blessed maid,

Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid.
Amazed, the wondrous story they proclaim,
The first apostles of his infant fame;

While Mary keeps and ponders in her heart
The heavenly vision which the swains impart,
They to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.

Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;

Artless and watchful, as these favored swains,
While virgin meekness in the heart remains.
Trace we the Babe, who has retrieved our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter cross;

Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song:

He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display;
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King.

JOHN BYROM.

THE ADVENT.

"Dein König kommt in niedern Hüllen."

HE comes, no royal vesture wearing,
An humble beast the Monarch bearing;
Receive thy King, Jerusalem!
Go forth with palms, his triumph showing,
With branches green the pathway strewing,
And shout hosannas to his name.

O Sovereign, by no host attended!
Strong Champion, by no spear defended!
O Prince of peace, and David's Son!
Thy throne, from whose approach forever
The kings of earth thy step would sever,
Is by thee, without battle, won.

Unto the empire thou hast founded,
Though not of earth, nor by earth bounded,
All earthly realms shall subject be:
Forth into every land and nation,
Thy servants, armed with thy salvation,
March to prepare a way for thee.

And at thy coming, clothed with power,
The sullen storm forgets to lower,
And waves grow calm beneath thy tread;
The bonds, by man's rebellion blighted,
In a new covenant are united,
And sin and death in fetters led.

O Lord of grace and truth unending,
And love all reach of thought transcending,
Revisit us, so sorely tried!
Thine advent once again is needed,
To form anew thy peace, unheeded
By worldly haughtiness and pride.

Oh, let thy light, which ne'er shall vanish,
From earth the power of darkness banish !

The lurid flames of discord quell ;
That we, the thrones and people loyal,
As brethren 'neath thy sceptre royal,
In thy great Father's house may dwell !

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT. Translated
by THOMAS C. PORTER.

THE INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

SAMUEL MEDLEY, a hymn-writer of moderate poetic faculty, was born June 23, 1738, and though apprenticed to an oil-man, and afterwards a midshipman in the English navy, became a useful Baptist minister. He wrote a number of hymns that were printed on broadsides, as they were composed, and afterwards collected. They are spiritual, and some of them still remain in the hymn-books. Medley died July 17, 1799.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay ;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail the auspicious day.

In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.

Down to the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels rushed with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

Wrapt in the silence of the night
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious, heavenly light
The wondrous scene unfurled.

Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song :
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.

Oh for a glance of heavenly love
Our hearts and songs to raise,
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays !

With joy the chorus we'll repeat :
"Glory to God on high !
Good-will and peace are now complete ;
Jesus was born to die."

Hail, Prince of life ! forever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend !
Though earth and time and life should fail
Thy praise shall never end.

1800

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

IMMANUEL.

RING, sweet bells of Christendom,
Everywhere the tidings tell
How the Lord to earth did come,
Ring and tell !

Swift to seek and save the lost,
More than merciful he came ;
Glad to pay life's bitter cost,
Jesus came.

Prince of peace, the Heavenly King,
As a mortal babe disguised
He appeared whom angels sing,
Earth-disguised.

Love divine in human frame,
Of the lowly, lowliest he ;
Strip of glory, in his shame
Gloried he.

Empty-handed from his birth,
Gifts exceeding price he brought ;
Treasures hidden not in earth
Jesus brought.

To the blind, unclouded sight ;
To the dumb, the voice of praise ;
And to all in darkness, light,
Joy and praise.

To the poor, the gospel's wealth ;
To the rich, the spirit poor ;
And to all, his saving health,
Rich and poor.

To the heavy-laden, rest ;
To the mourner, words of life ;
And to all, the last and best,
Endless life.

In the perfect path he trod,
Still his footprints mark the way ;
Out to men and up to God,
Show the way.

Out to men in love that breaks
Bread of charity with all,
And thrice-blessed then ! forsakes
Self for all.

Up to God in deeds like prayers,
 In obedience to him ;
 And in faith, love's altar-stairs
 Reared to him.

Ring, sweet bells of Christendom,
 Far and near the tidings tell
 How the Lord to earth did come,
 Ring and tell.

Join, good Christians, east and west,
 In Immanuel's endless praise,
 And with deeds of mercy best
 Show his praise !

Still the Christmas angels sing :
 "Glory be to God most high !"
 The eternal echoes ring :
 "God most high !"

Lift your songs in unison :
 "Peace on earth, good-will to men !"
 Mingle song and life in one
 Wide "Amen !"

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

—◆—
 LOVE.

IN such a marvellous night, so fair,
 And full of wonder, strange and new,
 Ye shepherds of the vale, declare —
 Who saw the greatest wonder ? Who ?

FIRST SHEPHERD.

I saw the trembling fire look wan ;

SECOND SHEPHERD.

I saw the sun shed tears of blood ;

THIRD SHEPHERD.

I saw a God become a man ;

FOURTH SHEPHERD.

I saw a man become a God.

O wondrous marvels ! at the thought
 The bosom's awe and reverence move ;
 But who such prodigies hath wrought ?
 What gave such wondrous birth ?
 'T was Love !

What called from heaven that flame divine,
 Which streams in glory far above,
 And bids it o'er earth's bosom shine,
 And bless us with its brightness ?
 Love !

Who bids the glorious sun arrest
 His course, and o'er heaven's concave move
 In tears, — the saddest, loneliest
 Of the celestial orbs ?
 'T was Love !

Who raised the human race so high,
 E'en to the starry seats above,
 That, for our mortal progeny,
 A man became a God ?
 'T was Love !

Who humbled from the seats of light
 Their Lord, all human woes to prove,
 Led the great Source of day to night,
 And made of God a man ?
 'T was Love !

Yes, Love has wrought, and Love alone,
 The victories all, — beneath, above ;
 And earth and heaven shall shout as one,
 The all-triumphant song
 Of Love !

The song through all heaven's arches ran,
 And told the wondrous tale aloud.
 The trembling fire that looked so wan,
 The weeping sun behind the cloud,
 A God, a God become a man !
 A mortal man become a God !

From the Portuguese. Translator unknown.

—◆—
 SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

*Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is king.*

Zion, the marvellous story be telling,
 The Son of the Highest, how lowly his
 birth ;
 The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
 He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon
 earth.

Tell how he cometh ; from nation to nation,
 The heart-cheering news let the earth echo
 round ;
 How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
 How his people with joy everlasting are
 crowned.

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
 And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise ;
 Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing ;
 One chorus resound through the earth and
 the skies.

*Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is king.*

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG, D. D.

THE VIRGIN MARY TO THE CHILD
JESUS.

"But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest."

MILTON'S *Hymn on the Nativity*.

I.

SLEEP, sleep, mine Holy One!
My flesh, my Lord! — what name? I do not
know

A name that seemeth not too high or low,
Too far from me or Heaven.

My Jesus, *that* is best! that word being given
By the majestic angel whose command
Was softly as a man's beseeching said,
When I and all the earth appeared to stand
In the great overflow
Of light celestial from his wings and head.
Sleep, sleep, my saving One!

II.

And art thou come for saving, baby-browed
And speechless Being — art thou come for
saving?

The palm that grows beside our door is bowed
By treadings of the low wind from the south,
A restless shadow through the chamber wav-
ing:

Upon its bough a bird sings in the sun;
But thou, with that close slumber on thy
mouth,

Dost seem of wind and sun already weary.
Art come for saving, O my weary One?

III.

Perchance this sleep that shutteth out the
dreary

Earth-sounds and motions, opens on thy soul
High dreams on fire with God;
High songs that make the pathways where
they roll

More bright than stars do theirs; and visions
new

Of thine eternal Nature's old abode.

Suffer this mother's kiss,
Best thing that earthly is,
To glide the music and the glory through,
Nor narrow in thy dream the broad upliftings
Of any seraph wing!
Thus, noiseless, thus. Sleep, sleep, my dream-
ing One!

IV.

The slumber of his lips meseems to run
Through *my* lips to mine heart; to all its shift-
ings

Of sensual life, bringing contrarioussness

In a great calm. I feel, I could lie down
As Moses did, and die,¹ — and then live most.
I am 'ware of you, heavenly Presences,
That stand with your peculiar light unlost,
Each forehead with a high thought for a crown,
Unsunned i' the sunshine! I am 'ware. Ye
throw

No shade against the wall! How motionless
Ye round me with your living statuary,
While through your whiteness, in and out-
wardly,

Continual thoughts of God appear to go.
Like light's soul in itself! I bear; I bear,
To look upon the dropt lids of your eyes,
Though their external shining testifies
To that beatitude within, which were
Enough to blast an eagle at his sun.

I fall not on my sad clay face before ye;
I look on his. I know

My spirit which dilateth with the woe
Of his mortality,

May well contain your glory.

Yea, drop your lids more low.

Ye are but fellow-worshippers with me!

Sleep, sleep, my worshipped One!

V.

We sate among the stalls at Bethlehem.
The dumb kine from their fodder turning
them,

Softened their horned faces

To almost human gazes

Towards the newly Born.

The simple shepherds from the star-lit brooks
Brought visionary looks,

As yet in their astonished hearing rung

The strange, sweet angel-tongue.

The magi of the East, in sandals worn,

Knelt reverent, sweeping round,

With long pale beards their gifts upon the
ground,

The incense, myrrh, and gold,

These baby hands were impotent to hold.

So, let all earthlies and celestials wait

Upon thy royal state!

Sleep, sleep, my kingly One!

VI.

I am not proud — meek angels, ye invest
New meeknesses to hear such utterance rest
On mortal lips, — "I am not proud" — *not*
proud!

Albeit in my flesh God sent his Son,
Albeit over him my head is bowed
As others bow before him, still mine heart

¹ It is a Jewish tradition that Moses died of the kisses of God's lips.

Bows lower than their knees. O centuries
That roll, in vision, your futurities
My future grave athwart, —
Whose murmurs seem to reach me while I
keep
Watch o'er this sleep, —
Say of me as the Heavenly said, "Thou art
The blessedest of women!" — blessedest,
Not holiest, not noblest — no high name,
Whose height misplaced may pierce me like
a shame,
When I sit meek in heaven!

VII.

For me, for me,
God knows that I am feeble like the rest!
I often wandered forth, more child than
maiden,
Among the midnight hills of Galilee,
Whose summits looked heaven-laden;
Listening to silence as it seemed to be
God's voice, so soft yet strong, so fain to
press
Upon my heart as Heaven did on the height,
And waken up its shadows by a light,
And show its vileness by a holiness.
Then I knelt down most silent like the night,
Too self-renounced for fears,
Raising my small face to the boundless blue
Whose stars did mix and tremble in my tears.
God heard *them* falling after, with his dew.

VIII.

So, seeing my corruption, can I see
This Incorruptible now born of me,
This fair new Innocence no sun did chance
To shine on (for even Adam was no child),
Created from my nature all defiled,
This mystery from out mine ignorance,
Nor feel the blindness, stain, corruption, more
Than others do, or I did heretofore?
Can hands wherein such burden pure has
been,
Not open with the cry "unclean, unclean!"
More oft than any else beneath the skies?
Ah King, ah Christ, ah son!
The kine, the shepherds, the abased wise,
Must all less lowly wait
Than I, upon thy state!
Sleep, sleep, my kingly One!

IX.

Art thou a King, then? Come, his universe,
Come, crown me him a king!
Pluck rays from all such stars as never fling
Their light where fell a curse,

And make a crowning for this kingly brow!
What is my word? Each empyreal star
Sits in a sphere afar
In shining ambuscade:
The child-brow, crowned by none,
Keeps its unchildlike shade.
Sleep, sleep, my crownless One!

X.

Unchildlike shade! No other babe doth wear
An aspect very sorrowful, as thou.
No small babe-smiles, my watching heart has
seen,
To float like speech the speechless lips be-
tween;
No dovelike cooing in the golden air,
No quick short joys of leaping babyhood.
Alas, our earthly good
In heaven thought evil, seems too good for
thee:
Yet, sleep, my weary One!

XI.

And then the drear sharp tongue of prophecy,
With the dread sense of things which shall
be done,
Doth smite me inly, like a sword — a sword?
(*That "smites the Shepherd!"*) then, I think
aloud
The words "despised," "rejected," every word
Recoiling into darkness as I view
The DARLING on my knee.
Bright angels, move not! lest ye stir the cloud
Betwixt my soul and his futurity!
I must not die, with mother's work to do,
And could not live, and see.

XII.

It is enough to bear
This image still and fair,
This holier in sleep,
Than a saint at prayer:
This aspect of a child
Who never sinned or smiled;
This presence in an infant's face:
This sadness most like love,
This love than love more deep,
This weakness like omnipotence,
It is so strong to move!
Awful is this watching place,
Awful what I see from hence —
A king, without regalia,
A God, without the thunder,
A child, without the heart for play;
Ay, a Creator rent asunder
From his first glory and cast away
On his own world, for me alone
To hold in hands created, crying, SON!

XIII.

That tear fell not on THEE,
Beloved, yet thou stirrest in thy slumber !
THOU, stirring not for glad sounds out of
number

Which through the vibratory palm-trees run
From summer wind and bird,
So quickly hast thou heard
A tear fall silently ?
Wak'st thou, O loving One ?

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

BACK-LOOKING Memory

And prophet Hope both sprang from out the
ground :

One, where the flashing of Cherubic sword
Fell sad, in Eden's ward ;

And one, from Eden earth, within the sound
Of the four rivers lapsing pleasantly,
What time the promise after curse was said:
" Thy seed shall bruise his head."

Poor Memory's brain is wild,
As moonstruck by that flaming atmosphere
When she was born. Her deep eyes shine
and shone

With light that conquereth sun
And stars to wanner paleness year by year :
With odorous gums, she mixeth things defiled:
She trampleth down earth's grasses green and
sweet

With her far-wandering feet.

She plucketh many flowers,
Their beauty on her bosom's coldness killing :
She teacheth every melancholy sound
To winds and waters round :

She droppeth tears with seed where man is
tilling

The rugged soil in his exhausted hours :
She smileth, ah me ! in her smile doth go
A mood of deeper woe !

Hope tripped on out of sight,
Crowned with an Eden wreath she saw not
wither,

And went a-nodding through the wilderness
With brow that shone no less
Than a sea-gull's wing, brought nearer by
rough weather ;

Searching the treeless rock for fruits of light,
Her fair quick feet being armed from stones
and cold,

By slippers of pure gold.

Memory did Hope much wrong
And, while she dreamed, her slippers stole
away ;

But still she wended on with mirth unheeding,
Although her feet were bleeding ;
Till Memory tracked her on a certain day,
And with most evil eyes did search her long
And cruelly, whereat she sank to ground
In a stark deadly swound.

And so my Hope were slain,
Had it not been that THOU wert standing
near,

Oh thou, who saigest " live " to creatures lying
In their own blood and dying !
For thou her forehead to thine heart didst
rear

And make its silent pulses sing again,
Pouring a new light o'er her darkened eyne,
With tender tears from thine !

Therefore my Hope arose
From out her swound, and gazed upon thy
face ;

And, meeting there that soft subduing look
Which Peter's spirit shook,
Sank downward in a rapture to embrace
Thy pierced hands and feet with kisses close,
And prayed thee to assist her evermore
To " reach the things before."

Then gavest thou the smile
Whence angel-wings thrill quick like summer
lightning,
Vouchsafing rest beside thee, where she never
From Love and Faith may sever ;
Whereat the Eden crown she saw not whiten-
ing

A time ago, though whitening all the while,
Reddened with life, to hear the Voice which
talked

To Adam as he walked.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

MARY MOTHER.

MORE than royal guest he lay
Where the gentle kine made way
For the Christ-child meek as they.

Knelt the Magi round his bed,
Bowed low each proudest head ;
Mary mother pondered.

Gold and frankincense and myrrh
They the wise and great confer ;
Jesu mild looks up to her !

What her gift? Than nothing less!
 Oh that she might crown and bless
 Him whom kings shall King confess!

Pierced as with woes to come
 At his feet her soul lies dumb,
 Love, of all she hath, the sum!

— Blessed among women, thou
 Who, exalted most, dost bow
 Lowliest among the low!

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

AVE MARIS STELLA.

STAR on the wide and pathless sea,
 Who loy'st on mariners to shine,
 These votive garments wet, to thee
 We hang within thy holy shrine.
 When o'er us flashed the surging brine,
 Amid the warring waters tossed,
 From earthly aid we turned to thine,
 And hoped, when other hope was lost.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the vast and howling main,
 When dark and lone is all the sky,
 And mountain waves o'er ocean's plain
 Erect their stormy heads on high;
 When matrons by the hearthstone sigh,
 They raise their weeping eyes to thee; —
 The Star of ocean heeds their cry,
 And saves the foundering bark at sea.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep and stormy sea,
 When wreaking tempests round us rave,
 Thy gentle virgin form we see,
 Bright rising o'er the hoary wave,
 The howling storms that seem to crave
 Their victims, sink in music sweet;
 The surging seas recede, to pave
 The path beneath thy glistening feet,
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! at that blest name
 The waves sleep silent round the keel,
 The tempests wild their fury tame,
 That made the deep foundations reel;
 The soft celestial accents steal
 So soothing through the realms of woe,
 That suffering souls a respite feel
 From torture in the depths below.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the mild and placid seas,
 Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,

Whose name thy faithful Portuguese,
 And all that to the depths go down,
 With hymns of grateful transport own;
 When gathering clouds obscure their light,
 And heaven assumes an awful frown,
 The Star of ocean glitters bright.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! when angel lyres
 To hymn thy holy name essay,
 In vain a mortal harp aspires
 To mingle in the mighty lay!
 Mother of Christ! one living ray
 Of hope our grateful bosom fires; —
 When storms and tempests pass away,
 Take us to join immortal choirs.
Ave Maris Stella!

From the Portuguese. Translator unknown.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

THE REV. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH was born in London, January, 1825, and graduated at Cambridge in 1847. In 1855 he became rector of Christ Church, Hampstead. He has written a number of hymns and other poems, but is best known as the author of "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever," in which he treats those themes that inspired Milton and Dante. His father, the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, is well known for his devotional writings. He died in 1850.

HARK, hark! the advent cry again:
 The angels sing his birth,
 "Glory to God, good-will to men,
 And peace on earth."

He comes; and eager listeners throng
 The lowly path he trod;
 For peace is ever on his tongue,
 The peace of God.

See, his frail bark the waters fill:
 Yet why that faithless dread?
 Before his mighty "Peace, be still,"
 The storm is fled.

A weeping sinner dares to touch
 And bathe his feet with tears:
 And "Go in peace: thou lovest much,"
 Is all she hears.

His hour is come: sad bosoms heave
 With bodings unexpressed:
 Peace — grief itself forgets to grieve
 At his bequest.

Oh, never, never, gentle Dove,
 Let thy soft pleadings cease,
 Until we bask in light, and love,
 And perfect peace!

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE," CANTO III.

Ave Maria! Maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden's prayer!

Thou canst hear though from the wild;

Thou canst save amid despair.

Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,

Though banished, outcast, and reviled;

Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;

Mother, hear a suppliant child!

*Ave Maria!**Ave Maria!* undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share

Shall seem with down of eider piled,

If thy protection hover there.

The murky cavern's heavy air

Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled:

Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,

Mother, list a suppliant child!

*Ave Maria!**Ave Maria!* stainless styled!

Foul demons of the earth and air,

From this their wonted haunt exiled,

Shall flee before thy presence fair.

We bow us to our lot of care,

Beneath thy guidance reconciled:

Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,

And for a father hear a child!

Ave Maria!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SLEEP, HOLY BABE.

"But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest."

MILTON.

Sleep, Holy Babe,

Upon thy mother's breast;

Great Lord of earth and sea and sky,

How sweet it is to see thee lie

In such a place of rest!

Sleep, Holy Babe,

Thine angels watch around,

All bending low, with folded wings,

Before the Incarnate King of kings,

In reverent awe profound.

Sleep, Holy Babe,

While I with Mary gaze

In joy upon that face awhile,

Upon the loving Infant smile,

Which there divinely plays.

Sleep, Holy Babe;

Ah! take thy brief repose:

Too quickly will thy slumbers break,

And thou to lengthened pains awake,

That death alone shall close.

Then must those hands

Which now so fair I see,

Those little pearly feet of thine,

So soft, so delicately fine,

Be pierced and rent for me!

Then must that brow

Its thorny crown receive;

That cheek, more lovely than the rose,

Be drenched with blood, and marred with

blows,

That I thereby may live.

EDWARD CASWALL.

THE NATIVITY.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in Glasgow, July 27, 1777, and died July 15, 1844. He was educated at the university in the city of his birth. In 1803 he went to London, where he was successful as a man of letters. He was on several occasions Lord Rector of the university from which he graduated. His poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," was written when he was in his twenty-second year.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion hill,—
When Salem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light,—
Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring, on the raptured soul.
Then swift to every startled eye
New streams of glory gild the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.
On wheels of light and wings of flame
The glorious hosts to Zion came.
High heaven with sounds of triumph rung,
And thus they smote their harps, and sung:

O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign!

See mercy from her golden urn
Pours a glad stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds with tender care
The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes! he cheers the trembling heart;
Night and her spectres pale depart:
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Edom bloom!

O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh,—
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1794.

LINES

ON THE CELEBRATED PICTURE BY LEONARDO DA VINCI,
CALLED "THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS."

CHARLES LAMB, the essayist, was born in London, Feb. 18, 1775. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, and for thirty-three years was accountant at the India House, London. He died at Edmonton, Dec. 27, 1834.

WHILE young John runs to greet
The greater Infant's feet,
The mother, standing by, with trembling pas-
sion
Of devout admiration,
Beholds the engaging mystic play, and pretty
adoration;
Nor knows as yet the full event
Of those so low beginnings
From whence we date our winnings,
But wonders at the intent
Of those new rites, and what that strange
child-worship meant.
But at her side
An angel doth abide,
With such a perfect joy
As no dim doubts alloy,—
An intuition,
A glory, an amenity,
Passing the dark condition
Of blind humanity,
As if he surely knew
All the blest wonders should ensue,
Or he had lately left the upper sphere,
And had read all the sovereign schemes and
divine riddles there.

CHARLES LAMB.

A HYMN ON THE NATIVITY OF
MY SAVIOUR.

BEN JONSON was born probably June 11, 1574, and worked for a time as a bricklayer. He afterwards studied at St. John's College, Cambridge, and went upon the stage for a short time. Becoming a writer, he met success. He was made poet-laureate in 1619, and was a friend of Shakespeare and Sir Walter Raleigh. He died in poverty, Aug. 6, 1637.

I SING the birth was born to-night,
The Author both of life and light;
The angels so did sound it.
And like the ravished shepherds said,
Who saw the light and were afraid,
Yet searched, and true they found it.

The Son of God, the eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger;
He whom the whole world could not take,
The Word which heaven and earth did make,
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom willed it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature:
And as that wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made flesh indeed,
And took on him our nature.

What comfort by him do we win,
Who made himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory!
To see this babe all innocence,
A martyr born in our defence:
Can man forget this story?

BEN JONSON.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

CALM was the hallowed night!
Valley and mountain height
Slumbered in shade;
Roofed by heaven's azure fair,
Making their flocks their care,
Shepherds, in open air,
Tranquilly stayed.

Suddenly round them shone,
Dazzling to look upon,
Splendors of light;
Then drew an angel near,
And, to allay their fear,
Poured on their ravished ear
Words of delight!

Ne'er, since the world began,
Music so sweet to man
Sounded abroad;
On that auspicious morn,
Changing our state forlorn,
Christ as a babe was born,
Jesus the Lord!

Well might the tidings told
Waken your harps of gold,
Chorus unseen!
Sweet rang your minstrelsy,
"Glory to God on high!"
"Peace on earth," amnesty,
"Good-will towards men!"

Well might the shepherds haste,
Ere yet the night was past,
That thing to see;

Where light the meteor shed
Well might the Magi tread,
Joyful, the path that led,
Saviour, to thee!

Infant of Bethlehem!
Now do I seek, like them,
Thy mean abode;
There in thy strange disguise
Thee do I recognize,
Maker of earth and skies,
Almighty God!

Mysteries so deep deter
Nature's proud reasoner,
Scorning God's word:
Thee, whom the Father seals,
He to thy seed reveals;
Each to this mandate kneels, —
"Thus saith the Lord."

"Wonderful, Counsellor!"
Thee whom the virgin bore,
Thee I receive;
God e'er the world began,
Perfect God, perfect man,
Mystery too deep to scan,
This I believe.

Lo, at thy feet I lay,
Giving myself away,
All that is mine;
Treasures I none unfold,
Frankincense, myrrh, or gold,
One sinful heart behold,
Take it for thine.

Father! thy love I bless,
Who in our deep distress
Gavest thy Son!
Saviour! I thee adore,
Spirit! thine unction pour;
Thee I praise evermore,
Great Three in One!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

ELIZABETH'S SONG.

The following verses open "The Saint's Tragedy," that touching picture of mediæval religious life in which the purity and dignity of the offices of husband, wife, and parent are illustrated. The scene is laid in 1220.

The Doorway of a closed Chapel in the Wartburg.
ELIZABETH sitting on the Steps.

BABY Jesus, who dost lie
Far above that stormy sky,
In thy mother's pure caress,
Stoop and save the motherless.

Happy birds! whom Jesus leaves
Underneath his sheltering eaves;
There they go to play and sleep,
May not I go in to weep?

All without is mean and small,
All within is vast and tall;
All without is harsh and shrill,
All within is hushed and still.

Jesus, let me enter in,
Wrap me safe from noise and sin;
Let me list the angels' songs,
See the picture of thy wrongs;

Let me kiss thy wounded feet,
Drink thine incense, faint and sweet,
While the clear bells call thee down
From thine everlasting throne.

At thy doorstep low I bend,
Who have neither kin nor friend;
Let me here a shelter find,
Shield the shorn lamb from the wind.

Jesu, Lord, my heart will break,
Save me, for thy great love's sake!

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

1850.

JESUS, CHILD AND LORD.

WHEN Mary bids thee sleep, thou sleepest;
Thou wakest when she calls;
Thou art content upon her lap,
Or in the rugged stalls.

When Joseph takes thee in his arms
And smooths thy little cheek,
Thou lookest up into his face
So helpless and so meek.

Yes, dearest Babe! those tiny hands,
That play with Mary's hair,
The weight of all the mighty world
This very moment bear.

While thou art clasping Mary's neck
In timid, tight embrace,
The boldest seraphs veil themselves
Before thine infant face.

When Mary hath appeased thy thirst
And hushed thy feeble cry,
The hearts of men lie open still
Before thy slumbering eye.

O dear, O wakeful-hearted child!
Sleep on, dear Jesus, sleep!
For thou must one day wake for me
To suffer and to weep!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE MADONNA AND CHILD.

Written after viewing Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto* in the Royal Gallery of Dresden, August, 1867. First published in Schaff's "Christ in Song," 1868.

THOU stand'st between the earth and heaven,
Sweet Mary, with thy boy;
And on thy young and lovely face
Linger surprise and joy.

The angel's words are sounding yet
In thy attentive ear;
Thou hold'st thy child most tenderly,
And yet with awe and fear:

Almost a frightened look thou hast,
As if within thy thought
The glory of thy motherhood
An anxious burden brought.

Thou dar'st not clasp the Holy Child
With freedom to thy breast;
And yet, because he is thine own,
Thou look'st supremely blest.

God gave the boy into thine arms,
And thou his mother art,
And yet the words the angel spoke
Are lingering in thy heart.

Thou canst not call him quite thine own;
And when, upon thy knee,
He sleeps as other infants sleep,
Thou dost a glory see,

Which fills thee with a kind of awe,
And makes thee tremble so,
That thou dost lay thy baby down,
And, bending very low,

Dost ask the Father why he sent
A babe divine to thee,
And, pouring out thy troubled heart,
Dost seek his sympathy.

O Mary! loved of God and man,
Let all thy fears depart:
For God will send his Spirit down,
To guide thy anxious heart;

And thou shalt rear the Blessed Child,
Cheered by his smile divine;
And, in thy sweet and humble home,
Shall God's veiled glory shine.

But, oh! I dread for thee the hour
When thou shalt stand alone
Beneath the cross where God's dear Son
Shall for man's sin atone.

A sword shall enter then thine heart,
And leave such bitter pain,
That thou wilt kneel in agony,
Inquiring once again,

Why God should crush thee with a grief
No other heart could share?
And why, in utter loneliness,
Thou must the anguish bear?

And, oh! I see another day
When thou shalt wondering stand,
Amidst a throng who welcome thee,
In heaven, the blessed land!

And then the Lord, who lived on earth
Clothed in humility,
Shall sit upon his Father's throne
In radiant majesty.

The angels then shall lead thy feet
Across the crystal sea;
And thou shalt reach the Blessed One
Who lived and died for thee.

Thy grateful praise shall swell the song
Which rises toward the throne;
For then the mysteries of earth
Shall all be fully known.

Sweet Mary, when the gate of life
Death's hand unlocks for me,
I shall discern thy lovely face,
By its humility.

GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE

THE CHILD JESUS.

JEAN MAUBURNE (or MOMBOIR) was born near Brussels about 1460, and died at Paris in 1503. His "*Rosetum Spirituale*" was published at Basel in 1497. Mauburne was deputed to reform the canons regular of France in consequence of this work.

DOST thou in a manger lie,
Who hast all created,
Stretching infant hands on high,
Saviour long awaited?
If a monarch, where thy state?
Where thy court on thee to wait?
Royal purple where?
Here no regal pomp we see,
Nought but need and penury;
Why thus cradled here?

"Pitying love for fallen man
Brought me down thus low,
For a race deep lost in sin
Rushing into woe.

By this lowly birth of mine
 Countless riches shall be thine,
 Matchless gifts and free.
 Willingly this yoke I take,
 And this sacrifice I make,
 Reaping joys for thee."

Fervent praise would I to thee
 Evermore be raising,
 For thy wondrous love to me,
 Praising, praising, praising.
 Glory, glory, he forever
 Unto that most bounteous Giver,
 And that loving Lord !
 Better witness to thy worth,
 Purer praise than ours on earth,
 Angels' songs afford.

From the Latin of JEAN MAUBURNE.
 Translator unknown.

NEW PRINCE, NEW POMP.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, an English Jesuit, educated at Douay, France, was born in Norfolk in 1560, and was hanged, drawn, and quartered for constructive treason against Queen Elizabeth, Feb. 21, 1595. He wrote many poems. A complete edition of them appeared in London in 1856.

BEHOLD a silly,¹ tender Babe,
 In freezing winter night.
 In homely manger trembling lies ;
 Alas ! a piteous sight.

The inns are full ; no man will yield
 This little pilgrim bed ;
 But forced he is with silly beasts
 In crib to shroud his head.

Despise him not for lying there ;
 First what he is inquire :
 An Orient pearl is often found
 In depth of dirty mire.

Weigh not his crib, his wooden dish,
 Nor beasts that by him feed ;
 Weigh not his mother's poor attire,
 Nor Joseph's simple weed.

This stable is a Prince's court,
 The crib his chair of state ;
 The beasts are parcel of his pomp,
 The wooden dish his plate.

The persons in that poor attire
 His royal liveries wear ;
 The Prince himself is come from heaven :
 This pomp is praised there.

Simple, happy. German *selig*.

With joy approach, O Christian wight !
 Do homage to thy King ;
 And highly praise this humble pomp,
 Which he from heaven doth bring.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

LISTEN TO THE WONDROUS STORY.

ELLIN ISABELLE TUPPER is daughter of Martin F. Tupper, the author of "Proverbial Philosophy." The following was contributed to Rogers's "Lyra Britannica," 1867.

JOHN iii. 16.

LISTEN to the wondrous story,
 How, upon the Christmas morn,
 Jesus left the realms of glory,
 As a little babe was born ;
 Left those bright and happy regions
 Of his Father's home above,
 And the glorious angel legions.
 In his great and boundless love !

Came into a lowly manger,
 Dwelt beneath a humble shed,
 And, among his own a stranger,
 Knew not where to lay his head ;
 Went from city unto city,
 All his life was doing good,
 Weeping o'er his friend with pity,
 When beside the grave he stood.

Love all human love exceeding,
 Brought him to a cruel death ;
 Even then, though hanging bleeding
 On the cross, his latest breath
 Spent he for his murderers, praying
 To his Father to forgive ;
 To the thief repentant saying,
 "Thou in Paradise shalt live !"

Oh, what love in God the Father
 To bestow his only Son !
 Oh, what love in Christ, who rather
 Than the world should be undone,
 Came himself to seek and save us,
 Came to claim us for his own ;
 Freely all our sins forgave us,
 Raised us to his glorious throne !

ELLIN ISABELLE TUPPER.

HYMN FOR THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

"Hymnum canentes Martyrum."

THE hymn for conquering martyrs raise :
 The victor innocents we praise :
 Whom in their woe earth cast away,
 But heaven with joy receive ! to-day.

Whose angels see the Father's face
World without end, and hymn his grace;
And while they chant unceasing lays,
The hymn for conquering martyrs raise.

By that accursed monarch slain
Their loving Maker bade them reign;
With him they dwell, no more distressed,
In the fair land of light and rest;
He gives them mansions, one and all,
In that his heavenly Father's hall:
Thus have they changed their loss for gain,
By that accursed monarch slain.

A voice from Rama was there sent,
A voice of weeping and lament:
When Rachel mourned the children sore
Whom for the tyrant's sword she bore.
Triumphal is their glory now
Whom earthly torments could not bow:
What time, both far and near that went,
A voice from Rama was there sent.

Fear not, O little flock and blest,
The lion that your life oppressed!
To heavenly pastures ever new
The heavenly Shepherd leadeth you;
Who, dwelling now on Sion's hill,
The Lamb's fair footsteps follow still:
By tyrant there no more distressed,
Fear not, O little flock and blest!

And every tear is wiped away
By your dear Father's hands for aye;
Death hath no power to hurt you more,
Whose own is Life's eternal store.
Who sow their seed, and sowing weep,
In everlasting joy shall reap:
What time they shine in heavenly day,
And every tear is wiped away!

O city blest o'er all the earth,
Who gloriest in the Saviour's birth!
Whose are his earliest martyrs dear,
By kindred and by triumph here.
None from henceforth may call thee small,—
Of rival towns thou passest all,
In whom our Monarch had his birth,
O city blest o'er all the earth!

VENERABLE BEDE. Translated
by JOHN MASON NEALE.

THE BURNING BABE.

As I in hoary winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was by sudden heat
Which made my heart to glow;

And lifting up a fearful eye
To view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright
Did in the air appear;

Who, scorched with excessive heat,
Such floods of tears did shed,
As though his floods should quench his flames:
Which with his tears were bred:

"Alas," quoth he, "but newly born,
In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
Or feel the fire, but I.

"My faultless breast the furnace is;
The fuel wounding thorns;
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
The ashes shames and scorns.

"The fuel justice layeth on,
And mercy blows the coals;
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are men's defiled souls,

"For which, as now on fire I am,
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
To wash them in my blood."

With this he vanished out of sight,
And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto mind
That it was Christmas Day.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

HAIL, INFANT MARTYRS!

"Salvete, flores martyrum!"

THE REV. JOHN CHANDLER, a graduate of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, is the translator of many Latin hymns. They are found in most of the collections, and are of much merit. The following hymn (in the Latin) is now used on the Innocents' Day. Neale, Caswall, and others have made versions of the same.

HAIL, infant martyrs! new-born victims, hail!
Hail, earliest flowerets of the Christian
spring!
O'er whom, like rosebuds scattered by the
gale,
The cruel sword such havoc dared to fling.

The Lord's first votive offerings of blood,
First tender lambs upon the altar laid,
Around in fearless innocence they stood,
And sported gayly with the murderous blade.

Oh, what availed thee, Herod, this thy guilt,
This load of crime that on thy conscience lies?
The Lord alone, whose blood thou wouldst
have spilt,

Now mocks thy malice and thy power de-
fies.

Yes! he alone survived, when all the ground
Drank the red torrents of that carnage wild:
Though many a childless mother wailed
around,

The hand of murder spared the Virgin's
child!

O Jesu, virgin-born! all praise to thee,
And to the Father and the Holy Ghost!
One God eternal, ever honored be
By saints on earth and by the heavenly host!

PRUDENTIUS. Translated by
JOHN CHANDLER.

THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

"In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and
weeping, and great mourning." — MATT. ii. 18.

BETHLEHEM, above all cities blest!
The incarnate Saviour's earthly rest,
Where in his manger safe he lay,
By angels guarded night and day.

Bethlehem, of cities most forlorn,
Where in the dust sad mothers mourn,
Nor see the heavenly glory shed
On each pale infant's martyred head.

'T is ever thus: who Christ would win,
Must in the school of woe begin;
And still the nearest to his grace,
Know least of their own glorious place.

JOHN KEBLE.

THE VOICE OF RAMA.

HEARD ye, from Rama's ruined walls,
That voice of bitter weeping!
Is it the moan of fettered slave,
His watch of sorrow keeping?
Heard ye, from Rama's wasted plains,
That cry of lamentation!
Is it the wail of Israel's sons,
For Salem's devastation?

Ah, no, a sorer ill than chains
That bitter wail is waking,
And deeper woe than Salem's fall
That tortured heart is breaking:
'T is Rachel, of her sons bereft,
Who lifts that voice of weeping;
And childless are the eyes that there
Their watch of grief are keeping.

Oh, who shall tell what fearful pangs
That mother's heart are rending,
As o'er her infant's little grave
Her wasted form is bending;
From many an eye that weeps to-day
Delight may beam to-morrow;
But she, — her precious babe is not!
And what remains but sorrow?

Bereaved one! I may not chide
Thy tears and bitter sobbing;
Weep on! 't will cool that burning brow,
And still that bosom's throbbing:
But be not thine such grief as theirs
To whom no hope is given;
Snatched from the world, its sins and snares,
Thy infant rests in heaven.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, D. D.



THE CRUCIFIXION.

THE CROSS.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

1825.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

CHRIST BETRAYED.

MRS. ANNE CHARLOTTE LYNCH BOTTA was born in Bennington, Vt., and in 1845 published "Leaves from the Diary of a Recluse," which was followed in 1849 by a volume of poems. In 1855 she became the wife of Prof. Vincenzo Botta, of the University of the City of New York (formerly of Turin, Italy), and in 1860 she published a "Handbook of Universal Literature."

EIGHTEEN hundred years ago
Was that deed of darkness done,
Was that sacred thorn-crowned head
To a shameful death betrayed,
And Iscariot's traitor name
Blazoned in eternal shame.
Thou, disciple of our time,
Follower of the faith sublime,
Who with high and holy scorn
Of that traitorous deed dost burn,
Though the years may nevermore
To our earth that form restore,
The Christ-spirit ever lives,
Ever in thy heart he strives.
When pale misery mutely calls,
When thy brother tempted falls,
When thy gentle words may chain

Hate and anger and disdain,
Or thy loving smile impart
Courage to some sinking heart :
When within thy troubled breast
Good and evil thoughts contest,
Though unconscious thou mayst be,
The Christ-spirit strives with thee.

When he trod the Holy Land
With his small disciple band,
And the fated hour had come
For that august martyrdom,
When the man, the human love,
And the God within him strove,
As in Gethsemane he wept,
They, the faithless watchers, slept :
While for them he wept and prayed,
One denied and one betrayed !

If to-day thou turn'st aside,
In thy luxury and pride,
Wrapped within thyself, and blind
To the sorrows of thy kind,
Thou a faithless watch dost keep,
Thou art one of those who sleep :

Or, if waking, thou dost see
 Nothing of divinity
 In our fallen struggling race,
 If in them thou see'st no trace
 Of a glory dimmed, not gone,
 Of a future to be won,
 Of a future, hopeful, high,
 Thou, like Peter, dost deny :
 But, if seeing, thou believest,
 If the Evangel thou receivest,
 Yet, if thou art bound to sin,
 False to the ideal within,
 Slave of ease, or slave of gold,
 Thou the Son of God hast sold.

ANNE C. LYNCH BOTTA.

◆
 THE PASSION.

WITH the soldiers, straitly bound,
 Forth the Saviour fareth :
 Over all his holy form
 Bleeding wounds he beareth ;
 He a crown of woven thorns,
 King of glory, weareth,
 And each one, with bended knee,
 Fresher taunts prepareth.

They thy mild and tender flesh,
 O Redeemer, baring,
 To the column bind thee fast,
 For the scourge preparing ;
 Thus the ransom of our peace
 Cruel stripes are tearing,
 As the streams that flow therefrom
 Fully are declaring.

After passed he through the street,
 As the morn grew older,
 And the heavy, bitter cross
 Bare he on his shoulder:
 Thronged the windows and the doors
 Many a rude beholder ;
 But he found no comforter
 There, and no upholder.

Him, in open sight of men
 Manifestly shaming,
 To the wind and cold they bare,
 Utmost insults framing ;
 Guiltless, on the cross they lift,
 With transgressors naming,
 Him, as midmost of the three,
 Chief of all proclaiming.

On the wood his arms are stretched,
 And his hands are riven ;
 Through the tender flesh of Christ
 Mighty nails are driven ;

In like wise his blessed feet
 Are to torture given,
 As the hands that had so oft
 In our battle striven.

Streams of blood are trickling down
 From those holy sources ;
 Hither! weak and sinful soul!
 And renew thy forces ;
 This the medicine that shall cure
 Terrors and remorse ;
 This the writing that for us
 Freedom's deed endorses.

Calling on thy Father's name
 Thy last breath was spend ;
 And thy spirit in his hands
 Gently was commended ;
 With a loud and mighty cry
 Then thy head was bended,
 And the work that brought thee down,
 Of salvation, ended.

But by heart and thought of man
 That is past conceiving,
 How the virgin mother's soul
 Inmostly was grieving,
 When the soldier's bitter lance
 That dear side was cleaving ;
 Cruel mark upon his frame
 Of its passage leaving.

That blest form could feel no more,
 Whence had life departed ;
 'T was the mother's anguished soul
 'Neath the wound that smarted,
 When she marked how through his side
 That sharp lance was darted,
 And the streams of water thence,
 And of blood that started.

Wherefore, sinner, haste to these
 Fountains of salvation :
 Life thou mayest draw therefrom,
 And illumination :
 Cure thou mayest find for sin,
 Strength to meet temptation,
 Refuge mayst thou gain against
 Satan's condemnation.

A hymn of the twelfth century. Translated
 by JOHN MASON NEALE.

◆
 THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

O'ER Kedron's stream and Salem's height
 And Olivet's brown steep
 Moves the majestic queen of night,
 And throws from heaven her silver light,
 And sees the world asleep ;—

All but the children of distress,
 Of sorrow, grief, and care,
 Whom sleep, though prayed for, will not
 bless,
 These leave the couch of restlessness,
 To breathe the cool, calm air.

For those who shun the glare of day
 There's a composing power,
 That meets them, on their lonely-way,
 In the still air, the sober ray
 Of this religious hour.

'T is a religious hour ; for he,
 Who many a grief shall bear,
 In his own body on the tree,
 Is kneeling in Gethsemane,
 In agony and prayer.

O Holy Father, when the light
 Of earthly joy grows dim,
 May hope in Christ grow strong and bright,
 To all who kneel, in sorrow's night,
 In trust and prayer like him.

JOHN PIERPONT.

JESUS PASSING OVER KEDRON.

THOU soft flowing Kedron, by thy silver
 stream
 Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia's pale
 beam
 Shone bright on the waters, would oftentimes
 stray,
 And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day !

How damp were the vapors that fell on his
 head !
 How hard was his pillow ! how humble his
 bed !

The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,
 And followed their Master with solemn
 delight !

O garden of Olivet, — dear, honored spot !
 The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot !
 The theme most transporting to seraphs
 above,
 The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love !

Come, saints, and adore him, come, bow at his
 feet ;
 Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet !
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the
 skies.

MARIA DE FLEURY.

GETHSEMANE.

MATILDA BARBARA BETHAM-EDWARDS, cousin of Miss Amelia Blandford Edwards, the novelist, was born at Westerfield, Suffolk, England, in 1836, and has contributed to Punch, Fraser's Magazine, and other periodicals

LIKE Him, whilst friends and lovers slept,
 Have we not all heart-broken crept
 Into thy shadows once and wept,
 Gethsemane ?

We knew not how the day had run,
 We only knew that hope was gone,
 And fain no more would greet the sun,
 Gethsemane !

Our mothers slumbered in the tomb,
 Love, though immortal, could not come
 To cheer their children in thy gloom,
 Gethsemane !

Not with us was our true helpmeet,
 Who bore us sons and made life sweet,
 And loved us with a love complete,
 Gethsemane !

Not with us might the friend abide,
 Who, ever trusty, ever tried,
 Fought out truth's battle by our side,
 Gethsemane !

We were alone. The world was still,
 The breath of heaven seemed cold and chill,
 We beat our breasts and wept our fill,
 Gethsemane !

Prone on the ground our limbs were spread,
 We wished it were our dying bed,
 Since hope and joy and faith had fled,
 Gethsemane !

But late there broke a little light
 Into the darkness of the night,
 And we were taught to pray aright,
 Gethsemane !

Then Christ himself said, standing near,
 "O fellow-mourners ! have no fear,
 I weep with thee, and God is here."
 Gethsemane !

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

This hymn was composed by Dr. Hedge for a confirmation service in his church at Bangor, Me., on Good Friday, 1843. In some collections it has been marked "Anonymous."

'T WAS the day when God's Anointed
 Died for us the death appointed,
 Bleeding on the guilty cross ;
 Day of darkness, day of terror,
 Deadly fruit of ancient error,
 Nature's fall, and Eden's loss.

Haste, prepare the bitter chalice !
 Gentile hate and Jewish malice
 Lift the royal victim high,
 Like the serpent, wonder-gifted,
 Which the Prophet once uplifted,
 For a sinful world to die !

Conscious of the deed unholy,
 Nature's pulses beat more slowly
 And the sun his light denied ;
 Darkness wrapped the sacred city,
 And the earth with fear and pity
 Trembled when the Just One died.

It is finished, Man of sorrows !
 From thy cross our nature borrows
 Strength to bear and conquer thus.
 While exalted there we view thee,
 Mighty Sufferer, draw us to thee,
 Sufferer victorious !

Not in vain for us uplifted,
 Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted !
 May that sacred symbol be.
 Eminent amid the ages,
 Guide of heroes and of sages,
 May it guide us still to thee !

Still to thee, whose love unbounded
 Sorrow's deep for us hath sounded,
 Perfected by conflicts sore.
 Glory to thy cross forever !
 Star that points our high endeavor
 Whither thou hast gone before.

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE, D. D.

Good Friday, 1843.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

The author of the " Old Oaken Bucket " was born in Scituate, Mass., Jan 13, 1785. He had desires for a liberal education, but was unable to obtain it, and became an apprentice to a printer. He was employed on the Columbian Centinel, in Boston, but occupied his leisure time in writing poetry that was published under the name " Selim." Some of his pieces were collected in a volume in 1818, prefixed to which was a somewhat remarkable preface, in which the trials and troubles of the author up to that time were delineated with the view of encouraging the sale of the book. Little of its contents were of a nature (looking at it from the present time) to encourage the reader to become a buyer, and little that the author wrote has been remembered, excepting the poem mentioned above. He died in New York City, Dec. 9, 1842. The following is a free reproduction of the " Stabat Mater Dolorosa," relieved of Mariolatry.

WEeping Mary, bathed in sorrow,
 Lingered near the scene of horror,
 Where the dying Saviour hung ;
 From whose bursting heart arising,
 Groans of anguish agonizing
 Floated o'er his fevered tongue.

Oh, what sorrow, deep, unbounded,
 That maternal bosom wounded,
 Once the Saviour's couch of rest !
 How she wept to see him languish,
 How she trembled for the anguish
 Laboring in his guiltless breast !

Who could witness without weeping
 Gushing streams of sorrow sweeping
 Down the mother's pallid cheek ?
 Who with bosom unrelenting
 Could behold her thus lamenting,
 Looking what no tongue could speak ?

While such pangs as fiends invented
 Still her suffering Son tormented,
 Scorn and bruises, stripes and death ;
 She beheld him thus expiring,
 Human friends for fear retiring,
 Whilst in groans he spent his breath !

Matchless mercy, love amazing !
 Far above our feeble praising,
 Far beyond our humble lays ;
 May its influence never vary,
 Till my heart, like that of Mary,
 Glows with a seraphic blaze.

Gracious Saviour, now in glory,
 Be this sad, affecting story
 Deeply on my soul imprest !
 May the scene of such affliction
 Bring the hardest heart conviction,
 Melt the most obdurate breast !

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

1818.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

SUNLIGHT upon Judæa's hills !
 And on the waves of Galilee,
 On Jordan's stream, and on the rills
 That feed the dead and sleeping sea !
 Most freshly from the green wood springs
 The light breeze on its scented wings ;
 And gayly quiver in the sun
 The cedar tops of Lebanon !

A few more hours, — a change hath come !
 The sky is dark without a cloud !
 The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,
 And proud knees unto earth are bowed
 A change is on the hill of Death,
 The helmed watchers pant for breath,
 And turn with wild and maniac eyes
 From the dark scene of sacrifice !

That Sacrifice ! — the death of him, —
 The High and ever Holy One !

Well may the conscious heaven grow dim,
 And blacken the beholding sun.
 The wonted light hath fled away,
 Night settles on the middle day,
 And earthquake from his caverned bed
 Is waking with a thrill of dread !

The dead are waking underneath !
 Their prison door is rent away !
 And, ghastly with the seal of death,
 They wander in the eye of day !
 The temple of the Cherubim,
 The house of God is cold and dim ;
 A curse is on its trembling walls,
 Its mighty veil asunder falls !

Well may the cavern-depths of earth
 Be shaken, and her mountains nod ;
 Well may the sheeted dead come forth
 To gaze upon a suffering God !
 Well may the temple-shrine grow dim,
 And shadows veil the Cherubim,
 When he, the chosen one of Heaven,
 A sacrifice for guilt is given !

And shall the sinful heart, alone,
 Behold unmoved the atoning hour,
 When Nature trembles on her throne,
 And Death resigns his iron power ?
 Oh, shall the heart, whose sinfulness
 Gave keenness to his sore distress,
 And added to his tears of blood,
 Refuse its trembling gratitude !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE THREE MOUNTAINS.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
 God descend in majesty
 To proclaim his holy law,
 All my spirit sinks with awe.

When in ecstasy sublime
 Tabor's glorious steep I climb
 At the too transporting light
 Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

When on Calvary I rest,
 God, in flesh made manifest,
 Shines in my Redeemer's face,
 Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

Here I would forever stay,
 Weep and gaze my soul away ;
 Thou art heaven on earth to me,
 Lovely, mournful Calvary.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"IT IS FINISHED."

This hymn was probably written by the REV. JONATHAN EVANS, who was born at Coventry, England, about 1749. He died Aug. 31, 1809. It has been attributed to the Rev. Benjamin Francis of Horsley, Gloucestershire, who died in 1809. The authorship is still uncertain.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky :
 " It is finished !"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

" It is finished !" Oh, what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford !
 Heavenly blessings without measure
 Flow to us from Christ, the Lord :
 " It is finished !"
 Saints, the dying words record.

Finished all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law !
 Finished all that God had promised ;
 Death and hell no more shall awe :
 " It is finished !"
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

Happy souls, approach the table,
 Taste the soul-reviving food ;
 Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
 As the Saviour's flesh and blood :
 " It is finished !"
 Christ has borne the heavy load.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
 All on earth and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name :
 Hallelujah !
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

JONATHAN EVANS.

1787.

GOOD FRIDAY.

BOUND upon the accursed tree,
 Faint and bleeding, who is he ?
 By the eyes so pale and dim,
 Streaming blood and writhing limb,
 By the flesh with scourges torn,
 By the crown of twisted thorn,
 By the side so deeply pierced,
 By the baffled, burning thirst,
 By the drooping, death-dewed brow,
 Son of Man ! 't is thou ! 't is thou !

Bound upon the accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, who is he ?
 By the sun at noonday pale,
 Shivering rocks and rending veil,

By the earth enwrapt in gloom,
By the saints who burst their tomb,
Eden promised ere he died
To the felon at his side ;
Lord ! our suppliant knees we bow !
Son of God ! 't is thou ! 't is thou !

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is he ?
By the last and bitter cry
Of the dying agony,
By the lifeless body, laid
In the chambers of the dead,
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep,
Crucified, we know thee now :
Son of Man ! 't is thou ! 't is thou !

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is he ?
By the prayer for them that slew,
" Lord ! they know not what they do ! "
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow,
Son of God ! 't is thou ! 't is thou !

HENRY HART MILMAN, D. D.

1827.

THE CROSS.

THE strongest light casts deepest shade,
The dearest love makes dreariest loss,
And she his birth so blest had made
Stood by him dying on the cross.

Yet since not grief but joy shall last,
The day and not the night abide,
And all time's shadows, earthward cast,
Are lights upon the " other side " ;

Through what long bliss that shall not fail
That darkest hour shall brighten on !
Better than any angel's " *Hail !* "
The memory of " *Behold thy Son !* "

Blest in thy lowly heart to store
The homage paid at Bethlehem ;
But far more blessed evermore,
Thus to have shared the taunts and shame.

Thus with thy pierced heart to have stood
Mid mocking crowds and owned him thine,
True through a world's ingratitude,
And owned in death by lips divine.

ELIZABETH (RUNDLE) CHARLES.

THE CROWN.

THOU shalt be crowned, O mother blest !
Our hearts behold thee crowned e'en now ;
The crown of motherhood, earth's best,
O'ershadowing thy maiden brow.

Thou shalt be crowned ! More fragrant bays
Than ever poet's brows entwine,
For thine immortal hymn of praise,
First Singer of the Church, are thine.

Thou shalt be crowned ! All earth and heaven
Thy coronation pomp shall see ;
The hand by which thy crown is given
Shall be no stranger's hand to thee.

Thou shalt be crowned ! but not a queen ;
A better triumph ends thy strife :
Heaven's bridal raiment, white and clean,
The victor's crown of fadeless life.

Thou shalt be crowned ! but not alone, —
No lonely pomp shall weigh thee down ;
Crowned with the myriads round his throne,
And casting at his feet thy crown !

ELIZABETH (RUNDLE) CHARLES.

THE DOVE ON THE CROSS.

My Saviour, can it ever be
That I should gain by losing thee ?
The watchful mother tarries nigh,
Though sleep have closed her infant's eye ;
For should he wake and find her gone,
She knows she could not bear his moan.
But I am weaker than a child,
And thou art more than mother dear ;
Without thee heaven were but a wild :
How can I live without thee here !

" 'T is good for you that I should go,
You lingering yet awhile below " ;
'T is thine own gracious promise, Lord !
Thy saints have proved the faithful word
When heaven's bright boundless avenue
Far opened on their eager view,
And homeward to thy Father's throne,
Still lessening, brightening on their sight,
Thy shadowy car went soaring on ;
They tracked thee up the abyss of light.

Thou bidd'st rejoice ; they dare not mourn,
But to their home in gladness turn,
Their home and God's, that favored place,
Where still he shines on Abraham's race,
In prayers and blessings there to wait
Like suppliants at their monarch's gate,

Who bent with bounty rare to aid
 The splendors of his crowning day,
 Keeps back awhile his largess, made
 More welcome for that brief delay.

In doubt they wait, but not unblest ;
 They doubt not of their Master's rest,
 Nor of the gracious will of Heaven, —
 Who gave his Son, sure all has given, —
 But in ecstatic awe they muse
 What course the genial stream may choose,
 And far and wide their fancies rove,
 And to their height of wonder strain,
 What secret miracle of love
 Should make their Saviour's going gain.

The days of hope and prayer are past,
 The day of comfort dawns at last,
 The everlasting gates again
 Roll back, and, lo, a royal train !
 From the far depth of light once more
 The floods of glory earthward pour :
 They part like shower-drops in mid air,
 But ne'er so soft fell noontide shower,
 Nor evening rainbow gleamed so fair
 To weary swains in parched bower.

Swiftly and straight each tongue of flame
 Through cloud and breeze unwavering came,
 And darted to its place of rest
 On some meek brow of Jesus blest.
 Nor fades it yet, that living gleam,
 And still those lambent lightnings stream ;
 Where'er the Lord is, there are they,
 In every heart that gives them room,
 They light his altar every day,
 Zeal to inflame, and vice consume.

Soft as the plumes of Jesus' Dove
 They nurse the soul to heavenly love :
 The struggling spark of good within,
 Just smothered in the strife of sin,
 They quicken to a timely glow,
 The pure flame spreading high and low.
 Said I that prayer and hope were o'er ?
 Nay, blessed Spirit ! but by thee
 The Church's prayer finds wings to soar,
 The Church's hope finds eyes to see.

Then, fainting soul, arise and sing ;
 Mount, but be sober on the wing ;
 Mount up, for heaven is won by prayer ;
 Be sober, for thou art not there ;
 Till death the weary spirit free,
 Thy God hath said, 'T is good for thee
 To walk by faith and not by sight :
 Take it on trust a little while ;
 Soon shalt thou read the mystery right
 In the full sunshine of his smile.

Or if thou yet more knowledge crave,
 Ask thine own heart, that willing slave
 To all that works thee woe or harm :
 Shouldst thou not need some mighty charm
 To win thee to thy Saviour's side,
 Though he had deigned with thee to bide ?
 The Spirit must stir the darkling deep,
 The Dove must settle on the cross,
 Else we should all sin on or sleep
 With Christ in sight, turning our gain to loss.

JOHN KEBLE.

PASSION HYMN.

"Salve caput crucentatem."

"O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden."

This, one of the most successful translations of Dr. Alexander, was first published in Schaff's "Kirchenfreund" in 1849, and has been introduced into several hymn-books. Both the Latin of the Catholic monk and the German of the Lutheran pastor are conceived in the spirit of deep repentance, and glowing gratitude to Christ, who "was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." The hymn has shown an imperishable vitality in passing from the Latin into the German, and from the German into the English, and proclaiming in three tongues, and in the name of three confessions, — the Catholic, the Lutheran, and the Reformed, — with equal effect, the dying love of our Saviour and our boundless indebtedness to him.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
 With grief and shame weighed down :
 Now scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, thy only crown ;
 O sacred Head, what glory,
 What bliss, till now was thine !
 Yet, though despised and gory,
 I joy to call thee mine.

O noblest brow, and dearest,
 In other days the world
 All feared, when thou appearedst ;
 What shame on thee is hurled !
 How art thou pale with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn ;
 How does that visage languish
 Which once was bright as morn ?

The blushes late residing
 Upon that holy cheek,
 The roses once abiding
 Upon those lips so meek :
 Alas, they have departed ;
 Wan death has rifled all !
 For, weak and broken-hearted,
 I see thy body fall.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
 Was all for sinners' gain :
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But thine the deadly pain.
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour !
 'T is I deserve thy place,

Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

Receive me, my Redeemer,
My Shepherd, make me thine :
Of every good the fountain,
Thou art the spring of mine.
Thy lips with love distilling,
And milk of truth sincere,
With heaven's bliss are filling
The soul that trembles here.

Beside thee, Lord, I've taken
My place, — forbid me not !
Hence will I ne'er be shaken,
Though thou to death be brought.
If pain's last paleness hold thee,
In agony opprest,
Then, then will I infold thee
Within this arm and breast !

The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end ;
Oh, make me thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

And when I am departing,
Oh, part not thou from me ;
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free ;
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throes,
Release me from mine anguish
By thine own pain and woe !

Be near me when I am dying,
Oh, show thy cross to me ;
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free !
These eyes new faith receiving
From Jesus shall not move,
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through thy love.

BERNARD of Clairvaux. PAUL GERHARDT, 1659.
J. W. ALEXANDER, D. D., 1849.

PASSION HYMN.

"Salve caput cruentatem."

"O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden"

SAMUEL MACAULAY JACKSON, from 1876 to 1880 pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Norwood, N. J., was born in the city of New York, June 19, 1851. He graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1870, and from Union Theological Seminary in 1873, after which he spent two years in travel, visiting Europe and the East. The following version of Gerhard's Passion Hymn adheres more nearly to the original than the one by Dr. Alexander.

O HEAD, blood-stained and wounded,
Tortured by pain and scorn !
O Head, in jest surrounded
By a rude crown of thorn !
O Head, once rich adorned
With highest laud and lays,
But now so deeply scorned,
To thee I lift my praise !

Thy face was once the fairest,
In beauty like the light ;
Thou with the sun comparest :
Why art thou now so white ?
Thy eye, whose rays outstreaming
The world enlightened had,
Why is it now scarce gleaming
Upon thy cross so sad ?

Thy cheeks have lost their color,
Thy lips have lost their red ;
Upon them both the pallor,
The pallor of the dead !
What has to Death now given,
O Jesu, this fell might,
To sink thy life from heaven
Into his blackest night ?

Ah ! Lord, thou hast endured
The burden I should bear,
And me thou hast secured
From the wrath which nails thee there.
Look, and behold a sinner
Who has deserved thy place :
Give me, O my Redeemer,
The glances of thy grace !

Oh, recognize me, Saviour,
Receive thy little one,
By thee, source of all favor,
Has ever good been done.
Often hast thou allowed me
To feed on bread from heaven ;
With comfort rich endowed me,
By thine own Spirit given.

Jesus, I'm standing by thee,
From thee I'll not depart ;
Do not this place deny me
While breaks thy burdened heart.

And when thy life doth leave thee,
Struck by Death's final dart,
My arms will then receive thee
Into my grateful heart.

'T would serve to bring me gladness,
And fill with joy my heart,
If I in thy great sadness,
My Health, could have a part.
Ah! could I, my Life-giver,
While by thy cross stand I,
My life for thine deliver,
How gladly would I die!

What fit words shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
That thy death-bringing sorrow
Had my life for its end!
Ah! grant me my desire,
That I may faithful be;
And when I too expire
May find my end in thee!

When comes my time of parting,
Do not depart from me;
And when Death's bolts are darting,
Grant at my side to be.
At last, when the severest
Shall rend my heart in twain,
Save me by faith the clearest,
Faith in thy once borne pain.

Put forth thy hand to hide me,
When flees my latest breath.
And from thy form beside me
Let comfort come in death:
Then love by look expressing;
Then in my faith I'll cry;
Close to my heart thee pressing:
"Blest he who thus can die."

PAUL GERHARDT, 1659. Translated by
SAMUEL M. JACKSON, 1873, 1880.

PASSION HYMN.

"Salve, Caput cruentatum."
"O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden."

O SACRED Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel-hosts adore thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

I see thy strength and vigor
All fading in the strife,

And death with cruel rigor
Bereaving thee of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
Oh, turn thy face on me.

In this thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me,
With thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath thy cross abiding,
Forever would I rest;
In thy dear love confiding,
And with thy presence blest.

BERNARD of Clairvaux. PAUL GERHARDT, 1659.
Translated by SIR H. W. BAKER.

BEHOLD YOUR KING!

This was contributed by the author to the columns of the Sunday School Times, of Philadelphia, but a short time before her death. It is based on the following text: "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." — LAM i. 12.

BEHOLD your King! Though the moonlight
steals

Through the silvery shade of the olive-tree,
No star-gemmed sceptre or crown it reveals
In the solemn shades of Gethsemane;
Only a form of prostrate grief,
Fallen, crushed, like a broken leaf.
Oh, think of this sorrow, that we may know
The depth of love in the depth of woe!

Behold your King! Is it nothing to you,
That the crimson tokens of agony
From the kingly brow must fall like dew,
Through the shuddering shades of Gethsemane?

Jesus himself, the Prince of life,
Bows in mysterious mortal strife.
Oh, think of this sorrow, that we may know
The unknown love in the unknown woe!

Behold your King, with his sorrow crowned!
Alone, alone in the valley is he!
The shadows of death are gathering round,
And the Cross must follow Gethsemane.
Darker and darker the gloom must fall,
Filled is the cup, — he must drink it all!
Oh, think of his sorrow, that we may
know

His wondrous love in his wondrous woe!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.
SWANSEA, Good Friday, 1879

THE BANNERS OF THE KING.

"Vexilla Regis prodeunt."

THE banners of the King appear,
The mystery of the cross shines clear,
Whereby upon the tree of shame
In flesh he hangs who flesh did frame.

With palms outstretched our victim view,
His very heart nailed through and through,
Vouchsafing, for redemption's price,
Here to be slain in sacrifice.

And here too, wound on wound, we see
By dint of that dire lance, how he
To cleanse us caused his side to run
With blood and water all in one.

Fulfilled is now what David sings
(True verse that through the wide world
rings),

"Among the nations all," saith he,
"The Lord hath reigned from the tree."

O stately tree, so bright and fair,
Who dost the King's own purple wear,
Whose stem he chose and fitly framed
That holiest form to touch unblamed!

O blessed, on whose arms sustained
The ransom hung for all ordained!
His body there in balance lay,
And spoiled hell-powers of all their prey.

Hail, altar! awful Victim, hail!
Whose glorious pains did so prevail;
Whose life bore death, and did restore,
By dying, life forevermore.

Thee, Lord most highest, Three in One,
With praise let every spirit own,
Whom by the mystery of the tree
Thou sav'st, their Guide Eternal be!

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS. Translated
by JOHN KEBLE.

THE ROYAL BANNERS FORWARD GO.

"Vexilla Regis prodeunt."

THE royal banners forward go:
The cross shines forth with mystic glow:
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

There whilst he hung, his sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with his blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the nation's King should be,
For God is reigning from the tree.

O tree of glory, tree most fair!
Ordained those holy limbs to bear;
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

Upon its arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung:
The ransom he alone could pay,
Despoiling Satan of his prey.

With fragrance dropping from each bough,
Sweeter than sweetest nectar thou;
Decked with the fruit of peace and praise,
And glorious with triumphant lays.

Hail, altar! hail, O victim! thee
Decks now thy passion's victory:
Where life for sinners death endured,
And life, by death, for man procured.

To thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the cross thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore!

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS. Translated by
JOHN M. NEALE.

COME AND WELCOME.

THOMAS HAWEIS, one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, and chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon, was born at Truro, in Cornwall, in 1732, and died February 11, 1820. He was rector of All Saints, Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, for fifty-six years. Affected by the accounts given by Captain Cook, he desired to have missionaries sent to Tahiti, and was the means of preparing two men for the work.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravished ear:
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

"Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

"Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;

To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

"Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day, -
Up to my eternal home,
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

1792.

THOMAS HAWEIS.

STABAT MATER.

"Stabat Mater Dolorosa."

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother."

JOHN xix. 25.

JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS, or JACOPONE, author of the Latin here translated, was of a noble Italian family, and lived a secular life until the death of his pious wife, when he entered the order of St. Francis, and became one of its most zealous and unworldly members. He attacked abuses with so much energy that he came into collision with Pope Boniface VIII. He was imprisoned, but released upon the death of Boniface, in 1303. He died in 1306, his last hours being solaced with his own songs. The "Stabat Mater," as it is familiarly called, or, better, the "Mater Dolorosa," Mary by the cross of Calvary, to distinguish it from its recently discovered companion-hymn, the "Mater Speciosa," or Mary by the cradle of Bethlehem, is the most pathetic, as the "Dies Iræ" is the most sublime hymn of the Middle Ages, and occupies the second rank in Latin hymnology. Suggested by the incident related by St. John (xix. 25), and the prophecy of Simeon (Luke ii. 35), it describes with overpowering effect the piercing agony of Mary at the cross, and the burning desire to be identified with her by sympathy in the intensity of her grief. It furnished the text for some of the noblest musical compositions of Palestrina, Pergolesi, Haydn, and others.

ERASTUS CORNELIUS BENEDICT, LL D., was born at Branford, Conn., March 19, 1800, and graduated at Williams College in 1821. He was long a prominent citizen of the city of New York, and published "The Hymn of Hildebert" and other works. He died October 22, 1880.

WEeping stood his mother sighing

By the cross where Jesus, dying,

Hung aloft on Calvary:

Through her soul, in sorrow moaning,

Bowed in grief, in spirit groaning,

Pierced the sword in misery.

Filled with grief beyond all others,

Mother — blessed among mothers —

Of the God-begotten One!

How she sorroweth and grieveth,

Trembling as she thus perceiveth

Dying her unspotted One!

Who could there refrain from weeping,

Seeing Christ's dear mother keeping,

In her grief, so bitterly?

Who could fail to share her anguish,

Seeing thus the mother languish,

Lost in woe so utterly?

For the trespass of his nation
She beheld his laceration.

By their scourges suffering,
She beheld her dearest taken,
Crucified and God-forsaken,
Dying by their torturing.

Mother, fountain of affection,
Let me share thy deep dejection,

Let me share thy tenderness;
Let my heart, thy sorrow feeling,
Love of Christ, the Lord revealing,
Be like thine in holiness!

All his stripes, oh, let me feel them!

On my heart forever seal them,

Printed there enduringly.

All his woes beyond comparing,
For my sake in anguish bearing,
Let me share them willingly.

By thy side let me be weeping,
True condolence with him keeping,
Weeping all my life with thee.

Near the cross with thee abiding,
Freely all thy woes dividing,

In thy sorrow joined with thee.

Virgin of all virgins fairest,

Let me feel the love thou bearest,

Sharing all thy suffering:

Let me feel the death they gave him,
Crucified in shame to save them,
Dying without murmuring.

Let me feel their blows so crushing,

Let me drink the current gushing

From his wounds when crucified.

By a heavenly zeal excited,

When the judgment fires are lighted,

Then may I be justified.

On the cross of Christ relying,

Through his death redeemed from dying,

By his favor fortified;

When my mortal frame is perished,

Let my spirit then be cherished,

And in heaven be glorified.

JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS. Translated by
ERASTUS C. BENEDICT, 1869.

STABAT MATER.

"Stabat Mater Dolorosa."

In the following, by a slight change, Christ, instead of Mary, is addressed.

STOOD the mournful mother weeping,

By the cross her vigil keeping,

While her Jesus hung thereon:

Through her heart, in sorrow moaning,
 With him grieving, for him groaning,
 Through that heart the sword hath gone.

Oh, how sad and sore distressed
 Was she, the forever blessed,
 Mother of the undefiled!
 She who wept, and mourned, and trembled,
 When she saw such pains assembled
 Round about the Holy Child.

Who that sees Christ's mother bending
 'Neath his load of sorrow, rending
 Her sad soul in woe so deep;
 Who that sees that pious mother
 With him weeping, could do other
 Than, himself afflicted, weep?

For the sins of each offender,
 Sinless soul, and body tender,
 Sees she 'neath the cruel rod:
 Sees her own sweet Son, her only,
 Dying, desolate, and lonely,
 Pouring out his soul to God.

Jesu! fount of love! thee loving,
 And my soul thy sorrow moving,
 Make me watch and weep with thee:
 As my God and Christ thee knowing,
 Let my loving heart be glowing
 With a holy sympathy.

Holy Father! let affliction
 For thy dear Son's crucifixion
 Pierce my heart; and grant this prayer, —
 That while he for me was wounded,
 With indignities surrounded,
 I his cup of grief may share.

Make me truly weep, and never
 From the Crucified me sever,
 Long as I on earth shall live:
 By the cross of Jesus weeping,
 Vigil with his mother keeping,
 To my prayer this answer give.

God of saints! thou King most holy!
 Comforter of spirits only!
 Fill me with my Saviour's grief;
 That, his death devoutly bearing,
 And his bitter passion sharing,
 I may bring him some relief.

Make me with his stripes be stricken,
 With the cross my spirit quicken,
 For the love of Christ I pray:
 That with love inflamed, attended,
 I by love may be defended
 In the awful Judgment Day.

By the cross forever guarded,
 And, through Christ's dear dying, warded
 By the grace that never dies;
 When my mortal body, dying,
 In the quiet grave is lying,
 Take my soul to paradise,
 To adore
 Thee, my God, forevermore!

JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS. Translated
 by J. S. B. MONSELL.

CHRIST'S SUFFERING.

"Huc ad jugum Calvariaë."

UP to the hill of Calvary
 With Christ our Lord ascending,
 We deem that cross our victory
 'Neath which his knees are bending.
 What soldier is of generous strain?
 One honor let him cherish, —
 With Christ upon the battle plain
 A thousand times to perish!

On must the faithful warrior go
 Whereso the Chief proceedeth;
 And all true hearts will seek the foe
 Where'er the banner leadeth;
 Our highest victory, — it is loss:
 No cup hath such completeness
 Of gall, but that remembered cross
 Will turn it into sweetness!

Doth sickness hover o'er thy head,
 In weakness art thou lying?
 Behold upon the cross's bed
 Thy sick Physician dying;
 No member in the holy frame
 That there for thee must languish,
 But what thy pride hath clothed with shame,
 But what thy sin, with anguish!

Have wealth and honor spread their wing
 And left thee all unfriended?
 See naked on the cross thy King,
 And thy regrets are ended:
 The fox hath where to lay his head,
 Her nest receives the sparrow:
 Thy Monarch, for his latest bed,
 One plank hath, hard and narrow!

Thy good name suffers from the tongue
 Of slanderers and oppressors?
 Jesus, as on the cross he hung,
 Was reckoned with transgressors!
 More than the nails and than the spear
 His sacred limbs assailing,
 Judæa's children pierced his ear
 With blasphemy and railing.

Fear'st thou the death that comes to all,
 And knows no interceder?
 O glorious struggle! — thou wilt fall,
 The soldier by the Leader!
 Christ went with death to grapple first,
 And vanquished him before thee:
 His darts then, let him do his worst,
 Can win no triumph o'er thee!

And, if thy conscience brands each sense
 With many a past defilement,
 Here, by the fruits of penitence,
 Hope thou for reconcilment!
 For he who bowed his holy head
 In death serenely sleeping,
 Hath grace on contrite hearts to shed,
 And pardon for the weeping! Amen.

From an unknown Latin author. Translated
 by JOHN MASON NEALE.

BEHOLD THE MAN.

"Attolle paullum lumina."

JOHN MASON NEALE, D. D., a learned and voluminous writer in the interest of the Oxford Anglo-Catholic movement, and the most successful translator of mediæval hymns, was born Jan. 24, 1818, and died Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead, England, Aug. 6, 1866. He was a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was a most devout and sincere Christian.

RAISE, raise thine eyes a little way,
 O sinful man, discerning
 Thy sins, how great and foul are they,
 And to repentance turning:
 On the Crucified One look, —
 Thou shalt read, as in a book,
 What well is worth thy learning.

Look on the head, with such a crown
 Of bitter thorns surrounded;
 Look on the blood that trickles down
 The feet and hands thus wounded!
 Let that frame thy tears engage,
 Marking how Judæa's rage
 And malice hath abounded.

But though upon him many a smart
 Its bitterness is spending,
 Yet more, — oh, how much more! — his heart
 Man's thankless spirit rendeth!
 On the cross, bewailed by none,
 Mark, O man, how Mary's Son
 His life of love it endeth.

None ever bore such grief, alas,
 None ever such affliction,
 As when Judæa brought to pass
 His bitter crucifixion:

He, that we might dwell on high,
 Bare the pangs that made him die
 In oft-renewed infliction.

O therefore Satan's wiles repel,
 And yield not to temptation!
 Think on the woes that Christ befell
 In working thy salvation:
 For, if he had never died,
 What could thee and all betide
 But uttermost damnation?

If thus he bled, that only Son
 The Father held so dearly,
 Thou wicked servant, faithless one,
 Oh, how much more severely!
 If the green wood kindled, how
 Shall not every sapless bough
 Consume as fuel merely!

O mortal, heed these terrors well!
 O sinner, flee from sinning!
 Consider thou the woes of hell
 Ne'er ending, still beginning:
 Render thanks to Christ on high:
 Thus with him beyond the sky
 Eternal glory winning. Amen.
 Unknown Latin author of the sixteenth or seventeenth
 century. Translated by JOHN MASON NEALE.

CHRIST'S PASSION.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was a son of a London grocer, and had his poetic faculty first stimulated by a volume of Spenser lying on his mother's table. He was born in 1618, and began to write poetry at the age of fifteen. He was a royalist, and was imprisoned on that account after the fall of Charles I. He had been ejected from Trinity College, Cambridge, for the same reason. He died July 28, 1667. "This is," says the author, "taken out of a Greek ode, written by Mr. Masters, of New-College in Oxford."

ENOUGH, my muse, of earthly things,
 And inspirations but of wind!
 Take up thy lute, and to it bind
 Loud and everlasting strings;
 And on them play, and to them sing,
 The happy mournful stories,
 The lamentable glories,
 Of the great crucified King.
 Mountainous heap of wonders! which dost
 rise
 Till earth thou joinest with the skies!
 The large at bottom, and at top too high,
 To be half seen by mortal eye!
 How shall I grasp this boundless thing?
 What shall I play; what shall I sing?
 I'll sing the mighty riddle of mysterious love,

Which neither wretched men below, nor
blessed spirits above,
With all their comments can explain;
How all the whole world's Life to die did not
disdain !

I'll sing the searchless depths of the com-
passion divine,
The depths unfathomed yet
By reason's plummet, and too short the line !
How the eternal Father did bestow
His own eternal Son as ransom for his foe.
I'll sing aloud, that all the world may hear,
The triumph of the buried Conqueror.
How hell was by its prisoner captive led,
And the great slayer, Death, slain by the
dead.

Methinks I hear of murdered men the voice,
Mixt with the murderers' confused noise,
Sound from the top of Calvary ;
My greedy eyes fly up the hill, and see
Who 't is hangs there the midmost of the
three ;

Oh, how unlike the others he !
Look, how he bends his gentle head with
blessings from the tree !

His gracious hands, ne'er stretched but to
do good,
Are nailed to the infamous wood !
And sinful man does fondly bind
The arms which he extends to embrace all
humankind.

Unhappy man ! canst thou stand by and see
All this as patient as he ?
Since he thy sins does bear,
Make thou his sufferings thine own,
And weep, and sigh, and groan,
And beat thy breast, and tear
Thy garments and thy hair,
And let thy grief, and let thy love,
Through all thy bleeding bowels move.
Dost thou not see thy Prince in purple clad
all o'er,
Not purple brought from the Sidonian shore,
But made at home with richer gore ?
Dost thou not see the roses which adorn
The thorny garland by him worn ?
Dost thou not see the livid traces
Of the sharp scourges' rude embraces ?
If yet thou feelest not the smart
Of thorns and scourges in thy heart,
If that be yet not crucified,
Look on his hands, look on his feet, look on
his side !
Open, oh, open wide the fountains of thine eyes,
And let them call

Their stock of moisture forth where'er it lies !
For this will ask it all.
'T would all, alas ! too little be,
Though thy salt tears come from a sea.
Canst thou deny him this, when he
Has opened all his vital springs for thee ?
Take heed ; for by his side's mysterious flood
May well be understood
That he will still require some waters to his
blood.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

MYRRH-BEARERS.

In ancient Greek art the Marys were called " Myrophores."

THREE women crept at break of day
A grope along the shadowy way
Where Joseph's tomb and garden lay.

With blanch of woe each face was white,
As the gray Orient's waxing light
Brought back upon their awe-struck sight

The sixth-day scene of anguish. Fast
The starkly standing cross they passed,
And, breathless, neared the gate at last.

Each on her throbbing bosom bore
A burden of such fragrant store
As never there had lain before.

Spices, the purest, richest, best,
That e'er the musky East possessed,
From Ind to Araby-the-Blest,

Had they with sorrow-riven hearts
Searched all Jerusalem's costliest marts
In quest of, — nards whose pungent arts

Should the dead sepulchre imbue
With vital odors through and through :
'T was all their love had leave to do !

Christ did not need their gifts ; and yet
Did either Mary once regret
Her offering ? Did Salome fret

Over the unused aloes ? Nay !
They counted not as waste, that day,
What they had brought their Lord. The way

Home seemed the path to heaven. They bare,
Thenceforth, about the robes they ware
The clinging perfume everywhere.

So, ministering as erst did these,
Go women forth by twos and threes
(Unmindful of their morning ease),

Through tragic darkness, murk and dim,
Where'er they see the faintest rim
Of promise, — all for sake of him

Who rose from Joseph's tomb. They hold
It just such joy as those of old,
To tell the tale the Marys told.

Myrrh-bearers still, — at home, abroad,
What paths have holy women trod,
Burdened with votive gifts for God, —

Rare gifts, whose chiefest worth was priced
By this one thought, that all sufficed:
Their spices had been bruised for Christ!

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

A HYMN IN HOLY-WEEK.

WHO is this with garments gory,
Triumphing from Bozrah's way?
This that weareth robes of glory,
Bright with more than victory's ray?
Who is this unwearied comer
From the journey's sultry length,
Travelling through Idume's summer
In the greatness of his strength?

Wherefore red in thine apparel
Like the conquerors of earth;
And arrayed like those who carol
O'er the reeking vineyard's mirth?
Who art thou, the valleys seeking,
Where our peaceful harvests wave?
I, in righteous anger speaking,
I, the mighty one to save.

I, that of the raging heathen
Trode the wine-press all alone,
Now in victor-garlands wreathen
Coming to redeem mine own.
I am he with sprinkled raiment,
Glorious from my vengeance-hour,
Ransoming with priceless payment
And delivering with power.

Hail! all hail! thou Lord of glory,
Thee, our Father, thee we own;
Abram heard not of our story,
Israel ne'er our name hath known:
But, Redeemer, thou hast sought us,
Thou hast heard thy children's wail,
Thou with thy dear blood hast bought us:
Hail! thou mighty Victor, hail!

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D. D.

HE DIED FOR ME.

After Dr Bethune's death the following beautiful hymn, which was evidently written only the day previous, was found in his portfolio. Its devout simplicity and exquisite tenderness give it a fitting place beside Toplady's "Rock of Ages" and Charles Wesley's "Jesus, lover of my soul."

WHEN the time seems short, and death is near,
And I am pressed by doubt and fear,
And sins, an overflowing tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be,
I know my Saviour died for me.

His name is Jesus, and he died
For guilty sinners crucified;
Content to die, that he might win
Their ransom from the death of sin.
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know he died for me.

If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coined, no wealth have I;
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death.
Yet since I know his grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

I read God's holy word, and find
Great truths, which far transcend my mind;
And little do I know beside,
Of thought so high and deep and wide.
This is my best theology,
I know the Saviour died for me.

My faith is weak, but 't is thy gift;
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,
And say, "Thy bonds of death are riven,
Thy sins by me are all forgiven,
And thou shalt live, from guilt set free;
For I, thy Saviour, died for thee."

GEORGE WASHINGTON BETHUNE, D. D.

LOOKING UPON THE CROSS.

LORD JESU, when we stand afar
And gaze upon thy holy cross,
In love of thee and scorn of self,
Oh, may we count the world as loss!

When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

O holy Lord! uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below!

Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of thy death
Draw us and all men unto thee.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

1854.

LOOKING AT THE CROSS.

In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had split,
And helped to nail him there.

Alas! I knew not what I did:
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.
A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayst live."

Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.
With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is filled,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I killed.

JOHN NEWTON.

1779.

THE LOOK.

THE Saviour looked on Peter. Ay, no word,
No gesture of reproach! The heavens serene,
Though heavy with armed justice, did not lean
Their thunders that way. The forsaken Lord
Looked only, on the traitor. None record
What that look was; none guess: for those
who have seen
Wronged lovers loving through a death-pang
keen,

Or pale-cheeked martyrs smiling to a sword,
Have missed Jehovah, at the judgment-call.
And Peter, from the height of blasphemy—
"I never knew this man" did quail and fall,
As knowing straight THAT GOD,— and turned
free

And went out speechless from the face of all,
And filled the silence, weeping bitterly.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE MEANING OF THE LOOK.

I THINK that look of Christ might seem to
say—

"Thou Peter! art thou then a common stone
Which I at last must break my heart upon,
For all God's charge to his high angels may
Guard my foot better? Did I yesterday
Wash *thy* feet, my beloved, that they should
run

Quick to deny me 'neath the morning-sun,
And do thy kisses, like the rest, betray?
The cock crows coldly. — Go and manifest
A late contrition, but no bootless fear!
For when thy final need is dreariest,
Thou shalt not be denied, as I am here.
My voice, to God and angels, shall attest,
'*Because I KNOW this man, let him be clear.*'"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

"In cruce stat securus amor."

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross,"

GAL. vi. 14.

CAN nothing settle my uncertain breast,
And fix my rambling love?
Can my affections find out nothing best,
But still and still remove?
Has earth no mercy? Will no ark of rest
Receive my restless dove?
Is there no good, than which there's nothing
higher,
To bless my full desire
With joys that never change, with joys that
ne'er expire?

I wanted wealth; and, at my dear request,
Earth lent a quick supply;
I wanted mirth, to charm my sullen breast;
And who more brisk than I?
I wanted fame, to glorify the rest;
My flame flew eagle-high:
My joy not fully ripe, but all decayed,
Wealth vanished like a shade;
My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

The world's an ocean, hurried to and fro
 With every blast of passion :
 Her lustful streams, when either ebb or flow,
 Are tides of man's vexation ;
 They alter daily, and they daily grow
 The worse by alteration :
 The earth's a cask full tunned, yet wanting
 measure ;
 Her precious wine is pleasure ;
 Her yeast is honor's puff ; her lees are worldly
 treasure.

My trust is in the cross : let beauty flag
 Her loose, her wanton sail ;
 Let countenance-gilding honor cease to brag
 In courtly terms, and vail ;
 Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag
 Her base though golden tail ;
 False beauty's conquest is but real loss,
 And wealth but golden dross ;
 Best honor's but a blast : my trust is in the
 cross.

My trust is in the cross ; there lies my rest :
 My fast, my sole delight :
 Let cold-mouthed Boreas, or the hot-mouthed
 East,
 Blow till they burst with spite ;
 Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their
 best,
 And join their twisted might ;
 Let showers of thunderbolts dart down and
 wound me,
 And troops of fiends surround me,
 All this may well confront ; all this shall ne'er
 confound me.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

TWO SAYINGS.

Two sayings of the Holy Scriptures beat
 Like pulses in the Church's brow and breast ;
 And by them we find rest in our unrest,
 And heart-deep in salt tears, do yet entreat
 God's fellowship, as if on heavenly seat.
 The first is JESUS WEPT, whereon is prest
 Full many a sobbing face that drops its best
 And sweetest waters on the record sweet :
 And one is, where the Christ denied and
 scorned
 LOOKED UPON PETER. Oh, to render plain,
 By help of having loved a little and mourned,
 That look of sovran love and sovran pain
 Which he who could not sin yet suffered,
 turned
 On him who could reject but not sustain !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

CONTEMPLATION OF THE CROSS.

WALTER SHIRLEY, cousin of the Countess of Huntingdon, was born in 1725, and was the fourth son of Earl Ferrers. He became a clergyman of the Established Church, and had a living in County Galway, Ireland. He was a friend of Whitefield and Wesley. He died in 1786.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend ;
 Life and health and peace possessing
 From the sinner's dying Friend.
 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie ;
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye.
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
 Love I much ? I've much forgiven ;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
 Constant still, in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go ;
 Prove his blood each day more healing,
 And himself most deeply know.

JAMES ALLEN, 1774. Altered by
 WALTER SHIRLEY.

REPENTANCE AT THE CROSS.

HEARTS of stone ! relent, relent ;
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued ;
 See his body, mangled, rent,
 Stained and covered with his blood !
 Sinful soul ! what hast thou done ?
 Crucified the eternal Son !

Yes, thy sins have done the deed ;
 Driven the nails that fixed him there ;
 Crowned with thorns his sacred head ;
 Plunged into his side the spear ;
 Made his soul a sacrifice, —
 While for sinful man he dies.

Wilt thou let him bleed in vain, —
 Still to death thy Lord pursue,
 Open all his wounds again,
 And the shameful cross renew ?
 No, — with all my sins I'll part,
 Saviour, take my broken heart !

Translated from the German of JOHANN KRUGER, 1640,
 by CHARLES WESLEY, 1745.

THE CROSS.

TREE, which Heaven has willed to dower
 With that true fruit whence we live,
 As that other, death did give ;
 Of new Eden loveliest flower ;
 Bow of light, that in worst hour
 Of the worst flood signal true
 O'er the world, of mercy threw ;
 Fair plant, yielding sweetest wine ;
 Of our David harp divine :
 Of our Moses tables new ;
 Sinner am I, therefore I
 Claim upon thy mercies make,
 Since alone for sinners' sake
 God on thee endured to die.

From the Spanish of CALDERON. Translated
 by R. C. TRENCH.



LAMB, THE ONCE CRUCIFIED !

"Lamm, das gelitten, und Löwe, der siegreich gerungen."

This truly sublime hymn is the second part of a larger hymn composed in the spring of 1831, and has passed into several German hymn-books. It was translated in April, 1868, by the Rev. Prof. Thomas C. Porter, of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., for Schaff's "Christ in Song."¹ He has successfully overcome the unusual difficulties of the German dactylic metre.

LAMB, the once crucified ! Lion, by triumph
 surrounded !
 Victim all bloody, and Hero, who hell hast
 confounded !
 Pain-riven heart,
 That from earth's deadliest smart
 O'er all the heavens hast bounded !¹

Thou in the depths wert to mortals the highest
 revealing,
 God in humanity veiled, thy full glory con-
 cealing !
 "Worthy art thou !"
 Shouteth eternity now,
 Praise to thee endlessly pealing.

Heavenly Love, in the language of earth past
 expression !
 Lord of all worlds, unto whom every tongue
 owes confession !

¹ The first stanza is truly classical in thought and expression, but almost untranslatable : —

"Lamm, das gelitten, und Löwe, der siegreich gerungen !
 Blutendes Opfer, und Held, der die Hölle bezwungen !
 Brechendes Herz,
 Das sich aus irdischem Schmerz
 Ueber die Himmel geschwungen !"

The whole range of German poetry furnishes no finer specimen of dactylic versification. What sublime contrasts, and what noble language ! — P. S.

Didst thou not go,
 And, under sentence of woe,
 Rescue the doomed by transgression ?

O'er the abyss of the grave, and its horrors
 infernal,
 Victory's palm thou art waving in triumph
 supernal :
 Who to thee cling,
 Circled by hope, shall now bring
 Out of its gulf life eternal.

Son of man, Saviour, in whom, with deep
 tenderness blending,
 Infinite Pity to wretches her balm is extend-
 ing,
 On thy dear breast,
 Weary and numb, they may rest,
 Quickened to joy never ending.

Strange condescension ! immaculate Purity,
 deigning
 Union with souls where the vilest pollution is
 reigning,
 Beareth their sin,
 Seeketh the fallen to win,
 Even the lowest regaining.

Sweetly persuasive, to me, too, thy call has
 resounded ;
 Melting my heart so obdurate, thy love has
 abounded ;
 Back to the fold,
 Led by thy hand, I behold
 Grace all my path has surrounded.

Bless thou the Lord, O my soul ! who, thy
 pardon assuring,
 Heals thy diseases, and grants thee new life
 ever during,
 Joy amid woe,
 Peace amid strife here below,
 Unto thee ever securing.

Upward, on pinions celestial, to regions of
 pleasure,
 Into the land whose bright glories no mortal
 can measure,
 Strong hope and love
 Bear thee, the fulness to prove
 Of thy salvation's rich treasure.

There, as he is, we shall view him, with rap-
 ture abiding,
 Cheered even here by his glance, when the
 darkness dividing

Lets down a ray,
Over the perilous way
Thousands of wanderers guiding.

Join, O my voice! the vast chorus, with
trembling emotion :
Chorus of saints, who, though sundered by land
and by ocean,
With sweet accord
Praise the same glorious Lord,
One in their ceaseless devotion.

Break forth, O nature! in song, when the
spring-tide is highest ;
World that hast seen his salvation, no longer
thou sighest !
Shout, starry train,
From your empyreal plain,
"Glorious to God in the highest!"

META HEUSSER-SCHWEIZER. Translated
by THOMAS C. PORTER.

HE HATH BORNE OUR GRIEFS.

ISA. liii. 4.

DEAN MILMAN, for ten years Professor of Poetry at Oxford, was born in London, Feb. 10, 1791, and died Sept. 24, 1868. He was at the time of his death Dean of St. Paul's. He is known as the historian of Latin Christianity, and as author of a number of other important works.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou, the shame, the grief hast known ;
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast digned their load to bear ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

HENRY HART MILMAN, D. D.

1827.

GETHSEMANE.

BEYOND where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane ;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

He bows beneath the sins of men ;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane ;
He lifts his mournful eyes above :
"My Father, can this cup remove?"

With gentle resignation still
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane ;
"Behold me here, thine only Son ;
And, Father, let thy will be done."

The Father heard ; and angels there
Sustained the son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane ;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.

When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow like him in prayer.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, D. D.

1843.

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE IN SUFFERING.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the Tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see :
Watch with him one bitter hour :
Turn not from his griefs away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall ;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
Oh, the wormwood and the gall !
Oh, the pangs his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss :
Learn of him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time, —
God's own sacrifice complete.
It is finished! hear him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid his breathless clay :
 All is solitude and gloom :
 Who hath taken him away ?
 Christ is risen, he meets our eyes.
 Saviour, teach us how to rise.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1822.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST, WHICH
 PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.

From "Goblin Market and other Poems," 1856. The best of the author's "Devotional Pieces," if not of all her poems.

I BORE with thee long weary days and nights,
 Through many pangs of heart, through
 many tears ;
 I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness,
 slights,
 For three and thirty years.

Who else had dared for thee what I have
 dared ?

I plunged the depth most deep from bliss
 above ;

I not my flesh, I not my spirit spared :
 Give thou me love for love.

For thee I thirsted in the daily drought,
 For thee I trembled in the nightly frost :
 Much sweeter thou than honey to my mouth ;
 Why wilt thou still be lost ?

I bore thee on my shoulders, and rejoiced.
 Men only marked upon my shoulders borne
 The branding cross ; and shouted hungry-
 voiced,
 Or wagged their heads in scorn.

Thee did nails grave upon my hands ; thy
 name

Did thorns for frontlets stamp between
 mine eyes :

I, Holy One, put on thy guilt and shame ;
 I, God, Priest, Sacrifice.

A thief upon my right hand and my left ;
 Six hours alone, athirst, in misery ;
 At length in death one smote my heart, and
 cleft
 A hiding-place for thee.

Nailed to the racking cross, than bed of down
 More dear, whereon to stretch myself and
 sleep :

So did I win a kingdom, — share my crown ;
 A harvest, — come and reap.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.

"I did this for thee ! What hast thou done for me ?"¹

I GAVE my life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou mightst ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead.
 I gave my life for thee ;
 What hast thou given for me ?

I spent long years for thee
 In weariness and woe,
 That an eternity
 Of joy thou mightest know.
 I spent long years for thee ;
 Hast thou spent *one* for me ?

My Father's home of light,
 My rainbow-circled throne,
 I left, for earthly night,
 For wanderings sad and lone.
 I left it all for thee ;
 Hast thou left aught for me ?

I suffered much for thee,
 More than thy tongue may tell,
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue thee from hell.
 I suffered much for thee ;
 What canst thou bear for me ?

And I have brought to thee,
 Down from my home above,
 Salvation full and free.
 My pardon and my love.
 Great gifts I brought to thee ;
 What hast thou brought to me ?

Oh, let thy life be given,
 Thy years for him be spent,
 World-fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent ;
 I gave myself for thee :
 Give thou thyself to me !

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

1872.

THE PASSION.

"Sævo dolorum turbine."

O'ERWHELMED in depths of woe,
 Upon the tree of scorn
 Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
 With racking anguish torn.

¹ Translation of the motto placed under a picture of our Saviour in the study of a German divine.

See how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend;
See down his face and neck and breast
His sacred blood descend.

Hark, with what awful cry
His spirit takes its flight,
That cry, it smote his mother's heart,
And wrapt her soul in night.

Earth hears, and to its base
Rocks wildly to and fro;
Tombs burst; seas, rivers, mountains quake;
The veil is rent in two.

The sun withdraws his light;
The midday heavens grow pale;
The moon, the stars, the universe
Their Maker's death bewail.

Shall man alone be mute?
Come, youth and hoary hairs,
Come, rich and poor, come, all mankind,
And bathe those feet in tears.

Come, fall before his cross
Who shed for us his blood;
Who died the victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.

Jesu, all praise to thee,
Our joy and endless rest!
Be thou our guide while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest!

Translated from the Latin of the Roman Breviary
by EDWARD CASWALL.

1849.

THE WOUNDS OF CHRIST.

"*Salvete Christi vulnera.*"

HAIL wounds, which through eternal years
The love of Jesus show!
Hail wounds, from whence encrimsoned rills
Of blood forever flow!

More precious than the gems of Ind,
Than all the stars more fair;
Nor honeycomb, nor fragrant rose,
Can once with you compare

Through you is opened to our souls
A refuge safe and calm,
Whither no raging enemy
Can reach to work us harm.

What countless stripes did Christ receive
Naked in Pilate's hall!
From his torn flesh what streams of blood
Did all around him fall!

How doth the ensanguined thorny crown
That beauteous brow transpierce!
How do the nails those hands and feet
Contract with tortures fierce!

He bows his head, and forth at last
His loving spirit soars;
Yet even after death his heart
For us its tribute pours.

Beneath the wine-press of God's wrath
His blood for us he drains;
Till for himself, O wondrous love!
No single drop remains.

Oh, come all ye in whom are fixed
The deadly stains of sin!
Come! wash in this all-saving blood,
And ye shall be made clean.

Praise him who with the Father sits
Enthroned upon the skies;
Whose blood redeems our souls from guilt,
Whose spirit sanctifies!

Translated from the Latin of the Roman Breviary
by EDWARD CASWALL.

1849.

HEAVIER THE CROSS.

"*Je grösser Kreuz, je näher Himmel.*"

HEAVIER the cross, the nearer heaven;
No cross without, no God within!
Death, judgment from the heart are driven,
Amid the world's false glare and din.
Oh, happy he, with all his loss,
Whom God hath set beneath the cross.

Heavier the cross, the better Christian;
This is the touchstone God applies.
How many a garden would be wasting
Unwet by showers from weeping eyes!
The gold by fire is purified;
The Christian is by trouble tried.

Heavier the cross, the stronger faith:
The loaded palm strikes deeper root;
The vine-juice sweetly issueth
When men have pressed the clustered fruit;
And courage grows where dangers come,
Like pearls beneath the salt sea-foam.

Heavier the cross, the heartier prayer;
The bruised herbs most fragrant are.
If sky and wind were always fair
The sailor would not watch the star;
And David's Psalms had ne'er been sung
If grief his heart had never wrung.

Heavier the cross, the more aspiring;
From vales we climb to mountain-crest;

The pilgrim, of the desert tiring,
 Longs for the Canaan of his rest.
 The dove has here no rest in sight,
 And to the ark she wings her flight.

Heavier the cross, the easier dying;
 Death is a friendlier face to see;
 To life's decay one bids defying,
 From life's distress one then is free.
 The cross sublimely lifts our faith
 To him who triumphed over death.

Thou Crucified! the cross I carry,
 The longer, may it dearer be;
 And lest I faint while here I tarry,
 Implant thou such a heart in me
 That faith, hope, love may flourish there,
 Till for the cross my crown I wear.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLK, 1715.
 Translator unknown.

THE KINGLIEST KINGS.

GERALD MASSEY was born of poor parents in England, May 29, 1828, received scanty education, and worked in a silk-mill in his youth. He became a frequent contributor of lyrics and prose to the periodicals, and was pensioned in 1863.

Ho! ye who in the noble work
 Win scorn, as flames draw air,
 And in the way where lions lurk
 God's image bravely bear;
 Ho! trouble-tried and torture-torn,
 The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.

Life's glory, like the bow in heaven,
 Still springeth from the cloud;
 And soul ne'er soared the starry seven,
 But pain's fire-chariot rode.
 They've battled best who've boldest borne,
 The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.

The martyr's fire-crown on the brow
 Doth into glory burn;
 And tears that from love's torn heart flow,
 To pearls of spirit turn.
 Our dearest hopes in pangs are born,
 The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.

As beauty in death's cerement shrouds,
 And stars bejewel night,
 God's splendors live in dim heart-clouds,
 And suffering worketh might.
 The mirkest hour is mother o' morn,
 The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.

GERALD MASSEY.

CRUCIFIXION TO THE WORLD.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God:
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
 Spreads o'er his body on the tree:
 Then am I dead to all the globe,
 And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small:
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

1709.



THE RESURRECTION AND THE ASCENSION.

EASTER.

“Jesus Christus unser Heiland, der den Tod.”

JESUS CHRIST to-day is risen,
And o'er Death triumphant reigns;
He has burst the grave's strong prison,
Leading Sin herself in chains.
Kyrie eleison.

For our sins the sinless Saviour
Bare the heavy wrath of God;
Reconciling us, that favor
Might be shown us through his blood.
Kyrie eleison.

In his hands he hath forever
Mercy, life, and sin, and death;
Christ his people can deliver,
All who come to him in faith.
Kyrie eleison.

MARTIN LUTHER, from the Latin of JOHN HUSS.
Translated by RICHARD MASSIE.

A HYMN FOR EASTER EVE.

ALL is o'er, — the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts, and fiendish spite,
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night;
Yet, once more to seal his doom,
Christ must sleep within the tomb.

Close and still the cell that holds him,
While in brief repose he lies;
Deep the slumber that infolds him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes, —
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

Fierce and deadly was the anguish
Which on yonder cross he bore;
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

Whither hath his soul departed?
Roams it on some blissful shore,
Where the meek and faithful-hearted,
Vext by this world's hate no more,
Wait until the trump of doom
Call their bodies from the tomb?

Or, on some benignant mission,
To the imprisoned spirit sent,
Hath he to their dark condition
Gleams of hope and mercy lent?
Souls not wholly lost of old
When o'er earth the deluge rolled!

Ask no more, the abyss is deeper
E'en than angels' thoughts may scan;
Come and watch the heavenly Sleeper;
Come, and do what mortals can,
Reverence meet toward him to prove,
Faith and trust and humble love.

Far away amidst the regions
Of the bright and balmy East,
Guarded by angelic legions,
Till death's slumber shall have ceased,
(How should we its stillness stir?)
Lies the Saviour's sepulchre.

Far away; yet thought would wander
(Thought by faith's sure guidance led)
Farther yet to weep, and ponder
Over that sepulchral bed.
Thither let us haste, and flee
On the wings of phantasy.

Haste, from every clime and nation,
 Fervent youth and reverent age;
 Peasant, prince, each rank and station,
 Haste, and join this pilgrimage.
 East and west, and south and north,
 Send your saintliest spirits forth.

Mothers, ere the curtain closes
 Round your children's sleep to-night,
 Tell them how their Lord reposes,
 Waiting for to-morrow's light;
 Teach their dreams to him to rove,
 Him who loved them, him they love.

Matron grave and blooming maiden,
 Hoary sage and beardless boy,
 Hearts with grief and care o'erladen,
 Hearts brimful of hope and joy,
 Come, and greet in death's dark hall
 Him who felt with, felt for all.

Men of God, devoutly toiling
 This world's fetters to unbind,
 Satan of his prey despoiling
 In the hearts of humankind;
 Let, to-night, your labors cease,
 Give your careworn spirits peace.

Ye who roam our seas and mountains,
 Messengers of love and light;
 Ye who guard truth's sacred fountains,
 Weary day and wakeful night;
 Men of labor, men of lore,
 Give your toils and studies o'er.

Dwellers in the woods and valleys,
 Ye of meek and lowly breast;
 Ye who, pent in crowded alleys,
 Labor early, late take rest;
 Leave the plough, and leave the loom;
 Meet us at our Saviour's tomb.

From your halls of stately beauty,
 Sculptured roof and marble floor,
 In this work of Christian duty
 Haste, ye rich, and join the poor.
 Mean and noble, bond and free,
 Meet in frank equality.

Lo, his grave! the gray rock closes
 O'er that virgin burial-ground;
 Near it breathe the garden roses,
 Trees funereal droop around,
 In whose boughs the small birds rest,
 And the stock-dove builds her nest.

And the morn with floods of splendor
 Fills the spicy midnight air;

Tranquil sounds, and voices tender,
 Speak of life and gladness there;
 Ne'er was living thing, I wot,
 Which our Lord regarded not.

Bird and beast and insect rover,
 E'en the lilies of the field,
 Till his gentle life was over,
 Heavenly thought to him could yield.
 All that is to him did prove
 Food for wisdom, food for love.

But the hearts that bowed before him
 Most of all to him were dear;
 Let such hearts to-night watch o'er him
 Till the dayspring shall appear.
 Then a brighter sun shall rise
 Than e'er kindled up the skies.

All night long, with plaintive voicing,
 Chant his requiem soft and low;
 Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
 From to-morrow's harps shall flow.
 "Death and hell at length are slain,
 Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign."

JOHN MOULTRIE.

ANGELS, ROLL THE ROCK AWAY!

THOMAS SCOTT, author of "Lyric Poems and Hymns, Devotional and Moral," son of a dissenting minister of Norwich, England, was born about the year 1700, and died about 1776, at Hupton, in Norfolk. This hymn is much changed from its original form, in which it had nine stanzas, and was entitled "The Resurrection and Ascension."

ANGELS, roll the rock away!
 Death, yield up the mighty prey!
 See! the Saviour quits the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

Shout, ye seraphs! angels, raise
 Your eternal song of praise!
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Echo to the blissful sound!
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

Holy Father, holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Glory as of old to thee,
 Now and evermore, shall be!
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

REV. THOMAS SCOTT, 1773. Altered by
 THOMAS GIBBONS.

WHO SHALL ROLL AWAY THE STONE?

The following is by a living English writer, known as the author of a sharp review of Dean Alford's "A Plea for the Queen's English," entitled "The Dean's English."

THAT which weeping ones were saying
Eighteen hundred years ago,
We, the same weak faith betraying,
Say in our sad hours of woe ;
Looking at some trouble lying
In the dark and dread unknown,
We, too, often ask with sighing,
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

Thus with care our spirits crushing,
When they might from care be free,
And, in joyous song out-gushing,
Rise in rapture, Lord, to thee.
For, before the way was ended,
Oft we've had with joy to own,
Angels have from heaven descended,
And have rolled away the stone.

Many a storm-cloud sweeping o'er us
Never pours on us its rain ;
Many a grief we see before us
Never comes to cause us pain.
Ofttimes in the feared "to-morrow"
Sunshine comes, the cloud has flown !
Ask not, then, in foolish sorrow,
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

Burden not thy soul with sadness ;
Make a wiser, better choice ;
Drink the wine of life with gladness ;
God doth bid thee, man, "Rejoice !"
In to-day's bright sunlight breaking,
Leave to-morrow's cares alone ;
Spoil not present joys by asking
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

G. WASHINGTON MOON.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

The Rev. HENRY WARE, JR., father of the Rev. J. F. W. Ware, a prominent minister of Boston, was born at Hingham, Mass., April 21, 1794, and died Sept. 25, 1843. He was a graduate of Harvard College, and was pastor of the Second Church, Boston. Ralph Waldo Emerson was ordained as his colleague in 1829. His works, in four volumes, were edited by Dr. Chandler Robbins, successor of Mr. Emerson in the pastorate of the Second Church.

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die ;
Vain were the terrors that gathered around
him,
And short the dominion of death and the
grave ;

He burst from the fetters of darkness that
bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save :
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
"The Saviour hath risen, and man cannot
die."

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy !
The being he gave us death cannot destroy !
Sad were the life we must part with to-mor-
row,
If tears were our birthright, and death were
our end ;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of
sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend :
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die !

1817.

HENRY WARE, JR.

HOW SHALL WE KEEP THIS HOLY
DAY OF GLADNESS?

How shall we keep this holy day of gladness,
This queen of days, that bitter, hopeless sad-
ness
Forever drives away?
The night is past, its sleep and its forgetting :
Our risen Sun, no more forever setting,
Pours everlasting day.

Let us not bring upon this joyful morning
Dead myrrh and spices for our Lord's adorn-
ing,
Nor any lifeless thing:
Our gifts shall be the fragrance and the
splendor
Of living flowers, in breathing beauty tender,
The glory of our spring.

And, with the myrrh, oh, put away the
leaven
Of malice, hatred, injuries unforgiven,
And cold and lifeless form ;
Still, with the lilies, deeds of mercy bring-
ing,
And fervent prayers, and praises upward
springing,
And hopes pure, bright, and warm.

So shall this Easter shed a fragrant beauty
O'er many a day of dull and cheerless duty,
And light thy wintry way ;
Till rest is won, and patience, smiling faintly,
Upon thy breast shall lay her lilies saintly,
To hail heaven's Easter-day.

EMILY SEAVER.

EASTER.

Ὁρθρίσωμεν ὄρθρου βαθέος.

LET us rise in early morning,
And, instead of ointments, bring
Hymns of praises to our Master,
And his resurrection sing :
We shall see the Sun of Justice
Risen with healing on his wing.

Thy unbounded loving-kindness,
They that groaned in Hades' chain,
Prisoners, from afar beholding,
Hasten to the light again ;
And to that eternal Pascha
Wove the dance and raised the strain.

Go ye forth, his saints, to meet him !
Go with lamps in every hand !
From the sepulchre he riseth :
Ready for the Bridegroom stand :
And the Pascha of salvation
Hail, with his triumphant band.

JOHN of Damascus. Translated by
JOHN MASON NEALE.

BEHOLD THE DAY THE LORD
HATH MADE !

"Salve, Dies dierum gloria."

From the Latin of ADAM of St. Victor, the most fertile, and, in the estimation of Trench and Neale, the greatest of the Latin hymnologists of the Middle Ages. This version is from Orby Shipley's "Lyra Messianica."

BEHOLD the day the Lord hath made !
That peerless day which cannot fade ;
That day of light, that day of joy,
Of glory which shall never cloy.

The day on which the world was framed
Has signal honor ever claimed ;
But Christ, arising from the dead,
Unrivalled brightness o'er it shed.

In hope of their celestial choice,
Now let the sons of light rejoice :
Christ's members in their lives declare
What likeness to their Head they bear.

For solemn is our feast to-day,
And solemn are the vows we pay :
This day's surpassing greatness claims
Surpassing joy, surpassing aims.

The Paschal victory displays
The glory of our festal days ;
Which type and shadow dimly bore,
In promise to the saints of yore.

The veil is rent ; and, lo ! unfold
The things the ancient law foretold :
The figure from the substance flies,
And light the shadow's place supplies.

The type the spotless Lamb conveyed,
The goat where Israel's sins were laid ;
Messiah, purging our offence,
Disclosed in all their hidden sense.

By freely yielding up his breath
He freed us from the bonds of death,
Who on that prey forbidden flew,
And lost the prey that was his due.

The ills on sinful flesh that lay
His sinless flesh hath done away,
Which blooming fresh on that third morn
Assurance gave to souls forlorn.

O wondrous death of Christ ! may we
Be made to live to Christ by thee !
O deathless death, destroy our sin,
Give us the prize of life to win !

Translator Unknown

EASTER HYMN.

Δεῦτε πόμα πίωμεν.

COME, let us drink of that new river,
Not from barren rock divinely poured,
But the fount of life that is forever
From the sepulchre of Christ the Lord.

All the world hath bright illumination, —
Heaven and earth and things beneath the
earth :

'T is the festival of all creation :
Christ hath risen, who gave creation birth.

Yesterday with thee in burial lying,
Now to-day with thee arisen I rise ;
Yesterday the partner of thy dying,
With thyself upraise me to the skies.

JOHN of Damascus. Translated by
JOHN MASON NEALE.

EASTER.

Αὐτὴ ἡ κλητή.

THOU hallowed chosen morn of praise
That best and greatest shinest !
Lady and Queen and Day of days
Of things divine, divinest !
On thee our praises Christ adore.
Forever and forevermore.

Come, let us taste the vine's new fruit
For heavenly joy preparing :

To-day the branches with the Root
 In resurrection sharing ;
 Whom as true God our hymns adore
 Forever and forevermore !

Rise, Sion, rise, and looking forth,
 Behold thy children round thee !
 From east and west, and north and south,
 Thy scattered sons have found thee :
 And in thy bosom Christ adore,
 Forever and forevermore !

O Father ! O coequal Son !
 O coeternal Spirit !
 In persons Three, in substance One,
 And one in power and merit ;
 In thee baptized, we thee adore
 Forever and forevermore !

JOHN OF DAMASCUS. Translated by
 JOHN MASON NEALE, 1866.

AN EASTER HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

“ Willkommen, lieber Ostertag.”

WE welcome thee, dear Easter-day !
 In grave made sure our Saviour, —
 He leaves the dead : with glad surprise
 The angels see the Conqueror rise.

Filled up with sorrows was his life ;
 His death, an agonizing strife ;
 Then, briefly resting from its woes,
 To fit a place for us, he goes.

Bright day that out of darkness breaks !
 He now, the Lord of all, awakes ;
 But, made supreme o'er all beside,
 He will our brother yet abide.

Blest vernal fields ! Ye well afford
 Your emblems of our risen Lord ;
 And every flower, to life that springs,
 Reminds us of the King of kings.

Oh, could these eyes the Saviour see
 Who left the grave to set us free, —
 Like Salem's children, in their day,
 With palms would I bestrew his way.

Though we cannot, faith that is true
 Can bring our absent Lord to view,
 And leaving childhood's sportive band,
 Before him I, a suppliant, stand.

Accept, O Lord, my offering.
 Instead of palms, my heart I bring :
 'T is vile, — but form it all anew !
 A work myself could never do.

For Easter-present — give to me
 A heart that's full of love to thee ;
 And lead me on, as seems thee best,
 Through earthly cares with thee to rest.

An Easter-day far brighter still
 Shall all the heart with rapture fill,
 When we, through death, reach our reward,
 To be forever with the Lord.

Now, looking to thy throne above,
 I fain would grow in faith and love ;
 Nor can I here more happy be
 Than when thou sayest, “ Peace be with thee !”

META HEUSSER-SCHWEIZER. Translated
 by HENRY MILLS, 1859.

GLORIOUS HYMN OF VICTORY.

Ἄναστάσεως ἡμέρα.

'T IS the Day of Resurrection :
 Earth ! tell it out abroad !
 The Passover of Gladness !
 The Passover of God !
 From death to life eternal, —
 From this world to the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection-light :
 And, listening to his accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own *All Hail!* and hearing,
 May raise the victor strain !

Now let the heavens be joyful !
 Let earth her song begin !
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein :
 Invisible and visible
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our Joy that hath no end.

JOHN OF DAMASCUS. Translated by
 JOHN MASON NEALE, 1866.

FAUST'S EASTER MEDITATION.

“ Was sucht ihr, mächtig und gelind ?”

WHY, here in dust, entice me with your spell,
 Ye gentle, powerful sounds of heaven ?
 Peal rather there, where tender natures dwell.
 Your messages I hear, but faith has not been
 given ;
 The dearest child of Faith is Miracle.
 I venture not to soar to yonder regions

Whence the glad tidings hither float ;
 And yet, from childhood up familiar with the
 note,
 To life it now renews the old allegiance.
 Once Heavenly Love sent down a burning kiss
 Upon my brow, in sabbath silence holy,
 And filled with mystic presage, chimed the
 church-bell slowly,
 And prayer dissolved me in a fervent bliss.
 A sweet, uncomprehended yearning
 Drove forth my feet through woods and mead-
 ows free,
 And while a thousand tears were burning,
 I felt a world arise for me.
 These chants to youth and all its sports
 appealing,
 Proclaimed the spring's rejoicing holiday ;
 And memory holds me now, with childish
 feeling,
 Back from the last, the solemn way.
 Sound on, ye hymns of heaven, so sweet and
 mild !
 My tears gush forth : the earth takes back
 her child !

GOETHE. Translated by
 BAYARD TAYLOR.

EASTER HYMN.

"Christ ist erstanden."

DR. HEDGE, a learned and industrious author, clergyman,
 and professor, was born in Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 12, 1805,
 and now lives there. In 1872 he was appointed Professor of
 German Literature in Harvard College, from which he gradu-
 ated in 1825. In 1848 he published "The Prose Writers of
 Germany." He was one of the compilers of "Hymns for the
 Church," published in 1865, a collection which contains some
 of his original pieces.

With reference to the following, from Goethe's "Faust,"
 Bayard Taylor says that the "final chorus of the angels is a
 stumbling-block to the translator, on account of the fivefold
 dactylic rhyme"; and adds, "Dr. Hedge, I believe, is the
 only one who has hitherto endeavored to reproduce the dif-
 ficult structure of this chorus."

ANGELS.

CHRIST hath arisen !
 Joy to our buried Head !
 Whom the unmerited,
 Trailing inherited
 Woes, did imprison !

WOMEN.

Costly devices
 We had prepared,
 Shrouds and sweet spices,
 Linen and nard.
 Woe the disaster !
 Whom we here laid ;
 Gone is the Master,
 Empty his bed.

ANGELS.

Christ hath arisen
 Loving and glorious ;
 Out of laborious
 Conflict victorious,
 Christ hath arisen.

DISCIPLES.

Hath the inhumated
 Upward aspiring,
 Hath he consummated
 All his desiring ?
 Is he in being's bliss,
 Near to creative Joy ?
 Wearily we in this
 Earthly house sigh :
 Empty and hollow, us
 Left he unblessed ;
 Master ! thy followers
 Envy thy rest.

ANGELS.

Christ hath arisen
 Out of corruption's womb.
 Burst every prison !
 Vanish death's gloom !
 Active in charity,
 Praise him in verity !
 His feast, prepare it ye !
 His message, bear it ye !
 His joy, declare it ye !
 Then is the Master near,
 Then is he here !

GOETHE. Translated by
 FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE, D. D.

CHRIST IS ARISEN.

This ode is suggested by, and partly translated from, the
 famous Easter-chorus in Goethe's "Faust" :—

"Christ ist erstanden !
 Freude dem Sterblichen,
 Den die verderblichen,
 Schleichenden, erblichen
 Mängel umwanden."

CHRIST is arisen,
 Joy to thee, mortal !
 Out of his prison,
 Forth from its portal !
 Christ is not sleeping,
 Seek him no longer ;
 Strong was his keeping, —
 Jesus was stronger !

Christ is arisen,
 Seek him not here ;
 Lonely his prison,
 Empty his bier ;

Vain his entombing,
Spices, and lawn,
Vain the perfuming,
Jesus is gone!

Christ is arisen,
Joy to thee, mortal!
Empty his prison,
Broken its portal:
Rising, he giveth
His shroud to the sod;
Risen, he liveth,
And liveth to God!

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D.D.

1840.

FOR EASTER DAY.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened paradise!

Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died, our souls to save:
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted head:
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

What though once we perished all,
Partners in our parents' fall?
Second life we all receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

Risen with him, we upward move;
Still we seek the things above;
Still pursue, and kiss the Son
Seated on his Father's throne.

Scarce on earth a thought bestow,
Dead to all we leave below;
Heaven our aim, and loved abode,
Hid our life with Christ in God:

Hid, till Christ our Life appear
Glorious in his members here;
Joined to him, we then shall shine,
All immortal, all divine.

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now!
Hail, the Resurrection thou!

King of glory, Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this:
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love!

CHARLES WESLEY.

1739.

HAIL, DAY OF DAYS! IN PEALS OF PRAISE.

"Salve, festa dies, toto venerabilis ævo."

HAIL, Day of days! in peals of praise
Throughout all ages owned,
When Christ, our God, hell's empire trod,
And high o'er heaven was throned.

This glorious morn the world new-born
In rising beauty shows;
How, with her Lord to life restored,
Her gifts and graces rose!

The spring serene in sparkling sheen
The flower-clad earth arrays,
Heaven's portal bright its radiant light
In fuller flood displays.

The fiery sun in loftier noon
O'er heaven's high orbit shines,
As o'er the tide of waters wide
He rises and declines.

From hell's deep gloom, from earth's dark tomb,
The Lord in triumph soars;
The forests raise their leafy praise;
The flowery field adores.

As star by star he mounts afar,
And hell imprisoned lies,
Let stars and light and depth and height
In hallelujahs rise.

Lo! he who died, the Crucified,
God over all he reigns;
On him we call, his creatures all,
Who heaven and earth sustains.

VENANTIUS H. C. FORTUNATUS.
Translated by W. J. C.

EASTER.

DEEP in yon garden-shade
The Life of all is laid
In death's calm sleep;
Armed soldiers waiting near,
Amazed and full of fear,
Their vigil keep.

Angels, and stars, and the fair moon above,
Look down in silent awe and reverent love.

Through the dark cypress-trees
The gentle midnight breeze
Sighs a low wail;
Breath from the dewy ground
O'er the green earth around
Spreads a soft veil;

Each glade and valley, mountain, dale, and hill,
Echoes the solemn whisper, "Peace, be still."

Hushed Nature sinks to rest,
And on her Maker's breast
She falls asleep;
Released from human woes,
The Almighty finds repose
In slumber deep;

But saints are watching through the silent
night,
In eager patience waiting for the light.

The mother undefiled
Is pondering on her Child,
Now crucified;
And through her tearless dreams
The cross in radiance beams,
Whereon he died.

Bright visions dawn. Behold! the darkness
flies,
Resplendent from the grave she sees him rise.

John the Beloved stands by,
Gazing with wondering eye
At Mary's smile;
And angels, at the sight,
Pause in their heavenward flight,
To muse awhile.

Yet the sun hides itself in dim eclipse,
While he awaits his full apocalypse.

Peter, who thrice denied
The Master at his side,
The Lord of all,
With penitential tears
And deep heart-searching fears,
Bewails his fall.

There, as he weeps in bitter grief apart,
His Saviour's look speaks comfort to his
heart.

The lowly Magdalene
(Of penitents the queen)
Waits for the morn,
When in that cave so still
Her task she may fulfil
Of love forlorn;

And first to her Christ risen will appear,
Though in a form unknown he draweth near.

While he who longed to die
With Christ on Calvary,
Whose love devout
His Master proved and tried—
By heartfelt prayer denied,
Must wait in doubt;

Eight days of solemn gloom in darkness past,
On trustful Thomas he will shine at last.

But lo, the Sabbath ends!
Nocturn with matins blends,
The morning breaks;
The shadows flee away
Before the rising day,
And Christ awakes!

Angels proclaim the anthem far and near,
"Ye seek your risen Lord; he is not here."

GENEVIEVE M. J. IRONS.

CHRIST IS RISEN!

"Aufstanden, Aufstanden!"

CHRISTOPH CHRISTIAN STURM was born at Augsburg, Jan. 25, 1740. In 1778 he became pastor at Hamburg, and there he died, Aug. 26, 1786. His "Betrachtungen über die Werke Gottes" was published in 1785.

CHRIST is risen, Christ is risen,
He by whom we're reconciled;
See how God from pang and prison
Has with honor crowned his Child.
Now enthroned there with the Father,
Over pain and death set high,
Reigns he in his majesty.
With your prostrate homage gather,
For he life immortal gives.
Hallelujah! Jesus lives.

He is risen, sing ye praises,
Who his blood on Calvary spilled;
Shout it loud in farthest places;
What he promised he fulfilled.
Who withstands? And why dissemble?
See him mount in glorious worth;
Bright in triumph breaks he forth.
See how hell's black portals tremble,
As the Conqueror at them drives.
Hallelujah! Jesus lives.

Us from death-doom to deliver,
Sank he in the grave's dark night;

Us to raise to life forever,
 Rose he through the Father's might.
 Death, thou art in victory swallowed,
 All thy terrors overblown ;
 All thine empire overthrown ;
 Life is now achieved and hallowed.
 Though the Spoiler still bereaves,
 Hallelujah ! Jesus lives.

To the Father he ascended,
 Lifting man from death's domain.
 Life that 's in him spent and ended
 Tastes and sees that death is gain.
 Hold amidst your pain and pleasure
 Jesus Christ in memory,
 Loosed from death's captivity.
 His are joys beyond all measure,
 Who for heavenly prizes strives.
 Hallelujah ! Jesus lives.

Children of the great Renewer,
 Joy in him with thanks and song ;
 Bring to him, the Death-Subduer,
 Crowns that to such name belong.
 Praise him in the hours of trial,
 Then when sin and misery threat ;
 Praise him in the mortal sweat ;
 Give his great call no denial,
 Who the outcast soul receives.
 Hallelujah ! Jesus lives.

CHRISTOPH CHRISTIAN STURM. Translated by
 NATHANIEL L. FROTHINGHAM, 1869.

EASTER DAY.

O DAY of days ! shall hearts set free,
 No " minstrel rapture " find for thee ?
 Thou art the Sun of other days,
 They shine by giving back thy rays :

Enthroned in thy sovereign sphere
 Thou shedd'st thy light on all the year ;
 Sundays by thee more glorious break,
 An Easter Day in every week :

And week days, following in their train,
 The fulness of thy blessing gain,
 Till all, both resting and employ, -
 Be one Lord's day of holy joy.

Then wake, my soul, to high desires,
 And earlier light thine altar fires :
 The world some hours is on her way,
 Nor thinks on thee, thou blessed day :

Or, if she think, it is in scorn :
 The vernal light of Easter morn
 To her dark gaze no brighter seems
 Than Reason's or the Law's pale beams.

" Where is your Lord ? " she scornful asks :
 " Where is his hire ? we know his tasks ;
 Sons of a King ye boast to be ;
 Let us your crowns and treasures see."

We in the words of truth reply
 (An angel brought them from the sky),
 " Our crown, our treasure is not here,
 'T is stored above the highest sphere :

" Methinks your wisdom guides amiss,
 To seek on earth a Christian's bliss ;
 We watch not now the lifeless stone :
 Our only Lord is risen and gone."

Yet even the lifeless stone is dear
 For thoughts of him who late lay here ;
 And the base world, now Christ hath died,
 Ennobled is and glorified.

No more a charnel-house, to fence
 The relics of lost innocence,
 A vault of ruin and decay ; —
 The imprisoning stone is rolled away.

'T is now a cell where angels use
 To come and go with heavenly news,
 And in the ears of mourners say,
 " Come, see the place where Jesus lay " :

'T is now a fane, where love can find
 Christ everywhere embalmed and shrined :
 Aye gathering up memorials sweet
 Where'er she sets her duteous feet.

Oh, joy to Mary first allowed,
 When roused from weeping o'er his shroud,
 By his own calm, soul-soothing tone,
 Breathing her name, as still his own !

Joy to the faithful Three renewed,
 As their glad errand they pursued ! -
 Happy, who so Christ's word convey,
 That he may meet them on their way !

So is it still : to holy tears,
 In lonely hours, Christ risen appears ;
 In social hours, who Christ would see
 Must turn all tasks to charity.

JOHN KEBLE.

1827.

THE SEPULCHRE ON SABBATH MORNING.

How calm and beautiful the morn
 That gilds the sacred tomb,
 Where Christ the crucified was borne,
 And veiled in midnight gloom !
 Oh, weep no more the Saviour slain,
 The Lord is risen, he lives again !

Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
 For your departed Lord ;
 " Behold the place, he is not here,"
 The tomb is all unbarred :
 The gates of death were closed in vain,
 The Lord is risen, he lives again !

Now cheerful to the house of prayer
 Your early footsteps bend ;
 The Saviour will himself be there,
 Your Advocate and Friend :
 Once by the law your hopes were slain,
 But now in Christ ye live again !

How tranquil now the rising day !
 'T is Jesus still appears,
 A risen Lord, to chase away
 Your unbelieving fears :
 Oh, weep no more your comforts slain,
 The Lord is risen, he lives again !

And when the shades of evening fall,
 When life's last hour draws nigh,
 If Jesus shine upon the soul,
 How blissful then to die !
 Since he has risen that once was slain,
 Ye die in Christ to live again !

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1832.

CHRIST HATH RISEN.

The following is abridged ; certain inferior stanzas being omitted from the end.

THE foe behind, the deep before,
 Our hosts have dared and past the sea :
 And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,
 And Israel's ransomed tribes are free.
 Lift up, lift up your voices now !
 The whole wide world rejoices now !
 The Lord hath triumphed gloriously !
 The Lord shall reign victoriously !
 Happy morrow,
 Turning sorrow
 Into peace and mirth !
 Bondage ending,
 Love descending
 O'er the earth !
 Seals assuring,
 Guards securing,
 Watch his earthly prison :
 Seals are shattered,
 Guards are scattered,
 Christ hath risen !

No longer must the mourners weep,
 Nor call departed Christians dead ;
 For death is hallowed into sleep,
 And every grave becomes a bed.

Now once more
 Eden's door
 Open stands to mortal eyes ;
 For Christ hath risen, and men shall rise :
 Now at last,
 Old things past,
 Hope and joy and peace begin :
 For Christ hath won, and man shall win.

It is not exile, rest on high :
 It is not sadness, peace from strife :
 To fall asleep is not to die ;
 To dwell with Christ is better life.
 Where our banner leads us,
 We may safely go :
 Where our Chief precedes us,
 We may face the foe.
 His right arm is o'er us,
 He will guide us through ;
 Christ hath gone before us ;
 Christians ! follow you !

JOHN MASON NEALE.

1851

RESURRECTION HYMN.

"Christus ist erstanden."

MICHAEL WEISS was born at Neisse, Silesia, and died in 1540. He was the German translator of the hymns of the Bohemian Brethren, but the following is one of his own compositions. His hymn-book was admired by Luther.

CHRIST the Lord is risen again,
 Christ hath broken every chain ;
 Hark, angelic voices cry,
 Singing evermore on high,
 Hallelujah !

He who gave for us his life,
 Who for us endured the strife,
 Is our Paschal Lamb to-day.
 We, too, sing for joy, and say, —
 Hallelujah !

He who bore all pain and loss
 Comfortless upon the cross
 Lives in glory now on high,
 Pleads for us and hears our cry :
 Hallelujah !

He whose path no records tell,
 Who descended into hell,
 Who the strong man armed hath bound,
 Now in the highest heaven is crowned :
 Hallelujah !

He who slumbered in the grave
 Is exalted now to save ;
 Now through Christendom it rings
 That the Lamb is King of kings :
 Hallelujah !

Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven :
Hallelujah !

Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, thy ransomed people feed !
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye,
Hallelujah !

MICHAEL WEISS, 1531. Translated by
CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

JESUS, MY REDEEMER, LIVES.

"Jesus, meine Zuversicht."

LOUISA HENRIETTA, Electress of Brandenburg, daughter of Frederic Henry, Prince of Orange, was born at The Hague, Nov. 16, 1627, and died June 18, 1667. She was married to Frederic William, Elector of Brandenburg, in 1646. This hymn was written on the death of her first-born. Her third child was afterwards Frederic I, King of Prussia.

JESUS, my Redeemer, lives,
Christ, my trust, is dead no more !
In the strength this knowledge gives,
Shall not all my fears be o'er ;
Calm, though death's long night be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought ?

Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
And his life I soon shall see ;
Bright the hope this promise gives ;
Where he is, I too shall be.
Shall I fear then ? Can the Head
Rise and leave the members dead ?

Close to him my soul is bound,
In the bonds of hope enclasped ;
Faith's strong hand this hold hath found,
And the Rock hath firmly grasped.
Death shall ne'er my soul remove
From her refuge in thy love.

I shall see him with these eyes,
Him whom I shall surely know ;
Not another shall I rise ;
With his love my heart shall glow ;
Only there shall disappear
Weakness in and round me here.

Ye who suffer, sigh, and moan,
Fresh and glorious there shall reign ;
Earthly here the seed is sown,
Heavenly it shall rise again ;
Natural here the death we die,
Spiritual our life on high.

Body, be thou of good cheer,
In thy Saviour's care rejoice ;
Give not place to gloom and fear,
Dead, thou yet shalt know his voice,

When the final trump is heard,
And the deaf, cold grave is stirred.

Laugh to scorn, then, death and hell,
Fear no more the gloomy grave ;
Caught into the air to dwell

With the Lord who comes to save,
We shall trample on our foes,
Mortal weakness, fear, and woes.

Only see ye that your heart
Rise betimes from earthly lust ;
Would ye there with him have part,
Here obey your Lord and trust.
Fix your hearts beyond the skies,
Whither ye yourselves would rise !

LOUISA HENRIETTA, Electress of Brandenburg, 1653.
Translated by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1855.

ST. THOMAS'S SUNDAY.

Ἄσωμεν πάντες λαοί.

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness !
God hath brought his Israel
Into joy from sadness :
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters ;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'T is the spring of souls to-day :
Christ hath burst his prison ;
And from three days' sleep in death,
As a sun, hath risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From his light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render :
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
Jesu's resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold thee as a mortal :
But to-day amidst the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

JOHN of Damascus Translated
by JOHN MASON NEALE.

RESURGAM.

"Alleluia! Alleluia! Finita jam sunt proelia."

ALLELUIA! Alleluia!
Finished is the battle now;
The crown is on the victor's brow!
Hence with sadness,
Sing with gladness,
Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
After sharp death that him befell,
Jesus Christ hath harrowed hell,
Earth is singing,
Heaven is ringing,
Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
On the third morning he arose,
Bright with victory o'er his foes.
Sing we lauding,
And applauding,
Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
He hath closed hell's brazen door,
And heaven is open evermore!
Hence with sadness,
Sing with gladness,
Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lord, by thy wounds we call on thee,
So from ill death to set us free,
That our living
Be thanksgiving!
Alleluia!

Translated from an unknown Latin author of the
thirteenth century by JOHN MASON NEALE.

ARISE, MY SOUL! AWAKE FROM SLEEP!

THOMAS KINGO, Bishop of Funen, a beloved Danish
hymn-writer, was born in 1634, and died in 1703. He wrote
a large number of psalms and hymns.

ARISE, my soul! awake from sleep!
Behold thy Saviour's grave!
His loved ones, mourning, laid him deep
In death's devouring cave;
But from the tomb he valiant came,
And ever blessed be his name!

A cheering sound, an angel's voice,
Proclaimeth from on high,
Our brother, Jesus, — oh, rejoice! —
Could not Death's captive lie;
But from the tomb he valiant came,
And ever blessed be his name!

O sacred day! sublimest day!
O mystery unheard!
Death's hosts, that claimed him as their prey,
He scattered with a word;
And from the tomb he valiant came,
And ever blessed be his name!

O holy, holy paschal morn!
We triumphed have through thee:
Thou sweetest Christ's torture, borne
Upon the fatal tree;
For from the tomb he valiant came,
And ever blessed be his name!

I boldly now defy thee, Death!
For thou hast lost thy sting;
Defy, O Hell! thy blasting breath,
All terrors thou canst bring;
For from the tomb he valiant came,
And ever blessed be his name!

The grave is dark, the grave is cold,
And I must slumber there;
But risen, I shall Christ behold,
Christ's glories I shall share;
For from the tomb he valiant came,
And ever blessed be his name!

That I a welcome warm may win
From Jesus in the skies,
From the foul sepulchre of sin
May I as valiant rise
As from the tomb the Saviour came:
And ever blessed be his name!

Translated from the Danish of THOMAS KINGO by
GILBERT TAIT, 1868.

THE LORD OF LIFE IS RISEN!

"Der Herr ist auferstanden!"

HENRY HARBAUGH, a divine of the German Reformed
Church, was born in Maryland, Oct. 24, 1817, and became,
after a variety of adverse experiences, Professor of Theology
at Mercersburgh, Pa., where he died from overwork, Dec. 28,
1867. He wrote a number of books and poems, some of
which were in the Pennsylvania German dialect.

THE Lord of life is risen!
Sing, Easter heralds, sing!
He burst his rocky prison:
Wide let the triumph ring!
Tell how the graves are quaking,
The saints their fetters breaking:
Sing, heralds! Jesus lives!

In death no longer lying,
He rose, the Prince, to-day, —
Life of the dead and dying,
He triumphed o'er decay.
The Lord of life is risen:
In ruin lies death's prison,
Its keeper bound in chains.

We hear in thy blest greeting,
 Salvation's work is done !
 We worship thee, repeating, —
 Life for the dead is won !
 O Head of all believing !
 O Joy of all the grieving !
 Unite us, Lord, to thee.

Here at thy tomb, O Jesus,
 How sweet the morning's breath !
 We hear in all the breezes, —
 Where is thy sting, O Death ?
 Dark hell flies in commotion :
 While, far o'er earth and ocean,
 Loud hallelujahs ring !

Oh, publish this salvation,
 Ye heralds, through the earth !
 To every buried nation
 Proclaim the day of birth !
 Till, rising from their slumbers,
 The countless heathen numbers
 Shall hail the risen light.

Hail, hail, our Jesus risen !
 Sing, ransomed brethren, sing !
 Through death's dark, gloomy prison
 Let Easter chorals ring ;
 Haste, haste, ye captive legions !
 Come forth from sin's dark regions ;
 In Jesus' kingdom live.

JOHANN PETER LANGE, 1852. Translated by
 HENRY HARBAUGH, 1868.

AN EASTER ODE.

THE calm of blessed night
 Is on Judæa's hills ;
 The full-orbed moon with cloudless light
 Is sparkling on their rills :
 One spot above the rest
 Is still and tranquil seen,
 The chamber as of something blest,
 Amidst its bowers of green.

Around that spot each way
 The figures ye may trace
 Of men-at-arms in grim array,
 Girding the solemn place :
 But other bands are there —
 And, glistening through the gloom,
 Legions of angels bright and fair
 Throng to that wondrous tomb.

"Praise be to God on high !
 The triumph-hour is near :
 The Lord hath won the victory,
 The foe is vanquished here !

Dark grave, yield up the dead ;
 Give up thy prey, thou earth ;
 In death he bowed his sacred head, —
 He springs anew to birth !

"Sharp was the wreath of thorns
 Around his suffering brow ;
 But glory rich his head adorns,
 And angels crown him now.
 Roll yonder rock away
 That bars the marble gate ;
 And gather we in bright array
 To swell the Victor's state !

"Hail, hail, hail !
 The Lord is risen indeed !
 The curse is made of none avail ;
 The sons of men are freed !"

HENRY ALFORD, D. D.

FOR EASTER SUNDAY.

MRS. BARBAULD was the daughter of the Rev. John Aiken, and was born at Kibworth-Harcourt, Leicestershire, June 20, 1743. Dr. Doddridge was for a time a member of her father's family, and her religious principles were in part established by him. Her first volume of poems was issued in 1773, and four editions were called for in that year. In May, 1774, Miss Aiken married the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a dissenting clergyman, of Huguenot descent. Her subsequent writings were, like her first volume, successful. She became a widow in 1808, and died March 9, 1825.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray,
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.

Oh, what a night was that which wrapt
 The heathen world in gloom !
 Oh, what a sun, which broke this day
 Triumphant from the tomb !

This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung ;
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
 To hail this welcome morn,
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 To nations yet unborn.

Jesus, the friend of humankind,
 With strong compassion moved,
 Descended like a pitying God
 To save the souls he loved.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
 To bind his soul in death ;
 He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
 With his expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
The hope of Judah's line;
Corruption never could take hold
Of aught so much divine.

And now his conquering chariot-wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke beneath his powerful cross
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
The Lord of all below,
Through him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man
A brother's pity flows;
And still his bleeding heart is touched
With memory of our woes.

To thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage, let me give;
And stand prepared like thee to die,
With thee that I may live!

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

1825.

AN EASTER SONG.

OUT of dust and darkness comes a cry of
passion,

Out of loss and sorrow wakes a sudden
thrill,

Sick we are and weary of life's hollow fashion,
Hear us, Lord, and answer! Dost thou
slumber still?

Heavy fall the shadows on the dim horizon,
Veiled the starry eyes from wistful eyes
below;

Cold and still thou liest in thine earthly prison;
Whither, Lord and Master, whither shall
we go?

Surely we have trusted, — turned in faith and
meekness

To the arms extended and the thorn-crowned
brow;

But, alas! thou knowest all our human weak-
ness,

Faint we are and fearful, — wilt thou leave
us now?

Harder weighs the burden on thy toiling
creatures,

Faster crowd the evils thou alone canst
cure;

Through the time-mists dimmer shine thy
gracious features,

Ah! the need is greater, is the hope as sure?

Fainting by the wayside, lo, we turn and
listen:

Through our Lent of longing lift we weary
eyes:

Will the Easter dawning once more gleam and
glisten?

Will the Christ we wait for yet once more
arise?

Lo, the strange, new voices! lo, the scoffer's
whisper;

“He in whom you trusted passeth like the
rest:

Sigh of aged mourner, breath of infant lisper, —
Naught shall stir an echo in that silent
breast!”

Lord, the peril presses! Lord, the night-wrack
deeper

Gathers o'er the pathway, rough for mortal
feet; —

Holds the sealed gravestone still its pallid
sleeper?

Is the tale of human sorrows incomplete?

Peace! The deep gloom brightens! See
through yon dim distance

Gleams a glow of glory, wakes a sudden ray!
Lo, the gracious guerdon of Faith's sweet
persistence!

Lo, the gentle dawning of Love's Easter
Day!

Hark! the anthem answers; listen! fast and
faster

Swells a psalm whose chorus angels shout
abroad:

“Come, O Lord undying! Hail, O Mighty
Master!

Lo, the risen Saviour! Lo, the Christ of
God!”

BARTON GREY.

WELCOME, O DAY!

WILLIAM ALLEN was born at Pittsfield, Mass., Jan. 2, 1784, and died at Northampton, July 16, 1868. He was a learned Congregational minister, and was, at different times, president of Dartmouth College and Bowdoin College. He was author of an American Biographical and Historical Dictionary, and of a volume of Christian Sonnets.

WELCOME, O day! in dazzling glory bright!
Emblem of yet another day most blest,
When all Christ's friends with him in heaven
shall rest;

For on this day, in his recovered might,
The sleeper waked to see this morning's
light, —

“The Son of God!” glad angel hosts attest:

So, when alive, most fully shown, confest ;
For on this day he took his heavenward flight.
When, therefore, our glad eyes this morning's
sun

See rising on the earth, we 'll lift our thought
To him who by his death our life hath
bought,

And, Victor, King, for us a crown hath won.
It e'er shall be a day of sweetest joy,
Till we shall see our Lord in yonder sky !

WILLIAM ALLEN, D. D.

THE RESURRECTION.

ARISE, yes, yes, arise, O thou my dust,
From short repose thou must !
Immortal liveth
The soul the Maker giveth.
Hallelujah !

To rise and bloom again my seed he sows ;
The Lord of harvests goes,
And, like unnumbered
Sheaves, gathers us who slumbered.
Hallelujah !

O day of tearful joy !
O grateful day !
O thou my Maker's day !
My days when numbered,
And I enough have slumbered,
Thou 'lt wake me up.

Oh, then 't will seem but like a dream so fair ;
With Jesus we will share
His holy pleasure ;
Then will the pilgrim's measure
Of grief be drained.

Then will my guide be to the holiest land
My Mediator's hand.
On high then living,
I 'll praise him with thanksgiving.
Hallelujah !

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK. Translated
by ALFRED BASKERVILLE, 1853.

RESURRECTION.

Two thousand years ago a flower
Bloomed brightly in a far-off land ;
Two thousand years ago its seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Saviour came to earth
That man had lived, and toiled, and died ;
But even in that far-off time
That flower had shed its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went ;
That dead hand kept its treasure well :
Nations were born, and turned to dust,
While life was hidden in that shell.

The senseless hand is robbed at last ;
The seed is buried in the earth ;
When lo ! the life long sleeping there
Into a lovely flower burst forth.

Just such a plant as that which grew
From such a seed when buried low ;
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed,
And died — two thousand years ago !

And will not he who watched the seed
And kept the life within the shell,
When those he loves are laid to rest,
Watch o'er his buried saints as well ?

And will not he, from 'neath the sod,
Cause something glorious to arise ?
Ay, though it sleeps two thousand years,
Yet all this slumbering dust shall rise.

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as now you wear,
But oh, more glorious far, shall rise,
To meet the Saviour in the air !

Then will I lay me down in peace,
When called to leave this vale of tears ;
For "in my flesh I shall see God,"
E'en though I sleep two thousand years !

SARAH H. BRADFORD.

JESUS HATH VANISHED.

" Erumpe tandem juste dolor."

MARY MAGDALEN.

JESUS hath vanished : all in vain
I search for him, and search again,
Seeking to relieve my pain.

My sobs the garden fill,
My sighs in tears distil ;
My heart is breaking. Where is he ?
Who hath hid my love from me ?

JESUS.

Who is this, in wild disorder,
Running over bed and border ?

O lady, speak !
Declare, declare,
What floweret fair
Hither you come to seek ;
Wherefore these piteous tears bedew your
cheek !

MARY MAGDALEN.

Say, O gentle gardener, say,
Where have they borne my Lord away?
In what deep grove or glade
Have they his body laid?
Where is that lily sweet,
The Son of God most dear?
Tell me, oh, tell me where?
That I may go, and kiss his sacred feet,
And my true spouse adore,
And to his mother's arms the son restore!

JESUS.

Mary, what blindness hath come o'er thee!
I, thy Jesus, stand before thee, —
I, that immortal flower
Of Nazareth's fair bower;
I, amid thousands, the elect alone;
I, thy beloved; I, thine own!

MARY MAGDALEN.

Jesu, Master! thy dear sight
Quite dissolves me with delight!
O joy of joys, to see thy face,
And those celestial feet embrace!

JESUS.

Touch me not yet: the hour is drawing nigh
When thou shalt see me glorified on high;
Then in mine endless presence shalt thou rest,
And, drinking of my light, live on forever
blest!

Translated from the Latin of an unknown
author by EDWARD CASWALL.

A SONG OF EASTER.

MRS. CELIA THAXTER, one of the popular American poets
of the sea, is a native of the Isles of Shoals, where she was
born in 1825.

SING, children, sing!

And the lily censers swing;
Sing that life and joy are waking and that
Death no more is king.
Sing the happy, happy tumult of the slowly
brightening spring;
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!

Winter wild has taken wing.
Fill the air with the sweet tidings till the
frosty echoes ring!
Along the eaves the icicles no longer glitter-
ing cling;
And the crocus in the garden lifts its bright
face to the sun,
And in the meadows softly the brooks begin
to run;

And the golden catkins swing
In the warm airs of the spring;
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!

The lilies white you bring
In the joyous Easter morning for hope are
blossoming;
And as the earth her shroud of snow from off
her breast doth fling,
So may we cast our fetters off in God's eter-
nal spring.
So may we find release at last from sorrow
and from pain,
So may we find our childhood's calm, deli-
cious dawn again.
Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that look
with smiling grace,
Without a shade of doubt or fear into the
Future's face!
Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful voices
tell
That death is life, and God is good, and all
things shall be well;
That bitter days shall cease
In warmth and light and peace, —
That winter yields to spring, —
Sing, little children, sing!

CELIA THAXTER.

JESUS LIVES.

"Jesus lebt, mit Ihm auch ich."

CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT was a man and poet
who in his melancholy and religious earnestness somewhat
resembled Cowper. He was born July 4, 1715, at Hayni-
chen, Saxony, where his father was for fifty years the min-
ister, and studied at the University of Leipzig, where he formed
the acquaintance of J. E. Schlegel and other literary men.
He afterwards lectured on Belles Lettres, Goethe being at one
time among his pupils. He wrote much in the intervals of
attacks of melancholy, his hymns having been prepared after
careful preparation of the heart and prayer. They are di-
dactic, and not equal to those of Luther, Gerhardt, and others,
but they touch the heart. Gellert died at Leipzig, Dec. 13,
1769. The following is based upon these words of St. Paul:
"He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken
your mortal bodies." — ROM. viii. 11.

JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appall me;
Jesus lives! by this I know
From the grave he will recall me;
Brighter scenes at death commence;
This shall be my confidence.

Jesus lives! to him the throne
High o'er heaven and earth is given;
I may go where he is gone,
Live and reign with him in heaven:

God through Christ forgives offence;
This shall be my confidence.

Jesus lives! Who now despairs,
Spurns the word which God hath spoken:
Grace to all that word declares,
Grace whereby sin's yoke is broken:
Christ rejects not penitence;
This shall be my confidence.

Jesus lives! for me he died;
Hence will I, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to him and glory giving:
Freely God doth aid dispense;
This shall be my confidence.

Jesus lives! my heart knows well
Nought from me his love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Part me now from Christ forever:
God will be a sure defence;
This shall be my confidence.

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
Entrance-gate of life immortal;
This shall calm my trembling breath
When I pass its gloomy portal:
Faith shall cry, as fails each sense,
"Lord, thou art my Confidence."

CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT. Translated
by FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, 1841.

RISE, GLORIOUS CONQUEROR, RISE.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, author of "Hymns of the Heart, for the Use of Catholics," was born in 1800. At first a member of the Established Church, he entered the Romish communion, and in the volume mentioned expresses regret that he had ever used his influence against it. His hymns are very beautiful, embodying sentiments dear to the hearts of all Christians.

RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise;
Into thy native skies, —
Assume thy right:
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled,
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire, —
Thou Lamb once slain!

Enter, incarnate God! —
No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down:

Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour, triumphant go,
And take thy crown!

Lion of Judah, hail!
And let thy name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage!

Yet — who are these behind,
In numbers more than mind
Can count or say,
Clothed in immortal stoles,
Illumining the poles,
A galaxy of souls,
In white array?

And then was heard afar
Star answering to star —
"Lo! these have come,
Followers of him who gave
His life their lives to save;
And now their palms they wave,
Brought safely home!"

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

RESURRECTION.

SLEEP, sleep, old sun; thou canst not have
re-past
As yet the wound thou took'st on Friday last.
Sleep, then, and rest: the world may bear thy
stay;
A better sun rose before thee to-day;
Who, not content to enlighten all that dwell
On the earth's face as thou, enlightened hell,
And made the dark fires languish in that vale,
As at thy presence here our fires grow pale;
Whose body, having walked on earth and now
Hastening to heaven, would, that he might
allow
Himself unto all stations and fill all,
For these three days become a mineral.
He was all gold when he lay down, but rose
All tincture; and doth not alone dispose
Lead and iron wills to good, but is
Of power to make even sinful flesh like his.
Had one of those, whose credulous piety
Thought that a soul one might discern and see
Go from a body, at this sepulchre been,
And issuing from the sheet this body seen,
He would have justly thought this body a soul,
If not of any man, yet of the whole.

JOHN DONNE.

HE IS RISEN!

"Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth which was crucified: he is risen: he is not here."—MARK XVI. 6.

IF Jesus came to earth again,

And walked, and talked, in field and street,
Who would not lay his human pain
Low at those heavenly feet?

And leave the loom, and leave the lute,
And leave the volume on the shelf,
To follow him, unquestioning, mute,
If 't were the Lord himself?

How many a brow with care o'erworn,
How many a heart with grief o'erladen,
How many a youth with love forlorn,
How many a mourning maiden,

Would leave the baffling earthly prize
Which fails the earthly, weak endeavor,
To gaze into those holy eyes,
And drink content forever!

The mortal hope, I ask with tears
Of heaven, to soothe this mortal pain, —
The dream of all my darkened years, —
I should not cling to then.

The pride that prompts the bitter jest —
(Sharp styptic of a bleeding heart!)
Would fail and humbly leave confest
The sin that brought the smart,

If I might crouch within the fold
Of that white robe (a wounded bird);
The face that Mary saw behold,
And hear the words she heard.

I would not ask one word of all
That now my nature yearns to know; —
The legend of the ancient Fall;
The source of human woe:

What hopes in other worlds may hide;
What griefs yet unexplored in this;
How fares the spirit within the wide
Waste tract of that abyss

Which scares the heart (since all we know
Of life is only conscious sorrow)
Lest novel life be novel woe
In death's undawned to-morrow;

I would not ask one word of this,
If I might only hide my head
On that beloved breast, and kiss
The wounds where Jesus bled.

And I, where'er he went, would go,
Nor question where the path might lead,
Enough to know that, here below,
I walked with God indeed!

His sheep along the cool, the shade,
By the still water-course he leads,
His lambs upon his breast are laid,
His hungry ones he feeds.

Safe in his bosom I should lie,
Hearing, where'er his steps might be,
Calm waters, murmuring, murmuring by,
To meet the mighty sea.

If this be thus, O Lord of mine
In absence is thy love forgot?
And must I, where I walk, repine
Because I see thee not?

If this be thus, if this be thus,
And our poor prayers yet reach thee, Lord,
Since we are weak, once more to us
Reveal the Living Word!

Yet is my heart, indeed, so weak
My course alone I dare not trace?
Alas! I know my heart must break
Before I see thy face.

I loved, with all my human soul,
A human creature, here below,
And, though thou bad'st thy sea to roll
Forever 'twixt us two,

And though her form I may not see
Through all my long and lonely life,
And though she never now may be
My helpmate and my wife,

Yet in my dreams her dear eyes shine,
Yet in my heart her face I bear,
And yet each holiest thought of mine
I seem with her to share.

But, Lord, thy face I never saw,
Nor ever heard thy human voice:
My life, beneath an iron law,
Moves on without my choice.

No memory of a happier time,
When in thine arms, perchance, I slept,
In some lost ante-natal clime,
My mortal frame hath kept:

And all is dark — before — behind.
I cannot reach thee, where thou art,
I cannot bring thee to my mind,
Nor clasp thee to my heart.

And this is why, by night and day,
Still with so many an unseen tear
These lonely lips have learned to pray—
That God would spare me here,

While yet my doubtful course I go
Along the vale of mortal years,
By life's dull stream, that will not flow
As fast as flow my tears,

One human hand, my hand to take :
One human heart, my own to raise :
One loving human voice, to break
The silence of my days.

Saviour, if this wild prayer be wrong,
And what I seek I may not find,
Oh, make more hard and stern and strong
The framework of my mind !

Or, nearer to me, in the dark
Of life's low hours, one moment stand,
And give me keener eyes to mark
The moving of thy hand.

ROBERT, LORD LYTTON.

SONG FOR THE NIGHT OF CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.

A HUMBLE IMITATION.

"And birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave."

It is the noon of night,
And the world's great Light
Gone out, she widow-like doth carry her :
The moon hath veiled her face,
Nor looks on that dread place
Where he lieth dead in sealed sepulchre ;
And heaven and hades, emptied, lend
Their flocking multitudes to watch and wait
the end.

Tier above tier they rise,
Their wings new line the skies,
And shed out comforting light among the
stars ;
But they of the other place
The heavenly signs deface,
The gloomy brand of hell their brightness
mars ;
Yet high they sit in throned state, —
It is the hour of darkness to them dedicate.

And first and highest set,
Where the black shades are met,
The lord of night and hades leans him
down ;

His gleaming eyeballs show
More awful than the glow
Which hangeth by the points of his dread
crown ;
And at his feet, where lightnings play,
The fatal sisters sit and weep, and curse their
day.

Lo ! one, with eyes all wide,
As she were sight denied,
Sits blindly feeling at her distaff old ;
One, as distraught with woe,
Letting the spindle go,
Her starry-sprinkled gown doth shivering
fold ;
And one right mournful hangs her head,
Complaining, "Woe is me ! I may not cut the
thread.

"All men of every birth,
Yea, great ones of the earth,
Kings and their counsellors, have I drawn
down ;
But I am held of thee, —
Why dost thou trouble me,
To bring me up, dead King, that keep'st thy
crown ?
Yet for all courtiers hast but ten
Lowly, unlettered, Galilean fishermen.

"Olympian heights are bare
Of whom men worshipped there,
Immortal feet their snows may print no
more ;
Their stately powers below
Lie desolate, nor know
This thirty years Thessalian grove or
shore ;
But I am elder far than they ; —
Where is the sentence writ that I must pass
away ?

"Art thou come up for this,
Dark regent, awful Dis ?
And hast thou moved the deep to mark our
ending ?
And stirred the dens beneath
To see us eat of death,
With all the scoffing heavens toward us
bending ?
Help ! powers of ill, see not us die !"
But neither demon dares, nor angel deigns,
reply.

Her sisters, fallen on sleep,
Fade in the upper deep,
And their grim lord sits on, in doleful
trance ;

Till her black veil she rends,
 And with her death-shriek bends
 Downward the terrors of her countenance ;
 Then, whelmed in night and no more seen,
 They leave the world a doubt if ever such
 have been.

And the winged armies twain
 Their awful watch maintain ;
 They mark the earth at rest with her great
 dead.
 Behold, from Antres wide,
 Green Atlas heave his side ;
 His moving woods their scarlet clusters
 shed,
 The swathing coif his front that cools,
 And tawny lions lapping at his palm-edged
 pools.

Then like a heap of snow,
 Lying where grasses grow,
 See glimmering, while the moony lustres
 creep,
 Mild-mannered Athens, dight
 In dewy marbles white,
 Among her goddesses and gods asleep ;
 And, swaying on a purple sea,
 The many moored galleys clustering at her
 quay.

Also, 'neath palm-trees' shade,
 Amid their camels laid,
 The pastoral tribes with all their flocks at
 rest ;
 Like to those old-world folk
 With whom two angels broke
 The bread of men at Abram's courteous
 'quest,
 When, listening as they prophesied,
 His desert princess, being reproved, her laugh
 denied.

Or from the Morians' land
 See worshipped Nilus bled,
 Taking the silver road he gave the world,
 To wet his ancient shrine
 With waters held divine,
 And touch his temple steps with wavelets
 curled,
 And list, ere darkness change to gray,
 Old minstrel-throated Memnon chanting in the
 day.

Moreover, Indian glades,
 Where kneel the sun-swart maids,
 On Gunga's flood their votive flowers to
 throw,

And launch in the sultry night
 Their burning cressets bright,
 Most like a fleet of stars that southing go,
 Till on her bosom prosperously
 She floats them shining forth to sail the
 lulled sea.

Nor bend they not their eyn
 Where the watch-fires shine,
 By shepherds fed, on hills of Bethlehem :
 They mark, in goodly wise,
 The city of David rise,
 The gates and towers of rare Jerusalem ;
 And hear the 'scaped Kedron fret,
 And night dews dropping from the leaves of
 Olivet.

But now the setting moon
 To curtained lands must soon,
 In her obedient fashion, minister ;
 She first, as loath to go,
 Lets her last silver flow
 Upon her Master's sealed sepulchre ;
 And trees that in the garden spread,
 She kisseth all for sake of his low-lying
 head,

Then 'neath the rim goes down ;
 And night with darker frown
 Sinks on the fateful garden watched long ;
 When some despairing eyes,
 Far in the murky skies,
 The unwished waking by their gloom fore-
 tell ;
 And blackness up the welkin swings,
 And drinks the mild effulgence from celestial
 wings.

Last, with amazed cry,
 The hosts asunder fly,
 Leaving an empty gulf of blackest hue ;
 Whence straightway shooteth down,
 By the great Father thrown,
 A mighty angel, strong and dread to view ;
 And at his fall the rocks are rent,
 The waiting world doth quake with mortal
 tremblement ;

The regions far and near
 Quail with a pause of fear,
 More terrible than aught since time began ;
 The winds, that dare not fleet,
 Drop at his awful feet,
 And in its bed wails the wide ocean ;
 The flower of dawn forbears to blow,
 And the oldest running river cannot skill to
 flow.

At stand, by that dread place,
 He lifts his radiant face,
 And looks to heaven with reverent love
 and fear ;
 Then, while the welkin quakes,
 And muttering thunder breaks,
 And lightnings shoot and ominous meteors
 drear,
 And all the daunted earth doth moan,
 He from the doors of death rolls back the
 sealed stone.

— In regal quiet deep,
 Lo, one new-waked from sleep !
 Behold, he standeth in the rock-hewn door :
 Thy children shall not die —
 Peace, peace, thy Lord is by !
 He liveth ! — They shall live forevermore.
 Peace ! lo, he lifts a priestly hand,
 And blesseth all the sons of men in every land.

Then, with great dread and wail,
 Fall down, like storms of hail,
 The legions of the lost in fearful wise ;
 And they whose blissful race
 Peoples the better place,
 Lift up their wings to cover their fair eyes,
 And through the waxing saffron brede,
 Till they are lost in light, recede, and yet
 recede.

So, while the fields are dim,
 And the red sun his rim
 First heaves, in token of his reign benign,
 All stars the most admired,
 Into their blue retired,
 Lie hid, — the faded moon forgets to shine, —
 And, hurrying down the sphery way,
 Night flies, and sweeps her shadow from the
 paths of day.

But look ! the Saviour blest,
 Calm after solemn rest,
 Stands in the garden 'neath his olive-boughs ;
 The earliest smile of day
 Doth on his vesture play,
 And light the majesty of his still brows ;
 While angels hang with wings outspread,
 Holding the new-won crown above his saintly
 head.

1867.

JEAN INGELOW.

CHRIST'S ASCENSION.

SOFT cloud, that while the breeze of May
 Chants her glad matins in the leafy arch,
 Draw'st thy bright veil across the heavenly
 way,
 Meet pavement for an angel's glorious march :

My soul is envious of mine eye,
 That it should soar and glide with thee so
 fast,
 The while my grovelling thoughts half-
 buried lie,
 Or lawless roam around this earthly waste.

Chains of my heart, avaunt, I say —
 I will arise, and in the strength of love
 Pursue the bright track ere it fade away,
 My Saviour's pathway to his home above.

Sure, when I reach the point where earth
 Melts into nothing from the uncumbered
 sight,
 Heaven will o'ercome the attraction of my
 birth,
 And I shall sink in yonder sea of light :

Till, resting by the incarnate Lord,
 Once bleeding, now triumphant for my sake,
 I mark him, how by seraph hosts adored,
 He to earth's lowest cares is still awake.

The sun and every vassal star,
 All space, beyond the soar of angel wings,
 Wait on his word : and yet he stays his car,
 For every sigh a contrite suppliant brings.

He listens to the silent tear
 For all the anthems of the boundless sky ;
 And shall our dreams of music bar our ear
 To his soul-piercing voice forever nigh ?

Nay, gracious Saviour — but as now
 Our thoughts have traced thee to thy glory-
 throne,
 So help us evermore with thee to bow
 Where human sorrow breathes her lowly moan.

We must not stand to gaze too long,
 Though on unfolding heaven our gaze we bend,
 Where lost behind the bright angelic throng
 We see Christ's entering triumph slow ascend.

No fear but we shall soon behold,
 Faster than now it fades, that gleam revive,
 When issuing from his cloud of fiery gold
 Our wasted frames feel the true sun, and
 live.

Then shall we see thee as thou art,
 Forever fixed in no unfruitful gaze,
 But such as lifts the new-created heart,
 Age after age, in worthier love and praise.

JOHN KEBLE.

1827.

SEEK THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE
ABOVE.

"Altiora petamus, Christo duce."

I SAW the mountain oak with towering form
Fall in his pride, the whirlwind's chosen
prey,
The lily of the vale outrode the storm,
Shining the lovelier as it passed away.
Friend, seek not happiness in high estate,
To Mary's heart she flies from Herod's pal-
ace-gate.

I marked a spendthrift moth, squalid and
lone,
With shivering wings; his summer flowers
were dead:
While the blithe bee, making their sweets
her own,
Sang in her home of honey, richly fed.
Friend, seek not happiness in fleeting pleas-
ure,
In each good work of life the good God hides
her treasure.

Jewelled with morning dew, the new-blown
rose
Brings to the enamored eye her transient
dower;
The live sap still runs fresh, the sound root
grows,
When all forgotten fades the red-lipped
flower.
Friend, seek not happiness in the bloom of
beauty,
But in the soul of truth and steadfast life of
duty.

Lo! the red meteor startles with his blaze
The gazing, awe-struck earth, and dis-
appears;
While yon true star, with soft, undazzling
rays,
Shines in our sky through circling months
and years.
Friend, seek not happiness in worldly splen-
dor,
But in the light serene of home-joys, pure
and tender.
Power has its thorns; wealth may be joyless
glitter;
Belshazzar's feast grows dark with fear
and sadness;
Friends die, — and beauty wanes, — and cares
embitter
The gilded cup; grief lurks behind our
gladness.

Then seek not happiness in shows of earth,
But learn of Christ betimes the secret of her
birth.

Child of the soul, twin-born with Faith and Love
In the clear conscience and the generous
heart,
Twin-lived with them, with them she soars
above
The earthly names which man from man
do part.
Seek thou God's kingdom; there unsought
she's found,
High in a heavenly life, not creeping on the
ground.
Hearts set on things above, not things be-
neath,
Find what they crave around them day
by day;
Souls risen with Christ, quick with his Spirit,
breathe
The air of heaven, e'en while on earth
they stay.
Bearing the cross, the hidden crown they
bring,
And at the tomb they hear the Easter angels
sing.

WILLIAM NEWELL, D. D.

ON THE RESURRECTION.

THE REV. EDWARD PERRONET (son of the Rev. Vincent Perronet) was an associate of the Wesleys. He was afterwards employed by Lady Huntingdon, and was subsequently pastor of a dissenting congregation. He died at Canterbury in 1792. This is from his "Occasional Verses, Moral and Social, published for the Instruction and Amusement of the candidly Serious and Religious," London, 1785 (216 pages). A copy of this rare volume, published by a friend of Perronet, without his name, with some written remarks of the former owner, John Gaddsby, on the back of the title-page, is preserved in the library of the British Museum, from which the text was copied by the Editor, May 28, 1869. The hymn there bears the above title. It is full of joyous inspiration, and very popular in America, being far superior to the other poems of the same author. It is often falsely ascribed to Duncan or others, and arbitrarily changed or abridged. It was first printed in the Gospel Magazine, in 1780, without signature.

ALL hail the power of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown him Lord of all!
Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before his face, who tunes their choir,
And crown him Lord of all!
Crown him, ye morning-stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all!

Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all !

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all !

Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call ;
The God incarnate, Man Divine ;
And crown him Lord of all !

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all !

Let every tribe and every tongue
That bound creation's call,
Now shout, in universal song,
The crowned Lord of all !

EDWARD PERRONET.

1780.

THE SOUL ASCENDING WITH CHRIST.

CAROLINE MAY, daughter of the Rev. Edward Harrison May, a clergyman of the (Dutch) Reformed Church, was born in England about 1820, and has published several volumes of poetry besides her "American Female Poets," which appeared in 1848.

THOU art gone up on high
Beyond that starry sky,
So far, so fair !
And while our searching eyes
Traverse the wondrous skies,
Jesus, our souls would rise
To see thee there !

Let us thy power receive ;
That as we do believe
Thou hast arisen,
We, too, may rise with thee,
And dwell continually
Happy and pure, and free
From earth's dark prison.

Once thou on earth didst dwell ;
Once the abodes of hell
Thou didst behold :
Once thou didst lie so low,
All a world's waves of woe
Over thy head did flow,
Anguish untold.

Jesus, beloved Lord,
This was for sin abhorred,
For man beloved ;

Thus thou didst show to God
Thou hadst the wine-press trod,
Thou his just wrath and rod
For man removed.

Now we look up to thee,
Ascended Christ, and see
Thee on thy throne ;
Thou, our strong Advocate,
For us dost mediate,
There, with thy power and state
Fully made known.

Now Faith and Hope appear,
Like those two angels dear,
On that grand day,
Who stood by, clad in white,
When clouds of dazzling light,
Up through the heavens so bright,
Caught thee away.

Soon at thy own right hand,
In that far upper land,
We shall declare
All thou for us hast done ;
Triumphs thy power has won,
Grace, long ago begun,
Perfected there.

Then what a joy 't will be,
Praising, adoring thee,
Our hearts in tune,
Joining with heaven's glad host
Thy wondrous love to boast,
Father, Son, Holy Ghost,
Godhead Triune !

CAROLINE MAY.

1872.

NOW MAY HE WHO FROM THE
DEAD.

HEB. xiii. 20, 22.

Now may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight ;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night !

To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

JOHN NEWTON

WHO DEEMS THE SAVIOUR DEAD?

FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER was born in Philadelphia in 1817, and now lives there. He is the author of the "Sleeping Sentinel," published in 1863, and has issued other volumes (1861 and 1866).

WHO deems the Saviour dead?
And yet he bowed his head,
And while in sudden night the sun retired,
And, through thick darkness hurled,
Reeled on the shuddering world,
The mighty Son of God in blood expired.

Expired; but, in the gloom
And silence of the tomb,
Death's mystery unveiled to mortal sight:
Triumphant o'er his foes,
A Conqueror he rose,
And from the grave commanded life and light!

And shall we count those dead
For whom the Saviour bled,
And died and rose, and lives forevermore?
And were the grief and loss,
The shame and scourge and cross,
Endured in vain by him whom we adore?

And shall his children fear
When that dread hour draws near
Which gives them immortality with God?
Should not our souls rejoice
To hear our Father's voice,
And gladly take the path the Saviour trod?

Through death's deep shadow lies
Our journey to the skies,
And all beyond is light and life and love:
The dead whom we deplore
Have only passed before,
And wait to greet us in the world above.

Then let the summons come
Which calls our spirits home.
From sin and pain and sorrow ever free.
Where weary ones may rest
Upon that Saviour's breast
Whose death revealed our immortality.

FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

TRIUMPH IN CHRIST.

Οὐ γὰρ βλεπεῖς τοὺς ταραττοντας.

CHRISTIAN! dost thou *see* them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss:
Smite them by the merit
Of the Holy Cross!

Christian! dost thou *feel* them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble!
Never be down-cast!
Smite them by the virtue
Of the Lenten Fast!

Christian! dost thou *hear* them,
How they speak thee fair?
Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?
Christian! say but boldly:
"While I breathe I pray:
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day."

"Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee,
Some day, all mine own:
But the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

ANDREW of Crete. Translated by
JOHN MASON NEALE, 1866.

THE ASCENSION.

BRIGHT portals of the sky,
Embossed with sparkling stars;
Doors of eternity,
With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold:
Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold,
That in your roofs may come the King of kings.

Scarfed in a rosy cloud,
He doth ascend the air,
Straight doth the moon him shroud
With her resplendent hair;
The next encrystalled light
Submits to him its beams,
And he doth trace the height
Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty
streams.

He towers those golden bounds
He did to sun bequeath;
The higher wandering rounds
Are found his feet beneath:
The milky-way comes near,
Heaven's axle seems to bend

Above each turning sphere,
That, robed in glory, heaven's King may ascend.

O Wellspring of this all!
Thy Father's image vive!
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reason live!
The soul's eternal food,
Earth's joy, delight of heaven,
All truth, love, beauty, good,
To thee, to thee, be praises ever given.

What was dismarshalled late,
To this thy noble frame,
And last the prime estate
Hath re-obtained the same,
Is now more perfect seen;
Streams which diverted were
And troubled, saved unclean
From their first source by thee home-turned
are.

By thee that blemish old,
Of Eden's leprous prince,
Which on his race took hold,
And him exile from thence,
Now put away is far;
With sword in ireful guise,
No cherub more shall bar
Poor man the entrance into paradise.

Now each ethereal gate
To him hath opened been:
And glory's King in state
His palace enters in:
Now come is this high-priest
To the most holy place,
Not without blood addressed,
With glory heaven, the earth to crown with
grace.

Stars which all eyes were late,
And did with wonder burn
His name to celebrate,
In flaming tongues their turn;
Their orby crystals move
More active than before,
And entheate from above,
Their sovereign Prince laud, glorify, adore.

The choirs of happy souls
Waked with that music sweet,
Whose descant care controls,
Their Lord in triumph meet:
The spotless spirits of light
His trophies do extol,
And arched in squadrons bright,
Greet their great Victor in his capitol.

O glory of the heaven!
O sole delight of earth,
To thee all power be given,
God's uncreated birth:
Of mankind lover true,
Endurer of his wrong,
Who dost the world renew,
Still be thou our salvation and our song.

From top of Olivet such notes did rise
When man's Redeemer did ascend the skies.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH AFTER DEATH.

GILES FLETCHER was a clergyman, a brother of Phineas Fletcher the poet, and cousin of John Fletcher the dramatist. He was born in 1588, and died in 1623. The following is extracted from "Christ's Victory and Triumph." Dr. J. M. Neale in his "Hymns, chiefly Mediæval, on the Joys and Glories of Paradise" (1866), gives a selection of stanzas from this "Part" of Fletcher's poem, and pronounces them "perhaps the most beautiful original verses, in a strictly religious poem, which the English language possesses." He adds further, "The reader to whom this poem is new, will, I think, allow that nothing more exquisite was ever written" than the sixth, fourteenth, sixteenth, nineteenth, twenty-first, and twenty-second stanzas, as here printed.

"Toss up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And let the Prince of glory enter in!"
At whose brave volley of sidereal states
The sun to blush and stars grow pale were
seen,

When leaping first from earth he did begin
To climb his angel wings: then open hang
Your crystal doors! so all the chorus sang
Of heavenly birds, as to the stars they nimbly
sprang.

Hark! how the floods clap their applauding
hands,

The pleasant valleys singing for delight;
The wanton mountains dance about the lands,
The while the fields, struck with the heavenly
light,

Set all their flowers a smiling at the sight;
The trees laugh with their blossoms, and the
sound

Of the triumphant shout of praise, that
crowned

The flaming lamb, breaking through heaven
hath passage found.

Out leap the antique patriarchs, all in haste,
To see the powers of hell in triumph lead,
And with small stars a garland intercha'st,
Of olive-leaves they bore, to crown his head,
That was before with thorns degloried:
After them flew the prophets, brightly stoled

In shining lawn, and wimpled manifold,
Striking their ivory harps, strung all in chords
of gold.

To which the saints victorious carols sung,
Ten thousand saints at once; that with the
sound

The hollow vaults of heaven for triumph rung:
The cherubims their clamors did confound
With all the rest, and clapped their wings
around:

Down from their thrones the dominations
flow,
And at his feet their crowns and sceptres
throw,
And all the princely souls fell on their faces
low.

Nor can the martyrs' wounds them stay
behind,

But out they rush among the heavenly crowd,
Seeking their heaven out of their heaven to
find,

Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud,
That the shrill noise broke through the starry
cloud,

And all the virgin souls, in pure array,
Came dancing forth, and making joyous play:
So him they lead along into the courts of day.

So him they lead into the courts of day,
Where never war nor wounds abide him more;
But in that house eternal peace doth play,
Acquiating the souls that knew before
Their way to heaven through their own blood
did score,

But now, estranged from all misery,
As far as heaven and earth discoasted lie,
Swelter in quiet waves of immortality!

And if great things by smaller may be guest
So, in the midst of Neptune's angry tide
Our Britain Island, like the weedy nest
Of true halcyon, on the waves doth ride,
And softly sailing scorns the water's pride:
While all the rest, drowned on the continent
And tossed in bloody waves, their wounds
lament,

And stand, to see our peace, as struck with
wonderment.

The ship of France religious waves do toss,
And Greece itself is now grown barbarous;
Spain's children hardly dare the ocean cross,
And Belge's field lies waste and ruinous;
That unto those the heavens are envious,
And unto them themselves are strangers
grown,

And unto these the seas are faithless known,
And unto her, alas, her own is not her own.

Here only shut we Janus' iron gates,
And call the welcome muses to our springs,
And are but pilgrims from our heavenly states
The while the trusty earth sure plenty brings,
And ships through Neptune safely spread
their wings.

Go, blessed island, wander where thou please,
Unto thy God, or men, heaven, lands or seas;
Thou canst not lose thy way, thy king with all
hath peace.

Dear prince! thy subjects' joy, hope of their
heirs,

Picture of peace, or breathing image rather;
The certain argument of all our prayers,
Thy Henry's and thy country's lovely father;
Let peace in endless joys forever bathe her
Within thy sacred breast, that at thy birth
Brought'st her with thee from heaven, to
dwell on earth,

Making our earth a heaven, and paradise of
mirth.

Let not my liege misdeem these humble lays
As licked with soft and supple blandishment,
Or spoken to disparagon his praise;
For though pale Cynthia near her brother's
tent

Soon disappears in the white firmament,
And gives him back the beams before were
his;

Yet when he verges, or is hardly ris,
She the live image of her absent brother is.

Nor let the Prince of peace his beadsman
blame,

That with his steward dares his Lord compare,
And heavenly peace with earthly quiet shame:
So pines to lowly plants compared are,
And lightning Phœbus to a little star:
And well I wot, my rhyme, albeit unsmooth,
Ne'er says but what it means, ne'er means
but sooth,

Ne'er harms the good, ne'er good to harmful
person doth.

Gaze but upon the house where man embowers;
With flowers and rushes paved is his way,
Where all the creatures are his servitors;
The winds do sweep his chambers every day;
And clouds do wash his rooms; the ceiling
gay,

Starred aloft, the gilded knobs embrace:
If such a house God to another gave,
How shine those glittering courts he for him-
self will have?

And if a sullen cloud, as sad as night,
In which the sun may seem embodied,
Purified of all his dross, we see so white
Burning in melted gold his watery head,
Or round with ivory edges silvered,
What lustre super-excellent will he
Lighten on those that shall his sunshine see,
In that all-glorious court in which all glories be?

If but one sun with his diffusive fires
Can paint the stars and the whole world with
light,
And joy and life into each heart inspires,
And every saint shall shine in heaven, as
bright
As doth the sun in his transcendent might
(As faith may well believe what truth once
says),
What shall so many suns' united rays,
But dazzle all the eyes that now in heaven
we praise?

Here let my Lord hang up his conquering
lance,
And bloody armor with late slaughter warm,
And, looking down on his weak militants,
Behold his saints, midst of their hot alarm,
Hang all their golden hopes upon his arm ;
And in this lower field dispacing wide,
Through windy thoughts, that would their
sails misguide,
Anchor their fleshly ships fast in his wounded
side.

Here may the band, that now in triumph shines,
And that (before they were invested thus)
In earthly bodies carried heavenly minds,
Pitched round about in order glorious,
Their sunny tents, and houses luminous
All their eternal day in songs employing,
Joying their end, without end of their joying,
While their almighty 'Prince Destruction is
destroying.

Full, yet without satiety, of that
Which whets, and quiets greedy appetite,
Where never sun did rise, nor ever sat ;
But one eternal day, and endless light
Gives time to those whose time is infinite —
Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee,
Beholding him whom never eye could see,
And magnifying him that cannot greater be.

How can such joy as this want words to
speak ?
And yet what words can speak such joy as
this,
Far from the world, that might their quiet
break ?

Here the glad souls the face of beauty kiss,
Poured out in pleasure, on their beds of bliss,
And drunk with nectar-torrents, ever hold
Their eyes on him, whose graces manifold
The more they do behold, the more they
would behold.

Their sight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes,
Their brain sweet incense with fine breath
accloys,
That on God's sweating altar burning lies ;
Their hungry ears feed on their heavenly
noise,
That angels sing, to tell their untold joys ;
Their understanding, naked truth ; their wills
The all and self-sufficient goodness fills :
That nothing here is wanting, but the want
of ills.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
No bloodless malady empales their face,
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow,
No nakedness their bodies doth embase,
No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace,
No fear of death the joy of life devours,
No unchaste sleep their precious time de-
flowers,
No loss, no grief, no change, wait on their
winged hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at
pain ;
The infant wonders how he came so old,
The old man how he came so young again ;
Still resting, though from sleep they still re-
frain,
Where all are rich and yet no gold they owe,
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know,
All full, and yet no time on food they do be-
stow.

For things that pass are past: and in this
field
The indeficient spring no winter fears ;
The trees together fruit and blossoms yield ;
The unfading lily leaves of silver bears,
And crimson rose a scarlet garment wears ;
And all of these on the saints' bodies grow,
Not, as they wont, on baser earth below :
Three rivers here, of milk, and wine, and
honey, flow.

About the holy city rolls a flood
Of molten crystal, like a sea of glass ;
On which weak stream a strong foundation
stood :
On living diamonds the building was,
That all things else, besides itself, did pass :

Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did
pave,
And little pearls, for dust, it seemed to have ;
On which soft-streaming manna, like pure
snow, did wave.

In midst of this city celestial,
Where the eternal temple should have rose,
Lightened the idea beatifical :
End and beginning of each thing that grows ;
Whose self no end nor yet beginning knows ;
That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear ;
Yet sees, and hears, and is all-eye, all-ear ;
That nowhere is contained and yet is every-
where :

Changer of all things, yet immutable ;
Before and after all, the first and last ;
That, moving all, is yet immovable ;
Great without quantity ; in whose forecast
Things past are present, things to come are
past ;
Swift without motion ; to whose open eye
The hearts of wicked men unbreasted lie ;
At once absent and present to them, far and
nigh.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light ;
No sweet consent, or well-timed harmony ;
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite,
Or flowery odor, mixt with spicery ;
No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily ;
And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
A harmony that sounds within the breast,
An odor, light, embrace, in which the soul
doth rest.

A heavenly feast no hunger can consume ;
A light unseen, yet shines in every place ;
A sound no time can steal ; a sweet perfume
No winds can scatter ; an entire embrace
That no satiety can ere unlace :
Ingraced into so high a favor, there
The saints, with their beau-peres, whole worlds
outwear ;
And things unseen do see, and things unheard
do hear.

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil ;
Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater
gains ;

Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
Spending your endless evening that remains,
Among those white flocks and celestial trains,
That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes, and
frame

That heavenly music of so wondrous fame,
Psalming aloud the holy honors of his name !

GILES FLETCHER.

A HYMN OF GLORY LET US SING.

“ *Hymnum canamus gloriae.* ”

BEDA VENERABILIS, an Anglo-Saxon monk and presbyter at Yarrow, the most learned man of his age, the historian of England, and the first translator of portions of the New Testament into our language, died in 735.

A HYMN of glory let us sing ;
New songs throughout the world shall ring ;
By a new way none ever trod
Christ mounteth to the throne of God.

The apostles on the mountain stand, —
The mystic mount, in Holy Land ;
They, with the virgin-mother, see
Jesus ascend in majesty.

The angels say to the eleven :
“ Why stand ye gazing into heaven ?
This is the Saviour. — this is he !
Jesus hath triumphed gloriously ! ”

They said the Lord should come again,
As these beheld him rising then,
Calm soaring through the radiant sky,
Mounting its dazzling summits high.

May our affections thither tend,
And thither constantly ascend,
Where, seated on the Father's throne,
Thee reigning in the heavens we own !

Be thou our present joy, O Lord !
Who wilt be ever our reward ;
And, as the countless ages flee,
May all our glory be in thee !

From the Latin of BEDA. Translated by
ELIZABETH (RUNDLE) CHARLES.

A HYMN UPON THE TRANS- FIGURATION.

HAIL, King of glory, clad in robes of light,
Outshining all we here call bright !
Hail, light's divinest galaxy !
Hail, express image of the Deity !
Could now thy amorous spouse thy beauties
view,

How would her wounds all bleed anew !
Lovely thou art, all o'er, and bright,
Thou Israel's glory, and thou Gentiles' light.

But whence this brightness, whence this su-
den day ?

Who did thee thus with light array ?
Did thy divinity dispense
To its consort a more liberal influence ?
Or did some curious angel's chymic art
The spirits of purest light impart,
Drawn from the native spring of day,
And wrought into an organized ray ?

How'er 't was done, 't is glorious and divine ;
 Thou dost radiant wonders shine :
 The sun, with his bright company,
 Are all gross meteors, if compared to thee :
 Thou art the fountain whence their light does
 flow,

But to thy will thine own dost owe ;
 For (as at first) thou didst but say,
 " Let there be light," and straight sprang forth
 this wondrous day.

Let now the Eastern princes come, and bring
 Their tributary offering.
 There needs no star to guide their flight ;
 They'll find thee now, great King, by thine
 own light.

And thou, my soul, adore, love, and admire,
 And follow this bright guide of fire.
 Do thou thy hymns and praises bring,
 Whilst angels, with veiled faces, anthems sing.

JOHN NORRIS.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Χορὸς Ἰσραήλ.

THE choirs of ransomed Israel,
 The Red Sea's passage o'er,
 Upraised the hymn of triumph
 Upon the further shore :
 And shouted, as the foeman
 Was whelmed beneath the sea, —
 " Sing we to Judah's Saviour,
 For glorified is he !"

Amongst his twelve apostles
 Christ spake the words of life,
 And showed a realm of beauty
 Beyond a world of strife :
 " When all my Father's glory
 Shall shine expressed in me,
 Then praise him, then exalt him,
 For magnified is he !"

Upon the Mount of Tabor
 The promise was made good ;
 When, baring all the Godhead,
 In light itself he stood :
 And they, in awe beholding,
 The apostolic three,
 Sang out to God their Saviour,
 For magnified was he !

In days of old, on Sinai,
 The Lord Jehovah came,
 In majesty of terror,
 In thunder-cloud and flame :

On Tabor, with the glory
 Of sunniest light for vest,
 The excellence of beauty
 In Jesus was expressed.

All hours and days inclined there,
 And did thee worship meet ;
 The sun himself adored thee,
 And bowed him at thy feet :
 While Moses and Elias,
 Upon the holy mount,
 The co-eternal glory
 Of Christ our God recount.

O holy, wondrous vision !
 But what, when, this life past,
 The beauty of Mount Tabor
 Shall end in heaven at last ?
 But what, when, all the glory
 Of uncreated light
 Shall be the promised guerdon
 Of them that win the fight ?

ST. COSMAS. Translated by
 JOHN MASON NEALE.

CHRIST'S ASCENSION.

" Triumphe ! plaudant maria."

SING victory, O ye seas and lands !
 Ye floods and rivers, clap your hands !
 Break forth in joy, angelic bands !
 Crown ye the King that midst you stands,
 To whom the heavenly gate expands !
 Bow before his name eternal,
 Things terrestrial, things supernal,
 And infernal.

Sing victory, angel guards that wait !
 Lift up, lift up the eternal gate,
 And let the King come in with state !
 And, as ye meet him on the way,
 The mighty triumph greet, and say,
 Hail, Jesu ! glorious Prince, to-day !
 Bow before his name eternal,
 Things terrestrial, things supernal,
 And infernal.

Who is the King of glory blest
 Effulgent in his purple vest ?
 With garments dyed in Bozrah, he
 Ascends in pomp and jubilee.
 It is the King, renowned in fight,
 Whose hands have shattered Satan's might.
 Bow before his name eternal,
 Things terrestrial, things supernal,
 And infernal.

Right gloriously strife endeth now !
 Henceforward all things to thee bow,
 And at the Father's side sit thou !
 O Jesus, all our wishes' goal,
 Be thou our joy when troubles roll,
 And the reward of every soul !
 Bow before his name eternal,
 Things terrestrial, things supernal,
 And infernal.

Translated from the Latin of an unknown
 author by JOHN MASON NEALE.

THE DISCIPLES AFTER THE ASCENSION.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, Dean of Westminster, and a learned author, was born at Alderley, Cheshire, Jan. 13, 1815. He was a favorite pupil of Dr. Arnold at Rugby, and graduated at Oxford in 1838. He has written the "Life of Dr. Arnold" and many other works, and is one of the revisers of the authorized version of the Bible. The following poem is transcribed from a manuscript copy kindly furnished by the author to Dr. Philip Schaff, Ascension Day, May 6, 1869, with a note to the effect that the "hymn was written in 1859, at the request of a friend whose children had complained to him that there was no suitable hymn for Ascension Day, and who were eagerly asking what had been the feelings of the disciples after that event."

HE is gone ; beyond the skies,
 A cloud receives him from our eyes :
 Gone beyond the highest height
 Of mortal gaze or angel's flight :
 Through the veils of time and space,
 Passed into the holiest place :
 All the toil, the sorrow done,
 All the battle fought and won.

He is gone ; and we return,
 And our hearts within us burn ;
 Olivet no more shall greet
 With welcome shout his coming feet :
 Never shall we track him more
 On Gennesareth's glistening shore :
 Never in that look or voice
 Shall Zion's walls again rejoice.

He is gone ; and we remain
 In this world of sin and pain :
 In the void which he has left,
 On this earth, of him bereft,
 We have still his work to do,
 We can still his path pursue :
 Seek him both in friend and foe,
 In ourselves his image show.

He is gone ; we heard him say,
 " Good that I should go away " ;
 Gone is that dear form and face,
 But not gone his present grace ;

Though himself no more we see,
 Comfortless we cannot be ;
 No ! his Spirit still is ours,
 Quickening, freshening all our powers.

He is gone ; towards their goal
 World and church must onward roll ;
 Far behind we leave the past,
 Forward are our glances cast ;
 Still his words before us range
 Through the ages, as they change :
 Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
 He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone ; but we once more
 Shall behold him as before,
 In the heaven of heavens the same
 As on earth he went and came.
 In the many mansions there
 Place for us he will prepare :
 In that world, unseen, unknown,
 He and we may yet be one.

He is gone ; but not in vain, —
 Wait until he comes again :
 He is risen, he is not here ;
 Far above this earthly sphere :
 Evermore in heart and mind,
 Where our peace in him we find,
 To our own eternal Friend,
 Thitherward let us ascend.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D. D.

WHO IS GONE INTO HEAVEN.

MRS. EMMA TOKE, wife of the Rev. Nicholas Toke, rector of Godington Park, Asford, Kent, has never published anything, but wrote a few hymns at the request of a friend, who introduced them into the collection of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in 1853.

THOU art gone up on high,
 To mansions in the skies ;
 And round thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise.
 But we are lingering here,
 With sin and care oppressed ;
 Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
 And lead us to thy rest.

Thou art gone up on high ;
 But thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter agony
 To pass unto thy crown ;
 And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be ;
 But only let this path of tears
 Lead us at last to thee.

Thou art gone up on high ;
 But thou shalt come again,
 With all the bright ones of the sky
 Attendant in thy train.
 Lord, by thy saving power,
 So make us live and die,
 That we may stand in that dread hour
 At thy right hand on high.

EMMA TOKF.

—◆—

THE WAY OPENED.

"Auf diesen Tag bedenken wir."

JOHANNES ZWICK, Reformed minister at Constance, and editor of the first German Reformed hymn-book (Zurich, 1540), who died in 1542, wrote sixteen hymns, of which the following is the best.

TO-DAY our Lord went up on high,
 And so our songs we raise :
 To him with strong desire we cry
 To keep us in his grace ;
 For we poor sinners here beneath
 Are dwelling still mid woe and death.
 All hope in him we place :
 Hallelujah !

Thank God that now the way is made !
 The cherub-guarded door,
 Through him on whom our help was laid,
 Stands open evermore ;
 Who knoweth this is glad at heart,
 And swift prepares him to depart
 Where Christ is gone before :
 Hallelujah !

Our heavenward course begins when we
 Have found our Father, God,
 And join us to his sons, and flee
 The paths that once we trod ;
 For he looks down, and they look up :
 They feel his love, they live in hope,
 Until they meet their Lord :
 Hallelujah !

Then all the depths of joy that lie
 In this day we shall know,
 When we are made like him on high,
 Whom we confess below ;
 When, bathed in life's eternal flood,
 We dwell with him, the highest Good :
 God grant us this to know !
 Hallelujah !

JOHANNES ZWICK, 1538. Translated by
 CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1857



THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

HONEY in the lion's mouth,
 Emblem mystical, divine,
 How the sweet and strong combine;
 Cloven rock for Israel's drouth;
 Treasure-house of golden grain,
 By our Joseph laid in store,
 In his brethren's famine sore
 Freely to dispense again;
 Dew on Gideon's snowy fleece;
 Well from bitter changed to sweet;
 Shew-bread laid in order meet,
 Bread whose cost doth ne'er increase,
 Though no rain in April fall;
 Horeb's manna, freely given,
 Showered in white dew from heaven,
 Marvellous, angelical;
 Weightiest bunch of Canaan's vine;
 Cake to strengthen and sustain
 Through long days of desert pain;
 Salem's monarch's bread and wine;—
 Thou the antidote shalt be
 Of my sickness and my sin,
 Consolation, medicine,
 Life and Sacrament to me.

PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA. Translated
 by R. C. TRENCH, D. D.

BEFORE THE SACRAMENT.

REGINALD HEBER, the saintly Bishop of Calcutta, was born at Malpas, Cheshire, April 21, 1783, and entered Brasenose College in his seventeenth year. He was consecrated bishop in 1826, and died at Trichinopoly, India, April 3, 1826.

BREAD of the world in mercy broken,
 Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
 By whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in whose death our sins are dead:

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed,
 And be thy feast to us the token
 That by thy grace our souls are fed.

REGINALD HEBER.

1820.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

GIVE us our daily bread,
 O God, the bread of strength!
 For we have learnt to know
 How weak we are at length.
 As children we are weak,
 As children must be fed;—
 Give us thy grace, O Lord,
 To be our daily bread.

Give us our daily bread, —
 The bitter bread of grief.
 We sought earth's poisoned feasts
 For pleasure and relief;
 We sought her deadly fruits,
 But now, O God, instead,
 We ask thy healing grief
 To be our daily bread.

Give us our daily bread
 To cheer our fainting soul;
 The feast of comfort, Lord,
 And peace, to make us whole:
 For we are sick of tears,
 The useless tears we shed;
 Now give us comfort, Lord,
 To be our daily bread.

Give us our daily bread,
 The bread of angels, Lord,
 By us, so many times,
 Broken, betrayed, adored:
 His body and his blood;—
 The feast that Jesus spread:
 Give him — our life, our all —
 To be our daily bread!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE FEAST.

"O Esca viatorum."

This hymn has been ascribed to Thomas Aquinas, but on unsatisfactory grounds.

O BREAD to pilgrims given,
O Food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet :
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled ;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

O Water, life bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art :
Oh, let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage ;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

Jesus, this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore ;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more :
Give us, thou true and loving,
On earth to live in thee ;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

From the Latin of an unknown mediæval author.
Translated by RAY PALMER, 1858.

HYMN OF THE LAST SUPPER.

JOHN PIERPONT was born at Litchfield, Conn., April 6, 1785, and died at Medford, Mass., Aug. 27, 1866. He graduated from the Divinity School at Cambridge in 1818, with Jared Sparks, John G. Palfrey, and others. His "Airs of Palestine" was published in 1816, and his school reading-books after he had become a settled pastor in Boston. In 1862 he was employed at Washington in indexing the decisions of the Treasury Department, a work that he completed before his death. These lines are based on the following verse of Scripture: "And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives." — MATT. xxvii. 30.

THE winds are hushed ; the peaceful moon
Looks down on Zion's hill ;
The city sleeps ; 't is night's calm noon,
And all the streets are still.

Say when, along the shaded walks,
We hear the watchman's call,
Or the guard's footsteps, as he stalks
In moonlight on the wall.

How soft, how holy is this light !
And hark ! a mournful song,
As gentle as these dews of night,
Floats on the air along.

Affection's wish, devotion's prayer,
Are in that holy strain ;
'T is resignation, not despair,
'T is triumph, though 't is pain.

'T is Jesus and his faithful few
That pour that hymn of love ;
O God ! may we the song renew
Around thy board above !

1840.

JOHN PIERPONT

THE CELEBRATION AT EMMAUS.

THOMAS GRINFIELD was born at Bath, England, Sept. 27, 1788. Educated at Cambridge, he became in 1827 a clergyman of the Establishment. He published several volumes, both prose and verse. For many years he lived at Clifton, Gloucestershire.

They talked of Jesus as they went ;
And Jesus, all unknown,
Did at their side himself present
With sweetness all his own.

Swift as he oped the sacred word
His glory they discerned ;
And swift as his dear voice they heard
Their hearts within them burned.

He would have left them, but that they
With prayers his love assailed, —
"Depart not yet ; a little stay," —
They pressed him, and prevailed.

And Jesus was revealed as there
He blessed and brake the bread ;
But while they marked his heavenly air,
The matchless guest had fled.

And thus at times as Christians talk
Of Jesus and his word,
He joins two friends amidst their walk
And makes, unseen, a third.

And oh, how sweet their converse flows,
Their holy theme how clear,
How warm with love each bosom glows
If Jesus be but near.

And they that woo his visits sweet
And will not let him go,
Oft while his broken bread they eat
His soul-felt presence know.

His gathered friends he loves to meet
And fill with joy their faith,
When they with melting hearts repeat
The memory of his death.

But such sweet visits here are brief,
Dispensed from stage to stage
(A cheering and a prized relief)
Of faith's hard pilgrimage.

There is a scene when Jesus ne'er,
Ne'er leaves his happy guests ;
He spreads a ceaseless banquet there,
And love still fires their breasts.

THOMAS GRINFIELD.

1836.

COMMUNION HYMN.

"Do this in remembrance of me."
LUKE xxii. 19.

ALL praise to him of Nazareth,
The Holy One who came,
For love of man, to die a death
Of agony and shame.

Dark was the grave ; but since he lay
Within its dreary cell,
The beams of heaven's eternal day
Upon its threshold dwell.

He grasped the iron veil, he drew
Its gloomy folds aside,
And opened, to his followers' view,
The glorious world they hide.

In tender memory of his grave
The mystic bread we take,
And muse upon the life he gave
So freely for our sake.

A boundless love he bore mankind ;
Oh, may at least a part
Of that strong love descend and find
A place in every heart !

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

COMMUNION HYMN.

"Sancti, benite, Corpus Christi sumite."

DRAW nigh, and take the body of the Lord,
And drink the holy blood for you outpoured.

Saved by that body, hallowed by that blood,
Whereby refreshed we render thanks to God.

Salvation's Giver, Christ the only Son,
Has by his cross and blood the victory won.

Offered was he for greatest and for least :
Himself the victim, and himself the priest.

The victims offered by the law of old
In types celestial mysteries foretold.

He, ransomer from death, and light from shade,
Giveth his holy grace his saints to aid.

Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

He who his saints in this world rules and
shields,
To all believers life eternal yields :

With heavenly bread makes them that hunger
whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsty soul.

Alpha and Omega, to whom shall bow
All nations at the Doom, is with us now.

Translated from the Latin of an unknown author of the
seventh century by JOHN MASON NEALE.

THE SACRAMENT.

BODY of Jesus, O sweet food !
Blood of my Saviour, precious blood !
On these thy gifts, Eternal Priest,
Grant thou my soul in faith to feast.

Weary and faint, I thirst and pine,
For thee my bread, for thee my wine,
Till strengthened, as Elijah trod,
I journey to the mount of God.

There clad in white, with crown and palm,
At the great Supper of the Lamb,
Be mine with all thy saints to rest,
Like him that leaned upon thy breast.

Saviour, till then I fain would know
That feast above by this below,
This bread of life, this wondrous food,
Thy body and thy precious blood.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D. D.

1858.

COMMUNION HYMN.

"Pange lingua gloriosi."

This is the most glowing eucharistic hymn of the Middle Ages. Thomas Aquinas was the greatest divine of the Roman Catholic Church, and was called the "Angelic Doctor." One of his chief works was his "Defence of the Monastic Life." He died in 1274.

OF the glorious body telling,
O my tongue, its mysteries sing,
And the blood, all price excelling,
Which for this world's ransoming,
In a generous womb once dwelling,
He shed forth, the Gentiles' king.

Given for us, for us descending
 Of a virgin to proceed,
 Man with man in converse blending
 Scattered he the gospel seed :
 Till his sojourn drew to ending,
 Which he closed in wondrous deed.

At the last Great Supper seated,
 Circled by his brethren's band,
 All the law required, completed
 In the meat its statutes planned,
 To the Twelve himself he meted
 For their food with his own hand.

Word made flesh, by word he truly
 Makes true bread his flesh to be :
 Wine Christ's blood becometh newly ;
 And if senses fail to see
 Faith alone the true heart duly
 Strengthens for the mystery.

Such a sacrament, inclining,
 Worship we with reverent awe :
 Ancient rites their place resigning
 To a new and nobler law :
 Faith her supplement assigning
 To make good the sense's flaw.

Honor, laud, and praise addressing
 To the Father and the Son,
 Might ascribe we, virtue, blessing,
 And eternal benison :
 Holy Ghost, from both progressing,
 Equal laud to thee be done !

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. Translated by
 JOHN MASON NEALE.

PRAISE TO THE LAMB.

"Ad regias Agni dapes."

ROBERT CAMPBELL, who died in 1868, was an advocate of Edinburgh. He went from the Scottish Episcopal Church to that of Rome, and in 1864 published a vigorous pamphlet on behalf of the orphans of his adopted church in Scotland. Some of his hymns are included in "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

At the Lamb's high feast we sing
 Praise to our victorious King,
 Who hath washed us in the tide
 Flowing from his pierced side ;
 Praise we him, whose love divine
 Gives his sacred blood for wine,
 Gives his body for the feast,
 Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

Where the paschal blood is poured,
 Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;

Israel's hosts triumphant go
 Through the wave that drowns the foe.
 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
 Paschal victim, paschal bread ;
 With sincerity and love
 Eat we manna from above.

Mighty Victim from the sky,
 Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie ;
 Thou hast conquered in the fight,
 Thou hast brought us life and light.
 Now no more can death appall,
 Now no more the grave enthrall ;
 Thou hast opened paradise,
 And in thee thy saints shall rise.

Hymns of glory and of praise,
 Risen Lord, to thee we raise ;
 Holy Father, praise to thee,
 With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

Translated from the Roman Breviary by
 ROBERT CAMPBELL, 1850.

THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord, —
 I will remember thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be ;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember thee.

Gethsemane can I forget ?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thy agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember thee ?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
 I must remember thee : —

Remember thee, and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me ;
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
 Jesus, remember me !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE MAN OF SORROWS.

BEHOLD ! I stand at the door and knock,
Hear my voice : thy heart unlock,
It is I who speak to thee,
I would come in and sup with thee, and thou
with me.

SOUL.

Who is this that stands alone
In the shadow of the night ?
The rain falls fast, the night winds moan,
My joy has fled with evening light,
The world's day waxes old, the stars are dim :
Who says he comes to sup with me, and I
with him ?

VOICE.

Sorrow-burdened child of sin,
Open quickly, it is I ;
See my feet and take me in,
They are bleeding wearily,
Pierced through and bleeding are they :
haste and see ;
I would come in and sup with thee, and thou
with me.

SOUL.

Yes ; the road is old and rough,
Narrow, strewn with many a thorn ;
I have tried it oft enough,
My feet too are pierced and torn ;
I am as thou art. How sayest thou to me
That thou wilt come and sup with me, and I
with thee ?

VOICE.

Heavy-laden, dim of sight,
Child of Adam, loose the door,
Even through the shades of night
See my hands how they implore :
For they are pierced and bleeding all for
thee.
Thus would I come and sup with thee, and
thou with me.

SOUL.

Wounded hands and aching brow,
Since the hour when Adam fell,
Are the lot of man below :
Each man feels it, ah, how well !
Thou art but one of us who claim'st to be
Both Guest and Giver, and to come and sup
with me.

VOICE.

Yes ; as thou art, so am I,
Son of man, dost thou repine ?

Doth thy brow ache ? Come, draw nigh,
Raise thine eyes and look at mine.
Was ever sorrow like my sorrow ? See
With what a festal wreath I come to sup with
thee.

SOUL.

Fathomless eyes of awful love
Beaming from the thorn-crowned brow,
Tell me who that garland wove, —
Strange wayfarer, who art thou ?
I dread, yet know thee not. Ah, show to
me
Whence comes the banquet which my lips
shall share with thee ?

VOICE.

The shadows break, and morning-tide
Reddens the East with dawn-at hand ;
I lift the veil — behold my side !
Do I yet unadmitted stand ?
Be not afraid. 'T is I who speak to thee,
I will come in and sup with thee, and thou
with me.

Behold ! I stand at the door and knock,
Hear my voice, thy heart unlock,
It is I who speak to thee,
I will come in and sup with thee, and thou
with me.

GERARD MOULTRIE.

1867.

THE GUEST.

SPEECHLESS Sorrow sat with me,
I was sighing wearily !
Lamp and fire were out ; the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.
In the dark we heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock ;
One in waiting spake to me,
Saying sweetly,
" I am come to sup with thee."

All my room was dark and damp ;
" Sorrow," said I, " trim the lamp ;
Light the fire, and cheer thy face ;
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock ;
In the dark I found the lock, —
" Enter ! I have turned the key —
Enter, stranger,
Who art come to sup with me !"

Opening wide the door he came ;
But I could not speak his name,

In the guest-chair took his place,
 But I could not see his face.
 When my cheerful fire was beaming,
 When my little lamp was gleaming,
 And the feast was spread for three,

Lo! my Master
 Was the Guest that supped with me.

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

THE SUPPER OF THANKSGIVING.

For the bread and for the wine,
 For the pledge that seals him mine,
 For the words of love divine,
 We give thee thanks, O Lord.

For the body and the blood,
 For the more than angels' food,
 For the boundless grace of God,
 We give thee thanks, O Lord.

For the chalice whence we sip
 Moisture for the parched lip,
 For the board of fellowship,
 We give thee thanks, O Lord.

For the feast of love and peace,
 Bidding all our sorrows cease,
 Earnest of the kingdom's bliss,
 We give thee thanks, O Lord.

For the heavenly presence-bread,
 On the golden table laid,
 Blessed banquet for us made,
 We give thee thanks, O Lord.

For the paschal lamb here given,
 For the loaf without the leaven,
 For the manna dropt from heaven,
 We give thee thanks, O Lord.

Only bread and only wine,
 Yet to faith the solemn sign
 Of the heavenly and divine!
 We give thee thanks, O Lord.

For the words that turn our eye
 To the cross of Calvary,
 Bidding us in faith draw nigh,
 We give thee thanks, O Lord.

For the words that fragrance breathe,
 These poor symbols underneath,
 Words that his own peace bequeath,
 We give thee thanks, O Lord.

For the words that tell of home,
 Pointing us beyond the tomb,
 "Do ye this until I come,"
 We give thee thanks, O Lord.

Till he come we take the bread,
 Type of him on whom we feed,
 Him who liveth and was dead!
 We give thee thanks, O Lord.

Till he come we take the cup;
 As we at his table sup,
 Eye and heart are lifted up!
 We give thee thanks, O Lord.

For that coming, here foreshown,
 For that day to man unknown,
 For the glory and the throne,
 We give thee thanks, O Lord.

HORATIUS BONAR.

1870.

THE LAST SUPPER.

The RIGHT REV. ROBERT HALL BAYNES was born at Wellington, in Somerset, in 1831, and obtained his Master's degree at Oxford in 1859. He took holy orders, and held several important livings. He is the editor of the "Lyra Anglicana," and of a volume of English Lyrics. In 1870 he was consecrated Bishop of Madagascar.

CALM lay the city in its double sleep,
 Beneath the paschal moon's cold silvery
 light
 That flung broad shadows o'er the rugged
 steep
 Of Olivet that night.

But soon the calm was broken, and the sound
 Of strains all sweet and plaintive filled the
 air;
 And deep-toned voices echoing all around
 Made music everywhere.

The holy rite is o'er; the blessed sign
 Is given to cheer us in this earthly strife;
 The bread is broken and outpoured the wine,
 Symbols of better life.

The bitter cup of wrath before him lies;
 And yet as up the steep they pass along,
 The mighty victim to the sacrifice,
 They cheer the way with song.

We ne'er can know such sorrow as that night
 Pierced to the heart the suffering Son of
 God;
 And every earthly sadness is but light
 To that dark path he trod.

And yet, how faint and feeble rise our songs ;
 How oft we linger mid the shadows dim ;
 Nor give the glory that to him belongs
 In eucharistic hymn.

Oh for an echo of that chant of praise ;
 Oh for a voice to sing his mighty love ;
 Oh for a refrain of the hymns they raise
 In the bright home above.

Touch thou our wayward hearts and let
 them be
 In stronger faith to thy glad service given,
 Till o'er the margin of time's surging sea
 We sing the song of heaven.

ROBERT HALL BAYNES, D. D.

THE HYMN FOR THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

" *Lauda Sion salvatorem.*"

The following was written by St. Thomas Aquinas as a part of the office for the feast of the Holy Sacrament (together with " *Pange, lingua gloriosi.*" page 793), composed by him at the request of Pope Urban IV. Another version has been made by Dr. Neale, and one by Erastus C. Benedict, who remarks of the Latin, " Its harmony is without a jar, and the flow of its rhythm is as easy and undisturbed as aptly chosen words can make it, while its gentle cadences are in accord with the divine love which inspired the sacred rite "

RISE, royal Sion ! rise and sing
 Thy soul's kind Shepherd, thy heart's King.
 Stretch all thy powers ; call, if you can,
 Harps of heaven to hands of man.
 This sovereign subject sits above
 The best ambition of thy love.

Lo, the bread of life ! this day's
 Triumphant text provokes thy praise, —
 The living and life-giving bread
 To the great twelve distributed,
 When Life, himself at point to die
 Of love, was his own legacy !

Come, Love ! and let us work a song
 Loud and pleasant, sweet and long ;
 Let lips and hearts lift high the noise
 Of so just and solemn joys,
 Which on his white brows this bright day
 Shall hence forever bear away.

Lo, the new law of a new Lord,
 With a new Lamb blesses the board !
 The aged Pascha pleads not years,
 But spies love's dawn, and disappears.
 Types yield to truths, shades shrink away,
 And their night dies into our day.

But, lest that die too, we are bid
 Ever to do what he once did ;
 And, by a mindful, mystic breath,
 That we may live, revive his death ;
 With a well-blest bread and wine
 Transumed and taught to turn divine.

The heaven-instructed house of faith
 Here a holy dictate hath,
 That they but lend their form and face :
 Themselves with reverence leave their place,
 Nature and name, to be made good
 By nobler bread, more needful blood.

Where Nature's laws no leave will give,
 Bold faith takes heart, and dares believe
 In different species ; name not things,
 Himself to me my Saviour brings,
 As meat in that, as drink in this ;
 But still in both one Christ he is.

The receiving mouth here makes
 Nor wound nor breach in what he takes.
 Let one, or one thousand be
 Here dividers, single he
 Bears home no less, all they no more,
 Nor leave they both less than before.

Though in itself this sovereign feast
 Be all the same to every guest,
 Yet on the same, life-meaning, bread
 The child of death eats himself dead.
 Nor is 't love's fault, but sin's dire skill
 That thus from life can death distil.

When the blest signs thou broke shalt see,
 Hold but thy faith entire as he,
 Who, howsoever clad, cannot come
 Less than whole Christ in every crumb.
 In broken forms a stable faith
 Untouched her precious total hath.

Lo, the life-food of angels then
 Bowed to the lowly mouths of men !
 The children's bread, the bridegroom's wine,
 Not to be cast to dogs or swine.

Lo, the full, final sacrifice
 On which all figures fixed their eyes,
 The ransomed Isaac and his ram ;
 The manna and the paschal lamb.

Jesu, Master, just and true !
 Our food and faithful Shepherd too !
 Oh, by thyself vouchsafe to keep,
 As with thyself thou feed'st thy sheep.

Oh, let that love, which thus makes thee
 Mix with our low mortality,

Lift our lean souls, and set us up
 Con-victors of thine own full cup ;
 Coheirs of saints, that so all may
 Drink the same wine, and the same way ;
 Nor change the pasture, but the place,
 To feed of thee, in thine own face ! Amen.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. Translated by
 RICHARD CRASHAW.

1648.

COMMUNION HYMN.

“Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele.”

This is the best Eucharistic hymn of the Lutheran Church.
 The original has nine stanzas. It was published in 1674.

DECK thyself, my soul, with gladness ;
 Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
 Come into the daylight's splendor ;
 There with joy thy praises render
 Unto him, whose boundless grace
 Grants thee at his feast a place ;
 He whom all the heavens obey
 Deigns to dwell in thee to-day.

Hasten as a bride to meet him,
 And with loving reverence greet him,
 Who with words of life immortal
 Now is knocking at thy portal ;
 Haste to make for him a way,
 Cast thee at his feet, and say :
 “ Since, O Lord ! thou com'st to me,
 Never will I turn from thee.”

“ Ah, how hungers all my spirit,
 For the love I do not merit !

Ah, how oft with sighs fast thronging
 For this food have I been longing !
 How have thirsted in the strife
 For this draught, O Prince of life !
 Wished, O Friend of man ! to be
 Ever one with God through thee !

“ Here I sink before thee, lowly,
 Filled with joy most deep and holy,
 As with trembling awe and wonder
 On thy mighty works I ponder ;
 On this banquet's mystery,
 On the depths we cannot see ;
 Far beyond all mortal sight
 Lie the secrets of thy might.

“ Sun, who all my life dost brighten,
 Light, who dost my soul enlighten,
 Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,
 Fount, whence all my being floweth !
 Here I fall before thy feet :
 Grant me worthily to eat
 Of this blessed heavenly food,
 To thy praise and to my good.

“ Jesus, Bread of Life from heaven,
 Never be thou vainly given,
 Nor I to my hurt invited ;
 Be thy love with love requited ;
 Let me learn its depths indeed,
 While on thee my soul doth feed ;
 Let me here, so richly blest,
 Be hereafter, too, thy guest.”

JOHANN FRANK, 1650. Translated by
 CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858.





THE POET CONTEMPLATES
THE HOLY SPIRIT.



WHITSUNDAY.

THERE was a little lowly upper room
Within the walls of proud Jerusalem,
Where met a few poor men in grief and gloom,
Talking of Him who once had walked with them.

There came a sound as of a rushing wind,
And filled up all the place where they were met,
And flaming figures of unwonted kind,
Like tongues of fire, upon each brow were set.

That was the promise of the Father, come
To them who waited, mourning for their Lord;
And the closed lips, that were so dead and dumb,
Are loosed at once to speak his precious word.

Then all the strangers from afar, who came
From Asian shores, from Europe's fairer strands,
From Afric's deserts, wondering heard his name
In the dear language of their native lands.

Not now in form distinct of flaming light
Comes that great Spirit on our earth to dwell,
But, like the strong wind whispering at night,
Its mighty impulse is invisible.

Yet to the lowly and obedient heart
In gentleness and might its breath shall come,
Bidding the Christian choose the better part,
Stirring with thought of his eternal home.

O Lord ascended! from thy glory's throne,
On thy baptized children kneeling lowly,
Look down in mercy! we were made thine own;
Give our poor hearts thy Spirit strong and holy.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

THE POET CONTEMPLATES THE HOLY SPIRIT.

THE COMFORTER COMES.

JOHN xvi. 7.

MISS HARRIET AUBER was born in London, Oct. 4, 1773, and died Jan. 20, 1862. Her poetry appeared in a volume that she published without her name in 1829, entitled "The Spirit of the Psalms."

Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came in semblance of a dove
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And his that gentle voice we hear
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are his alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

HARRIET AUBER.

HE SHALL TESTIFY OF ME.

The celebrated DR. CÉSAR HENRI ABRAHAM MALAN was born at Geneva, Switzerland, July 7, 1787, and died there May 8, 1864. He wrote some eighty-three hymns (*Les Chants de Zion*, 1825, 1846), which were translated by JANE E. ARNOLD, and printed in London, in 1866, under the title "Lyra Evangelica." From that volume the following is taken.

O HOLY Spirit, blessed Comforter,
Who hast revealed the Saviour to my heart,
Lead me again to him whom I adore,
And the assurance of his love impart.

Once in blind ignorance I loved to stray,
And only lived the world's vain smile to share,
And thus while wandering in error's way,
My onward path was darkness and despair.

Eternal Spirit! thine almighty power
Illumined this dark scene with heavenly
light,
And graciously revealed in that blest hour
Jesus, the anointed Saviour, to my sight.

But, Lord, I could not realize thy love,
Nor dared to trust thy word and venture near,
Until, through faith in Jesus' precious blood,
"Peace in believing" banished all my
fear.

O Holy Comforter! I bless thy name
Who hast my soul to life eternal sealed:
By thee my precious Saviour's love I claim,
And to his will would glad obedience yield.

Lord! ever speak of Jesus to my heart;
Help me to love him, serve him, and adore;
And thus prepare my spirit, here on earth,
To dwell with him in heaven forevermore.

CÉSAR HENRI ABRAHAM MALAN, D. D. Trans-
lated by JANE E. ARNOLD.

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"Nunc sancte nobis Spiritus"

COME, Holy Ghost, and through each heart
In thy full flood of glory pour;
Who, with the Son and Father, art
One Godhead blest forevermore.

So shall voice, mind, and strength conspire
Salvation's anthem to resound;
So shall our hearts be set on fire,
And kindle every heart around.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

Ambrosian Hymn. Translated by
EDWARD CASWALL.

FAR FROM HOME.

PSALM CXXXVII.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, a true poet, and a man of deep piety, was born at Kelso, Roxburghshire, England, June 1, 1793. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and took orders, though, as he says, he was without religious feelings until some years afterwards, when upon calling on a neighboring clergyman who was near death, he was led with him to study the Scriptures. Continuing the study alone, he was brought to a sense of his need of a Saviour. For nearly a quarter of a century he labored among a rough seafaring population at Lower Brixham, Hants, and was zealous as well as successful in the performance of his duties. He died at Nice, Italy, whither he had gone for his health, Nov. 20, 1847.

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come
And speed me to my rest."

Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung:
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till thou inspire my tongue?

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

God of my life, be near:
On thee my hopes I cast;
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

BE FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT.

JOHN BARCLAY, born at Muthill, Perthshire, "was the founder of a Scotch sect," says the Rev. F. M. Bird, in the "Songs of the Spirit," "known as Bereans or Barclayans. He published various theological and poetical works, the latter in 1767 and 1776. None of his hymns have come into use, but they are distinguished by great vigor of style and striking ideas. Barclay seems to have been an able, honest, and somewhat eccentric man. He had a way of adapting his 'Spiritual Songs' to popular Scottish melodies, and secularizing as far as might be the treatment of sacred themes." Barclay died at Edinburgh, July 29, 1793.

DRINK deep of the Spirit, and thou shalt be filled,

Be filled with the sweetest enjoyment:
Attend to the Spirit, and thou shalt be skilled,
Be skilled in the best of employment.
Be led of the Spirit, and thou shalt rejoice,
Rejoice in the happiest ending:
The Spirit will lead thee to heavenly joys;
To heaven oh then be thou bending.

Give ear to the Spirit; he'll perfectly teach,
He'll teach you celestial lessons:
He'll build up your walls, yea, and heal every breach,

Adorning you round with his blessings.
Be friends with the Spirit, and laugh at your foes;

With him you may boldly defy them:
He'll guard you from every temptation that blows,
And give you the power to deny them.

Revere thou the Spirit, who dwells in thy breast;

Revere him in humble submission:
Wherever he dwelleth a welcomed Guest,
He giveth a sealed remission.

Exult in the Spirit, exult evermore,
Exult in his high consolations;
In raptures of gladness before him adore,
Triumphing o'er all tribulations.

Amen to the Spirit in all that he says;
Amen, and amen to his doing!

Amen to the Spirit in all of his ways!
The Spirit preserves me from ruin.

I'm filled with the Spirit, and led by the hand,
In all of my workings directed:

The Spirit, he gives me the word of command,
In all my behavior respected.

I'm taught of the Spirit, and built like a wall,
By him the infallible Teacher:

I laugh now at Satan and stratagems all,
Since the Spirit alone was my preacher.

The Spirit, he loves me, and gives me his joys,
My spirit to him being subject:

He defendeth his darlings ; their foes he de-
stroys ;

My foes of his wrath are the object.

My spirit is turned as wax to the seal

Beneath his sweet holy impression :

I cannot express what already I feel ;

Yet heaven remains in reversion.

Begone, idle toys, begone ye from me !

I am otherwise fully employed ;

Possess of the Spirit : the Spirit is he,

With a rival who can't be enjoyed.

JOHN BARCLAY.

Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail,
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would holy be :
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be
Give to him, who gave me thee !

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH.

1855.

INVOCATION TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH, for twenty-two years minister of Mornington Chapel. Hampstead Road, London. England, was born July 5, 1818, at Dunmow, Essex, and died May 9, 1871, in London. He published various books and tracts, among which were "Memorials of Theophilus Trial," largely autobiographic, and "The Rivulet" (1855, 1868), a volume of sacred verse which caused a memorable controversy. It was attacked by Dr. John Campbell, in the official Congregational paper, the British Banner, and by others, who called it "the essence of absurdity." Mr. Lynch was, however, sustained by his parish and by such men as Thomas Binney and Newman Hall. He was of like spirit with George Macdonald, Maurice, and Robertson. He is described as gentle and lovable, but a fearless hero, who could bear no compromise with evil.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would thy life in mine reveal,
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let thy life in mine appear,
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would tender be,
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour,
Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would mighty be,

WHITSUNDAY.

"Schmückt das Fest mit Maien."

COME, deck our feast to-day
With flowers and wreaths of May,
And bring an offering pure and sweet ;
The Spirit of all grace
Makes earth his dwelling-place ;
Prepare your hearts your Lord to meet.
Receive him, and he shall outpour
Such light, all hearts with joy run o'er,
And sound of tears is heard no more.

Thou harbinger of peace,
Who makest sorrows cease,
Wisdom in word and deed is thine ;
Strong hand of God, thy seal
The loved of Jesus feel ;
Pure light, o'er all our pathway shine !
Give vigorous life and healthy powers ;
Oh, let thy seven-fold gifts be ours,
Refresh us with thy gracious showers !

Oh, touch our tongues with flame,
When speaking Jesu's name !
And lead us up the heavenward road.
Give us the power to pray,
Teach us what words to say,
Whene'er we come before our God.
O Highest Good, our spirits cheer ;
When raging foes are strong and near,
Give us brave hearts undimmed by fear.

O golden rain from heaven !
Thy precious dew be given
To bless the churches' barren field !
And let thy waters flow
Where'er the sowers sow
The seed of truth, that it may yield
A hundred-fold its living fruit,
O'er all the land may take deep root,
And mighty branches heavenward shoot

Thou fiery glow of love !
 Let us thy ardors prove,
 Consume our hearts with quenchless fire !
 Come, O thou trackless wind !
 Breathe gently o'er our mind !
 Nor let the flesh to rule aspire ;
 Help us our free-born right to take,
 The heavy yoke of sin to break,
 And all her tempting paths forsake.

Be it thine to stir our will ;
 Our good intents fulfil ;
 Be with us when we go and come ;
 Deep in our spirits dwell,
 And make their inmost cell
 Thy temple pure, thy holy home !
 Teach us to know our Lord, that we
 May call his Father ours through thee,
 Thou pledge of glories yet to be !

Oh, make our crosses sweet,
 And let thy sunshine greet
 Our longing eyes in clouded hours !
 Wing thou our upward flight
 Toward yonder mountain bright,
 Girded about with Zion's golden towers !
 Forsake us not when our last foe
 Puts forth his strength to lay us low,
 Then joyful victory bestow !

Let us, while here we dwell,
 This one thought ponder well,
 That in God's likeness we are made.
 As o'er a fruitful land
 Rich harvests waving stand,
 We, serving him, bear fruits that never fade,
 Till thou in whom all comfort lies
 Lift us to fields above the skies,
 And bid us bloom in Paradise !

BENJAMIN SCHMOLK, 1715. Translated by
 CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1855.

CREATOR SPIRIT, COME !

"Veni, Creator Spiritus."

The RIGHT REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Connecticut, was born at Deerfield, Mass., Aug. 30, 1817, and graduated at Trinity College in 1835. He published a volume entitled "Ancient Hymns of the Holy Church," in 1845.

CREATOR Spirit, come, thy dwelling-place
 To make forever in the new-born heart,
 And thy supernal grace
 Freely to us impart.

Thou whom we honor as the Paraclete,
 Thou gift of God, thou fount and fire of love,
 Most holy and most sweet,
 And unction from above :

Thou who the seven-fold gifts dost bring from
 heaven,
 Standing at God's right hand through ages
 long,

Thou who new songs hast given,
 And loosed the silent tongue :

Pour on our senses all thy holy light,
 And to our hearts bid flow the stream of love ;
 Our weakness turn to might,
 Shed on us from above.

Drive far the foes that seek our spirits' sway,
 And bind once more the broken bonds of
 peace :

Lead us upon our way,
 And make our wanderings cease.

Make us to own through all eternity
 Thee, with the Father and the only Son,
 The Holy Persons, Three,
 The glorious Godhead, One.

To God the Father be all glory given,
 And to the Son uprisen from the sod ;
 Who reign with thee in heaven,
 One only living God.

1845.

JOHN WILLIAMS, D. D.

O FIRE OF GOD, THE COMFORTER.

"O Ignis Spiritus Paracliti."

This lovely sequence is ascribed to ST. HILDEGARDE, Abbess of the Cloister Rupertsburg, near Bingen on the Rhine. She was born in 1098, in the county of Spanheim, on the Lower Palatinate of the Rhine, and died in her cloister, Sept. 17, 1179. Mone gives this account of the piece : "A manuscript of the twelfth century at Wiesbaden, containing the letters of Hildegarde, gives this hymn with the music: the hymn was probably written by her. In the several parts assonances and even rhymes are noticeable, but there is no regular division into correspondent verses, as in the tropes and sequences. Hildegarde appears no longer to have recognized the rules of Notker's sequences, and probably held them to be unmetrical hymns, like the Latin psalms."

O FIRE of God, the Comforter, O life of all that
 live,

Holy art thou to quicken us, and holy,
 strength to give :

To heal the broken-hearted ones, their sorest
 wounds to bind,

O Spirit of all holiness, O Lover of mankind !
 O sweetest taste within the breast, O grace
 upon us poured,

That saintly hearts may give again their per-
 fume to the Lord.

O purest fountain ! we can see, clear mirrored
 in thy streams,

That God brings home the wanderers, that
 God the lost redeems.
 O breastplate strong to guard our life, O
 bond of unity,
 O dwelling-place of righteousness, save all
 who trust in thee:
 Defend those who in dungeon dark are pris-
 oned by the foe,
 And, for thy will is aye to save, let thou the
 captives go.
 O surest way, that through the height and
 through the lowest deep
 And through the earth dost pass, and all in
 firmest union keep;
 From thee the clouds and ether move, from
 thee the moisture flows,
 From thee the waters draw their rills, and
 earth with verdure glows,
 And thou dost ever teach the wise, and freely
 on them pour
 The inspiration of thy gifts, the gladness of
 thy lore.
 All praise to thee, O joy of life, O hope and
 strength, we raise,
 Who givest us the prize of light, who art thy-
 self all praise.

ST. HILDEGARDE. Translated by
 R. F. LITTLEDALE, 1864.

THE RAPTURE:

IN IMITATION OF THE MANNER OF HERBERT.

This is considered one of the finest rhapsodies in our
 language.

HASTEN, hasten, sweetest Dove,
 Sacred Sanctifier!
 Breathe the soul-abasing love;
 Form the true desire:
 Clear the gloomy mists away;
 Tune the heart to harmony;
 Then we'll sing, and then we'll pray,
 With celestial energy.

Bear me on thy rapid wing,
 Everlasting Spirit!
 Where the young-eyed cherubs sing,
 And the saints inherit
 (Fluttering round the flaming throne)
 Joys eternally their own:
 This the cry of every one,
 Glory to the incarnate Son!

Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring
 To my raptured vision
 All the ecstatic joys that spring
 Round the bright Elysian:

Lo! we lift our longing eyes;
 Break, ye intervening skies!
 Son of Righteousness, arise!
 Ope the gates of Paradise.

See! the exalted Son of God
 Pours the intercession!
 Mark the sin-atonement blood,
 Bend in adoration!
 Endless glory is secured;
 True perfection is restored;
 Sinner, see! and be assured
 All thy wants in Jesus stored.

Floods of everlasting light
 Freely flash before him;
 Myriads, with supreme delight,
 Instantly adore him:
 Angels' trumps resound his fame;
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
 All the music of his name,
 Heaven echoing the theme.

Hark! the thrilling symphonies
 Seem, methinks, to seize us;
 Join we too the holy lays;
 Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
 Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever rung,
 Jesus! Jesus! flow along.

Four-and-twenty elders rise
 From their princely station;
 Shout his glorious victories;
 Sing the great salvation:
 Cast their crowns before his throne,
 Cry in reverential tone,
 Holy! holy! holy One!
 To whom be endless praise alone.

Martyrs in a grand array
 Circle the Redeemer;
 Now their crimson banners play
 Near the imperial streamer;
 And before his pierced feet
 Down they cast the coronet,
 Ruby wreath superbly set
 With the dazzling sapphires.

High ascend the mingling throngs,
 Filled with heavenly fire;
 Raise, believers! raise your songs;
 Join the sacred choir.
 Soon in yonder faith-viewed plain,
 Ye shall shout in rapturous strain,
 Free from sin, and free from pain,
 While eternal ages reign.

ADMIRAL RICHARD KEMPENFELT.

PRAYER FOR A MINISTER.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, daughter of the Rev. Michael Browne, of Norwich, England, was born in that city about 1799, and became the wife of Captain George Phelan. She afterwards married Mr. L. H. J. Tonna, and died at Ramsgate, July 12, 1846. She was author of a number of useful religious books.

SPIRIT of grace, of truth and power,
Be near in this auspicious hour ;
Thy Pentecostal unction shed,
Almighty ! on thy servant's head.
For him thy boundless gifts I claim,
The heart of zeal, the tongue of flame :
To him the wisdom give and love
That blend the serpent with the dove :
Oh, bring thy rich endowments near,
Of counsel, might, and holy fear.
Spirit of fire, pervade, infold,
Consume the dross, refine the gold ;
Spirit of healing, sweetly rest
On every wound that scars his breast.
Spirit of life and light, display
Salvation's full and finished day,
That his own gladdened soul may share
The gospel-wealth his lips declare.
Beyond my prayer, beyond my thought,
Oh, be the abundant blessing wrought !
In him, a chosen vessel, place
The treasure of thy boundless grace ;
Yea, with thyself his spirit fill ;
There reign, and work thy sovereign will.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TONNA.

1834.

FOR A BLESSING ON PREACHING.

JOHN LEIFCHILD, a popular preacher and writer, was after 1827 the minister of Craven Chapel (Independent), London.

ETERNAL, Holy Spirit, bend
To us in mercy down ;
Oh, hear thy suppliants, and descend
Our humble work to crown.

No more we wait the rushing wind
That marked thy viewless wing ;
Breathe softly o'er each willing mind
As earliest breath of spring.

The seed by us in winter sown —
The winter of the heart —
Shall soon by holy fruits be known,
If thou thine aid impart.

No more we ask the cloven flame
To shed a glory round ;
Be but the savor of thy name
On us like unction found.

What though in plain unvarying speech
The wanderers home we call ?
'T is ours with childlike art to teach,
But thine to perfect all.

Yea, uninstructed lips may wake
The guilty slumbering soul,
If thou from heaven's high altar take
For them the living coal.

What though no more our potent word
The demon may expel :
Even now, where'er in faith 't is heard,
No rebel sin can dwell.

Do thou, with fructifying shower,
Complete what we begin ;
We plant, then pray thine heavenly power
To ripen all within.

JOHN LEIFCHILD, D. D.

1842.

THE SPIRIT ASKED FOR.

JOHN BURTON was born at Stratford, England, July 23, 1803. He is a tradesman who has for forty years been a contributor to the religious periodicals of England. He has published several volumes under the auspices of the Religious Tract Society. He veils his identity under the signature "Essex," the county in which Stratford lies.

O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry ;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high :
We plead the promise of thy word ;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry,
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply ;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

Our Heavenly Father, thou !
We, children of thy grace :
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend, and fill the place :
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

Oh, may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our frozen hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love ;
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our grovelling souls to rise.

And send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,

With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word ;
That heathen lands may own thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.

Then shall thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And the whole earth become
The temple of thy grace ;
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise, till time shall end.

JOHN BURTON.

1824

WHITSUNDAY.

SPIRIT of Truth ! on this thy day,
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long thy praises to proclaim,
With fervor in our own.

We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more ;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control ;
But thou in dark temptation's hour
Shalt chase them from the soul.

No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay,
With faith, with hope, with love !

REGINALD HEBER.

1827.

THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

" Komm, O komm, du Geist des Lebens."

This hymn is ascribed by Miss Winkworth and others to Joachim Neander, but it is not found in the first six editions of his " Bundeslieder." Mützell attributes it to Heinrich Held, 1661.

HOLY SPIRIT, once again
Come, thou true eternal God !
Nor thy power descend in vain, —
Make us ever thine abode ;
So shall spirit, joy, and light
Dwell in us where all was night.

Pour into our heart and mind
Wisdom, counsel, truth, and love ;
That we be to naught inclined
Save what thou mayst well approve ;
Let thy knowledge spread and grow,
Working error's overthrow.

Guide us, Lord, from day to day,
Keep us in the paths of grace,
Clear all hindrances away
That might foil us in the race ;
When we stumble hear our call,
Work repentance for our fall.

Witness in our hearts that God
Counts us children through his Son,
That our Father's gentle rod
Smites us for our good alone ;
So when tried, perplexed, distressed,
In his love we still may rest.

Quicken us to seek his face
Freely, with a trusting heart ;
In our prayers, oh, breathe thy grace ;
Go with us when we depart ;
So shall our requests be heard,
And our faith to joy be stirred.

And when'er a yearning strong
Presses out the bitter cry,
" Ah, my God, how long, how long ?"
Then, oh, let me find thee nigh,
And thy words of healing balm
Bring me courage, patience, calm.

Spirit thou of strength and power,
Thou new Spirit God hath given,
Aid us in temptation's hour,
Train and perfect us for heaven ;
Arm us in the battle-field,
Leave us never there to yield.

Lord, preserve us in the faith,
Suffer naught to drive us thence,
Neither Satan, scorn, nor death ;
Be our God and our defence ;
Though the flesh resist thy will,
Let thy word be stronger still.

And at last when we must die,
Oh, assure the sinking heart
Of the glorious realm on high
Where thou healest every smart,
Of the joys unspeakable
Where our God would have us dwell.

Translated from the German by
C. WINKWORTH, 1858.

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"Veni, Creator Spiritus."

The Latin from which the following is translated is of uncertain origin, being attributed to CHARLEMAGNE (died 814), Gregory the Great (550-604), and others. Whenever composed, it at once took high rank, and was appointed to be used, says Daniel, at the creation of a pope, the election of a bishop, the coronation of kings, the celebration of a synod, the elevation and translation of saints, etc. In the Breviary it is appointed for the Vespers of Pentecost, and at Terce, in commemoration of the descent of the Spirit upon the Apostles at that hour. It was among the earliest of the translations at the Reformation in the German and Anglican churches, and appointed for use in the Ordination service and on other important occasions. There are many versions in English, belonging to various ages.

COME, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

Great Paraclete! to thee we cry:
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
And solemn unction from above!

The sacred seven-fold grace is thine,
Dread finger of the hand divine!
The promise of the Father, thou!
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

Our senses touch with light and fire,
Our hearts with charity inspire:
And with endurance from on high
The weakness of our flesh supply.

Far back our enemy repel,
And let thy peace within us dwell,
So may we, having thee for guide,
Turn from each hurtful thing aside.

Oh, may thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know,
And evermore to hold confessed
Thyself of each the Spirit blest.

To God the Father praise be paid,
Praise to the Son, who from the dead
Arose, and perfect praise to thee,
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

Attributed to CHARLEMAGNE. Translated by EDWARD CASWALL.

THE SPIRIT'S WHISPER.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come";
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come":
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'T is Jesus bids him come.

Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come";
Lord, even so; I wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

HENRY USTICK ONDERDONK, D. D.

1825.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

JOSEPH HART was minister of the Independent Chapel, Jewin Street, London, from 1760 to the time of his death. He was born in 1712, in London. He was not seriously impressed until his forty-third year; when after a remarkable experience he became an acceptable preacher and writer of hymns. He died May 24, 1768.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete,
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

Show us that loving Man
That rules the courts of bliss,
The Lord of Hosts, the mighty God,
The eternal Prince of peace.

'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

If thou, Celestial Dove
Thine influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To conscience, wrath, and law!

No longer burns our love ;
Our faith and patience fail ;
Our sin revives, and death and hell
Our feeble souls assail.

Dwell therefore in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free :
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and thee.

JOSEPH HART.

1759.

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

“Veni, Creator Spiritus.”

JOHN DRYDEN, one of the poets-laureate, was born Aug. 9. 1631, and died May 1, 1700. The following free version of the “Veni, Creator Spiritus” is said to have been made when he was advanced in life, at which time he had become a Roman Catholic.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on humankind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete ;
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy !
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth com-
mand ;

Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence !

Refine and purge our earthly parts :
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts :
Our frailties help, our vice control ;
Submit the senses to the soul ;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe :
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name :
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died :
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee !

Attributed to CHARLEMAGNE. Trans-
lated by JOHN DRYDEN.

CREATOR, COME.

“Veni, Creator Spiritus.”

WILLIAM HAMMOND was a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, and a man of some learning. He was associated with John Cennick, and spent the best part of his life among the Calvinistic Methodists. His “Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs” appeared in 1745. Some of them are, like this one, founded on the Latin. Hammond died in 1783

HOLY SPIRIT, gently come,
Raise us from our fallen state ;
Fix thy everlasting home
In the hearts thou didst create :
Gift of God most high,
Visit every troubled breast ;
Light and life and love supply,
Give our spirits perfect rest.

Heavenly unction from above,
Comforter of weary saints,
Fountain, life, and fire of love,
Hear and answer our complaints.
Thee we humbly pray,
Finger of the living God,
Now thy seven-fold grace display,
Shed our Saviour's love abroad.

Now thy quickening influence bring,
On our spirits sweetly move ;
Open every mouth to sing
Jesu's everlasting love.
Lighten every heart,
Drive our enemies away,
Joy and peace to us impart,
Lead us in the heavenly way.

Take the things of Christ, and show
What our Lord for us hath done :
May we God the Father know
Only in and through the Son.
Nothing will we fear,
Though to wilds and deserts driven,
While we feel thy presence near,
Witnessing our sins forgiven.

Glory be to God alone,
God whose hand created all ;
Glory be to God the Son,
Who redeemed us from our fall :

To the Holy Ghost
Equal praise and glory be,
When the course of time is lost,
Lost in wide eternity.

1785.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

HYMN TO THE SPIRIT.

"Veni, Sancte Spiritus."

The "Veni, Sancte Spiritus" is known as the loveliest hymn in all the circle of Latin sacred poetry. Its author is generally acknowledged to be KING ROBERT II. of France, who was singularly addicted to church music as well as to hymnology, compositions of his still being used in church service. Trench says: "Even were the story of the writer's life unknown to us, we should guess that this hymn could only have been composed by one who had acquaintance with many sorrows and also with many consolations. Nor should we err herein; for if the consolations are plain from the poem itself, the history of those times contains the record of the manifold sorrows, within his own family and without it, which were the portion of this meek and afflicted king."

HOLY Spirit! Lord of light!
From the clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give.

Come, thou Father of the poor!
Come, with treasures which endure!
Come, thou light of all that live;

Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightsome guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;

Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.

Light immortal! light divine!
Visit thou these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill:

If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill.

Heal our wounds, our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:

Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and thee adore,
In thy seven-fold gifts descend:

Give them comfort when they die;
Give them life with thee on high;
Give them joys that never end.

ROBERT II. Translated by EDWARD CASWALL, 1849.

COME, HOLY GHOST.

"Veni, Sancte Spiritus."

RAY PALMER, known as the author of "My faith looks up to Thee;" was born Nov. 12, 1808, in Little Compton, R. I., and was educated at Yale College. He was a Congregational minister at Albany, N. Y., and now lives at Newark, N. J. He has been a frequent writer for the reviews.

COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
Oh, come to-day!

Come, tenderest friend, and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

Come, light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but thine,
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

ROBERT II. of France Translated
by RAY PALMER, D. D., 1858.

COME, HOLY GHOST.

"Veni, Sancte Spiritus."

"Komm, Heiliger Geist, Herre Gott!"

JOHN CHRISTIAN JACOBI prepared the "Psalmodia Germanica," published in London in 1722.

COME, Holy Ghost, come, Lord our God,
And shed thy heavenly gifts abroad
On us, and unto every heart
True faith and fervent love impart:

THE
OF
CALIFORNIA



Ray Palmer

NEW YORK, DODD, MEAD & COMPANY.

70 1941
ALBERTA

O Lord, who by thy heavenly light
Hast called thy church from sinful night,
Out of all nations, tribes, and places ;
To thee we render thanks and praises :
Hallelujah.

Thou light divine, most gracious Lord,
Revive us by thy holy word,
And teach thy flock in truth to call
On God, the Father of us all :
From all strange doctrines us preserve,
No other master may we serve,
But Christ, who is our only Saviour :
In him we will confide forever :
Hallelujah.

O Holy Ghost, kind Comforter,
Help us with watchfulness and prayer,
Midst various trials thee to obey,
And never from the truth to stray :
O Lord, by thy almighty grace
Prepare us so to run our race,
That we, by thy illumination,
May gain heaven's glorious habitation :
Hallelujah.

ROBERT II. of France. MARTIN LUTHER, 1524.
Translated by JOHN C. JACOBI, 1722.

VENI, CREATOR.

COME, Holy Ghost, the Maker, come ;
Take in the souls of thine thy place ;
Thou whom our hearts had being from,
Oh, fill them with thy heavenly grace.
Thou art that comfort from above
The Highest doth by gift impart ;
Thou spring of life, a fire of love,
And the anointing Spirit art.

Thou in thy gifts art manifold ;
God's right-hand finger thou art, Lord ;
The Father's promise made of old,
Our tongues enriching by thy word.
Oh, give our blinded senses light ;
Shed love into each heart of our,
And grant the body's feeble plight
May be enabled by thy power.

Far from us drive away the foe,
And let a speedy peace ensue :
Our leader also be, that so
We every danger may eschew.
Let us be taught the blessed creed
Of Father, and of Son, by thee ;
And how from both thou dost proceed,
That our belief it still may be.

To thee, the Father, and the Son
(Whom past and present times adore),
The One in Three and Three in One,
All glory be forevermore,

CHARLEMAGNE (?). Translated by
GEORGE WITHER, 1623.

HOLY GHOST, DISPEL OUR SADNESS.

“O du allerstisste Freude.”

HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night ;
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light !
Loving Spirit, God of peace !
Great distributor of grace !
Rest upon this congregation,
Hear, oh, hear our supplication !

From that height which knows no measure
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Men can wish or God can send !
O thou glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination !
Rest upon this congregation !

Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore ;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more.
Come with unction and with power ;
On our souls thy graces shower ;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

Known to thee are all recesses
Of the earth and spreading skies ;
Every sand the shore possesses
Thy omniscient mind descries.
Holy fountain, wash us clean
Both from error and from sin !
Make us fly what thou refusest,
And delight in what thou choosest !

Manifest thy love forever :
Fence us in on every side ;
In distress be our reliever,
Guard and teach, support and guide !
Let thy kind effectual grace
Turn our feet from evil ways ;
Show thyself our new Creator,
And conform us to thy nature !

Be our friend on each occasion,
God, omnipotent to save !

When we die, be our salvation,
 When we're buried, be our grave!
 And, when from the grave we rise,
 Take us up above the skies,
 Seat us with thy saints in glory,
 There forever to adore thee!

GERHARDT, 1653. Translated by J. C. JACOBI, 1722,
 and altered by A. M. TOPLADY, 1776.

—◆—

A SONG OF PRAISE FOR JOY IN THE HOLY GHOST.

JOHN MASON, grandfather of the author of the treatise on "Self-Knowledge," died in 1694: rector of Water-Stratford, Bucks, and one of the most delightful of our early poets, remarkable for intense devotion and an agreeable antique simplicity of style. Richard Baxter called him the glory of the Church of England. His thirty-three "Songs of Praise," with a few others, appeared in 1683, passed through several editions, were then forgotten, revived within the last half-century, and reprinted by Mr. Daniel Sedgwick, the London hymnologist, in 1859.

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
 My spirit doth rejoice
 In God, my Saviour and my God;
 I hear his joyful voice.
 I need not go abroad for joy,
 Who have a feast at home;
 My sighs are turned into songs,
 The Comforter is come.

Down from above the blessed Dove
 Is come into my breast,
 To witness God's eternal love;
 This is my heavenly feast.
 This makes me "Abba, Father," cry
 With confidence of soul;
 It makes me cry, "My Lord, my God,"
 And that without control.

There is a stream which issues forth
 From God's eternal throne
 And from the Lamb; a living stream,
 Clear as the crystal stone.
 The stream doth water Paradise,
 It makes the angels sing:
 One cordial drop revives my heart;
 Hence all my joys do spring.

Such joys as are unspeakable,
 And full of glory too;
 Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
 As worldlings do not know.
 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 From fancy 't is concealed,
 What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
 And hast to me revealed.

I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
 I taste thy sweetest love:
 My soul doth leap: but oh for wings,
 The wings of Noah's dove!
 Then should I flee far hence away,
 Leaving this world of sin:
 Then should my Lord put forth his hand,
 And kindly take me in.

Then should my soul with angels feast
 On joys that always last:
 Blest be my God, the God of joy,
 That gives me here a taste!

JOHN MASON.

—◆—

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

PRAISE be thine, most Holy Spirit,
 Honor to thy holy name!
 May we love it, may we fear it,
 Set in everlasting fame!
 Honor, honor, praise, and glory,
 Comforter, Inspirer, Friend,
 Till these troubles transitory
 End in glory without end.

By thy hand, in secret working,
 Like a midnight of soft rain,
 Seeds that lay in silence lurking
 Spring up green, and grow amain.
 Roots which in their dusty bosoms
 Hid an age of golden days,
 Stirring with a cloud of blossoms,
 Clothe their bareness for thy praise.

We should sleep but thou awakest;
 Sometimes like a morning sun
 On the dazzled soul thou breakest,
 Heaven at once on earth begun.
 Sometimes like a star appearing,
 Seen and lost as earth-winds blow,
 Wishing, hoping, thinking, fearing,
 Thou hast saved us ere we know.

Thou dost set the mute world speaking
 To the sinner in his sin;
 Thou to spirits humbly seeking
 Answerest by a voice within.
 Happier souls, like fruit-trees leading
 Ordered branches o'er the wall,
 Find in thee the solace needing.
 Shower or sunshine, thou art All!

When the proud one builds a wonder
 Overshadowing the earth,
 Oft its turrets, split asunder,
 Cast the homeless wanderer forth:

Underneath his towers derided
 Conscience lurked, as strong as hell,
 But thine eye the times divided,
 And the spark in season fell.

As an island in a river,
 Vexed with ceaseless rave and roar,
 Keeps an inner silence ever
 On its consecrated shore,
 Flowered with flowers and green with grasses;
 So the poor through thee abide,
 Every outer care that passes
 Deepening more the peace inside.

Led by thee, the loving pastor,
 Anxious night and weary day,
 In the footsteps of his Master
 Seeks the sheep that run astray;
 Glad to warm, and glad to cherish,
 With a faithful tender tongue
 Cheers the weak ones near to perish,
 Gently leads the ewes with young.

When our heart is faint, thou warmest,
 Justifiest our delight;
 Thou our ignorance informest,
 And our wisdom shapest right;
 Thou in peace dost keep, defendest
 In the hour of doubt and strife;
 Thou beginnest and thou endest
 All that Christians count of life.

Gracious Spirit, Spirit Holy,
 Take our spirits unto thee;
 Fain we would be happy, lowly:
 Make us as we fain would be!
 'T is not our own will approves us;
 If we praise or if we sue,
 'T is thine own kind Spirit moves us,
 For 't is thine to will and do.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

O LORD, THY WING OUTSPREAD.

The REV. WILLIAM JOHN BLEW is a graduate of Oxford and a clergyman of the Church of England. He has written several hymns, and a brochure entitled "Hymns and Hymn-Books, with a few Words on Anthems," in which he presents valuable information on the subject of hymnology, and makes suggestions regarding the selection of hymns with reference to the occasion on which they are used. The last verse of the following piece contains an allusion to the tradition that just before the fall of Jerusalem voices were heard in the temple saying, "Let us go hence."

O LORD, thy wing outspread,
 And us thy flock infold;
 Thy broad wing spread, that covered
 Thy mercy-seat of old:

And o'er our nightly roof,
 And round our daily path,
 Keep watch and ward, and hold aloof
 The devil and his wrath.

For thou dost fence our head,
 And shield — yea, thou alone —
 The peasant on his pallet-bed,
 The prince upon his throne.
 Make then our heart thine ark,
 Whereon thy Mystic Dove
 May brood, and lighten it, when dark,
 With beams of peace and love;

That dearer far to thee
 Than gold or cedar-shrine
 The bodies of thy saints may be,
 The souls by thee made thine:
 So nevermore be stirred
 That voice within our heart,
 The fearful word that once was heard, —
 "Up, let us hence depart!"

WILLIAM JOHN BLEW.

1851.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT!

"Veni, Sancti Spiritus."

"Komm, Heiliger Geist, Herre Gott"

MILES COVERDALE, one of the early translators of the Bible, was born in Yorkshire in 1487, became Bishop of Exeter, and died in London in February, 1568, after having suffered imprisonment for two years on account of his Protestantism. In youth he had been an Augustin monk. Martin Luther was an Augustin monk, and it is an indication of the sympathy of the two men, that one translated the spirit-hymn of the other.

COME, Holy Spirit, most blessed Lorde,
 Fulfyl our hearts nowe with thy grace;
 And make our myndes of one accord,
 Kyndle them with love in every place.
 O Lorde, thou forgevest our trespass,
 And callest the folke of every countre
 To thy ryght fayth and truste of thy grace,
 That they may geve thankes and synge to
 thee.

Alleluia, Alleluia!

O holy Lyght, moste principall,
 The Worde of Lyfe shewe unto us;
 And cause us to knowe God over all
 For our owne Father moste gracious.
 Lorde, kepe us from lernyng veynious,
 That we folowe no masters but Christe.
 He is the Verite, his Worde sayth thus;
 Cause us to set in hym our truste.

Alleluia, Alleluia!

O holy Fyre, and comforth moste swete,
 Fyll our hertes with fayth and boldnesse,
 To abyde by the in colde and hete,
 Contente to suffre for ryghteousnesse;

O Lord, geve strength to our weaknesse,
 And send us helpe every houre,
 That we may overcome all wyckednesse,
 And brynge this olde Adam under thy power.
 Alleluya, Alleluya!

MARTIN LUTHER. Translated by
 MILES COVERDALE, 1550

PRAYER TO THE HOLY GHOST.

The first verse of this hymn is attributed to SPERVOGEL, a German poet of the twelfth century.

Thou holy Spirite, we pray to the,
 Strengthe oure faythe and increase it alway;
 Comforthe oure hertes in adversite
 With trewe beleve bothe nyght and daye.
 Kirieleyson.

Thou worthy Lyght, that art so cleare,
 Teache us Christe Jesu to knowe alone;
 That we have never cause to feare
 In hym to have redempcyon.
 Kirieleyson.

Thou swete Love, graunt us altogether
 To be unfayned in charite;
 That we may all love one another,
 And of one mynde alwaye to be.
 Kirieleyson.

Be thou our Comfortoure in all nede;
 Make us to feare nether deth nor shame;
 But in the treuth to be stablyshed,
 That Sathan put us not to blame.
 Kirieleyson.

MARTIN LUTHER. Translated by
 MILES COVERDALE, 1531.

O HOLY GHOST!

"O Geist des Herrn, nur deine Kraft."

The physiognomist, LAVATER, was pastor at Zurich. He was born at that place, Nov. 15, 1741, and died Jan. 2, 1801. He was remarkable for eccentricity, enthusiasm, benevolence, purity, and piety. In proof of all these qualities, see his very curious and able "Aphorisms."

O HOLY GHOST! thy heavenly dew
 The hearts of sinners can renew;
 Thou dost within our breasts abide,
 And still to holy actions guide.

Through thee the soul is fain to sing
 When sorrow's clouds are deepening;
 With Jesus Christ thou mak'st us one,
 Earnest of heaven, from God's high throne.

Best gift of God, and man's true friend,
 Now to my inmost soul descend;
 The mind of Jesus Christ impart,
 And consecrate to thee my heart.

Teach me to do my Father's will,
 To lie, beneath his guidance, still;
 Lighten my mind, my heart incline
 To make henceforth his pleasure mine.

From spot and blemish make me pure,
 My future bliss in heaven secure;
 When lost in darkness, give me light,
 And cheer me through death's dreary night.

JOHANN CASPAR LAVATER. Translated
 by FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, 1841.

THE GLORY OF THE LATTER DAYS.

"The power of thy grace is not passed away with the primitive times as fond and faithless men imagine, but thy kingdom is now at hand and thou standing at the door."—MILTON.

OUR God! our God! thou shinest here,
 Thine own this latter day:
 To us thy radiant steps appear:
 We watch thy glorious way.

Thou tookest once our flesh; thy face
 Once on our darkness shone;
 Yet through each age new births of grace
 Still make thy glory known.

Not only olden ages felt
 The presence of the Lord;
 Not only with the fathers dwelt
 Thy Spirit and thy word.

Doth not the Spirit still descend
 And bring the heavenly fire?
 Doth not he still thy church extend
 And waiting souls inspire?

Come, Holy Ghost! in us arise;
 Be this thy mighty hour!
 And make thy willing people wise
 To know thy day of power!

Pour down thy fire in us to glow,
 Thy might in us to dwell;
 Again thy works of wonder show,
 Thy blessed secrets tell!

Bear us aloft, more glad, more strong,
 On thy celestial wing,
 And grant us grace to look and long
 For our returning King.

He draweth near, he standeth by,
 He fills our eyes, our ears;
 "Come, King of grace," thy people cry,
 "And bring the glorious years!"

THOMAS HORNBLLOWER GILL.

WHOSE HEART THE LORD OPENED.

ACTS xvi. 14

WE cannot see the wondrous Hand
That makes the budding flower expand;
One sunbeam's kiss, one dewdrop's fall,
May open wide its coronal,
And every folded petal part,
That noon's full tide may reach its heart.

And yet the hand that drops the dew
Is shaded from our finite view;
And he who guides the ray of light
Is hidden from our mortal sight.
We see not, but we own the power
That makes the bud become the flower.

O Lord! thy hand alone can part
The shadows that infold man's heart;
Thy Holy Spirit's quickening breath
Can vivify the germ of faith;
Thy word can cause the bud to grow,
Thy touch can make the flower to blow.

To thee our infant flowers we bring,
Our buds, so slow in opening:
Perchance, within the folded cup,
The germ of life is treasured up:
We bring them, Lord, to crave thy aid,
To that dear place where prayer is made.

One gracious drop of heavenly dew
May bring the hidden life to view;
One touch of love the leaves unroll,
And shed truth's noontide o'er the soul;
And thus, by sweet degrees, transmute
The open blossom into fruit.

JANE FOX CREWSDON

HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

BREATH of the Lord, O Spirit blest,
Inspiring Guide, consoling Guest,
Thy perfect gifts and lights to lend,
On mortal heads and hearts descend;
Come to the sluggish sense and mind
As comes the rushing mighty wind.

Come, Promise of the Holy One;
Come, Paraclete of God the Son;
Come like the spring's reviving gale
To furrowed soil or flagging sail;
Or come as first thy presence came,
With fiery tongues of cloven flame.

Spirit of power, come down; draw near,
Spirit of truth and holy fear;

Succor poor souls that strive with sin,
The foes without, the foe within,
And, like the morning's sun, dispel
The shades of death, the powers of hell.

Spirit of Christ our Paschal Lamb,
On mortal wounds come pour thy balm;
To fainting flesh thy oil supply
That heals the soul, that opes the eye;
The sinner's broken heart restore,
Forgiven much, that loves the more.

Dove of the Lord, with brooding wings
Creative o'er created things,
Come build anew thy peaceful nest
Where sorrows vex the human breast;
There mid its thorns thy note be heard,
The turtle's voice, the Spirit's word.

Fire of the Lord, and Light divine,
Thou glory of the eternal Trine,
Come, and this gloomy world inflame
With Jesus' love, Jehovah's name;
And from those lamps before the throne
Send seven-fold radiance all thine own.

River of life, make all things new;
Come, flow the thirsty fallows through;
From sweet Siloam's fount above;
Shed showers of grace, shed dews of love;
Come, spread thy living streams abroad;
Make glad the city of our God!

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D. D.

1878.

DEPRECATING THE WITHDRAWAL
OF THE SPIRIT.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For forty long rebellious years:

Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

Yet oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

This only woe I deprecate,
 This only plague, I pray, remove,
 Nor leave me in my lost estate,
 Nor curse me with this want of love.

If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
 From now, O Lord, relieve my woes ;
 Into the rest of love receive,
 And bless me with the calm repose.

From now, my weary soul release ;
 Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
 And guide into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1749.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
 When temptations me oppress,
 And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
 Sick in heart, and sick in head,
 And with doubts discomforted,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
 And the world is drowned in sleep,
 Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the artless doctor sees
 No one hope, but of his fees,
 And his skill runs on the leas,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When his potion and his pill,
 His or none or little skill,
 Meet for nothing but to kill,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the passing-bell doth toll,
 And the furies in a shoal
 Come to fright a parting soul,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tapers now burn blue,
 And the comforters are few,
 And that number more than true,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the priest his last hath prayed,
 And I nod to what is said,
 'Cause my speech is now decayed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When God knows I'm tossed about,
 Either with despair or doubt,
 Yet, before the glass be out,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursu'th
 With the sins of all my youth,
 And half damns me with untruth,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries
 Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
 And all terrors me surprisè,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,
 And that opened which was sealed ;
 When to thee I have appealed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

ROBERT HERRICK.





THE POET IN THE FACE OF TRIAL
AND SORROW.



EXAGGERATION.

WE overstate the ills of life, and take
Imagination, given us to bring down
The choirs of singing angels overshone
By God's clear glory, — down our earth to rake
The dismal snows instead; flake following flake,
To cover all the corn. We walk upon
The shadow of hills across a level thrown,
And pant like climbers. Near the alder-brake
We sigh so loud, the nightingale within
Refuses to sing loud, as else she would.
O brothers! let us leave the shame and sin
Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,
The holy name of GRIEF! — holy herein,
That, by the grief of ONE, came all our good.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE POET IN THE FACE OF TRIAL AND SORROW.

SOME MURMUR WHEN THEIR SKY IS CLEAR.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue :
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied :
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has in their aid —
Love that not ever seems to tire —
Such rich provision made.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D.

SORROW.

UPON my lips she laid her touch divine,
And merry speech and careless laughter
died ;
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,
And would not be denied.

I saw the west-wind loose his cloudlets white,
In flocks careering through the April sky ;
I could not sing, though joy was at its height ;
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away, —
A mist was lightly drawn across the stars.
She broke my quiet dream : I heard her say,
“ Behold your prison-bars !

“ Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul,
This beauty of the world in which you live ;
The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole,
That, I alone can give.”

I heard, and shrank away from her afraid :
But still she held me, and would still abide.
Youth's bounding pulses slackened and obeyed
With slowly ebbing tide.

“ Look thou beyond the evening sky,” she
said,

“ Beyond the changing splendor of the day.
Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,
Accept, and bid me stay.”

I turned, and clasped her close with sudden
strength ;
And slowly, sweetly, I became aware
Within my arms God's angel stood, at length,
White-robed and calm and fair.

And now I look beyond the evening star,
Beyond the changing splendors of the day,
Knowing the pain he sends more precious far,
More beautiful than they.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

GRIEF.

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless, —
That only men incredulous of despair.
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight
air
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness
In souls as countries, lieth silent-bare
Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man,
express

Grief for thy Dead in silence like to death ;
 Most like a monumental statue set
 In everlasting watch and moveless woe,
 Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.
 Touch it : the marble eyelids are not wet —
 If it could weep, it could arise and go.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

— ◆ —
 IN SORROW.

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us,
 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
 Through the trials yet decreed us,
 Till our last great change appears.
 When temptation's darts assail us,
 When in devious paths we stray,
 Let thy goodness never fail us,
 Lead us in thy perfect way.

In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near,
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear ;
 And, when mortal life is ended,
 Bid us in thine arms to rest,
 Till, by angel bands attended,
 We awake among the blest.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1830, 1850, 1859.

— ◆ —
 NEEDED BLESSINGS.

WE ask not that our path be always bright,
 But for thy aid to walk therein aright ;
 That thou, O Lord, through all its devious
 way,
 Wilt give us strength sufficient to our day,
 For this, for this we pray.

Not for the fleeting joys that earth bestows,
 Not for exemption from its many woes ;
 But that, come joy or woe, come good or ill,
 With childlike faith we trust thy guidance
 still,
 And do thy holy will.

Teach us, dear Lord, to find the latent good
 That sorrow yields, when rightly understood ;
 And for the frequent joy that crowns our days
 Help us with grateful hearts our hymns to
 raise,
 Of thankfulness and praise.

Thou knowest all our needs, and will supply :
 No veil of darkness hides us from thine eye,

Nor vainly, from the depths, on thee we call ;
 Thy tender love, that breaks the tempter's
 thrall,
 Folds and encircles all.

Through sorrow and through loss, by toil and
 prayer,
 Saints won the starry crowns which now they
 wear,
 And by the bitter ministry of pain,
 Grievous and harsh, but oh, not sent in vain,
 Found their eternal gain.

If it be ours, like them, to suffer loss,
 Give grace, as unto them, to bear our cross,
 Till, victors over the besetting sin,
 We too thy perfect peace shall enter in,
 And crowns of glory win.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

— ◆ —
 IN GRIEF.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

STRONG Son of God ! immortal Love,
 Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
 Believing where we cannot prove !

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
 Thou madest life in man and brute ;
 Thou madest Death ; and lo, thy foot
 Is on the skull which thou hast made !

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
 Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
 He thinks he was not made to die ;
 And thou hast made him : thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood, thou :
 Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
 Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
 They have their day and cease to be ;
 They are but broken lights of thee,
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;
 For knowledge is of things we see ;
 And yet we trust it comes from thee,
 A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell ;
 That mind and soul, according well,
 May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
 We mock thee when we do not fear :
 But help thy foolish ones to bear ;
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me ;
 What seemed my worth since I began ;
 For merit lives from man to man,
 And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
 Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
 I trust he lives in thee, and there
 I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
 Confusions of a wasted youth ;
 Forgive them where they fail in truth,
 And in thy wisdom make me wise.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1830.

A PRAYER IN MENTAL CONFLICT.

My God ! lo, here before thy face
 I cast me in the dust ;
 Where is the hope of happier days ?
 Where is my wonted trust ?
 Where are the sunny hours I had
 Ere of thy light bereft ?
 Vanished is all that made me glad,
 My pain alone is left.

I shrink with fear and sore alarm
 When threatening ills I see,
 As in mine hour of need thine arm
 No more could shelter me ;
 As though thou couldst not see the grief
 That makes my courage quail,
 As though thou wouldst not send relief
 When human helpers fail.

Cannot thy might avert e'en now
 What seems my certain doom,
 And still with light and succor bow
 To him who weeps in gloom ?
 Art thou not evermore the same ?
 Hast not thyself revealed
 In Holy Writ, that we may claim
 Thee for our strength and shield ?

O Father, compass me about
 With love, for I am weak ;
 Forgive, forgive my sinful doubt,
 Thy pitying glance I seek ;
 For torn and anguished is my heart,
 Thou seest it, my God ;
 Oh, soothe my conscience' bitter smart,
 Lift off my sorrows' load !

I know thy thoughts are peace towards me,
 Safe am I in thy hands,
 Could I but firmly build on thee,
 For sure thy counsel stands !
 Whate'er thy word hath promised, all
 Wilt thou full surely give ;
 Wherefore from thee I will not fall,
 Thy word doth make me live.

Though mountains crumble into dust,
 Thy covenant standeth fast :
 Who follows thee in pious trust
 Shall reach the goal at last.
 Though strange and winding seem the way
 While yet on earth I dwell,
 In heaven my heart shall gladly say,
 " Thou, God, dost all things well."

Take courage, then, my soul, nor steep
 Thy days and nights in tears,
 Soon shalt thou cease to mourn and weep,
 Though dark are now thy fears.
 He comes, he comes, the Strong to save ;
 He comes, nor tarries more ;
 His light is breaking o'er the wave,
 The clouds and storms are o'er !

DREWES, 1797. Translated by
 C. WINKWORTH, 1855.

LOW SPIRITS.

FEVER and fret and aimless stir
 And disappointed strife,
 All chafing, unsuccessful things,
 Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil,
 And sameness doubles cares,
 While one unbroken chain of work
 The flagging temper wears.

The light and air are dulled with smoke :
 The streets resound with noise ;
 And the soul sinks to see its peers
 Chasing their joyless joys.

Voices are round me ; smiles are near ;
 Kind welcomes to be had ;
 And yet my spirit is alone,
 Fretful, outworn, and sad.

A weary actor, I would fain
 Be quit of my long part ;
 The burden of unquiet life
 Lies heavy on my heart.

Sweet thought of God ! now do thy work
 As thou hast done before ;
 Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,
 And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought
Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know, and life to do,
And marvellous strength to bear.

Oh, there is music in that thought,
Unto a heart unstrung,
Like sweet bells at the evening time,
Most musically rung.

'T is not his justice or his power,
Beauty or blest abode,
But the mere unexpanded thought
Of the eternal God.

It is not of his wondrous works,
Not even that he is;
Words fail it, but it is a thought
Which by itself is bliss.

Sweet thought, lie closer to my heart!
That I may feel thee near,
As one who for his weepen feels
In some nocturnal fear.

Mostly in hours of gloom thou com'st,
When sadness makes us lowly,
As though thou wert the echo sweet
Of humble melancholy.

I bless thee, Lord, for this kind check
To spirits over free!
And for all things that make me feel
More helpless need of thee!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled? ●

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can he, who smiles on all,
Hear the wren, with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear, —

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give his joy to all:
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by:
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh! he gives to us his joy,
That our griefs he may destroy:
Till our grief is fled and gone,
He doth sit by us and moan.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

DE PROFUNDIS.

THE face, which duly as the sun,
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With daily love, is dimmed away —
And yet my days go on, go on.

The tongue which like a stream could run
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with "Good day"
Made each day good, is hushed away —
And yet my days go on, go on.

The heart, which like a staff, was one
For mine to lean and rest upon;
The strongest on the longest day
With steadfast love, is caught away —
And yet my days go on, go on.

And cold before my summer's done,
And deaf in nature's general tune,
And fallen too low for special fear,
And here, with hope no longer here —
While the tears drop, my days go on.

The world goes whispering to its own,
"This anguish pierces to the bone."
And tender friends go sighing round,
"What love can ever cure this wound?"
My days go on, my days go on.

The past rolls forward on the sun
And makes all night. O dreams begun,
Not to be ended! Ended bliss!
And life, that will not end in this!
My days go on, my days go on.

Breath freezes on my lips to moan:
As one alone, once not alone,
I sit and knock at Nature's door,
Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,
Whose desolated days go on.

I knock and cry, Undone, undone!
Is there no help, no comfort — none?
No gleaning in the wide wheat-plains
Where others drive their loaded wains?
My vacant days go on, go on.

This nature, though the snows be down,
Thinks kindly of the bird of June.
The little red hip on the tree
Is ripe for such. What is for me,
Whose days so wintery go on?

No bird am I to sing in June,
And dare not ask an equal boon.
Good nests and berries red are Nature's
To give away to better creatures —
And yet my days go on, go on.

I ask less kindness to be done —
Only to loose these pilgrim-shoon
(Too early worn and grimed) with sweet
Cool deathly touch to these tired feet,
Till days go out which now go on.

Only to lift the turf unmown
From off the earth where it has grown,
Some cubic space, and say, "Behold,
Creep in, poor Heart, beneath that fold,
Forgetting how the days go on,"

What harm would *that* do? Green anon
The sward would quicken, overshone
By skies as blue; and crickets might
Have leave to chirp there day and night
While my new rest went on, went on.

From gracious nature have I won
Such liberal bounty? May I run
So, lizard-like, within her side,
And there be safe who now am tried
By days that painfully go on?

— A voice reproves me thereupon,
More sweet than Nature's when the drone
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep,
Than when the rivers overleap
The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

God's Voice, not Nature's — night and noon
He sits upon the great white throne
And listens for the creature's praise.
What babble we of days and days?
The Dayspring he, whose days go on.

He reigns above, he reigns alone:
Systems burn out and leave his throne:
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around him, changeless amid all! —
Ancient of days, whose days go on!

He reigns below, he reigns alone —
And having life in love foregone
Beneath the crown of sovran thorns,
He reigns the jealous God. Who mourns
Or rules with HIM, while days go on?

By anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear him charge his saints that none
Among the creatures anywhere
Blaspheme against him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

— Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown,
No mortal grief deserves that crown.
O supreme Love, chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for *Thee*
Whose days eternally go on!

For us, whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood:
Only the Good discerns the good.
I trust thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won!
We will not struggle nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here
That Heaven's new wine might show more
clear.

I praise thee while my days go on.

I praise thee while my days go on;
I love thee while my days go on!
Through dark and dearth, through fire and
frost,

With emptied arms and treasure lost
I thank thee while my days go on!

And, having in thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering (which are one),
As a child drops some pebble small
Down some deep well and hears it fall
Smiling, so I! THY DAYS GO ON!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

CHASTENING.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS was a native of Edinburgh and a graduate of the university of that city. He was born Feb. 18, 1823, and died at Mentone, France, Nov. 27, 1864. His poems were published in 1854. He was for the period of his active life a Presbyterian pastor, but ill health caused him to reside abroad for years.

O THOU whose sacred feet have trod
The thorny path of woe,
Forbid that I should slight the rod,
Or faint beneath the blow.

My spirit to its chastening stroke
I meekly would resign,
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am thine.

Give me the spirit of thy trust,
To suffer as a son, —
To say, though lying in the dust,
"My Father's will be done!"

I know that trial works for ends
Too high for sense to trace, —
That oft in dark attire he sends
Some embassy of grace.

May none depart till I have gained
The blessing which it bears,
And learn, though late, I entertained
An angel unawares.

So shall I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

—◆—

MARAH.

EXODUS xv. 23.

GOD sends us bitter, that the sweet,
By absence known, may sweeter prove ;
As dark for light, as cold for heat
Brings greater love.

God sends us bitter, us to show
He can both sweet and bitter send ;
That both the might and love we know
Of our great Friend.

He sends us bitter, lest too gay
We wreath around our heads the rose,
And count our right what heaven each day
As alms bestows.

God sends us bitter, lest we fail
That bitterest grief aright to prize,
Which did for all the world avail
In his own eyes.

God sends us bitter, all our sins
Embittering ; yet so kindly sends,
The path that bitterness begins
In sweetness ends.

He sends us bitter, that heaven's sweet,
Earth's bitter o'er, may sweeter taste, —
As Canaan's ground to Israel's feet,
For that great waste.

Our passions murmur and rebel,
But faith cries out unto the Lord,
And prayer by patience worketh well
Its own reward :

For if our heart the lesson draws
Aright, by bitter chastening taught,
And keep his statutes and his laws,
Even as we ought,

He openeth our eyes to see
(Eyes that our pride of heart had sealed)
The sweetness of life's heavenly tree,
And grief is healed ;

And lo, before us in the way
We view the fountains and the palms,
And drink, and pitch our tents, and stay
Singing sweet psalms.

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD.

1865.

—◆—

IN TRIAL.

A spurious stanza is sometimes added to this hymn, beginning, "Then come, Lord Jesus, come with speed."

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still he who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow
Who felt on earth severer woe ;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
 Still he who once vouchsafed to bear
 The sickening anguish of despair
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
 Which covers what was once a friend,
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
 Divides me for a little while,
 Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
 For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead!

And O when I have safely past
 Through every conflict but the last,
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 My painful bed, for thou hast died;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away!

1812.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

UNDER THE CROSS.

"Thy will be done."

The following favorite poem has been often included by collectors, but generally with the second and third stanzas omitted. It was first used in this way by Professor Child, of Harvard College, in his "Poems of Religious Sorrow, Comfort, Counsel, and Aspiration" (Boston, 1863). The author, born in London in 1818, is a clergyman of the Baptist communion, now residing in Chicago, Ill., where he is connected with the religious press. Mr. Richards is a graduate of Madison University, from which he received his degree of Ph D. The verses were written in view of a sudden bereavement that occurred in the author's parish.

I CANNOT, cannot say,
 Out of my bruised and breaking heart,
 Storm-driven along a thorn-set way,
 While blood-drops start
 From every pore as I drag on —
 "Thy will, O God, be done!"

I cannot, in the wave
 Of my strange sorrow's fierce baptism,
 Look up to heaven, with spirit brave
 From holy chrism;
 And while the whelming rite goes on,
 Murmur — "God's will be done."

I am not strong to bear
 This sudden blast of scorching breath,
 Which blossoms hope in black despair,
 And life in death:
 I cannot say, without the sun,
 My God, "Thy will be done."

I thought but yesterday
 My will was one with God's dear will,

And that it would be sweet to say,
 Whatever ill
 My happy state should smite upon —
 "Thy will, my God, be done."

But I was weak and wrong,
 Both weak of soul and wrong of heart;
 And pride alone in me was strong
 With cunning art,
 To cheat me in the golden sun
 To say, "God's will be done!"

O shadow drear and cold,
 That frights me out of foolish pride,
 O flood, that through my bosom rolled
 Its billowy tide;
 I said, till ye your power made known,
 "God's will, not mine, be done!"

Now faint and sore afraid,
 Under my cross, heavy and rude,
 My idols in the ashes laid,
 Like ashes strewed,
 The holy words my pale lips shun,
 "O God, thy will be done!"

Pity my woes, O God,
 And touch my will with thy warm breath;
 Put in my trembling hand thy rod —
 That quickens death,
 That my dead faith may feel thy sun,
 And say, "Thy will be done!"

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

Jan. 1, 1862.

TEARS.

THANK God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
 More grief than ye can weep for. That is
 well —

That is light grieving! lighter, none befell,
 Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
 Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in
 its cot,

The mother singing; at her marriage bell
 The bride weeps; and before the oracle
 Of high-faned hills, the poet has forgot
 Such moisture on his cheeks. Thank God
 for grace,

Ye who weep only! If, as some have done,
 Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place,
 And touch but tombs, — look up! Those tears
 will run

Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
 And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE SOWER.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER was born at Bordentown, N. J., Feb. 8, 1844, and has been associate editor of Scribner's Monthly, since its foundation. He published a volume of poems in 1875, entitled "The New Day," and another in 1878, entitled "The Poet and his Master."

I.

A SOWER went forth to sow,
His eyes were dark with woe ;
He crushed the flowers beneath his feet,
Nor smelt the perfume, warm and sweet,
That prayed for pity everywhere.
He came to a field that was harried
By iron, and to heaven laid bare :
He shook the seed that he carried
O'er that brown and bladeless place.
He shook it, as God shakes the hail
Over a doomed land,
When lightnings interlace
The sky and the earth, and his wand
Of love is a thunder-flail.

Thus did that Sower sow :
His seed was human blood,
And tears of women and men.
And I, who near him stood,
Said : " When the crop comes, then
There will be sobbing and sighing,
Weeping and wailing and crying,
And a woe that is worse than woe."

II.

It was an autumn day
When next I went that way.
And what, think you, did I see ?
What was it that I heard ?
The song of a sweet-voiced bird ?
Nay, — but the songs of many,
Thrilled through with praise and prayer.
Of all those voices not any
Were sad of memory :
And a sea of sunlight flowed,
And a golden harvest glowed !
On my face I fell down there ;
I hid my weeping eyes,
I said : " O God, thou art wise !
And I thank thee, again and again,
For the Sower whose name is Pain."

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

1875.

AFFLICTION.

WHO, that a watcher doth remain
Beside a couch of mortal pain,
Deems he can ever smile again ?
Or who that weeps beside a bier
Counts he has any more to fear
From the world's flatteries false, and leer ?

And yet anon and he must start
At the light toys in which his heart
Can now already claim its part.

O hearts of ours ! so weak and poor,
That nothing there can long endure ;
And so their hurts find shameful cure,

While every sadder, wiser thought,
Each holier aim which sorrow brought,
Fades quite away, and comes to naught.

O Thou who dost our weakness know,
Watch for us, that the strong hours so
Not wean us from our wholesome woe.

Grant Thou that we may long retain
The wholesome memories of pain,
Nor wish to lose them soon again.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D.

IN SICKNESS.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'T is sweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of sufferings paid.

Sweet on his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

Then shall my dis-imprisoned soul
Behold him and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

Shall see him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain;
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.

Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound;
And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

These eyes shall see him in that day,
The God that died for me;
And all my rising bones shall say,
"Lord, who is like to thee?"

If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the Church above
In Jesus' presence know!

If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee?

Oh, may the unction of these truths
Forever with me stay;
Till, from her sinful cause dismissed,
My spirit flies away!

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

1777.

HYMN FOR A SICK GIRL.

FATHER, in the dark I lay,
Thirsting for the light;
Helpless, but for hope alway
In thy Father-might.

Out of darkness came the morn,
Out of death came life;
Ay, and faith and hope, new-born,
Out of moaning, strife.

So, one morning yet more fair,
I, alive and brave,
Sudden breathing loftier air,
Triumph o'er the grave.

Though this feeble body lie
Underneath the ground,

Wide awake, not sleeping, I
Shall in him be found.

But a morn yet fairer must
Quell this inner gloom;
Resurrection from the dust
Of a deeper tomb.

Father, wake thy little child;
Give me bread and wine,
Till my spirit undefiled
Rise and live in thine!

GEORGE MACDONALD.

IN THE TIME OF DEARTH.

JOHN SKEFFINGTON, Lord Viscount Massereene and Ferrard; an Irish nobleman, was born Nov. 30, 1812, and died April 28, 1868. This piece is based upon the following words: "There was a famine in the days of David three years, year after year, and David enquired of the Lord."—2 SAM. xxi. 1.

PART FIRST.

PRAISE the Lord, for he is gracious; praise
the Lord, for he is just.
Prostrate at his feet, confessing we are weak
and worthless dust.

But the tender love of Jesus, oh the wondrous
ways of God!
Oh the joy that faith discloses when we kiss
the chastening rod!

We have sinned against a Saviour; we have
sinnéd e'en to death.
God is pleading, gently pleading with the
creatures of his breath.

Lord, to thee be all the glory! Lord, to thee
be all the praise!
When thy tender hand doth chasten, it to us
thy love displays.

And the field around is wasted, and the land
around us mourns;
Man alone the judgment slighteth, man alone
the warning scorns.

Who hath done it? Are ye standing in the
ways, the paths of yore?
Seek ye there to walk, and humbly for divine
support implore.

Who hath done it, are ye asking? Turn unto
your Maker's laws,
With the word of God before you, seek not
for some hidden cause.

Who hath done it? Look around you; "Meat
cut off before your eyes:
'Neath their clods the seed is rotten; deso-
late each garner lies."

Who hath done it? In your cities "Clean-
ness" ye "of teeth" discern.
"Want of bread in all your cities"; oh, to
God! to God return.

PART SECOND.

WHO hath done it? Who but Jesus? He,
to whom all power belongs;
He who all the wealthy humbles; he who
weighs the poor man's wrongs.

He whose balance just and true is; he who
searcheth all our hearts;

He who ruleth but by love, who knowledge to
his own imparts;

He who sees his cold professors full of idols,
fraud, and force, —

Evil reigning through creation, earth's founda-
tions out of course;

He who tenderly afflicteth those who as his
foes behave;

He who plucks us from the burning, for a
remnant he will save.

"Seek ye me, and ye shall live." Yea, Lord,
my heart thy face will seek,
Of thy power I will make mention, of thy
kingdom's glory speak.

Nigh to those who call upon thee, their de-
sires thou mak'st to bloom;

With our eyes upon thee, waiting, meat shall
in due season come.

Come, then, sinner, come to Jesus. He alone
can give relief;

Bend in deep humiliation, bend in prayer and
holy grief.

'Tis for you the land withholdeth plentiful
and wonted store;

Barren e'en from your transgression, for its
cry hath waxed sore.

PART THIRD.

SANCTIFY a fast, ye people, in a solemn crowd
appear;

Gather in God's house with mourning, and
his best commandments hear;

But, without a wedding garment, freely granted
by his love,

Come not to his presence; seek no half-salva-
tion from above.

Christ is all; then add ye nothing to his fin-
ished sacrifice;
Be your faith alone in Jesus, lest your feast-
day he despise.

Lest the day which he hath threatened come
upon you from the Lord, —
Judgment worse than any famine, worse than
pestilence or sword.

Day of thirst, but not for water; day of dearth,
but not of bread;

Day of famine, which shall gather many na-
tions to the dead.

Famine of the Word of God, a famine of our
Saviour's will; —

Then from sea to sea ye'll seek him, but your
ear no comfort fill.

Then, with signs and lying wonders, Satan
shall bewitch your eye,

And the Lord send strong delusion that ye
may believe a lie.

As ye choose your own inventions, God will
your delusions choose;

But the Lord is now beseeching, — who his
bidding can refuse?

Christ is all! oh, flee ye to him: on his bosom
rest and learn:

Crave the Holy Spirit's teaching — oh, to
God! to God return!

JOHN SKEFFINGTON, VISCOUNT MASSEREENE
AND FERRARD.

IN THE SHADOWS.

DAVID GRAY, a Scottish poet, was born in 1838, and died
in 1861. His poems were published with an Introduction by
Lord Houghton.

O THOU of purer eyes than to behold
Uncleanness! Sift my soul, removing all
Strange thoughts, imaginings fantastical,
Iniquitous allurements manifold.

Make it a spiritual ark; abode
Severely sacred, perfumed, sanctified,
Wherein the Prince of Purities may abide, —
The holy and eternal Spirit of God.

The gross adhesive loathsomeness of sin
Give me to see. Yet, oh, far more, far more,
That beautiful purity which the saints adore
In a consummate paradise within
The veil, — O Lord, upon my soul bestow
An earnest of that purity here below.

DAVID GRAY.

OF TOLERANCE.

ANCIUS MANLIUS SEVERINUS BOETHIUS was a Roman statesman and philosopher, who wrote in prison a work on the Consolations of Philosophy, that was translated by King Alfred into Old English, by Chaucer into the English of his day, and by SAMUEL FOX into modern English. The original was one of the most influential works read in the Middle Ages, and was almost Christian in its philosophy. At the time of making this translation, Mr. Fox was rector of Morley, Derbyshire, England.

WHY will ye ever
 With unjust hatred
 Your mind trouble,
 As the ocean's
 Waves lift up
 The ice-cold sea,
 And agitate it through the wind?
 Why upbraid ye
 Your fortune,
 That she no power possesses?
 Why cannot ye now wait
 For the bitter state
 Of that death
 Which for you the Lord ordained,
 Now he each day
 Hastens towards you?
 Cannot ye see
 That he is always seeking
 After every
 Earthly offspring,
 Beasts and birds?
 Death also in like manner
 After mankind seeks,
 Throughout this middle earth,
 Terrific hunter!
 And devours in pursuit.
 He will not any track
 Ever forsake,
 Until he has seized
 That which he before
 Sought after.
 It is a wretched thing,
 That citizens
 Cannot wait for him;
 Unhappy men
 Are rather desirous
 To anticipate him:
 As birds,
 Or wild beasts,
 When they contend,
 Each one would
 The other destroy.
 But it is wicked
 In every man,
 That he another
 With his thoughts
 Should hate in his breast,
 Like a bird or beast.

But it would be most right
 That every man
 Should render to other
 Dwellers in the world
 Reward proportionable
 To his deserts,
 In everything:
 That is, that he should love
 Every one of the good,
 As he best may;
 And have mercy on the wicked,
 As we before said.
 He should the man
 With his mind love,
 And his vices
 All hate,
 And destroy,
 As he soonest may.

BOETHIUS, 475-525. KING ALFRED, 841-901.
 Translated by SAMUEL FOX, 1864.

REJOICE.

“Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen.”

LAURENTIUS LAURENTII was born in Husum, Holstein, June 8, 1660. His father was fond of music, and devoted his son to the musical profession. Laurentius became director of the choir at the cathedral of Bremen, and wrote more than a hundred hymns, chiefly on the passages of Scripture appointed for Sundays and festivals. They are simple and spiritual. He died in 1722.

REJOICE, all ye believers,
 And let your lights appear;
 The evening is advancing,
 And darker night is near.
 The Bridegroom is arising,
 And soon he draweth nigh.
 Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle,—
 At midnight comes the cry!

See that your lamps are burning,
 Replenish them with oil,
 And wait for your salvation,
 The end of earthly toil.
 The watchers on the mountain
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
 Go, meet him as he cometh,
 With hallelujahs clear!

Ye wise and holy virgins,
 Now raise your voices higher,
 Till in songs of jubilee
 They meet the angel-choir.
 The marriage-feast is waiting,
 The gates wide open stand;
 Up! up! ye heirs of glory—
 The Bridegroom is at hand!

Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign forever
When sorrow is no more.
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before him
Your diadems of gold!

Palms of victory are there;
There, radiant garments are;
There stands the peaceful harvest,
Beyond the reach of war.
There, after stormy winter,
The flowers of earth arise,
And from the grave's long slumber
Shall meet again our eyes!

Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto thee!

LAURENTIUS LAURENTIL. Translated
by MRS. ERIC FINDLATER, 1853.

THE CROSS.

'T is my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a castaway?

Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1779.

CONSOLATION.

ALL are not taken! there are left behind
Living Beloveds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices, to make soft the wind.

But if it were not so — if I could find
No love in all the world for comforting,
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,
Where "dust to dust" the love from life dis-
joined —

And if before these sepulchres unmoving
I stood alone, (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth)
Crying "Where are ye, O my loved and
loving?" . . .

I know a Voice would sound, "Daughter, I AM.
Can I suffice for HEAVEN, and not for earth?"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

THE Shadow of the Rock!
Stay, pilgrim, stay!
Night treads upon the heels of day;
There is no other resting-place this way.
The Rock is near,
The well is clear;
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

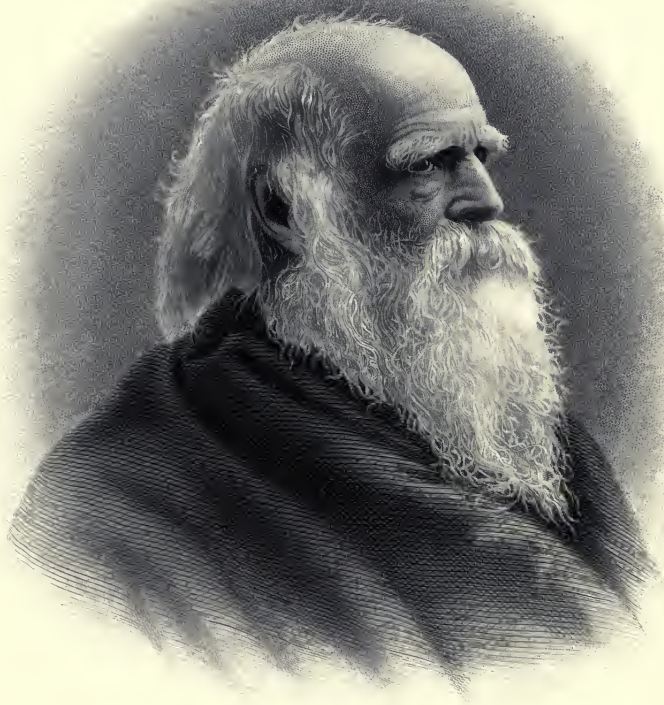
The Shadow of the Rock!
The desert wide
Lies round thee like a trackless tide,
In waves of sand forlornly multiplied.
The sun is gone,
Thou art alone;
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
All come alone;
All, ever since the sun hath shone,
Who travelled by this road have come alone.
Be of good cheer,
A home is here;
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
Night veils the land;
How the palms whisper as they stand!
How the well tinkles faintly through the sand!
Cool water take
Thy thirst to slake;
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
Abide! abide!
This Rock moves ever at thy side,
Pausing to welcome thee at eventide.
Ages are laid
Beneath its shade;
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

NO. 1000
AMERICAN



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William Cullen Bryant

NEW YORK: LEITCH, MEAD & CO.

The Shadow of the Rock !
 Always at hand,
 Unseen it cools the noontide land,
 And quells the fire that flickers in the sand.
 It comes in sight
 Only at night ;
 Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !
 Mid skies storm-riven
 It gathers shadows out of heaven,
 And holds them o'er us all night cool and even.
 Through the charmed air
 Dew falls not there ;
 Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !
 To angels' eyes
 This Rock its shadow multiplies,
 And at this hour in countless places lies.
 One Rock, one shade,
 O'er thousands laid ;
 Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !
 To weary feet,
 That have been diligent and fleet,
 The sleep is deeper and the shade more sweet.
 O weary, rest !
 Thou art sore pressed ;
 Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !
 Thy bed is made ;
 Crowds of tired souls like thine are laid
 This night beneath the self-same placid shade.
 They who rest here
 Wake with Heaven near ;
 Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !
 Pilgrim, sleep sound ;
 In night's swift hours with silent bound,
 The Rock will put thee over leagues of ground,
 Gaining more way
 By night than day ;
 Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !
 One day of pain,
 Thou scarce wilt hope the Rock to gain,
 Yet there wilt sleep thy last sleep on the plain,
 And only wake
 In heaven's daybreak ;
 Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born at Cummington, Mass., in 1794. He graduated at Williams College, and began the practice of the law, but soon turned to literature. He became the editor of the New York Evening Post, and was throughout his life an honored citizen, a respected poet, and a pure patriot. He died in New York City in 1879, from the effects of a fall, after exposure during the delivery of an oration in Central Park.

Oh, deem not they are blest alone
 Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
 The Power who pities man, has shown
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
 The lids that overflow with tears ;
 And weary hours of woe and pain
 Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
 For every dark and troubled night ;
 And grief may bide an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
 Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
 Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
 Though life its common gifts deny, —
 Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
 And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day
 And numbered every secret tear,
 And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
 For all his children suffer here.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING.

As virtuous men pass mildly away
 And whisper to their souls to go,
 Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
 The breath goes now, and some say no ;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
 No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move,
 'T were profanation of our joys
 To tell the laity our love.

Moving of the earth brings harms and fears,
 Men reckon what it did and meant ;
 But trepidation of the spheres,
 Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
 (Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
 Absence, because it doth remove
 Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love so much refined,
 That ourselves know not what it is,
 Inter-assured of the mind,
 Careless eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
 Though I must go, endure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
 As stiff twin compasses are two;
 Thy soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth if the other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
 Yet when the other far doth roam,
 It leans and hearkens after it,
 And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
 Like the other foot, obliquely run:
 Thy firmness makes my circle just,
 And makes me end where I begun.

JOHN DONNE.

DRYNESS IN PRAYER.

OH for the happy days gone by,
 When love ran smooth and free,
 Days when my spirit so enjoyed
 More than earth's liberty!

Oh for the times when on my heart
 Long prayer had never palled,
 Times when the ready thought of God
 Would come when it was called!

Then when I knelt to meditate,
 Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,
 Countless, and bright, and beautiful,
 Beyond my own control.

What can have locked those fountains up?
 Those visions what hath staid?
 What sudden act hath thus transformed
 My sunshine into shade?

This freezing heart, O Lord! this will,
 Dry as the desert sand,
 Good thoughts that will not come, bad
 thoughts
 That come without command;

A faith that seems not faith, a hope
 That cares not for its aim,
 A love that none the hotter grows
 At thy most blessed name,

The weariness of prayer, the mist
 O'er conscience overspread,
 The chill repugnance to frequent
 The feast of angels' bread;

If this dear change be thine, O Lord!
 If it be thy sweet will,
 Spare not, but to the very brim
 The bitter chalice fill;

But if it hath been sin of mine,
 Oh, show that sin to me,
 Not to get back the sweetness lost,
 But to make peace with thee.

One thing alone, dear Lord, I dread, —
 To have a secret spot
 That separates my soul from thee,
 And yet to know it not.

For when the tide of graces set
 So full upon my heart,
 I know, dear Lord, how faithlessly
 I did my little part.

I know how well my heart hath earned
 A chastisement like this,
 In trifling many a grace away
 In self-complacent bliss.

But if this weariness hath come
 A present from on high,
 Teach me to find the hidden wealth
 That in its depths may lie;

So in this darkness I can learn
 To tremble and adore,
 To sound my own vile nothingness,
 And thus to love thee more;

To love thee, and yet not to think
 That I can love so much;
 To have thee with me, Lord! all day,
 Yet not to feel thy touch.

If I have served thee, Lord, for hire,
 Hire which thy beauty showed,
 Can I not serve thee now for naught,
 And only as my God?

Thrice blessed be this darkness, then,
 This deep in which I lie;
 And blessed be all things that teach
 God's dear supremacy!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."—ROM. viii. 28.

How weary and how worthless this life at times appears !
 What days of heavy musings, what hours of bitter tears !
 How dark the storm-clouds gather along the wintry skies !
 How desolate and cheerless the path before us lies !

And yet these days of dreariness are sent us from above :
 They do not come in anger, but in faithfulness and love ;
 They come to teach us lessons which bright ones could not yield,
 And to leave us blest and thankful when their purpose is fulfilled.

They come to draw us nearer to our Father and our Lord,
 More earnestly to seek his face, to listen to his word,
 And to feel, if now around us a desert land we see,
Without the star of promise, what would its darkness be !

They come to lay us lowly, and humbled in the dust,
 All self-deception swept away, all creature-hope and trust ;
 Our helplessness, our vileness, our guiltiness to own,
 And flee, for hope and refuge, to Christ, and Christ alone.

They come to break the fetters which here detain us fast,
 And force our long reluctant hearts to rise to heaven at last ;
 And brighten every prospect of that eternal home,
 Where grief and disappointment and fear can never come.

Then turn not in despondence, poor weary heart, away,
 But meekly journey onwards, through the dark and cloudy day ;
 Even now the bow of promise is above thee painted bright,
 And soon a joyful morning shall dissipate the night.

Thy God hath not forgot thee, and, when he sees it best,
 Will lead thee into sunshine, will give thee bowers of rest ;
 And all thy pain and sorrow, when the pilgrimage is o'er,
 Shall end in heavenly blessedness, and joys forevermore.

KARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA. Translated by JANE BORTHWICK.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

Mrs. CREWSDON (daughter of George Fox) was born in 1809, and died in 1863, near Manchester, England, after a long period of illness, during which she wrote her poems, breathing the rich flavor of sanctified affliction.

OH for the peace which floweth as a river,
 Making life's desert places bloom and smile !
 Oh for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "forever,"
 Amid the shadows of earth's "little while."

"A little while," for patient vigil-keeping,
 To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong ;
 "A little while," to sow the seed with weeping,
 Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest-song.

"A little while," to wear the weeds of sadness,
 To pace with weary step through miry ways ;
 Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
 And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

"A little while," midst shadow and illusion,
 To strive, by faith, love's mysteries to spell ;
 Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
 Then hail sight's verdict, "He doth all things well."

"A little while," the earthen pitcher taking
 To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed ;
 Then the cool lip its thirst forever slaking
 Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

"A little while," to keep the oil from failing,
 "A little while," faith's flickering lamp to trim ;
 And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
 To haste to meet him with the bridal hymn.

And he who is himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad "forever"
Will light the shadows of the "little while."

JANE FOX CREWDSON.

—◆—

BEREAVEMENT.

WHEN some Beloveds, 'neath whose eyelids
lay

The sweet lights of my childhood, one by one
Did leave me dark before the natural sun,
And I astonished fell, and could not pray,
A thought within me to myself did say,
"Is God less God that *thou* art left undone?
Rise, worship, bless him, in this sackcloth
spun,

As in that purple!" — But I answered, Nay!
What child his filial heart in words can loose,
If he behold his tender father raise
The hand that chastens sorely? can he choose
But sob in silence with an upward gaze? —
And *my* great Father, thinking fit to bruise,
Discerns in speechless tears, both prayer and
praise.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

—◆—

DESPISE NOT THOU THE CHASTENING OF THE ALMIGHTY.

JOB v. 17.

THE sunshine to the flower may give
The tints that charm the sight,
But scentless would that floweret live
If skies were always bright;
Dark clouds and showers its scent bestow,
And purest joy is born of woe.

He who each bitter cup rejects,
No living spring shall quaff;
He whom thy rod in love corrects,
Shall lean upon thy staff:
Happy, thrice happy, then, is he
Who knows his chastening is from thee.

BERNARD BARTON.

—◆—

LEVAVI OCULOS.

IN trouble for my sin, I cried to God, —
To the great God who dwelleth in the deeps.
The deeps return not any voice or sign.

But with my soul I know thee, O great God;
The soul thou givest knoweth thee, great God;
And with my soul I sorrow for my sin;

Full sure I am there is no joy in sin;
Joy-scented peace is trampled under foot,
Like a white growing blossom into mud.

Sin is established subtly in the heart
As a disease; like a magician foul
Ruleth the better thoughts against their will.

Only the rays of God can cure the heart,
Purge it of evil: there's no other way
Except to turn with the whole heart to God.

In heavenly sunlight live no shades of fear;
The soul there, busy or at rest, hath peace;
And music floweth from the various world.

The Lord is great and good, and is our God.
There needeth not a word but only these;
Our God is good, our God is great. 'T is well!

All things are ever God's; the shows of things
Are of men's fantasy, and warped with sin;
God, and the things of God, immutable.

O great good God, my prayer is to neglect
The shows of fantasy, and turn myself
To thy unfenced, unmeasured warmth and
light!

Then were all shows of things a part of truth:
Then were my soul, if busy or at rest,
Residing in the house of perfect peace!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

—◆—

FOR THOSE IN PERIL.

WILLIAM WHITING was born in London in 1825, and for more than twenty years has been master of Winchester College Choristers' School. He has been a contributor to the periodicals. This hymn was written for "Hymns Ancient and Modern," but was altered by the editors.

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst in the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,

Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace ;
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea !

O Trinity of love and power !
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go.
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea !

WILLIAM WHITING.

1860.

WRECK AND RESCUE.

WRECKED and struggling in mid-ocean,
Clinging to a broken spar,
Darkness round me, billows o'er me,
Not the glimmer of a star :
Billows o'er me, and no mercy,
Gasping as I was for breath ;
Night upon me, and the coming
Of the darker night of death.

All the evils of a lifetime
Bearing down on my dark path,
And I sinking, — oh, I tremble,
Thinking of the night of wrath !
Cast away and lost and sinking,
Clinging to a broken spar ;
Suddenly a light from heaven
Burst upon me like a star.

And a voice spoke to me cheerly,
Spoke as from that burning star,
"Trust to me, and I will save you ;
Cling not to a broken spar."
Trembling, yet believing, hoping,
I was borne above the wave ;
And I live to tell how Jesus
Did a poor lost sinner save.

EDWARD HOPPER.

1870, 1873.

THE ALPINE SHEEP.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL was the daughter of a citizen of Watertown, Mass., where she was born July 8, 1821. She died Oct. 22, 1853. Her poems were privately printed by her husband, James Russell Lowell, the poet, in 1855.

WHEN on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory welled,
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst.

And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of Death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round, with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
The story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged paths to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie,

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go ;
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on, o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures, lifted fair,
More dewy-soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by Nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south-wind free
O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed
From icy thralldom to the sea.

A blissful vision, through the night,
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding our little lamb asleep, —
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow me !"

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

VEILED ANGELS.

UNNUMBERED blessings, rich and free,
Have come to us, our God, from thee.

Sweet tokens written with thy name,
Bright angels from thy face they came.

Some came with open faces bright,
 Aglow with heaven's own living light.
 And some were veiled, trod soft and slow,
 And spoke in voices grave and low.

Veiled angels, pardon! if with fears
 We met you first, and many tears.

We take you to our hearts no less;
 We know ye come to teach and bless.

We know the love from which ye come;
 We trace you to our Father's home.

We know how radiant and how kind
 Your faces are, those veils behind.

We know those veils, one happy day,
 In earth or heaven, shall drop away;

And we shall see you as ye are,
 And learn why thus ye sped from far.

But what the joy that day shall be,
 We know not yet; we wait to see.

For this, O angels, well we know,
 The way ye came our souls shall go:

Up to the love from which ye come,
 Back to our Father's blessed home.

And bright each face, unveiled, shall shine,
 Lord, when the veil is rent from thine!

ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES.

WITH TEARFUL EYES I LOOK AROUND.

The following is from "The Invalid's Hymn-Book" and
 Sir R. Palmer's "Book of Praise."

WITH tearful eyes I look around;
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
 Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound,
 A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me!"

It tells me of a place of rest,
 It tells me where my soul may flee:
 Oh, to the weary, faint, opprest,
 How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"

When the poor heart with anguish learns
 That earthly props resigned must be,
 And from each broken cistern turns,
 It hears the accents, "Come to Me!"

When against sin I strive in vain,
 And cannot from its yoke get free,
 Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
 The words arrest me, "Come to Me!"

When nature shudders, loath to part
 From all I love, enjoy, and see;
 When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
 A sweet voice utters, "Come to Me!"

"Come, for all else must fail and die;
 Earth is no resting-place for thee;
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye:
 I am thy portion; Come to Me!"

O voice of mercy, voice of love!
 In conflict, grief, and agony,
 Support me, cheer me from above,
 And gently whisper, "Come to Me!"

1841.

HUGH WHITE.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

"Ye have need of patience."

HEB. x. 36.

A GENTLE angel walketh throughout a world
 of woe,
 With messages of mercy to mourning hearts
 below;

His peaceful smile invites them to love and
 to confide,

Oh, follow in his footsteps, keep closely by
 his side!

So gently will he lead thee through all the
 cloudy day,

And whisper of glad tidings to cheer the pil-
 grim-way;

His courage never failing, when thine is al-
 most gone,

He takes thy heavy burden, and helps to bear
 it on.

To soft and tearful sadness he changes dumb
 despair,

And soothes to deep submission the storm of
 grief and care;

Where midnight shades are brooding, he
 pours the light of noon,

And every grievous wound he heals most
 surely, if not soon.

He will not blame thy sorrows, while he
 brings the healing balm;

He does not chide thy longings, while he
 soothes them into calm;

And when thy heart is murmuring, and wildly
 asking why?

He smiling beckons forward, points upward
 to the sky.

He will not always answer thy questions and
 thy fear,

His watchword is, "Be patient, thy journey's
 end is near!"

And ever through the toilsome way he tells
of joys to come,
And points the pilgrim to his rest, the wanderer to his home.

KARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA.
Translator unknown.

—◆—
UNDER A HEAVY PRIVATE CROSS
OR BEREAVEMENT.

“Ach treuer Gott, barmherzigs Herz.

O FAITHFUL God! O pitying Heart,
Whose goodness hath no end;
I know this cross with all its smart
Thy hand alone doth send!
Yes, Lord, I know it is thy love,
Not wrath or hatred bids me prove
The load 'neath which I bend.

'T was ever wont with thee, my God,
To chasten oft a son;
He whom thou lovest feels thy rod,
Tears flow ere joy is won;
Thou leadest us through darkest pain
Back to the joyous light again:
Thus ever hast thou done.

For e'en the Son thou most dost love
Here trod the path of woe;
Ere he might reach his throne above
He bore the cross below:
Through anguish, scorn, and poverty,
Through bitterest death he passed, that we
The bliss of heaven might know.

And if the pure and sinless One
Could thus to sorrow bow,
Shall I who so much ill have done
Resist the cross? — O thou
In whom doth perfect patience shine,
Whoe'er would fain be counted thine
Must wear thy likeness now.

Yet, Father, each fresh aching heart
Will question in its woe,
If thou canst send such bitter smart
And yet no anger know?
How long the hours beneath the cross!
How hard to learn that love and loss
From one sole Fountain flow!

But what I cannot, thou true Good,
Oh, work thyself in me;
Nor ever let my trials' flood
O'erwhelm my faith in thee;
Keep me from every murmur, Lord,
And make me steadfast in thy word, —
My tower of refuge be!

If I am weak, thy tender care
Help me to face each ill!
With ceaseless cries and tears and prayer
The long sad hours I'll fill;
The heart that yet can hope and trust,
And cry to thee, though from the dust,
Is all unconquered still!

O thou who diedst to give us life,
Full well to thee is known
The cross, and all the inner strife
Of those who weep alone,
And 'neath their burden wellnigh faint;
The aching heart's unspoken plaint
Finds echo in thine own.

Ah, Christ, do thou within me speak,
For thou canst comfort best;
The tower and stronghold of the weak,
The weary wanderer's rest,
Our shadow in the noonday hours,
And when the tempest round us lowers,
Our shelter safe and blest!

O Holy Spirit, sent of God,
In whom all gladness lies,
Refresh my soul, lift off her load,
From thee all sadness flies;
Thou know'st the glories yet to come,
The joy, the solace, of that home
Where we shall one day rise.

There in thy presence we shall see
Glories beyond our ken;
The cross known here to none but thee
Shall turn to gladness then;
There smiles for all our tears are given,
And for our woes the joys of heaven:
Lord, I believe! Amen!

PAUL GERHARDT. Translated by
CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858.

—◆—
THE ANGEL OF PAIN.

FROM “THE ONE-LEGGED DANCER.”

The identity of the writers who contribute to current literature under the name “Saxe Holm” is yet a secret which it is useless to try to fathom.

ANGEL of Pain, I think thy face
Will be, in all the heavenly place,
The sweetest face that I shall see,
The swiftest face to smile on me.
All other angels faint and tire;
Joy wearies, and forsakes desire;
Hope falters face to face with fate,
And dies because it cannot wait;

And Love cuts short each loving day,
Because fond hearts cannot obey
The subtlest law which measures bliss
By what it is content to miss.

But thou, O loving, faithful Pain —
Hated, reproached, rejected, slain —
Dost only closer cling and bless
In sweeter, stronger steadfastness.
Dear, patient angel, to thine own
Thou comest, and art never known
Till late, in some lone twilight place
The light of thy transfigured face
Sudden shines out, and speechless, they
Know they have walked with Christ all day.

SAXE HOLM.

A DREAM'S AWAKENING.

MRS. SARAH MORGAN BRYAN PIATT is the wife of the poet John James Piatt. She was born at Lexington, Ky, in 1835, and has become distinguished as a writer of verse.

SHUT in a close and dreary sleep,
Lonely and frightened and oppressed,
I felt a dreadful serpent creep,
Writhing and crushing, o'er my breast.

I woke, and knew my child's sweet arm,
As soft and pure as flakes of snow,
Beneath my dream's dark, hateful charm,
Had been the thing that tortured so.

And in the morning's dew and light
I seemed to hear an angel say,
"The pain that stings in time's low night
May prove God's love in higher day."

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

THE DARK ANGEL.

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
With courtesy receive him: rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
Thy soul's marmoreal¹ calmness. Grief
should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free:
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts last-
ing to the end.

AUBREY DE VERE.

1842.

¹ Like marble.

WEAK BELIEVERS ENCOURAGED.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.
Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
Fastened within the veil,
Hope be your anchor strong;
His loving spirit the sweet gale
That wafts you smooth along.

Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.
The people of his choice
He will not cast away;
Yet do not always here expect
On Tabor's mount to stay.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.
Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

No wonder, when God's love
Pervades your kindling breast,
You wish forever to retain
The heart-transporting guest.
Yet learn in every state
To make his will your own;
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To walk by faith alone.

By anxious fear depressed,
When from the deep ye mourn,
"Lord, why so hasty to depart,
So tedious in return!"
Still on his plighted love
At all events rely:
The very hidings of his face
Shall train thee up to joy.

Wait till the shadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour;

Wait, till the Bridegroom of thy soul
Reveals his love with power.
The time of love will come,
When thou shalt clearly see,
Not only that he shed his blood,
But that it flowed for thee.

Tarry his leisure then,
Although he seem to stay :
A moment's intercourse with him
Thy grief will overpay.
Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee !
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

1772.

RELIGIOUS HYPOCHONDRIA.

FORWARD, a step or two, where'er we go
We gaze not on the spot our feet are tread-
ing :

Reading, we look along, or glance below,
Unconscious of the letters we are reading.
The future moulds the present. Do not halt
To probe, or mourn, each felt or fancied fault ;
" Steadfast by faith," who treads where hope
hath trod,

Following her winged sister to the throne of
God !

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE STORM.

THE tempest rages wild, and high
The waves lift up their voice, and cry
Fierce answers to the angry sky, —
Miserere, Domine.

Through the black night and driving rain
A ship is struggling, all in vain,
To live upon the stormy main : —
Miserere, Domine.

The thunders roar, the lightnings glare,
Vain is it now to strive or dare ;
A cry goes up of great despair, —
Miserere, Domine.

The stormy voices of the main,
The moaning wind and melting rain
Beat on the nursery window-pane : —
Miserere, Domine.

Warm-curtained was the little bed,
Soft-pillowed was the little head,
" The storm will wake the child," they said : —
Miserere, Domine.

Cowering among his pillows white,
He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,
" Father, save those at sea to-night !"
Miserere, Domine.

The morning shone, all clear and gay,
On a ship at anchor in the bay,
And on a little child at play. —
Gloria tibi, Domine !
ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

QUESTIONING, blind, unsatisfied,
Out of the dark my spirit cried, —
Wherefore for sinners, lost, undone,
Gave the Father his only Son ?

Clear and sweet there came reply, —
Out of my soul or out of the sky
A voice like music answered : —
God so loved the world, it said.

Could not the Lord from heaven give aid ?
Why was he born of the mother-maid ?
*Only the Son of Man could be
Touched with man's infirmity !*

Why must he lay his infant head
In the manger, where the beasts were fed ?
*So that the poorest here might cry,
My Lord was as lowly born as I !*

Why for friends did he choose to know
Sinners and harlots here below ?
*Not to the righteous did he come,
But to find and bring the wanderers home.*

He was tempted? *Yes, he sounded then
All that hides in the hearts of men ;
And he knoweth, when we intercede,
How to succor our souls in their need.*

Why should they whom he called his own
Deny, betray him, leave him alone ?
*That he might know their direst pain
Who have trusted human love in vain !*

Must he needs have washed the traitor's feet
Ere his abasement was made complete ?
*Yea, for women have thus laid down
Their hearts for a Judas to trample on !*

By one cup might he not drink less ;
Nor lose one drop of the bitterness ;
Must he suffer, though without blame,
Stripes and buffeting, scorn and shame ?

Alas ! and wherefore should it be
That he must die on Calvary ;
Must bear the pain and the cruel thirst,
Till his heart with its very anguish burst ?

*That martyrs, dying for his name,
Whether by cross, or flood, or flame,
Might know they were called to bear no more
Than he, their blessed Master, bore.*

What did he feel in that last dread cry ?
*The height and the depth of agony !
All the anguish a mortal can
Who dies forsaken of God and man !*

Is there no way to him at last
But that where his bleeding feet have passed ?
*Did he not to his followers say,
I am the life, the light, the way ?*

*Yea, and still from the heavens he saith
The gate of life is the gate of death,
Peace is the crown of faith's good fight,
And the way of the cross is the way of light !*

PHEBE CARY.

GOOD IN ILL.

WHEN gladness gilds our prosperous day,
And hope is by fruition crowned,
"O Lord," with thankful hearts we say,
"How doth thy love to us abound !"

But is that love less truly shown
When earthly joys lie cold and dead,
And hopes have faded one by one,
Leaving sad memories in their stead ?

God knows the discipline we need,
Nor sorrow sends for sorrow's sake ;
And though our stricken hearts may bleed,
His mercy will not let them break.

Oh, teach us to discern the good
Thou sendest in the guise of ill ;
Since all thou dost, if understood,
Interpreteth thy loving will.

For pain is not the end of pain,
Nor seldom trial comes to bless,
And work for us abundant gain, —
The peaceful fruits of righteousness.

Then let us not, with anxious thought,
Ask of to-morrow's joys or woes,
But, by his word and Spirit taught,
Accept as best what God bestows.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

1870.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH was born in Woodstock, Conn., Feb. 2, 1812. He was a descendant of William Bradford, of the Mayflower. His early life was passed on his father's farm. In 1837 he removed to Pittsburgh, and was ever after connected with the press. His poetic faculty was early developed. After his death his widow, Mrs. Celia Burleigh, collected his poems in a memorial volume. Mr. Burleigh was a speaker of ability and a supporter of all moral reforms. He died March 18, 1871.

OH, deem not that earth's crowning bliss
Is found in joy alone ;
For sorrow, bitter though it be,
Hath blessings all its own ;
From lips divine, like healing balm,
To hearts oppressed and torn,
This heavenly consolation fell, —
"Blessed are they that mourn !"

As blossoms smitten by the rain
Their sweetest odors yield,
As where the ploughshare deepest strikes
Rich harvests crown the field,
So, to the hopes by sorrow crushed,
A nobler faith succeeds ;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

Who never mourned, hath never known
What treasures grief reveals :
The sympathies that humanize,
The tenderness that heals,
The power to look within the veil
And learn the heavenly lore,
The key-word to life's mysteries,
So dark to us before.

How rich and sweet and full of strength
Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer !
Supernal wisdom, love divine,
Breathed through the lips which said,
"Oh, blessed are the souls that mourn —
They shall be comforted !"

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

1870.

ONLY A WORD.

ONLY a word ! a little winged word
Blown through the busy town,
Lighter than thistle down,
Lighter than dust by roving bee or bird
Brushed from the blossoming lily's golden
crown ;
Borne idly here and there,
Oft as the summer air

About men's doors the sunny stillness stirred.
 Only a word!
 But sharp, oh, sharper than a two-edged sword
 To pierce and sting and scar
 The heart whose peace a breath of blame
 could mar.

Only a word, a little word that fell
 Unheeded as the dew
 That from the darkling blue
 Of summer midnight softly steals, to tell
 Its tale of singing brook and star-lit dell
 In yonder noisome street,
 Where, pale with dust and heat,
 The little window-flower in workman's cell
 Its drooping bell
 Uplifts to greet the kiss it knows so well;
 A word — a drop of dew!
 But oh, its touch could life's lost hope renew.

MARY KEELY BOUTELLE.

1879.

THE CRUSE THAT FAILETH NOT.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

ACTS xx. 35.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? rise and
 share it with another,
 And through all the years of famine it shall
 serve thee and thy brother;

Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy
 handful still renew;
 Scanty fare for one will often make a royal
 feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving; all its
 wealth is living grain;
 Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scattered,
 fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy? do thy steps
 drag wearily?
 Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will
 bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst
 thou sleep amidst the snow?
 Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and to-
 gether both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many
 wounded round thee moan;
 Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that
 balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty? None but
 God its void can fill;
 Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain can its
 ceaseless longings still.

Is the heart a living power? Self-entwined,
 its strength sinks low;
 It can only live in loving, and by serving love
 will grow.

ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES.

FLOWERS IN THE SICK-ROOM.

FAIR in their sunny beds they grew,
 Or hung on the trellised bowers,
 Nor lost their scent, nor paled their-hue,
 As a nosegay of gathered flowers:
 But fairer still, and yet more sweet,
 With the summer's breath and bloom,
 They seemed in that narrow crowded street,
 And that feeble sufferer's room.

Alone, but not companionless,
 Had her silent hours gone by:
 From the dreary sick-room's narrow space
 There were paths that reached the sky.
 The page that tells of life through death
 Had brightened her anxious thought;
 And the summer flowers to the eye of faith
 The good land nearer brought.

Thus breaks the bloom of a better hope
 On the dimness and the strife, —
 The dusty aims and the narrow scope
 Of this poor and passing life;
 And thus, through Nature's works and ways,
 Such helps to faith are given,
 That the flowers of earth may lift our gaze
 To the fadeless flowers of heaven.

FRANCES BROWNE.

REST, WEARY SOUL.

REST, weary soul!
 The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
 For all thy sins full satisfaction made;
 Strive not to do thyself what Christ has done,
 Claim the free gift, and make the joy thine
 own;
 No more by pangs of guilt and fear distress,
 Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, weary heart,
 From all thy silent griefs, and secret pain,
 Thy profitless regrets, and longings vain;
 Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,
 All shall be blessedness and light at last;
 Cast off the cares that have so long opprest;
 Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, weary head !
 Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb :
 Light from above has broken through its
 gloom ;
 Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay,
 Where he shall wake thee on a future day,
 Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,
 Rest, sweetly rest !

Rest, spirit free !
 In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
 Where sin and sorrow can approach no more,
 With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
 Beside the streams of life eternal led,
 Forever with thy God and Saviour blest,
 Rest, sweetly rest !

1859.

JANE BORTHWICK.

 PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL.

SWEET grows the world to-day and fair,
 Seen through the spring-time's lovely sheen,
 A tender mist of golden-green
 That veils the earth and fills the air.

And lightly, softly blows the breeze,
 With blossom-odors interblent,
 And interwoven with their scent,
 The murmurous hum of golden bees.

And mingling with their braided balm,
 A voice of dreamy sweetness near,
 Half sings, half sighs, in plaintive cheer,
 A strain that linketh calm with calm.

On Nature's heart mine own I rest ;
 "Peace, troubled soul," she soft entreats :
 "Peace, troubled soul," the voice repeats,
 In the low psalm that suits me best.

And through the mist of faith I see
 A vision fair of One who stands
 And stretches out his pierced hands,
 Saying, "My peace I give to thee."

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

 I THIRST.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX was born in Bristol, England, in June, 1837. Bred to mercantile pursuits, he has been connected with a marine insurance office in Glasgow, in which city he lives. He contributed to "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and has published a volume of poems.

WEARY beside the well he sat ;
 Oh, who can tell but Jesus knew the thirst
 Which yet intenser grew, when on the cross
 For him no kindly fountain burst ?

"I thirst," his spirit may have cried,
 Thus long before the Passion-hour drew nigh ;
 Thirsting for souls who sought some cooling
 stream,
 Yet passed the Living Water by.

"Give me to drink." Can mortal hands,
 Trembling with guilt, the thirst of God relieve ?
 Can man the gift of God on God bestow,
 And will the Giver aught receive ?

Yes ! Jacob's well is here, and Christ
 Still asks from each some lowly gift of love ;
 Perchance that cup of water which shall win
 The blessing of reward above.

Oh, who will stay with folded hands
 What time the Master on the servant waits ?
 The well is deep, but deeper still the fount
 Of that pure love which love creates.

And while he waits he looks us through,
 Reading each hidden secret of the heart ;
 Or smites us by an unexpected word,
 Which makes the wondering spirit start.

But even while he smites he heals,
 And while he asks a gift, himself he gives ;
 The Well which springs to everlasting life,
 The Water which forever lives.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX.

 CONSOLATION.

"They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace. . . . Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?" — JER. viii. 11, 22.

YEA! trouble springs not from the ground,
 yet must it ever be,
 Man knows that he is born to care, so seeks
 his remedy ;
 And he hath found out store of charms and
 spells to give it rest,
 Yet grief turns from human comforters, the
 highest is the best !

One saith, "Be comforted, for grief is idle and
 is vain,
 It never hath brought back the smile to joy's
 dead face again,
 It only fixes there the look it wore when hope
 took leave" ;
 "Yes, grief *is* vain, I know it well, and *there-*
fore will I grieve."

One saith, "Be comforted, for thus how many
say with dawn,

'Would God that it were eve!' at eve, 'Would
God that it were morn!'"

But then more noble in its woe spake out the
grieving heart,

"Nay! rather would I all were blest, and I bear
alone my smart."

"And yet," saith one, "be comforted, for
grieving is a sin;

Thy tears may stain heaven's goodly floors,
yet there be trodden in;

This is a grief that Heaven hath sent, a grief
that thou must bear,"

And patience smiled so cold, so cold, I took
her for despair!

Yet these were simple reasoners; I said, "I
will arise,

I will seek out counsel from the sage and wis-
dom from the wise:

They shall show me of their merchandise who
trade for hidden things,

Who go down to the heart's great deep to
track its secret springs."

Then with calm brow one answered me in
measured tones and brief,

That we are stronger through our pain, and
nobler for our grief;

And when I looked on him, I saw he spoke
what he believed,

And I talked no more of grief to him who
ne'er himself had grieved,

Or he had known that spoke of will, how vain
its strong control

When deep is calling unto deep within the
wave-tost soul;

Yea, happy are they that endure! yet never
was the tide

Of Nature's agony stemmed back by high,
o'ermastering pride;

But then with kindlier mien, one said, "Go
forth unto the fields,

For there, and in the woods, are balms that
Nature freely yields:

Let Nature take thee to her heart! she hath
a bounteous breast.

That yearns o'er all her sorrowing sons, and
she will give thee rest."

But Nature on the spirit-sick as on the spirit-
free

Smiled, like a fair unloving face, too bright for
sympathy;

Sweet, ever sweet, are whispering leaves, are
waters in their flow,
But never on them breathed a tone to comfort
human woe!

Small solace for the deer that hath the arrow
in its side,

And only seeks the woods to die, that o'er his
dappled hide

Spread purple blooms of bedded heath, and
ferny branchings tall,

A deadly hurt must have strong cure, or it
hath none at all;

And the old warfare from within that had gone
on so long,

The wasting of the inner strife, the sting of
outward wrong,

Went with me o'er the breezy hill, went with
me up the glade,

I found not God among the trees, and yet I
was afraid!

I mused, and fire that smouldered long within
my breast brake free;

I said, "O God, thy works are good, and yet
they are not *thee*;

Still greater to the sense is that which breathes
through every part,

Still sweeter to the heart than all is he who
made the heart!

"I will seek thee, not thine, O Lord! for (now
I mind me) still

Thou sendest us for soothing not to fountain,
nor to hill;

Yet is there comfort in the fields if we walk
in them with thee,

Who saidest, 'Come, ye burdened ones, ye
weary, unto me.'

"Yet is there comfort, not in pride that spends
its strength in vain,

But in casting all our care on thee, — on thee
who wilt sustain;

Not in dull patience, saying, 'This I bear, for
it must be,'

But in knowing that how'er grief comes, it
comes to us from thee!

"Thou, Lord! who teachest how to pray, oh,
teach us *how* to grieve!

For thou hast learned the task we find so hard,
yet may not leave;

For thou hast grown acquainted with grief — thou
knowest what we feel,

Thou smitest and thou bindest up, we look to
thee to heal!"

THE CHANGED CROSS.

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these, as given to
me, —

My trial tests of faith and love to be, —
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to his might
Who says, "We walk by faith, and not by
sight,"

Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose, My cross I cannot bear:

Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see.
Oh! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around, —
E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause — and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured
sight;

Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see, —
One to whom all the others bowed the knee, —
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
And, "Follow me!" he said; "I am the
Way."

Then, speaking thus, he led me far above,
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was, most beauteous to behold,
A little one, with jewels set in gold.
"Ah! this," methought, "I can with comfort
wear,

For it will be an easy one to bear!"

And so the little cross I quickly took;
But, all at once, my frame beneath it shook.
The sparkling jewels fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their *weight* for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again,
To see if there was any here could ease my
pain;

But, one by one, I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form en-
twined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined.
Wondering, I gazed; and still I wondered
more

To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh! that form so beautiful to see
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors
fair!

Sorrowing, I said: "This cross I may not
bear."

And so it was with each and all around —
Not one to suit my *need* could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said: "No cross, no
crown!"

At length, to him I raised my saddened heart:
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart.
"Be not afraid," he said, "but trust in me —
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide;

And there — in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear, and ready to obey —
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best —
The only one of all the many there
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And, while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And, as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again.

But oh! how different did it seem to be
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say,
"Perhaps another is a better way."

Ah no! henceforth my own desire shall be,
That he who knows me best should choose
for me;

And so, whate'er his love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best, because he knows the end.

MRS. CHARLES HOBART.

THE PASTOR'S REVERIE.

THE REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN was born at Pottsgrove, Pa., Feb. 11, 1836, and graduated at Williams College in the class of 1859. He was ordained in Brooklyn, as pastor of the State Street Congregational Church. For some years he was pastor of the church at Morrisania, N. Y., and subsequently at North Adams, Mass. From the last-mentioned charge he was called to an editorial position on the New York Independent, where he showed great ability as a writer upon topics of living interest. He left that position to take the pastoral charge of the North Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass. Mr. Gladden was the first editor of Sunday Afternoon, now Good Company, a successful magazine published at Springfield, in which city he still lives. He is a frequent contributor to the press.

THE pastor sits in his easy-chair,
With the Bible upon his knee.
From gold to purple the clouds in the west
Are changing momentarily ;
The shadows lie in the valleys below,
And hide in the curtain's fold ;
And the page grows dim whereon he reads,
"I remember the days of old."

"Not clear nor dark," as the Scripture saith,
The pastor's memories are ;
No day that is gone was shadowless,
No night was without its star ;
But mingled bitter and sweet hath been
The portion of his cup :
"The hand that in love hath smitten," he saith,
"In love hath bound us up."

Fleet flies his thought over many a field
Of stubble and snow and bloom,
And now it trips through a festival,
And now it halts at a tomb ;
Young faces smile in his reverie,
Of those that are young no more,
And voices are heard that only come
With the winds from a far-off shore.

He thinks of the day when first, with fear
And faltering lips, he stood
To speak in the sacred place the Word
To the waiting multitude ;
He walks again to the house of God
With the voice of joy and praise,
With many whose feet long time have pressed
Heaven's safe and blessed ways.

He enters again the homes of toil,
And joins in the homely chat ;
He stands in the shop of the artisan ;
He sits, where the Master sat,
At the poor man's fire and the rich man's feast.
But who to-day are the poor,
And who are the rich? Ask him who keeps
The treasures that ever endure.

Once more the green and the grove resound
With the merry children's din ;
He hears their shout at the Christmas tide,
When Santa Claus stalks in.
Once more he lists while the camp-fire roars
On the distant mountain-side,
Or, proving apostleship, plies the brook
Where the fierce young troutlings hide.

And now he beholds the wedding train
To the altar slowly move,
And the solemn words are said that seal
The sacrament of love.
Anon at the font he meets once more
The tremulous youthful pair,
With a white-robed cherub crowing response
To the consecrating prayer.

By the couch of pain he kneels again ;
Again, the thin hand lies
Cold in his palm, while the last far look
Steals into the steadfast eyes ;
And now the burden of hearts that break
Lies heavy upon his own —
The widow's woe and the orphan's cry
And the desolate mother's moan.

So blithe and glad, so heavy and sad,
Are the days that are no more,
So mournfully sweet are the sounds that float
With the winds from a far-off shore.
For the pastor has learned what meaneth the
word
That is given him to keep, —
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

It is not in vain that he has trod
This lonely and toilsome way.
It is not in vain that he has wrought
In the vineyard all the day ;
For the soul that gives is the soul that lives,
And bearing another's load
Doth lighten your own, and shorten the way,
And brighten the homeward road.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

1877.

GOD THE ONLY COMFORTER

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee !
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

But thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too,

Oh, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

THOMAS MOORE.

STILL THY SORROW, MAGDALENA!

"Pone luctum, Magdalena!"

EDWARD ABIEL WASHBURN, a prominent and highly cultivated clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was born in Boston, April 16, 1819, and graduated at Harvard College in 1838. He is now rector of Calvary Church, in New York City. The following translation was prepared for Dr. Schaff's "Christ in Song," 1863.

STILL thy sorrow, Magdalena!
Wipe the tear-drops from thine eyes:
Not at Simon's board thou kneelest,
Pouring thy repentant sighs:
All with thy glad heart rejoices;
All things sing, with happy voices,
Hallelujah!

Laugh with rapture, Magdalena!
Be thy drooping forehead bright:
Banished now is every anguish,
Breaks anew thy morning light:
Christ from death the world hath freed;
He is risen, is risen indeed:
Hallelujah!

Joy! exult, O Magdalena!
He hath burst the rocky prison;
Ended are the days of darkness:
Conqueror hath he arisen.
Mourn no more the Christ departed;
Run to welcome him, glad-hearted;
Hallelujah!

Lift thine eyes, O Magdalena!
See! thy living Master stands;
See his face, as ever, smiling;
See those wounds upon his hands,
On his feet, his sacred side,—
Gems that deck the glorified:
Hallelujah!

Live, now live, O Magdalena!
Shining is thy new-born day;
Let thy bosom pant with pleasure,
Death's poor terror flee away;
Far from thee the tears of sadness:
Welcome love, and welcome gladness!

Hallelujah!

ADAM of St. Victor (?). Translated by
EDWARD A. WASHBURN, D. D.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

The following verses appear in the hymn-books with the second verse altered, and a new one, by the Rev. Thomas Hastings, in the place of the third.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at God's altar fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish, —
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name
saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
cure."

Go, ask the infidel what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts *he* can re-
veal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise hope sings
us, —
"Earth has no sorrow that God cannot
heal."

THOMAS MOORE.

1816.

RICH IN THE LORD.

FRANCES POWER COBBE was born in Dublin in 1822, and died in 1880. She was early troubled with religious doubts, but resolved to be true to her own conscience, and the determination was, she says, the cause of a renewed faith in God.

GOD draws a cloud over each gleaming morn, —
Would you ask why?
It is because all noblest things are born
In agony.
Only upon some cross of pain and woe
God's Son may lie:
Each soul, redeemed from self and sin, must
know
Its Calvary.
Yet we should crave neither for joy nor grief;
God chooses best:
He only knows our sick soul's best relief,
And gives us rest.

More than our feeble hearts can ever pine
 For holiness,
 That Father, in his tenderness divine,
 Yearneth to bless.

He never sends a joy not meant in love,
 Still less a pain.
 Our gratitude the sunlight falls to prove ;
 Our faith, the rain.

In his hands we are safe. We falter on
 Through storm and mire :
 Above, beside, around us, there is One
 Will never tire.

What though we fall, and bruised and wounded
 lie,
 Our lips in dust ?
 God's arm shall lift us up to victory :
 In him we trust.

For neither life nor death, nor things below
 Nor things above,
 Shall ever sever us, that we should go
 From his great love.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

1859.

 JOY AFTER SORROW.

COMETH sunshine after rain,
 After mourning joy again,
 After heavy, bitter grief
 Dawneth surely sweet relief ;
 And my soul, who from her height
 Sank to realms of woe and night,
 Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

He, whom this world dares not face,
 Hath refreshed me with his grace,
 And his mighty hand unbound
 Chains of hell about me wound ;
 Quicker, stronger, leaps my blood,
 Since his mercy, like a flood,
 Poured o'er all my heart for good.

Bitter anguish have I borne,
 Keen regret my heart hath torn,
 Sorrow dimmed my weeping eyes,
 Satan blinded me with lies ;
 Yet at last am I set free,
 Help, protection, love, to me
 Once more true companions be.

Ne'er was left a helpless prey,
 Ne'er with shame was turned away,
 He who gave himself to God,
 And on him had cast a load.

Who in God his hope hath placed
 Shall not life in pain outwaste,
 Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

Though to-day may not fulfil
 All thy hopes, have patience still ;
 For perchance to-morrow's sun
 Sees thy happier days begun.
 As God willeth march the hours,
 Bringing joy at last in showers,
 And whate'er we asked is ours.

When my heart was vexed with care,
 Filled with fears, wellnigh despair ;
 When with watching many a night
 On me fell pale sickness' blight ;
 When my courage failed me fast,
 Camest thou, my God, at last,
 And my woes were quickly past.

Now as long as here I roam,
 On this earth have house and home,
 Shall this wondrous gleam from thee
 Shine through all my memory.
 To my God I yet will cling,
 All my life the praises sing
 That from thankful hearts outspring.

Every sorrow, every smart,
 That the eternal Father's heart
 Hath appointed me of yore,
 Or hath yet for me in store,
 As my life flows on I'll take
 Calmly, gladly for his sake,
 No more faithless murmurs make.

I will meet distress and pain,
 I will greet e'en death's dark reign,
 I will lay me in the grave,
 With a heart still glad and brave.
 Whom the Strongest doth defend,
 Whom the Highest counts his friend,
 Cannot perish in the end.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1659. Translated by
 CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1855.

 COUPLETS.

WHEN thou hast thanked thy God for every
 blessing sent,
 What time will then remain for murmurs or
 lament ?

When God afflicts thee, think he hews a
 rugged stone,
 Which must be shaped, or else aside as use-
 less thrown.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D.

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

The following lines are a paraphrase of some Arabic verses quoted in "Palfrey's Travels in Arabia." The author is a brother of Arthur Arnold, and second son of Robert Coles Arnold, a magistrate for Sussex, England. He was born June 10, 1832, and was educated at Oxford, where he gained honors as a classical scholar and a writer of poetry. After having published a small volume of poems, he went, in early life, to India, where he resided for seven years, becoming proficient in the language and literature of the country. He was principal of the Government Sanscrit college at Poonah, in the Deccan. Resigning this appointment on account of the ill health of his wife, in 1860, he returned to England, where he published a "History of Lord Dalhousie's Administration," another volume of poems, and a translation of the "Euterpe" of Herodotus. Becoming editorial writer for the London Telegraph, he rose to the post of editor-in-chief. In 1879 he published a remarkable poem, entitled "The Light of Asia," the most noteworthy poetical contribution to English literature made during that year. Mr. Arnold published other volumes in India and England besides those mentioned. "Azan" is the hour of afternoon prayer in Moslem communities. The following text has been verified (in the author's absence from London) by Mr. Edwin Lester Arnold, his son.

HE who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends :

Faithful friends ! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow ;
And ye say, " Abdallah 's dead ! "
Weeping at the feet and head,
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers ;
Yet I smile and whisper this, —
" I am not the thing you kiss ;
Cease your tears, and let it lie ;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends ! What the women lave
For its last bed of the grave,
Is but a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room, —
The wearer, not the garb, — the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends ! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye, —
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'T is an empty sea-shell, — one
Out of which the pearl is gone ;
The shell is broken, it lies there ;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'T is an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him ; let it lie !

Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store !

Allah glorious ! Allah good !
Now thy world is understood ;
Now the long, long wonder ends ;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you ; lost, 't is true,
By such light as shines for you ;
But in the light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends ! Yet not farewell ;
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept ;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain, —
Sunshine still must follow rain ;
Only not at death, — for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above ;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home !
La Allah illa Allah ! yea !
Thou Love divine ! Thou Love away !

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

JOY IN SORROW.

CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSEND, a clergyman of the Church of England, of peculiar views, was born in 1798, and educated at Cambridge. He never preached, but devoted himself to literature and art, and to the elucidation of the mysteries of mesmerism. At his death, which occurred in London, Feb. 25, 1858, he left his manuscripts, containing a record of his religious views, to Mr. Charles Dickens, for publication.

GIVE me thy joy in sorrow, gracious Lord,
And sorrow's self shall like to joy appear !
Although the world should waver in its sphere,
I tremble not, if thou thy peace afford.
But, thou withdrawn, I am but as a chord
That vibrates to the pulse of hope and fear ;
Nor rest I more than harps which to the air
Must answer here when we place their tuneful
board

Against the blast, which thrill unmeaning woe
Even in their sweetness. So no earthly wing
E'er sweeps me but to sadden. Oh, place thou
My heart beyond the world's sad vibrating:
And where but in thyself? Oh, circle me,
That I may feel no touches save of thee.

CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSHEND.

—◆—
VIA INTELLIGENTIÆ.

OH, wash thine eyes with many a bitter tear;
And all things shall grow clear.
Bend that proud forehead nearer to the
ground;
And catch a far foot's sound.
Say! wouldst thou know what faithful sup-
pliants feel?
Thou, too, even thou, must kneel.
Do but thy part; and ask not why or how:
Religion is a vow.
They sang not idle songs; pledges they made
For thee, an infant, laid
In the Church's lucid bosom. These must
thou
Fulfil, or else renounce! Fulfil them *now*.
A cross, and not a wreath, was planted on
thy brow.

AUBREY DE VERE

—◆—
THE CROSS.

MRS. ELIZABETH AYTON ETHERIDGE GODWIN lives at Clifton, Gloucestershire, England. She is a native of Thorpe Hamlet, Norfolk, and has contributed a number of lyrics to the periodicals.

"LORD, I would follow thee; but must I take
The weary cross, and bear it for thy sake;
Is there no other path, no smoother way?
Pity my weakness, Jesus! Master, say!

"I have bright hopes; must they be laid
aside —
My soul's ambition, and my restless pride?
But I have dearer joys; and must they fly
Like a pale meteor in the evening sky?

"Nay, spare them to me; sure 'tis death to
part
With the deep love, the treasure of my heart;
Life would be dark: oh, *any* cross but this,
And I will follow thee to heaven and bliss."

'T was thus I murmured, thus I held my will:
I could not give, and cheerfully be still;
Binding my treasures close, I sought the way,
The narrow path to heaven and endless day.

But soon I found that I was left alone
To win my way to an immortal crown:
My hopes were darkened; those I cast aside,
And parted quickly with my spirit's pride.

But still I bound my love around my breast,
I cared not for the storm that took the rest;
This was *my own, my idol*; could I spare
The single flower that made my life so fair?

It faded, like the tints of evening's sky,
And left me all alone to weep and die.
But then a voice rose sweetly, — "I am here;
Take up thy cross, and dry the murmuring
tear."

I clasped it to me! 't was no cross, I found,
No burden held me, and no fetters bound:
Gladly I followed in his steps, who trod
The path of sorrows to his Father, God.

ELIZABETH A. E. GODWIN.

1867.

—◆—
OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF
MORTAL BE PROUD?

WILLIAM KNOX, a Scottish poet, was born in Roxburgh, Scotland, in 1789, and died Nov. 12, 1825. Walter Scott says that his talent showed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry. The principal collection of his verses was published in 1825, with the title, "The Lonely Hearth, and other Poems." The following was a favorite of President Lincoln, who found it in a newspaper without a name, and was deeply impressed by the last stanza, as if in anticipation of his own sudden end. Knox wrote the lines beginning, "Harp of Zion, pure and holy."

OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall
fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and
the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who
blessed,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in
whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs
are by;
And the memory of those who have loved her
and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,

The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,

The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,

The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,

That wither away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same things our fathers have been ;

We see the same sights that our fathers have seen, —

We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,

And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think :

From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink ;

To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling :

But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold ;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold ;

They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come ;

They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died, — ay ! they died ; and we things that are now,

Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,

Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,

Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,

Are mingled together in sunshine and rain ;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,

Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,

From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,

From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud, —

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?

WILLIAM KNOX.

THE FINAL STRUGGLE.

TARRY with me, O my Saviour !

For the day is passing by ;

See ! the shades of evening gather,

And the night is drawing nigh :

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,

Paler now the glowing west,

Swift the night of death advances ;

Shall it be the night of rest ?

Lonely seems the vale of shadow ;

Sinks my heart with troubled fear ;

Give me faith for clearer vision,

Speak thou, Lord ! in words of cheer ;

Let me hear thy voice behind me,

Calming all these wild alarms ;

Let me, underneath my weakness,

Feel the everlasting arms.

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,

Lord ! I cast myself on thee :

Tarry with me through the darkness ;

While I sleep, still watch by me.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour !

Lay my head upon thy breast

Till the morning ; then awake me ; —

Morning of eternal rest !

CAROLINE SPRAGUE SMITH.





THE POET IN VIEW OF DEATH
AND THE JUDGMENT.



UP-HILL.

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labor you shall find the sum.

Will there be 'beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

THE POET IN VIEW OF DEATH AND THE JUDGMENT.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

ALEXANDER POPE, one of the first poets of his time, was born in London, May 21, 1688, and died May 30, 1744. He is considered the first English satirist. This poem was suggested by the following lines of the Emperor Adrian (A. D. 76-138), said to have been uttered on that monarch's death-bed. (See a note on the subject by Pope in the Spectator, No. 532.)

*Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca!*

Pope translated the stanza thus: "Alas, my soul! thou pleasing companion of this body, thou fleeting thing that art now deserting it, whither art thou flying? To what unknown region? Thou art all trembling, fearful and pensive. Now what is become of thy former wit and humor? Thou shalt jest and be gay no more." Shortly afterwards he made a metrical version, and the subject became the ground for some correspondence with Steele, who, on the 4th of December, wrote to Pope: "This is to desire of you that you would please to make an ode as of a cheerful dying spirit; that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's *Animula Vagula* put into two or three stanzas for music." The result was the verses below, of which Pope said, in sending them to Steele: "You have it, as Cowley calls it, just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning. Yet, you will see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment Sappho, etc." Among the pieces supposed to have been in the mind of Pope was a version of the Latin lines by Thomas Flatman (about 1670), entitled "A Thought of Death."

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame.
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper: angels say,—
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,—

Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes: it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

1730.

THE COVENANTER'S SCAFFOLD SONG.

JAMES HOGG, a rare but uneducated genius, was born in Etrick, Scotland, Jan. 25, 1772. He was a shepherd. His reading was extensive, and at the age of twenty-four he began to write poetry. He was very successful, and became the associate of Scott and other men of letters in Edinburgh, and a contributor to Blackwood. He died Nov 21, 1835.

SING with me! sing with me!
Weeping brethren, sing with me!
For now an open heaven I see,
And a crown of glory laid for me.
How my soul this earth despises!
How my heart and spirit rises!
Bounding from the flesh I sever!
World of sin, adieu forever!

Sing with me! sing with me!
Friends in Jesus, sing with me!
All my sufferings, all my woe,
All my griefs, I here forego.
Farewell terrors, sighing, grieving,
Praying, hearing, and believing,
Earthly trust and all its wrongings,
Earthly love and all its longings.

Sing with me! sing with me!
Blessed spirits, sing with me!

To the Lamb our songs shall be,
Through a glad eternity!
Farewell, earthly morn and even,
Sun, and moon, and stars of heaven;
Heavenly portals ope before me,
Welcome, Christ, in all his glory!

JAMES HOGG.

AFFECTIONS OF MY SOUL

AFTER JUDGMENT GIVEN AGAINST ME IN A COURT OF JUSTICE, UPON THE EVIDENCE OF FALSE WITNESSES.

RICHARD LANGHORN, a lawyer, was unjustly condemned for high treason, chiefly on the testimony of the notorious Dr. Titus Oates, in conspiring with the Pope and others against the life of Charles II., and for the subversion of the Protestant religion. He was condemned, and ignominiously executed, July 14, 1679. Just before his death he wrote a unique and most exquisite poem, which may be found in the seventh volume of Cobbett's "State Trials," from which the following lines are extracted. The Quarterly Review said of this production: "A poem it must be called, though it is not verse. Perhaps there is not in this or any other language a poem that appears to have flowed so entirely from the heart."

It is told me I must die;
O happy news!
Be glad, O my soul,
And rejoice in Jesus, thy Saviour.
If he intended thy perdition,
Would he have laid down his life for thee?
Would he have called thee with so much love,
And illuminated thee with the light of his spirit?
Would he have given thee his cross,
And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience?
It is told me I must die;
O happy news!
Come on, my dearest soul;
Behold, thy Jesus calls thee!
He prayed for thee upon his cross;
There he extended his arms to receive thee;
There he bowed down his head to kiss thee;
There he opened his heart to give thee entrance;
There he gave up his life to purchase life for thee.

It is told me I must die;
O what happiness!
I am going
To the place of my rest;
To the land of the living;
To the haven of security;
To the kingdom of peace;
To the palace of my God;

To the nuptials of the Lamb;
To sit at the table of my King;
To feed on the bread of angels;
To see what no eye hath seen;
To hear what no ear hath heard;
To enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

O my Father,
O thou best of all fathers,
Have pity on the most wretched of all thy children!
I was lost, but by thy mercy found;
I was dead, by thy grace am now raised again;
I was gone astray after vanity,
But am now ready to appear before thee.

O my Father,
Come now in mercy, and receive thy child!
Give him thy kiss of peace;
Remit unto him all his sins;
Clothe him with thy nuptial robe;
Permit him to have a place at thy feast,
And forgive all those who are guilty of his death.

1679.

RICHARD LANGHORN.

ODE ON THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

MARK that swift arrow how it cuts the air,
Now it outruns thy following eye,
Use all persuasions now, and try,
If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.
That way it went, but thou shalt find
No tract is left behind.
Fool, 't is thy life, and the fond Archer thou!
Of all the time thou 'st shot away
I 'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what canst find
That it hath left behind?
Our life is carried with too strong a tide,
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years;
Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride,
We and our glass run out, and must
Both render up our dust.
But his past life who without grief can see,
Who never thinks his end too near,
But says to fame, Thou art mine heir;
That man extends life's natural brevity:
This is, this is the only way
To outlive Nestor in a day.

1660.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

MATT. xxv.

LATE, late, so late ! and dark the night and chill !

Late, late, so late ! but we can enter still.

"Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now."

No light had we : for that we do repent ;
And, learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.

"Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now."

No light, so late ! and dark and chill the night !
Oh, let us in that we may find the light !

"Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now."

Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so
sweet ?

Oh, let us in, though late, to kiss his feet !

"No, no, too late ! ye cannot enter now !"

1859.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE DIRGE.

WHAT is the existence of man's life
But open war or slumbered strife,
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements,
And never feels a perfect peace,
Till death's cold hand signs his release ?

It is a storm, where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood :
And each loose passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower, which buds and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose,
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep :
Then shrinks into that fatal mould,
Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream, whose seeming truth
Is moralized in age and youth ;
Where all the comforts he can share,
As wandering as his fancies are ;
Till in a mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanished quite away.

It is a dial, which points out
The sunset as it moves about ;
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of time's flight :
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes, include :
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears ;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death !

HENRY KING.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

SIMON WASTELL, a native of Westmoreland, England, was born about 1560, and died about 1630. He was at one time master of a school at Northampton. He published, in 1623, "A True Christian's Daily Delight," in verse, which was reissued in 1629 in an enlarged form. The first two stanzas of the following piece are to be found in George Ellis's "Specimens of the Early English Poets," where they are printed as a fragment. Five of the stanzas have lately been put in circulation with the following circumstantial note prefixed: "The original of this poem is in Trinity College, Dublin. It was written by one of those primitive Christian bards in the reign of King Dermid, about 354, and was sung at the last grand assembly of kings, chieftains, and bards, held in the Halls of Tara. The translation is by the learned Dr. O'Donovan." The librarian of Trinity College, however, states that he is unable to find such a poem in the library, nor does he believe that Dr. O'Donovan made the translation. The Doctor was not born until 1809, whereas the poem was printed by Ellis in 1790. The style is very similar to that of a stanza beginning, "Like to the falling of a star," entitled "Sic Vita," by Bishop Henry King, author of the previous selection, who lived a generation later than Wastell.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like a dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah had ;
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and out, and so is done.

The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flowers fade, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man — he dies !

Like to the grass that 's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that 's new begun,
Or like the bird that 's here to-day,
Or like the pearly dew in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan ;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.

The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan 's near death, man's life is done !

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,

Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream ;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.

The bubble 's out, the look forgot,
The shuttle 's flung, the writing 's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done!

Like to a blaze of fond delight,
Or like a morning clear and bright,
Or like a frost, or like a shower,
Or like the pride of Babel's tower,
Or like the hour that guides the time,
Or like to Beauty in her prime ;
Even such is man, whose glory lends
That life a blaze or two and ends.

The morn 's o'er-cast, joy turned to pain,
The frost is thawed, dried up the rain,
The tower falls, the hour is run,
The beauty lost, — man's life is done !

Like to an arrow from the bow,
Or like the course of water-flow,
Or like the tide 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole ;
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.

The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,
The tide 's no tide, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done !

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quatrain in a song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like the snow when summer 's come,
Or like the pear, or like the plum ;
Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.

The lightning 's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

SIMON WASTELL.

DEATH-BED REFLECTIONS OF MICHEL ANGELO.

NOT that my hand could make of stubborn
stone
Whate'er of God's the shaping thought con-
ceives ;
Not that my skill by pictured lines hath shown
All terrors that the guilty soul believes ;

Not that my art, by blended light and shade,
Expressed the world as it was newly made ;
Not that my verse profoundest truth could
teach,

In the soft accents of the lover's speech ;
Not that I reared a temple for mankind,
To meet and pray in, borne by every wind —
Affords me peace : I count my gain but loss,
For the vast love that hangs upon the cross.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

SUNSET.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER, the eccentric but Christian
vicar of Morwenstow, was born in 1804 and died in 1875.
His Life has been lately published in an entertaining volume.

SUNSET should be the time, they said,
To close their brother's narrow bed ;
'T is at that pleasant hour of day
The laborer treads his homeward way.
His work is o'er, his toil is done ;
And therefore at the set of sun,
To wait the wages of the dead,
We laid our hireling in his bed.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER,
Vicar of Morwenstow.

THE SLEEP.

" He giveth his beloved sleep."
Ps. cxxvii. 2.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this —
" He giveth his beloved sleep.?"

What would we give to our beloved ?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows ?
" He giveth *his* beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved ?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake ;
" He giveth *his* beloved sleep."

" Sleep soft, beloved !" we sometimes say ;
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep ;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
" He giveth *his* beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
 O men, with wailing in your voices !
 O delved gold, the wailers heap !
 O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
 God strikes a silence through you all,
 And "giveth his beloved sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill,
 His cloud above it saileth still,
 Though on its slope men sow and reap.
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated overhead,
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
 A living, thinking feeling man,
 Confirmed in such a rest to keep ;
 But angels say, and through the word
 I think their happy smile is *heard* —
 "He giveth his beloved sleep !"

For me, my heart that erst did go
 Most like a tired child at a show,
 That sees through tears the mummers leap,
 Would now its wearied vision close,
 Would childlike on *his* love repose,
 Who "giveth his beloved sleep !"

And, friends, dear friends, — when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let one, most loving of you all,
 Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall —
 He giveth his beloved sleep."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ASLEEP, ASLEEP.

The following exquisite little poem is from a volume with the title, "Songs for Silent Hours," by Lucy A. Bennett, published in London in 1879. It is an expansion of the words relating to the martyrdom of St. Stephen, "And so saying, he fell asleep."

ASLEEP! asleep! men talk of "sleep,"
 When all adown the silent deep
 The shades of night are stealing ;
 When like a curtain, soft and vast,
 The darkness over all is cast,
 And sombre stillness comes at last,
 To the mute heart appealing.

Asleep! asleep! when soft and low
 The patient watchers come and go,
 Their loving vigil keeping :
 When from the dear eyes fades the light,
 When pales the flush so strangely bright,
 And the glad spirit takes its flight,
 We speak of death as "sleeping."

Or when, as dies the orb of day,
 The aged Christian sinks away,
 And the lone mourner weepeth ;
 When thus the pilgrim goes to rest,
 With meek hands folded on his breast,
 And his last sigh a prayer confessed —
 We say of such, "He sleepeth."

But when amidst a shower of stones,
 And mingled curses, shrieks, and groans,
 The death-chill slowly creepeth ;
 When falls at length the dying head,
 And streams the life-blood dark and red,
 A thousand voices cry, "He 's dead" ;
 But who shall say, "He sleepeth" ?

"He fell asleep." A pen divine
 Hath writ that epitaph of thine ;
 And though the days are hoary,
 Yet beautiful thy rest appears —
 Unsullied by the lapse of years —
 And still we read, with thankful tears,
 The tale of grace and glory.

Asleep! asleep! though not for thee
 The touch of loving lips might be,
 In sadly sweet leave-taking :
 Though not for thee the last caress,
 The look of untold tenderness,
 The love that dying hours can press
 From hearts with silence breaking.

LUCY A. BENNETT.

THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS

SWEET is the scene when virtue dies !
 When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves the expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away,
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
 Fanned by some angel's purple wing : —
 Where is, O grave! thy victory now ?
 And where, insidious death! thy sting ?

Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
 Where light and shade alternate dwell !
 How bright the unchanging morn appears ; —
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

Its duty done, as sinks the day,
 Light from its load the spirit flies ;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "Sweet is the scene when virtue dies !"

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF ISRAEL ALDEN PUTNAM.

LEWIS GLOVER PRAY, an early and most steadfast Sunday-school worker, was born in Quincy, Mass., Aug. 15, 1793. He removed to Boston in 1868, and entered into business on his own account in 1815. Retiring from business in 1838, he has since that time, during his continued residence in his adopted city, and after his removal to Roxbury, where he now resides, fulfilled many public trusts, and occupied himself with numerous charitable, religious, and literary labors.

DRY, dry up those tears,
Ye friends, sad and many;
Dismiss all thy fears,
If fears ye have any;
For thy classmate, thy teacher, thy brother,
thy son,
Hath left us a pattern of life-work well done.

Gone, gone to his rest!
The young, how they're grieved!
The good feel oppressed,
And the Church is bereaved;
For their teacher, their pastor, their brother,
their son,
Was an angel of these; and his work was well done.

Stop, stop now the bier
That beareth the form:
His body lay here
For the earth and the worm;
But thy classmate, thy teacher, thy brother,
thy son,
Is not here, but is risen; for his work was well done.

Lay, lay on the sod
That hideth his frame;
But, remember, his God
Hath written the name
Of thy classmate, thy teacher, thy brother,
thy son,
In the Lamb's book of life; for his work was well done.

Strong, strong is the grave
That holdeth his dust,
But stronger to save,
The Arm of his trust:
For thy classmate, thy teacher, thy brother,
thy son,
Was strong in the faith that God's will should be done.

Now, now, not alone,
But with myriads bright,
He stands round his throne,
With the angels of light;

Where thy classmate, thy teacher, thy brother,
thy son,
Swells gladly the chorus, "Let God's will be done!"

Thus, thus shouldst thou feel,
In this day of thy grief;
And to Him shouldst appeal,
Who hath promised relief
To pupil or parent, to brother or son,
Whose prayer at his altar is, "Thy will be done."

1848.

LEWIS GLOVER PRAY.

DIRGE.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, one of the most prominent of American writers, was born in Boston, May 25, 1803, and after graduation at Harvard College in 1821 became a Unitarian minister, but in 1832 resigned his charge. He travelled in Europe, and on his return began a career as a lecturer. In 1835 he took up his residence in Concord, Mass., where he has since lived. His writings and his remarkable success as a lecturer are well known.

KNOWS he who tills this lonely field,
To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic fruit his acres yield
At midnight and at morn?

In the long sunny afternoon
The plain was full of ghosts;
I wandered up, I wandered down,
Beset by pensive hosts.

The winding Concord gleamed below,
Pouring as wide a flood
As when my brothers, long ago,
Came with me to the wood.

But they are gone, — the holy ones
Who trod with me this lonely vale;
The strong, star-bright companions
Are silent, low, and pale.

My good, my noble, in their prime,
Who made this world the feast it was,
Who learned with me the lore of time,
Who loved this dwelling-place!

They took this valley for their toy,
They played with it in every mood;
A cell for prayer, a hall for joy, —
They treated nature as they would.

They colored the horizon round;
Stars flamed and faded as they bade;
All echoes hearkened for their sound, —
They made the woodlands glad or mad.

I touch this flower of silken leaf,
Which once our childhood knew;
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
Whose balsam never grew.

Hearken to yon pine-warbler
Singing aloft in the tree !
Hearest thou, O traveller,
What he singeth to me ?

Not unless God made sharp thine ear
With sorrow such as mine,
Out of that delicate lay couldst thou
Its heavy tale divine.

“Go, lonely man,” it saith ;
“They loved thee from their birth ;
Their hands were pure, and pure their faith, —
There are no such hearts on earth.

“Ye drew one mother’s milk,
One chamber held ye all ;
A very tender history
Did in your childhood fall.

“Ye cannot unlock your heart,
The key is gone with them ;
The silent organ loudest chants
The Master’s requiem.”

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HE AND SHE.

“SHE is dead !” they said to him ; “come
away ;

Kiss her and leave her, — thy love is clay !”

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair ;
On her forehead of marble they laid it fair ;

Over her eyes which gazed too much
They drew the lids with a gentle touch ;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell :

About her brows and her dear, pale face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,

And drew on her white feet her white silk
shoes —

Which were the whiter no eye could choose —

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
“Come away,” they said ; “God understands.”

And then there was silence, and nothing there
But the silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary ;
For they said, “As a lady should lie, lies she.”

And they held their breath as they left the
room,

With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and
gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead, —
He lit his lamp and took the key
And turned it — Alone again — he and she.

He and she ; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet
cheek.

He and she ; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name that was fond-
est erewhile.

He and she ; and she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said : “Cold lips and breast without
breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death ?

“Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense ?

“See now : I listen with soul, not ear ;
What was the secret of dying, dear ?

“Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life’s flower fall ?

“Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o’er the agony steal ?

“Was the miracle greatest to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep ?

“Did life roll backward its record, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things
clear ?

“And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is ?

“O perfect dead ! O dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear !

“I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

“There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet !

“I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And ’t were your hot tears upon my brow
shed, —

“I would say, though the Angel of Death had
laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

You should not ask vainly, with streaming
eyes,

Which in Death’s touch was the chiefest
surprise,

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world; O most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was
said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the soft rich voice, in the dear old way:

"The utmost wonder is this, — I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

"I can speak, now you listen with soul, not ear;
If your soul could see, it would all be clear

"What a strange delicious amazement is
Death,
To be without body and breathe without breath.

"I should laugh for joy if you did not cry;
Oh, listen! Love lasts! — Love never will die.

"I am only your angel, who was your bride,
And I know that, though dead, I have never
died."

EDWIN ARNOLD.

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our
eyes,

Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young
bloom,

Or earth had profaned what was born for
the skies.

Death chilled the fair fountain ere sorrow had
stained it;

'T was frozen in all the pure light of its
course,

And but sleeps till the sunshine of heaven has
unchained it,

To water that Eden where first was its source.

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our
eyes,

Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young
bloom,

Or earth had profaned what was born for
the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young bride of the
vale,

Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of love was yet fresh on her
brow.

Oh, then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was
unknown —

And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly,
in dying,

Were echoed in heaven by lips like her own.

Weep not for her — in her spring-time she
flew

To that land where the wings of the soul
are unfurled;

And now, like a star beyond evening's cold
dew,

Looks radiantly down on the tears of this
world.

THOMAS MOORE.

MORS MORTIS.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER, an eminent linguist, a contemporary
of Shakespeare, was born in 1563 and died in Holland,
Sept. 28, 1618.

THE World and Death one day them cross-
disguised

To cozen man, when Sin had once beguiled
him.

Both called him forth, and questioning ad-
vised

To say whose servant he would fairly yield
him.

Man, weening then but to the world to have
given him,

By the false World became the slave of
Death;

But from their fraud he did appeal by faith
To Him whose death killed Death, and from
the World has driven him.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

WHY SHOULD I FEAR.

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

Though hot the fight, why quit the field,
Why must I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

When creature comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.

I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied ;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadiast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.

Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is power divine :
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

JOHN NEWTON.

1779.

THE DAY OF DEATH.

THOU inevitable day,
When a voice to me shall say, —
“Thou must rise and come away ;

“All thine other journeys past,
Gird thee, and make ready fast
For thy longest and thy last,” —

Day deep-hidden from our sight
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright ?

Art thou distant, art thou near ?
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear ?
Day with more of hope or fear ?

Wilt thou come, unseen before
Thou art standing at the door,
Saying, “Light and life are o’er” ?

Or with such a gradual pace,
As shall leave me largest space
To regard thee face to face ?

Shall I lay my drooping head
On some loved lap, round my bed
Prayer be made and tears be shed ?

Or at distance from mine own,
Name and kin alike unknown,
Make my solitary moan ?

Will there yet be things to leave,
Hearts to which this heart must cleave,
From which parting it must grieve ?

Or shall life’s best ties be o’er,
And all loved ones gone before
To that other happier shore ?

Shall I gently fall on sleep,
Death like slumber o’er me creep,
Like a slumber sweet and deep ?

Or the soul long strive in vain
To escape, with toil and pain,
From its half-divided chain ?

Little skills it where or how,
If thou comest then or now,
With a smooth or angry brow ;

Come thou must, and we must die —
Jesus, Saviour, stand thou by,
When that last sleep seals our eye !

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D.

OF DEATH.

SAMUEL SPEED, Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1674,
died vicar of Godalming, Surrey, in 1681.

ALL flesh is grass, doth therefore rot —
For why ?

Can men be born to live, and not
To die ?

’T is happiness to leave this life
And world,

And have our names where joys are rife,
Enrolled.

The dead ne’er fear what death can do ;—
His blast

Will come no more — for why ? That woe
Is past.

Then to the soul appeareth love
And joy :

For God will not his turtle-dove
Destroy ;

When but a torchlight here, ’t is better far
To be put out, and after rise a star.

SAMUEL SPEED.

LORD, DISMISS US.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;

Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :

Oh, refresh us !

Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel’s joyful sound ;

May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :

Ever faithful

To the truth may we be found !

So, when'er the signal 's given
 Us from earth to call away ;
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Rise, and reign in endless day !

WALTER SHIRLEY.

1774.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

ELIAS ELKILDSEN NAUR, professor in the gymnasium at Odense, in Funen, Denmark, died in 1728.

WHEN my tongue can sing no more,
 When my lips have ceased to pray,
 Silent may I still adore, —
 Eager, Saviour, seek thy way !
 Hear, O Christ, my latest sigh ;
 Open wide the gates on high,
 For my soul, which angels bear
 Home to glory, deathless, rare ; —

Home to heaven's kingdom sweet ;
 Home to join the chosen band,
 Seraph, seraphim to meet ;

Home to courts where reigneth grand
 Mercy's Monarch ; home to dwell
 With the God who loves me well ;
 Home to all my fathers dear ;
 Home my Christ to serve and fear.

ELIAS ELKILDSEN NAUR. Translated
 by GILBERT TAIT, 1868.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's
 breath,
 And stars to set, — but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O
 Death !

Day is for mortal care,
 Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous
 hearth,
 Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of
 prayer ;
 But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
 Its feverish hour of mirth and song and
 wine ;
 There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming
 power,
 A time for softer tears, — but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
 May look like things too glorious for decay,
 And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
 That wait the ripened bloom to seize their
 prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's
 breath,
 And stars to set, — but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O
 Death !

We know when moons shall wane,
 When summer birds from far shall cross
 the sea,
 When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden
 grain —
 But who shall teach us when to look for
 thee ?

Is it when spring's first gale
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets
 lie ?

Is it when roses in our paths grow pale? —
 They have one season—all are ours to die !

Thou art where billows foam,
 Thou art where music melts upon the air ;
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
 And the world calls us forth—and thou art
 there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest —
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets
 rend
 The skies, and swords beat down the
 princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's
 breath,
 And stars to set, — but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O
 Death !

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE SONG OF DEATH.

TIME said to Pride,
 " Robe thee in rich array ;
 Fair Lowliness deride,
 That walks beside thy way " :
 But ever grim Death kept singing,
 Awful and low its tone,
 " Wisest are they who, born in time,
 Yet live not for time alone ! "

Earth spake to Lust,
 "Bar not, O Lust, thy will;
 Delights full rare hath sense:
 "Of all take thou thy fill";
 But ever grim Death kept singing,
 Piercing and calm its tone,
 "Wisest are they, the sons of time,
 Who live not for time alone!"

"Known be thy name,"
 Vanity heard Life say,
 "Breathe thou the breath of fame
 That shall not pass away":
 But ever grim Death kept singing,
 Solemn and clear its tone,
 "Wisest are they who, toiling in time,
 Yet toil not for time alone!"

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

THE ISSUES OF LIFE AND DEATH.

OH, where shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole;
 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'T is not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears,
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years,
 And all that life is love:
 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath;
 Oh, what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death!

Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be banished from thy face,
 And evermore undone:
 Here would we end our quest;
 Alone are found in thee,
 The life of perfect love, the rest
 Of immortality!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1819.

STRENGTH.

TO A FRIEND NEAR DEATH.

"WHEN I am weak, I'm strong,"
 The great Apostle cried.
 The strength, that did not to the earth belong,
 The might of Heaven supplied.

"When I am weak, I'm strong";—
 Blind Milton caught that strain,
 And flung its victory o'er the ills that throng
 Round age and want and pain.

"When I am weak, I'm strong,"
 Each Christian heart repeats;
 These words will tune its feeblest breath to
 song,
 And fire its languid heats.

"When I am weak, I'm strong,"
 That saying is for you,
 Dear friend, and well it may become your
 tongue,
 Whose soul has found it true.

O Holy Strength! whose ground
 Is in the heavenly land;
 And whose supporting help alone is found
 In God's immortal hand.

O blessed! that appears
 When fleshly aids are spent;
 And girds the mind, when most it faints and
 fears,
 With trust and sweet content.

It bids us cast aside
 All thoughts of lesser powers;
 Give up all hopes from changing time and
 tide,
 And all vain will of ours.

We have but to confess
 That there 's but one retreat;
 And meekly lay each need and each distress
 Down at the sovereign feet:

Then, then it fills the place
 Of all we hoped to do;
 And sunken nature triumphs in the grace
 That bears us up and through.

A better glow than health
 Flushes the cheek and brow;
 The heart is stout with store of nameless
 wealth:—
 We can do all things now.

No less sufficiency seek;
 All counsel less is wrong;
 The whole world's force is poor and mean
 and weak,—

"When I am weak, I'm strong."

NATHANIEL L. FROTHINGHAM, D. D.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

JAMES SHIRLEY, a dramatic author, was first a clergyman of the Church of England, and then a Roman Catholic. He was born in 1596, and died in London, Oct. 29, 1666, in consequence of a cold caught from exposure consequent upon the Great Fire of that year. These verses are said to have "chilled the heart" of Oliver Cromwell.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armor against fate, —
Death lays his icy hands on kings ;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield, —
They tame but one another still ;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow :
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the Victor Victim bleeds !
All heads must come
To the old tomb, —
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust !

JAMES SHIRLEY.

TO DEATH.

DEATH, be not proud, though some have
called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so ;
For those whom thou thinkest thou dost
overthrow,
Die not, poor Death ; nor yet canst thou
kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more
must flow :
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou 'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desper-
ate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness
dwell ;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as
well,

And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st
thou then ?

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more ; Death, thou
shalt die !

JOHN DONNE.

THE FINAL REST.

THE day is past and gone,
Great God, we bow to thee ;
Again, as shades of night steal on,
Unto thy side we flee.

Oh, when shall that day come,
Ne'er sinking in the west,
That country and that happy home,
Where none shall break our rest ;

Where all things shall be peace,
And pleasure without end,
And golden harps, that never cease,
With joyous hymns shall blend ;

Where we, preserved beneath
The shelter of thy wing,
Forevermore thy praise shall breathe,
And of thy mercy sing.

To God the Father praise,
And to the Eternal Son,
And to the Holy Ghost always,
Co-equal Three in One !

WILLIAM JOHN BLEW.

1849.

A LITTLE WHILE.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon ;

Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !
Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon ;

Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon ;

Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
 I shall be soon ;
 Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
 Beyond the coming and the going,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home !

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
 I shall be soon ;
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
 Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home !

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
 I shall be soon ;
 Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
 Beyond the ever and the never,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home !
 Sweet hope !
 Lord, tarry not, but come.

1857.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

THE DYING FLOWER.

It is wasting away—a beautiful flower,
 In the path that is trodden and trampled
 by men,
 And never to field nor to blossoming bower
 Shall its presence give life and gladness
 again.

The wayfarer's foot on its petals is laid,
 And the gravel marreth its velvet bloom ;
 Nor the morning sun nor the evening
 shade
 Its perishing beauty can ever relume.

The infant stoops down to lift up its stem,
 And he blows in its cup with his balmy
 breath ;
 But the leaves fall apart like some broken
 gem ;
 Ye may kill, but who can restore from death !

And now they are eddy high in air
 With a wave-like motion round and round ;
 Not long will the wind its burden bear ;
 Lo ! they are dropping again to the ground.

Oh, thus like the delicate summer blossom,
 Do the lovely and good breathe life away,
 And the turf that is rounded over their
 bosom
 Is heedlessly trod by the idle and gay :

Yet boots it not much, when the bloom is fled
 And the light is gone from the lustrous eye,
 And the sensitive heart is cold and dead,
 Where the mouldering ashes are left to lie :

It matters not much, if the soaring mind
 Like the flower's perfume was exhaled to
 heaven,
 That its earthly shroud should be cast behind,
 To decay wherever a place is given.

J. HUNTINGTON BRIGHT.

DEATH.

This poem is supposed to be the last, or among the very
 last, of Nicoll's compositions.

THE dew is on the summer's greenest grass,
 Through which the modest daisy blushing
 peeps ;
 The gentle wind that like a ghost doth pass,
 A waving shadow on the cornfield keeps ;
 But I who love them all shall never be
 Again among the woods, or on the moorland
 lea !

The sun shines sweetly—sweeter may it
 shine—

Blessed is the brightness of a summer day ;
 It cheers lone hearts ; and why should I re-
 pine,

Although among green fields I cannot
 stray ?

Woods ! I have grown, since last I heard you
 wave,

Familiar with death, and neighbor to the
 grave !

These words have shaken mighty human
 souls—

Like a sepulchre's echo drear they sound—
 E'en as the owl's wild whoop at midnight rolls
 The ivied remnants of old ruins round.

Yet wherefore tremble ? Can the soul de-
 cay ?—

Or that which thinks and feels in aught e'er
 fade away ?

Are there not aspirations in each heart,
 After a better, brighter world than this ?
 Longings for beings nobler in each part—
 Things more exalted—steeped in deeper
 bliss ?

Who gave us these ? What are they ? Soul !
 in thee

The bud is budding now for immortality !

Death comes to take me where I long to be ;
 One pang, and bright blooms the immortal
 flower ;

Death comes to lead me from mortality,
To lands which know not one unhappy
hour : —

I have a hope — a faith ; — from sorrow here
I'm led by death away — why should I start
and fear !

If I have loved the forest and the field,
Can I not love them deeper, better, there ?
If all that power hath made, to *me* doth yield
Something of good and beauty — something
fair —

Freed from the grossness of mortality,
May I not love them all, and better all enjoy ?

A change from woe to joy — from earth to
heaven,

Death gives me this — it leads me calmly
where

The souls that long ago from mine were riven
May meet again ! Death answers many a
prayer.

Bright day ! shine on — be glad. Days
brighter far

Are stretched before my eyes than those of
mortal are !

I would be laid among the wildest flowers,
I would be laid where happy hearts can
come : —

The worthless clay I heed not ; but in hours
Of gushing noontide joy, it may be some
Will dwell upon my name ; and I will be
A happy spirit there, affection's look to see.

Death is upon me, yet I fear not now : —

Open my chamber-window — let me look
Upon the silent vales — the sunny glow —
That fills each alley, close, and copsewood
nook : —

I know them — love them — mourn not them
to leave,

Existence and its change my spirit cannot
grieve !

ROBERT NICOLL.

1837.

DROPPING DOWN THE RIVER.

DROPPING down the troubled river,
To the tranquil, tranquil shore ;
Dropping down the misty river,
Time's willow-shaded river,
To the spring-embosomed shore ;
Where the sweet light shineth ever,
And the sun goes down no more ;
O wondrous, wondrous shore !

Dropping down the winding river,
To the wide and welcome sea ;
Dropping down the narrow river,
Man's weary, wayward river,
To the blue and ample sea ;
Where no tempest wrecketh ever,
Where the sky is fair and free ;
O joyous, joyous sea !

Dropping down the noisy river,
To our peaceful, peaceful home ;
Dropping down the turbid river,
Earth's bustling, crowded river,
To our gentle, gentle home :
Where the rough roar riseth never,
And the vexings cannot come,
O loved and longed-for home !

Dropping down the eddying river,
With a Helmsman true and tried ;
Dropping down the perilous river,
Mortality's dark river,
With a sure and heavenly Guide ;
Even him, who to deliver
My soul from death hath died ;
O Helmsman true and tried !

Dropping down the rapid river,
To the dear and deathless land ;
Dropping down the well-known river,
Life's swollen and rushing river,
To the resurrection-land ;
Where the living live forever,
And the dead have joined the band,
In that fair and blessed land !

1861.

HORATIUS BONAR.

PRAYER ON THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

RICHARD MANT, Bishop of Dromore, was born at Southampton, England, Feb. 12, 1776, and died Nov. 2, 1848. He was educated at Oxford, and became a voluminous writer. He published a version of the "Psalms and Hymns from the Roman Breviary for Domestic Use."

GOD of the spirits of mankind,
As o'er the fading form inclined,
We watch a brother's fleeting breath,
Fix in our minds the thought of death !

Of as the bell with solemn toll
Informs us of a parting soul,
Teach us to think how short the space
Ere ours must quit its resting-place.

When to the earth the corpse we trust,
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
Remind us of the coming day
When ours must join its native clay !

And when we hear the awful word
That speaks of doom and life restored,
Prompt each to ponder, "What shall be
That doom, that future life, to me?"

God of our life, whose records give
Thy flock instruction how to live,
That, through thy Son our sins forgiven,
Our death may be the gate of heaven:

Oh, may each act, when others die,
Prove to ourselves a warning cry,
Advance us on our heavenward road,
And fit us more to meet our God!

RICHARD MANT, D. D.

IN THE VALLEY.

The author of the following poem, EMILY BRADLEY, of Hudson, N. Y., began to write under the name "Alice G. Lee." In 1847 she was married to Joseph C. Neal, of Philadelphia, and assumed the name "Alice" at his request. Soon left a widow, she married, in 1853, Mr. Joshua L. Haven, a New York broker having his suburban home at Mamaroneck, on Long Island Sound, where she lived until her death in 1863. The most of her books were written in Philadelphia.

GENTLY sloped the rugged pathway,
To her fainting, failing tread,
Downward to the dreaded valley,
By her Saviour gently led.
Day by day she neared the darkness,
Leaning on that steadfast arm,
As a child who fears no danger
Shrinks not from approaching harm;
Till she walked within the shadow,
Little dreaming where she trod,
Knowing not "the staff" sustaining,
As she passed beneath "the rod";—
Knowing not how short the distance
To the home she longed to see;
Thinking, in the far-off future,
There were terrors yet to be.
For the Love in which she trusted
Upward drew her waiting eyes,
Till we saw them change and brighten
With a smile of glad surprise.
She had guessed not of the darkness
Till she saw the breaking day;
Caught no glimpse of death's dark shadows
Till they changed and fled away.
Gentle life, with gentlest closing,
Could we wish for aught more blest,
Could we ask more sweet transition
To the promised Land of Rest?

ALICE BRADLEY HAVEN.

NOW THE CRUCIBLE IS BREAKING.

"Endlich bricht der heisse Tiegel."

KARL FRIEDRICH HARTMANN, a pious and most useful minister in Württemberg, was born in 1743, and died in 1815. His truly spiritual hymns were published, after his death, by Albert Knapp.

JAMES WADDELL ALEXANDER was born at Hopewell, Va., March 13, 1804, and died in Virginia, July 31, 1859. He was one of the most successful translators of German hymns. He was for years professor in Princeton College, and at the time of his death was the beloved pastor of the Presbyterian Church, then on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth Street, New York City. A new edifice has since been erected farther up the Avenue. Dr. John Hall is now the pastor.

Now the crucible is breaking;
Now my faith its seal is taking;
Molten gold, unhurt by fire,
Only thus 't is ever given,
Up to joys of highest heaven,
For God's children to aspire.

Thus, by griefs, the Lord is moulding
Mind and spirit, here unfolding
His own image, to endure.
Now he shapes our dust, but later
Is the inner man's creator;
Thus he works by trial sure.

Sorrows quell our insurrection,
Bring our members to subjection,
Under Christ's prevailing will;
While the broken powers he raises
To the work of holy praises
Quietly and softly still.

Sorrows gather home the senses,
Lest, seduced by earth's pretences,
They should after idols stroll,
Like an angel guard, repelling
Evil from the inmost dwelling,
Bringing order to the soul.

Sorrow now the harp is stringing
For the everlasting singing,
Teaching us to soar above;
Where the blessed choir, palm-bearing,
Harps are playing, crowns are wearing,
Round the throne with songs of love.

Sorrow makes alert and daring;
Sorrow is our clay preparing
For the cold rest of the grave;
Sorrow is a herald, hasting,
Of that spring-tide whose unwasting
Health the dying soul shall save.

Sorrow makes our faith abiding,
Lowly, child-like, and confiding;
Sorrow! who can speak thy grace!
Earth may name the tribulation,
Heaven has nobler appellation;
Not thus honored all our race.

Brethren, these our perturbations,
Step by step, through many stations,
Lead disciples to their sun.
Soon — though many a pang has wasted,
Soon — though many a death been tasted,
Sorrow's watch of sighs is done.

Though the healthful powers were willing,
All the Master's will fulfilling
By obedience to be tried,
Oh, 't is still no less a blessing,
Such a Master's care possessing,
In his furnace to abide.

In the depth of keenest anguish,
More and more the heart shall languish
After Jesus' loving heart,
For one blessing only crying :
"Make me like thee in thy dying,
Then thy endless life impart."

Till at length, with sighs all breaking,
Through each bond its passage taking,
Lo ! the veil is rent in twain !
Who remembers now earth's treasure !
What a sea of godlike pleasure
High in heaven swells amain !

Now, with Jesus ever reigning
Where the ransomed home are gaining,
Bathing in the endless light,
All the heavenly ones are meeting !
Brothers — sisters — let us, greeting,
Claim them ours, by kindred right.

KARL FRIEDRICH HARTMANN, 1782. Translated
by JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D., 1850.

ANTICIPATION.

"Wie wird mir sein?"

MRS. SARAH FINDLATER, wife of the Rev. Eric Findlater, of Lochernhead, Scotland, is joint translator with her sister, Miss Jane Borthwick, of "Hymns from the Land of Luther," and it is often difficult to say to which sister particular translations are to be attributed. The productions in the present collection have been assigned to the proper authors by Miss Borthwick herself. EMANUEL CHRISTIAN GOTTLIEB LANGBECKER was born in Berlin, Aug. 31, 1792, and at the time of his death was secretary to the household of Prince Walde-mar of Prussia. He wrote the Life of Paul Gerhardt. His death occurred Oct. 24, 1843.

WHAT shall I be, my Lord, when I behold
thee

In awful majesty at God's right hand,
And mid the eternal glories that infold me,
In strange bewilderment, O Lord, I stand ?
What shall I be ? — these tears, they dim my
sight,

I cannot catch the blissful vision right.

What shall I be, Lord, when thy radiant glory,
As from the grave I rise, encircles me ;

When brightly pictured in the light before me,
What eye hath never seen, my eyes shall
see ?

What shall I be ? Ah ! blessed and sublime
Is the dim prospect of that glorious time !

What shall I be, when days of grief are ended,
From earthly fetters set forever free ;
When from the harps of saints and angels
blended,

I hear the burst of joyful melody ?
What shall I be, when, risen from the dead,
Sin, death, and hell I nevermore shall dread ?

What shall I be, when all around are thronging
The loved of earth, where I have come to
dwell ;

When all its joy and praise — no anxious long-
ing,

No bitter parting, and no sad farewell ?
What shall I be ? Ah ! how the streaming
light

Can lend a brightness to this dreary night !

Yes ; faith can never know the full salvation,
Which Jesus for his people will prepare ;

Then will I wait in peaceful expectation,
Till the Good Shepherd comes to take me
there.

My Lord, my God, a blissful end I see,
Though now I know not what I yet shall be !

LANGBECKER. Translated by
MRS. SARAH FINDLATER.

HAPPY DEATH.

"Moriatur anima mea morte iustorum."
NUM. xxiii. 10.

WHILST I dwell, O my God, in this valley of
tears,

For refuge and comfort I fly unto thee ;
And when death's awful hour with its terrors
appears,
O merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.

When my soul, on the verge of its final release,
By the shadows of death o'erclouded shall
be ;

When earthly enjoyments forever shall cease,
Thou, Joy of the dying, bring mercy to me.

When my strength shall decline, and my
anguish increase,

And my sins beyond number with terror
I'll see ;

When I turn to thy mercy for pardon and
peace,

Then, Hope of the sinner, beam brightly
on me.

When weakened by illness, by terror oppressed,

My pains and my terrors I offer to thee ;
When vainly I seek for some solace or rest,
Then, Strength of the martyrs, bring comfort to me.

When my reason shall fail, and my life shall decay ;

When the scenes of this world shall vanish and flee ;
When sunshine and shower alike pass away,
Then, Light of the blessed, shine sweetly on me.

When heedless of earth and of all that surround me,

For pardon and mercy I'll call upon thee ;
When death with its fetters forever has bound me,
Then, Jesus, sweet Jesus, be Jesus to me.

When, weeping, my friends shall with fervor implore thee,

My strength, my protector, my succor to be ;
When, helpless and lonely, I tremble before thee,
Then, Fountain of mercy, have mercy on me.

Then, dear Lord, the dark chain of my miseries sever ;

Then, Rest of the weary one, call me to thee ;
Then, Crown of the just, be my portion forever ;
Then, merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.

WALLACE YOUNG.

WEARY IN WELL-DOING.

I WOULD have gone ; God bade me stay :
I would have worked ; God bade me rest.
He broke my will from day to day,
He read my yearnings unexpressed,
And said them nay.

Now I would stay ; God bids me go :
Now I would rest ; God bids me work.
He breaks my heart, tossed to and fro,
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
And vex it so.

I go, Lord, where thou sendest me ;
Day after day I plod and toil :
But, Christ, my God, when will it be
That I may let alone my toil,
And rest in thee ?

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

“ O wie selig seid ihr doch, ihr Frommen ”

SIMON DACH was Professor of Poetry at Königsberg, and wrote simple, devout lyrics, breathing the spirit of the quiet scholar. He was born in 1605, and died in 1659.

OH, how blest are ye whose toils are ended !
Who, through death, have unto God ascended !

Ye have arisen
From the cares which keep us still in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,
Still oppressed with sorrow and misgiving ;
Our undertakings
Are but toils and troubles and heart-breakings.

Ye, meanwhile, are in your chambers sleeping,
Quiet, and set free from all our weeping ;

No cross nor trial
Hinders your enjoyments with denial.

Christ has wiped away your tears forever ;
Ye have that for which we still endeavor.

To you are chanted
Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

Ah ! who would not then depart with gladness,
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness ?

Who here would languish
Longer in bewailing and in anguish ?

Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that
bind us !

Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us !
With thee, the Anointed,

Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

SIMON DACH, 1635. Translated by
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

DYING IN THE LORD.

THE hour of my departure's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home :
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

The race appointed I have run,
The combat's o'er, the prize is won ;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

Not in mine innocence I trust ;
I bow before thee in the dust :
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.

I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear ;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a Friend.

I come, I come, at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand ;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

The hour of my departure 's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home :
Now, O my God, let trouble cease ;
Now let thy servant die in peace.

1781.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

HAPPY ARE THE DEAD.

I WALKED the other day, to spend my hour,
Into a field,
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield
A gallant flower :
But winter now had ruffled all the bower
And curious store
I knew there heretofore.

Yet I whose search loved not to peep and
peer
In the face of things,
Thought with myself, there might be other
springs
Besides this here,
Which, like cold friends, sees us but once a
year ;
And so the flower
Might have some other bower.

Then taking up what I could nearest spy,
I digged about
That place where I had seen him to grow out ;
And by and by
I saw the warm recluse alone to lie,
Where fresh and green
He lived of us unseen.

Many a question intricate and rare
Did I there strow ;
But all I could extort was, that he now
Did there repair
Such losses as befell him in this air,
And would erelong
Come forth most fair and young.

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er his
head ;
And, stung with fear
Of my own frailty, dropped down many a tear
Upon his bed ;
Then, sighing, whispered, *Happy are the
dead !*
*What peace doth now
Rock him asleep below !*

And yet, how few believe such doctrine springs
From a poor root
Which all the winter sleeps here under foot,
And hath no wings
To raise it to the truth and light of things,
But is still trod
By every wandering clod !

O thou, whose spirit did at first inflame
And warm the dead !
And by a sacred incubation fed
With life this frame,
Which once had neither being, form, nor
name !
Grant I may so
Thy steps track here below,

That in these masks and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way ;
And by those hid ascents climb to that day
Which breaks from thee,
Who art in all things, though invisibly :
Show me thy peace,
Thy mercy, love, and ease.

And from this care, where dreams and sor-
rows reign,
Lead me above,
Where light, joy, leisure, and true comforts
move
Without all pain :
There, hid in thee, show me his life again
At whose dumb urn
Thus all the year I mourn.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE DEPARTING BELIEVER.

ROOM for another chorister !
Place for another voice
Where angel bands their anthems sing
And ransomed souls rejoice.

Room for one more inhabitant !
Where mansions stately stand
Waiting for dwellers newly come
To the celestial land.

Welcome another pilgrim home,
Earth's weary journey o'er,
To holy peace and endless rest ;
A wanderer nevermore.

Another guest for the promised feast ;
Another robe of white ;
Another crown of life brought forth,
With fadeless jewels bright.

On earth, the wail of the bereaved,
Wrung from the smitten heart,
The mortal grief that rends the soul
When cherished friends depart ;

In heaven, peace for the troubled ones,
Balm for the bruised and sore,
Joy of the parted, ne'er again
To part forevermore.

Oh, contrast wonderful past thought !
Here, death and grief and night ;
There, an eternity of life
And ever new delight !

Here, mingling with its native dust,
A clod of mouldering clay
By love's reluctant hand consigned
To darkness and decay :

There, springing into perfect life,
A spirit newly born
Hailing the light that glorifies
The resurrection morn !

God speed the spirits taking wing !
Good angels guide their flight
From darkness and the shades of death
Up to the land of light !

And God be praised for him who died,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who broke the power of death that we
In him might live again.

1878.

H. D. HOLT.

A REAL OCCURRENCE IN A CIRCLE OF FRIENDS.

JAMES EDMESTON, a London architect, was one of the largest contributors to modern hymnology, having produced nearly two thousand hymns, some of them of considerable merit. He was born Sept. 10, 1791, and died Jan. 7, 1867. He was successful in hymns for children. Bred an Independent, he became a member of the Church of England.

WHICH is the happiest death to die ?

"Oh!" said one, "if I might choose,
Long at the gate of bliss would I lie,
And feast my spirit, ere it fly,
With bright celestial views.

Mine were a lingering death without pain,
A death which all might love to see,
And mark how bright and sweet should be
The victory I should gain !

"Fain would I catch a hymn of love
From the angel harps which ring above :
And sing it as my parting breath
Quivered and expired in death, —
So that those on earth might hear
The harp-notes of another sphere,

And mark, when nature faints and dies,
What springs of heavenly life arise,
And gather from the death they view
A ray of hope to light them through,
When they shall be departing too."

"No," said another, "so not I ;
Sudden as thought is the death I would die ;
I would suddenly lay my shackles by,
Nor bear a single pang at parting,
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,
Nor feel the hands of love that press me,
Nor the frame with mortal terror quaking,
Nor the heart where love's soft bands are
breaking, —

So would I die !

All bliss, without a pang to cloud it !
All joy, without a pain to shroud it !
Not slain, but caught up, as it were,
To meet the Saviour in the air !

So would I die !

Oh, how bright
Were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon my sight !
Even so
I long to go,
These passing hours how sad and slow !"

His voice grew faint, and fixed was his eye,
As if gazing on visions of ecstasy :
The hue of his cheek and lip decayed,
Around his mouth a sweet smile played ; —
They looked, — he was dead !

His spirit was fled :
Painless and swift as his own desire,
The soul undressed
From her mortal rest
And stepped in her car of heavenly fire ;
And proved how bright
Were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight.

JAMES EDMESTON.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly, — bow the head, —
In reverent silence bow, —
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,
With lowly reverence bow ;
There's one in that poor shed —
One by that paltry bed —
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
 Lo! death doth keep his state.
 Enter, no crowds attend;
 Enter, no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
 No smiling courtiers tread;
 One silent woman stands,
 Lifting with meagre hands
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound, —
 An infant wail alone;
 A sob suppressed — again
 That short deep gasp, and then —
 The parting groan.

Oh, change! oh, wondrous change!
 Burst are the prison bars, —
 This moment *there* so low,
 So agonized, and now
 Beyond the stars!

Oh, change, stupendous change!
 There lies the soulless clod;
 The sun eternal breaks,
 The new immortal wakes, —
 Wakes with his God.

CAROLINE ANN BOWLES SOUTHEY.

ON THE DEATH OF MARGUERITE'S BROTHER, FRANCIS I.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS, the famous Queen of Navarre, was born at Angoulême, in 1492, and after having been left a widow by the Duke of Alençon, married Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre. She wrote much, but is known best as the author of "The Heptameron," a collection of tales. She was highly educated, speaking Latin, Spanish, and Italian, and understanding Greek and Hebrew. She died in 1549. One of her books was condemned as Protestant in its teachings, and it is true that the Protestants found shelter in the territory of her husband.

LOUISA STUART COSTELLO was born in Ireland in 1815, and died April 24, 1870.

'Tis done! a father, mother, gone,
 A sister, brother, torn away,
 My hope is now in God alone,
 Whom heaven and earth alike obey.
 Above, beneath, to him is known, —
 The world's wide compass is his own.

I love, — but in the world no more,
 Nor in gay hall, or festal bower;
 Not the fair forms I prized before, —
 But him, all beauty, wisdom, power,
 My Saviour, who has cast a chain
 On sin and ill, and woe and pain!

I from my memory have effaced
 All former joys, all kindred, friends;
 All honors that my station graced
 I hold but snares that fortune sends:
 Hence! joys by Christ at distance cast,
 That we may be his own at last!

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS, Queen of Navarre.
 Translated by LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

FUNERAL HYMN.

"Jam mæsta quiesce querela."

This is the celebrated funeral-hymn of CLEMENS AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS, of Spain, and his masterpiece. It was originally the concluding part of his tenth "Cathemerinon," but is complete as an independent poem. After lying dormant till the sixteenth century, it arose to new life, and became (in the version, "Hört auf mit Trauern und Klagen") a favorite funeral-hymn in Protestant Germany. It reminds one of the worship in the catacombs, whose gloom was lit up with the hope of a glorious resurrection in Christ. There are German translations by Knapp, Puchta, Königsfeld, Bässler, and Schaff; and another English version, without rhymes, by Mrs. Charles, "Ah! hush now your mournful complainings"; and still another, on the basis of a German version, by Miss Catherine Winkworth, "Oh, weep not, mourn not, over this bier!"

CEASE, ye tearful mourners,
 Thus your hearts to rend:
 Death is life's beginning
 Rather than its end.

All the grave's adornments,
 What do they declare,
 Save that the departed
 Are but sleeping there?

What though now to darkness
 We this body give;
 Soon shall all its senses
 Reawake and live.

Soon shall warmth revisit
 These poor bones again,
 And the blood meander
 Through each tingling vein;

And from its corruption
 This same body soar,
 With the self-same spirit
 That was here of yore.

E'en as duly scattered
 By the sower's hand
 In the fading autumn
 O'er the fallow land,

Nature's seed, decaying,
 First in darkness dies,
 Ere it can in glory
 Renovated rise.

Earth, to thy fond bosom
We this pledge intrust ;
Oh, we pray, be careful
Of the precious dust !

This was once the mansion
Of a soul endowed -
With sublimest powers
By the breath of God.

Here Eternal Wisdom
Lately made his home ;
And again will claim it
In the days to come ;

When thou must this body,
Bone for bone, restore, —
Every single feature
Perfect as before.

O divinest period !
Speed upon thy way ;
O eternal Justice !
Make no more delay.

When shall love in glory
Its fruition see ?
When shall hope be lost in
Immortality ?

PRUDENTIUS, 405. Translated by
EDWARD CASWALL.

NO, NO, IT IS NOT DYING.

"Non, ce n'est pas mourir."

No, no, it is not dying
To go unto our God,
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking
Along the starry road.

No, no, it is not dying
Heaven's citizen to be ;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

No, no, it is not dying
To hear this gracious word,
"Receive a Father's blessing,
Forevermore possessing
The favor of thy Lord."

No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know ;
His sheep he ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock he feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

No, no, it is not dying
To wear a lordly crown ;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling
Of him whose sway we own.

O no, this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind !
There, streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing ;
Here, drops alone we find.

CÉSAR HENRI ABRAHAM MALAN, 1841.
Translated by R. P. DUNN, 1852.

THE BELIEVER'S DYING TESTAMENT.

"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." — 2 TIM. iv. 6.

"Ich habe Lust zu scheiden."

WEARY, waiting to depart,
My spirit longs for flight ;
Still I gaze with throbbing heart
To Zion's fields of light.
When his summons shall be sent,
No dweller here may know —
To my dying testament,
Friends, hearken, ere I go !

God, my Father, to thy hand
This spirit I bequeath ;
Guide it through this desert land,
And through the gates of death.
By thy gift this soul was mine —
Take it to thyself again,
So shall it forever thine
In life and death remain.

What, O Jesus, shall I make
An offering to thee ?
Ah ! these sins, these sorrows take,
So grievous, Lord, to me.
In the crimson stream that flows,
My Saviour, from thy side,
Thus my faith each burden throws,
Hide them, forever, hide !

O thou Spirit of all might !
I yield thee my last sigh,
And to thee, in death's dread fight,
I send my latest cry !
As life's pulses steal away,
Oh, speak peace to me !
And let my fainting soul that day
Nothing save Jesus see.

Angels, take these flowing tears
From my pale cheeks away !

Ye can pity earth-born fears,
And gladly will obey.
Bear me to my Saviour's care,
In these kind arms of love,
And let me forever share
Your tearless bliss above.

Ye beloved ones, and true,
Who weeping round me bend,
Though I go, I leave with you
Your everlasting Friend.
Take my parting blessing, then,
And weep for me no more —
Surely we shall meet again
On the eternal shore!

Earth, poor earth, I've spent on thee
A long and cloudy day:
Take, as my last legacy,
This dwelling-house of clay;
In thy keeping it must fall
To humble dust once more,
But, ere long, thy graves shall all
In living truth restore!

This is my last testament
God! fix thy seal thereto!
Now I wait in calm content,
With heaven full in view.
Resting on my Lord in faith,
I pass securely on,
Knowing when I conquer death
My heritage is won!

B. SCHMOLKE. Translated by
JANE BORTHWICK.

PASSING AWAY.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell
That he winds, on the beach, so mellow and
clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together
asleep,
And the Moon and the Fairy are watching the
deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?
Hark! the notes on my ear that play
Are set to words; as they float, they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;

Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
Striking the hour, that filled my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time.
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a canary-bird swing);
And she held to her bosom a budding bou-
quet,
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

Oh, how bright were the wheels, that told
Of the lapse of time, as they moved round
slow;
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of
gold,
Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed: in a few short hours
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers.
That she held in her outstretched hands, and
flung

This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
In the fulness of grace and of womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought or care stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming
clover.

The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the
wheels,

That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed,—as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face. Yet one could n't
but love her,
For she looked like a mother whose first babe
lay
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;
And she seemed, in the same silver tone, to
say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came!
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was
wan;
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
Yet just as busily swung she on;
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;

The hands, that over the dial swept,
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept
And still there came that silver tone
From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone
(Let me never forget till my dying day
The tone or the burden of her lay),
"Passing away! passing away!"

JOHN PIERPONT.

—◆—

THE LOST PLEIAD.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, one of the most prolific of American writers, was born in Charleston, S. C., April 17, 1806, and died June 11, 1870. In 1832 and 1833 he lived at Hingham, Mass., where he wrote his poem "Atalantis." He wrote poems, reviews, historical romances, and dramas.

NOT in the sky,
Where it was seen,
Nor on the white tops of the glistening wave,
Nor in the mansions of the hidden deep, —
Though green,
And beautiful, its caves of mystery; —
Shall the bright watcher have
A place, and as of old high station keep.

Gone, gone!
Oh, never more to cheer
The mariner who holds his course alone
On the Atlantic, through the weary night,
When the stars turn to watchers, and do sleep,
Shall it appear,
With the sweet fixedness of certain light,
Down-shining on the shut eyes of the deep.

Vain, vain!
Hopeless most idly then, shall he look forth,
That mariner from his bark.
Howe'er the north
Does raise his certain lamp, when tempests
lower —

He sees no more that perished light again!
And gloomier grows the hour
Which may not, through the thick and crowd-
ing dark,
Restore that lost and loved one to her tower.

He looks, — the shepherd of Chaldea's hills
Tending his flocks, —
And wonders the rich beacon does not blaze,
Gladdening his gaze; —
And from his dreary watch along the rocks,
Guiding him safely home through perilous
ways!

Still wondering as the drowsy silence fills
The sorrowful scene, and every hour distils
Its leaden dews. — How chafes he at the night,
Still slow to bring the expected and sweet
light,

So natural to his sight!

And lone,
Where its first splendors shone,
Shall be that pleasant company of stars:
How should they know that death
Such perfect beauty mars?
And like the earth, its crimson bloom and
breath;
Fallen from on high,
Their lights grow blasted by its touch, and
die! —

All their concerted springs of harmony
Snapped rudely, and the generous music gone.

A strain — a mellow strain —
A wailing sweetness filled the sky;
The stars, lamenting in unborrowed pain,
That one of their selectest ones must die!
Must vanish, when most lovely, from the rest!
Alas! 't is evermore our destiny,
The hope, heart-cherished, is the soonest lost;
The flower first budden, soonest feels the
frost:
Are not the shortest-lived still loveliest?
And, like the pale star shooting down the sky,
Look they not ever brightest when they fly
The desolate home they blessed?

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

—◆—

A CHANT.

"Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini."

WHO is the Angel that cometh?
Life!
Let us not question what he brings,
Peace or Strife;
Under the shade of his mighty wings,
One by one,
Are his secrets told;
One by one,
Lit by the rays of each morning sun,
Shall a new flower its petals unfold,
With the mystery hid in its heart of gold.
We will arise and go forth to greet him,
Singly, gladly, with one accord, —
"Blessed is he that cometh
In the name of the Lord!"

WHO is the Angel that cometh?
Joy!
Look at his glittering rainbow wings, —
No alloy
Lies in the radiant gifts he brings;
Tender and sweet,
He is come to-day,
Tender and sweet:
While chains of love on his silver feet
Will hold him in lingering fond delay.

But greet him quickly, he will not stay,
 Soon he will leave us ; but though for others
 All his brightest treasures are stored, —
 “ Blessed is he that cometh
 In the name of the Lord ! ”

Who is the Angel that cometh ?
 Pain !
 Let us arise and go forth to greet him ;
 Not in vain
 Is the summons come for us to meet him ;
 He will stay,
 And darken our sun ; —
 He will stay

A desolate night, a weary day.
 Since in that shadow our work is done,
 And in that shadow our crowns are won,
 Let us say still, while his bitter chalice
 Slowly into our hearts is poured, —
 “ Blessed is he that cometh
 In the name of the Lord ! ”

Who is the Angel that cometh ?
 Death !
 But do not shudder and do not fear ;
 Hold your breath,
 For a kingly presence is drawing near,
 Cold and bright
 Is his flashing steel,
 Cold and bright

The smile that comes like a starry light
 To calm the terror and grief we feel ;
 He comes to help and to save and heal :
 Then let us, baring our hearts and kneeling,
 Sing, while we wait this Angel’s sword, —
 “ Blessed is he that cometh
 In the name of the Lord ! ”

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

A PORTRAIT.

MISS ROSSETTI, whose second name is variously given as Gabriella and Georgina, was born of an Italian family in London, December, 1830, and has acquired a considerable popularity as a poet. She is daughter of Gabriel, and sister of Maria Francesca, Dante Gabriel, and William Michael Rossetti.

SHE gave up beauty in her tender youth,
 Gave all her hope and joy and pleasant ways ;
 She covered up her eyes lest they should
 gaze
 On vanity, and choose the bitter truth.
 Harsh towards herself, towards others full of
 ruth,
 Servant of servants, little known to praise,
 Long prayers and fasts trenched on her
 nights and days :

She schooled herself to sights and sounds un-
 couth,
 That with the poor and stricken she might
 make

A home, until the least of all sufficed
 Her wants ; her own self learned she to for-
 sake,

Counting all earthly gain but hurt and loss.
 So with calm will she chose and bore the cross,
 And hated all for love of Jesus Christ.

They knelt in silent anguish by her bed,
 And could not weep ; but calmly there she
 lay.

All pain had left her ; and the sun’s last ray
 Shone through upon her, warming into red
 The shady curtains. In her heart she said :

“ Heaven opens ; I leave these and go away :
 The Bridegroom calls, — shall the bride
 seek to stay ? ”

Then low upon her breast she bowed her head.
 O lily-flower, O gem of priceless worth,

O dove with patient voice and patient eyes,
 O fruitful vine amid a land of dearth,

O maid replete with loving purities,
 Thou bowed’st down thy head with friends on
 earth

To raise it with the saints in Paradise.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

WHEN THE BABY DIED.

WHEN the baby died,
 On every side

White lilies and blue violets were strown ;
 Unreasoning, the mother’s heart made moan :
 “ Who counted all these flowers which have
 grown

Unhindered in their bloom ?

Was there not room,

O Earth, and God, couldst thou not care
 For mine a little longer ? Fare
 Thy way, O Earth ! All life, all death
 For me ceased with my baby’s breath ;
 All heaven I forget or doubt.

Within, without,

Is idle chance, more pitiless than law.”
 And that was all the mother saw.

When the baby died,

On every side

Rose strangers’ voices, hard and harsh and
 loud.

The baby was not wrapped in any shroud.
 The mother made no sound. Her head was
 bowed

That men's eyes might not see
 Her misery ;
 But in her bitter heart she said,
 " Ah me ! 't is well that he is dead,
 My boy for whom there was no food.
 If there were God, and God were good,
 All human hearts at least might keep
 The right to weep
 Their dead. There is no God, but cruel law."
 And that was all the mother saw.

When the baby died,
 On every side
 Swift angels came in shining, singing bands,
 And bore the little one, with gentle hands,
 Into the sunshine of the spirit lands.
 And Christ the Shepherd said,
 " Let them be led
 In gardens nearest to the earth.
 One mother weepeth over birth,
 Another weepeth over death ;
 In vain all Heaven answereth.
 Laughs from the little ones may reach
 Their ears, and teach
 Them what, so blind with tears, they never
 saw, —
 That of all life, all death, God's love is law."
 HELEN FISKE JACKSON.

1874.

THE BABY'S MESSAGE.

" OH, it is beautiful ! Lifted so high, —
 Up where the stars are, into the sky ;
 Out of the fierce, dark grasp of pain,
 Into the rapturous light again !

" Whence do ye bear me, shining ones,
 Over the dazzling paths of suns ?
 Wherefore am I thus caught away
 Out of my mother's arms to-day ?

" Never before have I left her breast,
 Never been elsewhere rocked to rest :
 Yet, — I am wrapt in a maze of bliss :
 Tell me what the mystery is ! "

" Baby-spirit, whose wondering eyes
 Kindle, ecstatic with surprise,
 This is the ending of earthly breath,
 This is what mortals mean by death.

" Far in the silences of the blue,
 See where the splendor pulses through ;
 Thither, released from a world of sin,
 Thither we come to guide thee in :

" Through each seven-fold, circling band, —
 In where the white child-angels stand, —
 Up to the throne, that thou mayest see
 Him who was once a babe like thee."

" O ye seraphs of love and light !
 Stay for a little your lofty flight :
 Stay, and adown the star-sown track,
 Haste to my weeper, haste ye back !

" Tell her how filled and thrilled I am, —
 Tell her how wrapped in boundless calm :
 Tell her I soar, I sing, I shine, —
 Tell her the heaven of heavens is mine ! "

" Tenderest comforter, faith's own word,
 Sweeter than ours, her heart hath heard :
 Softly her solaced tears now fall :
 Christ's one whisper hath told her all ! "

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

MORAVIAN HYMN.

ABRAHAM REINCKE was born in Stockholm, Sweden, April 17, 1712, and was educated at the gymnasium at Brandenburg, Prussia, and the University of Jena. He entered the latter institution at the time of a great revival among the students, when his own mind was under strong religious impressions, and coming in contact with Peter Boehler, who afterwards so powerfully influenced the Wesleys, he was led to unite with the Moravian Brethren, by which step he incurred the displeasure of his father, who disinherited him. As an evangelist he preached in St. Petersburg and London, and in 1744 was called to Bethlehem, Pa. His last charge was in New York City, which he was obliged to resign in 1754. He died at Bethlehem, April 7, 1760. The following hymn is found among others of his, in a poor translation, in the Moravian Hymn-Book.

WHERE is this infant ? It is gone —
 To whom ? To Christ, its Saviour true.
 What does he for it ? He goes on
 As he has ever done, to do —
 He blesses, he embraces without end,
 And to all children proves the tenderest friend.

He loves to have the little ones
 Upon his lap quite close and near ;
 And thus their glass so swiftly runs,
 And they so little while are here ;
 He gave — he takes them when he thinks it
 best
 For them to come to him and take their rest

However, 't is his great delight
 Awhile to see such little princes,
 All drest in linen fine and white,
 A beauty which escapes the senses :
 The pure Lamb dwells in them — his majesty
 Makes their sweet eyes to sparkle gloriously.

Be therefore thanked, thou dearest Lamb,
 That we his precious child have seen,
 And that thy blood and Jesu's name
 To it a glittering robe have been:
 We thank thee too that thou hast brought it
 home,
 That it so soon all dangers hath o'ercome.

Dear child, so live thou happily
 In Christ, who was thy faith's beginner,
 Rejoice in him eternally
 With each redeemed and happy sinner;
 We bury thee in hope — the Lamb once slain
 Will raise, and we shall see thee yet again.

ABRAHAM REINCKE. Translated and slightly altered
 by RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT,
 DYING OF A COUGH.

The infant referred to in this poem was a daughter of the poet's sister, Anne, wife of Edward Phillips, her first-born.

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
 Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
 Summer's chief honor, if thou hadst out-lasted
 Bleak winter's force that made thy blossom
 dry;

For he being amorous on that lovely dye
 That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to
 kiss,
 But killed, alas, and then bewailed his fatal
 bliss.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer
 By boisterous rape the Athenian damsel got,
 He thought it touched his deity full near,
 If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
 Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot
 Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
 Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul re-
 proach was held.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car,
 Through middle empire of the freezing air
 He wandered long, till thee he spied from far;
 There ended was his quest, there ceased his
 care.

Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
 But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
 Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair biding
 place.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
 For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
 Whilome did slay his dearly loved mate,
 Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,
 Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land;

But then transformed him to a purple
 flower:
 Alack, that so to change thee winter had no
 power!

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
 Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark
 womb,
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
 Hid from the world in a low delved tomb;
 Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom?
 Oh, no! for something in thy face did shine
 Above mortality, that showed thou wast di-
 vine.

Resolve me then, O Soul most surely blest
 (If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear),
 Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hoverest,
 Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
 Or in the Elysian fields (if such there were),
 Oh, say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take
 thy flight.

Wert thou some star which from the ruined
 roof
 Of shaken Olympus by mischance didst fall;
 Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof
 Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
 Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall
 Of sheeny Heaven, and thou some Goddess
 fled
 Amongst us here below to hide thy nectared
 head?

Or wert thou that just maid, who once before
 Forsook the hated earth, oh, tell me sooth,
 And cam'st again to visit us once more?
 Or wert thou that sweet-smiling youth?
 Or that crowned matron sage, white-robed
 Truth?
 Or any other of that heavenly brood
 Let down in cloudy throne to do the world
 some good?

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
 Who having clad thyself in human weed,
 To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
 And after short abode fly back with speed,
 As if to show what creatures heaven doth
 breed,
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
 To scorn the sordid world and unto heaven
 aspire?

But oh, why didst thou not stay here below
 To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,

To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our
foe,

To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,

To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where
thou art.

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false-imagined loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent;

This if thou do, he will an offspring give
That till the world's last end shall make thy
name to live.

JOHN MILTON.

1626.

THE DISCOVERER.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, an American poet of high rank, is son of Mrs. Elizabeth C. Kinney (p. 718), and was born at Hartford, Oct. 8, 1833. He has been an editor and contributor to the magazines. His "Victorian Poets," published in 1875, is one of the best specimens of literary criticism that has appeared in America for years.

I HAVE a little kinsman
Whose earthly summers are but three,
And yet a voyager is he
Greater than Drake or Frobisher,
Than all their peers together!
He is a brave discoverer,
And, far beyond the tether
Of them who seek the frozen pole,
Has sailed where the noiseless surges roll.
Ay, he has travelled whither
A winged pilot steered his bark
Through the portals of the dark,
Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,
Across the unknown sea.

Suddenly, in his fair young hour,
Came one who bore a flower.
And laid it in his dimpled hand
With this command:

"Henceforth thou art a rover!"
Thou must make a voyage far,
Sail beneath the evening star,
And a wondrous land discover."
With his sweet smile innocent
Our little kinsman went.

Since that time no word
From the absent has been heard.
Who can tell

How he fares, or answer well
What the little one has found
Since he left us, outward bound?

Would that he might return!
Then should we learn
From the pricking of his chart
How the skyey roadways part.
Hush! does not the baby this way bring,
To lay beside this severed curl,
Some starry offering
Of chrysolite or pearl?

Ah, no! not so!
We may follow on his track,
But he comes not back.
And yet I dare aver
He is a brave discoverer
Of climes his elders do not know.
He has more learning than appears
On the scroll of twice three thousand years,
More than in the groves is taught,
Or from furthest Indies brought;
He knows, perchance, how spirits fare, —
What shapes the angels wear,
What is their guise and speech
In those lands beyond our reach, —
And his eyes behold
Things that shall never, never be to mortal
hearers told.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

LITTLE MARGARET.

DEWDROP shining in the grass,
While the mists the morning hide —
When the shadows overpass,
Little dewdrop summer-dried!

Baby to the glad house born,
Promise of a happy day —
When the sunrise lights its morn,
Little baby stilled for aye!

Dewdrop for the blue sky years,
Once again to float above:
Baby from the mother's turns
To the more than mother's love.

FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT.

Nov. 5, 1874.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

DEATH found strange beauty on that infant
brow,
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip. He touched the veins
with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue
eyes

There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he
bound

The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
Forever. There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its moth-
er's ear,

Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
His seal of silence. But there beamed a
smile

So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed and left it there:—he dared not
steal

The signet ring of heaven.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

THE EARLY DEAD.

BEFORE the footstool of the Lord
Two angels—Life and Death—adored.

With downcast eyes, they stood and heard
The high and dread Creator's word:—

“How will ye keep and nourish these
The young and pure—and how appease
The rage of sorrow and disease?”

Young Life replied: “The trump of fame
Their praise and glory shall proclaim;
The world shall honor every name.”

Then spake pale Death: “Upon my breast
I'll soothe them into tranquil rest:
The grave shall welcome each its guest.”

And the Voice said, in tones divine,
“O Death, the young and pure are thine.”

CHARLES W. BAIRD.

MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH?

CAROLINE HOWARD GILMAN, widow of the late Samuel Gilman, D. D., for forty years pastor of the Unitarian Church in Charleston, S. C., was born in Boston, Oct 8, 1794, and now lives in Tiverton, R. I. She was a successful writer of both prose and verse for many years.

“MOTHER, how still the baby lies!
I cannot hear his breath;
I cannot see his laughing eyes,—
They tell me this is death.

“My little work I thought to bring,
And sat down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing—
They hushed me—he is dead.

“They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now;
That God will bless him in the skies,—
O mother, tell me how!”

“Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought
And laid upon the casement here,—
A withered worm, you thought?”

“I told you that Almighty power
Could break that withered shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.

“Look at the chrysalis, my love,—
An empty shell it lies;—
Now raise your wondering glance above,
To where yon insect flies!”

“O yes, mamma! how very gay
Its wings of starry gold!
And see! it lightly flies away
Beyond my gentle hold.

“O mother, now I know full well,
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell,
On golden wings to range,—

“How beautiful will brother be,
When God shall give *him* wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things!”

CAROLINE HOWARD GILMAN.

LITTLE BESSIE,

AND THE WAY IN WHICH SHE FELL ASLEEP.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH, one of the most prominent among the publishers of New York City, was born in Woodbridge, N. J., in 1820, and has lived in New York since 1824. His poems were first collected and published in 1867 by his brother publisher, the late Charles Scribner.

HUG me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight;
I am cold and tired, mother,
And I feel so strange to-night!
Something hurts me here, dear mother,
Like a stone upon my breast:
Oh, I wonder, wonder, mother,
Why it is I cannot rest.

All the day while you were working,
As I lay upon my bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think of what you said,—

How the kind and blessed Jesus
Loves his lambs to watch and keep,
And I wished he'd come and take me
In his arms, that I might sleep.

Just before the lamp was lighted,
Just before the children came,
While the room was very quiet,
I heard some one call my name.
All at once the window opened :
In a field were lambs and sheep ;
Some from out a brook were drinking,
Some were lying fast asleep.

But I could not see the Saviour,
Though I strained my eyes to see ;
And I wondered if he saw me, —
Would he speak to such as me ;
In a moment I was looking
On a world so bright and fair,
Which was full of little children,
And they seemed so happy there.

They were singing, oh, how sweetly !
Sweeter songs I never heard !
They were singing sweeter, mother,
Than our little yellow bird ;
And while I my breath was holding,
One so bright upon me smiled,
And I knew it must be Jesus,
When he said, "Come here, my child.

"Come up here, my little Bessie,
Come up here and live with me,
Where the children never suffer,
But are happier than you see" ;
Then I thought of all you told me
Of that bright and happy land ;
I was going when you called me,
When you came and kissed my hand.

And at first I felt so sorry
You had called me ; I would go —
Oh, to sleep, and never suffer ; —
Mother, don't be crying so !
Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight ;
Oh, how much I love you, mother ;
And I feel so strange to-night !

And the mother pressed her closer
To her overburdened breast ;
On the heart so near to breaking
Lay the heart so near its rest ;
At the solemn hour of midnight,
In the darkness calm and deep,
Lying on her mother's bosom,
Little Bessie fell asleep !

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH.

1866.

TO ONE AT REST.

AND needest thou our prayers no more, safe
folded mid the blest ?

How changed art thou since last we met to keep
the day of rest !

Young with the youth of angels, wise with the
growth of years,

For we have passed since thou hast gone a
week of many tears ;

And thou hast passed a week in heaven, a week
without a sin,

Thy robes made white in Jesus' blood, all
glorious within.

We shall miss thee at a thousand turns along
life's weary track,

Not a sorrow or a joy, but we shall long to
call thee back,

Yearn for thy true and gentle heart, long thy
bright smile to see,

For many dear and true are left, but none are
quite like thee !

And evermore to all our life a deeper tone is
given,

For a playmate of our childhood has entered
into heaven.

How wise and great and glorious thy gentle
soul has grown,

Loving as thou art loved by God, knowing as
thou art known !

Yet in that world thou carest yet for those
thou lovedst in this ;

The rich man did in torments, and wilt not
thou in bliss ?

For sitting at the Saviour's feet and gazing in
his face,

Surely thou'lt not unlearn one gentle human
grace.

Human and not angelic, the form he deigns to
wear,

Of Jesus, not of angels, the likeness thou shalt
bear.

At rest from all the storms of life, from its
night-watches drear,

From the tumultuous hopes of earth, and from
its aching fear ;

Sacred and sainted now to us is thy familiar
name :

High is thy sphere above us now, and yet in
this the same.

Together do we watch and wait for that long-
promised day,

When the voice that rends the tombs shall
call, "Arise, and come away,

My bride and my redeemed, winter and night
are past,
And the time of singing and of light has come
to thee at last";
When the family is gathered, and the Father's
house complete,
And we and thou, beloved, in our Father's
smile shall meet.

ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES.

LITTLE WILLIE.

Poor little Willie,
With his many pretty wiles:
Worlds of wisdom in his look,
And quaint, quiet smiles;
Hair of amber, touched with
Gold of heaven so brave;
All lying darkly hid
In a workhouse grave.

You remember little Willie,
Fair and funny fellow! he
Sprang like a lily
From the dirt of poverty.
Poor little Willie!
Not a friend was nigh,
When from the cold world
He crouched down to die.

In the day we wandered foodless,
Little Willie cried for "bread";
In the night we wandered homeless,
Little Willie cried for "bed."
Parted at the workhouse door,
Not a word we said;
Ah! so tired was poor Willie!
And so sweetly sleeps the dead!

'T was in the dead of winter
We laid him in the earth;
The world brought in the new year
On a tide of mirth.
But, for lost little Willie
Not a tear we crave;
Cold and hunger cannot wake him
In his workhouse grave.

We thought him beautiful,
Felt it hard to part;
We loved him dutiful:
Down, down, poor heart!
The storms they may beat,
The winter winds may rave;
Little Willie feels not
In his workhouse grave.

No room for little Willie;
In the world he had no part;
On him stared the Gorgon-eye
Through which looks no heart.
"Come to me," said Heaven;
And if Heaven will save,
Little matters though the door
Be a workhouse grave!

GERALD MASSEY.

THE REQUIEM FOR A YOUNG MOTHER.

MRS. ADA (CAMBRIDGE) CROSS was born in Norfolk, England, in 1844, and under her maiden name has published several volumes of prose and verse. Her "Hymns or the Holy Communion" were reprinted in New York by Randolph in 1866. Besides these, she has written "Hymns on the Litany." She was married in 1869 to the Rev. G. T. Cross, of Australia.

HARK! how that eloquent note
Throbs on the soft, sweet air,
Solemn and stern and low,
Breathing of mortal woe.
Its lingering echoes in our wild hearts float,
Hushing them suddenly with the hush of
prayer.

Stand 'neath the old gray tower,
Mellowed in crimson light;
Look at the blue hills now,
Blushing from base to brow
With the glad beauty of the sunset hour:
Can there be mourning in a world so bright?

Hark! how the old church-bell
Answers in accents clear, —
"Sorrow and pain and care
Lieth in plenty there:
Bowers of Eden where the sinless dwell —
The sinless and sorrowless — they are not
here.

"There is a delicate face,
Silent and pale and cold;
Light of the sunset lies
Softly on sleeping eyes, —
Eyes that no more, with tender, girlish grace,
Shall speak the language that they spoke of
old.

"And small hands clasped in prayer,
Waxen and white as snow,
Clasped on a pulseless breast,
Folded in perfect rest;
And sealed lips — such tremulous lips they
were,
Breathing of love in tones most soft and low.

“ There is a lonely room,
Over whose silent floor
One step shall never go
Noiselessly to and fro ;
That sunny chamber will be wrapt in gloom,
For she, its mistress, must dwell there no
more.

“ There is a faithful heart,
Broken with pain and grief ; —
One which has loved her well,
Far more than words can tell :
Whose joys and sorrows she has borne in
part
For one short year — so beautiful ! so brief !

“ There is a little life,
Feeble and weak and new,
Left in this weary land,
With no fond mother’s hand
To guide and shelter in the time of strife,
And no sweet mother’s love, tender and true.

“ Think of that morning, — how
You heard the marriage bells
Ring o’er the bride’s fair head ! —
Now she lies cold and dead,
The first unanswered kiss upon her brow,
And my sad requiem from the church tower
swells,

“ Breathing of cross and crown,
Breathing of death and life,
Breathing of joy and woe,
With solemn tone and slow ;
Of earthly troubles that are all laid down,
Of that deep peace which shall succeed the
strife.

“ O earth ! O earth ! thy breath
Is often very sweet ;
Thy hills and valleys bear
Colors so rich and fair :
But all thy beauty is the prey of death, —
He treads it ruthlessly beneath his feet.

“ Sweetly thy flowers blow, —
Flowers of hope and love ;
Bitter the fruit they bring
After the blossoming.
Sinful and sorrowful is the world below ;
Perfect and beautiful is the world above !

“ O land of love and light !
O blessed, blessed land !
Thine are the stainless bowers,
Thine the perennial flowers ;
Thine is the gladness ever full and bright ;
Shadows may fall not on thy golden strand.

“ In thee no hearts may mourn,
Nor eloquent tears o’erflow ;
Thine is the perfect peace,
Thine is the sweet release
From every sorrow that the soul has borne
Through this strange life of trial here below.

“ Ah ! there will dear ones meet,
Parting no more for aye ;
There will the old love shine,
Perfected, pure, divine ; —
There shall they rest in rapture calm and
sweet,
Those who are severed in this world to-day.”

ADA CAMBRIDGE CROSS.

THE BURIAL ANTHEM.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou ’st travelled o’er,
And borne the heavy load ;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode ;
Thou ’rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
Upon his Father’s breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail ;
And there thou ’rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

“ Earth to earth,” and “ dust to dust,”
The solemn priest hath said ;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed :
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find ;

May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

1822.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

—◆—

JESUS, STILL LEAD ON.

"Jesu, geh voran."

NICOLAUS LUDWIG COUNT VON ZINZENDORF, founder of the Moravian Church, and one of the most remarkable men in the history of Christianity, was born in Dresden, May 26, 1700, and died May 9, 1760. He was a prolific hymn-writer. His education was intrusted to his maternal grandmother, the widow of Baron Gersdorf, whose chief friend was Spener, leader of the "Pietistic" movement, which preceded the Methodist revival.

JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won ;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless :
Guide us by thy hand
To our fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us ;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience ;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more !

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won ;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

NICOLAUS LUDWIG ZINZENDORF, 1721. Translated by JANE BORTHWICK, 1852.

—◆—

MEETING ABOVE.

WILLIAM LEGGETT was born in New York in 1802, and became a political writer of eminence. He was associated with the poet Bryant, who wrote a tribute to his memory. Leggett died in 1840.

If yon bright stars which gem the night
Be each a blissful dwelling-sphere
Where kindred spirits reunite
Whom death hath torn asunder here, —
How sweet it were at once to die,
To leave this blighted orb afar !
Mixt soul and soul to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star.

But oh, how dark, how drear, how lone,
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
We failed to meet the loved of this !
If there no more the ties shall twine
Which death's cold hand alone could sever
Ah, would those stars in mockery shine,
More joyless, as they shine forever !

It cannot be, — each hope, each fear
That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now.
There, Lord, thy wayworn saints shall find
The bliss for which they longed before ;
And holiest sympathies shall bind
Thine own to thee forevermore.

O Jesus, bring us to that rest,
Where all the ransomed shall be found,
In thine eternal fulness blest,
While ages roll their cycles round.

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

—◆—

THE PATHWAY O' THE SEA.

"So he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

In Memoriam. R. P. L., Jan. 8, 1865. Lost at sea by the foundering of the steamer Melville, bound for Port Royal.

OUR eyes are aoftimes holden, Lord,
Tho' near we are to thee,
But maist o' a', we ken thee not
By pathway o' the sea.

Oh, weep for them wha gang awa,
An' let your grief be sair ;
For twice yon sea has ta'en frae me,
An' brings them back nae mair.

Aince mair to see my darling's face,
His sweet young lips to kiss !
But a' the years I hae to live
Will never gie me this.

O Sabbath bells, ye rang for us
Nae warning o' their drear,
Those awfu' hours facing death,
Upo' the wintry sea.

Gran' luving souls went up to God
In prayer an' song yon day, —
For them the awfu' sea was made
Jehovah's shining way.

Nae need had ye, O Sabbath bells,
That ye suld toll for them ;
For sune they heard the angels' song
In the New Jerusalem.

— But oh, sae young he was to gae,
Yon stormy way his lane!
Alane? O thou o' little faith,
The Lord was wi' his ain.

Yet whiles my faithless heart cries out,
Abune my better creed,
“Lord Jesus, if thou hadst been there
My brother hadna deed.”

Oh, mind ye, aching heart o' mine,
How aince in midnight storm,
Upo' the waves o' Galilee
He walked in human form.

An' in his han' o' luv'ing strength
Held Peter safe frae death.
Nae change these mony years hae wrought
In Christ o' Nazareth!

His voice yon awfu' Sabbath morn
Made stillness in the strife,
An' he it was wha gi'ed our bairn
A grander gift than life.

For in his han' are death an' life, —
He kens whilk gift is best:
The luv' that lived through death for us
Is surety for the rest.

Lord, what thou doest noo, an' why,
We maunna seek to ken;
But sune the sweet hereafter comes,
An' thou wilt tell us then.

For ever ae mysterious word
Rings out abune our dree, —
Thy promise, that in yonder land
There shall be nae mair sea.

MARY LEE DEMAREST.

THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

THOU art gone to the grave: but we will not
deplere thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass
the tomb;
The Saviour hath passed through its portal
before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide
through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer
behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by
thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to in-
fold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has
died.

Thou art gone to the grave: and, its mansion
forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered
long;
But the mild rays of paradise beamed on thy
waking.
And the sound which thou heardst was the
seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not
deplere thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
and guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will re-
store thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour
has died.

1827.

REGINALD HEBER.

FUNERAL HYMN.

“MAN dieth and wasteth away,
And where is he?” — Hark! from the skies
I hear a voice answer and say,
“The spirit of man never dies:
His body, which came from the earth,
Must mingle again with the sod;
But his soul, which in heaven had birth,
Returns to the bosom of God.”

No terror has death or the grave
To those who believe in the Lord, —
We know the Redeemer can save,
And lean on the faith of his word;
While ashes to ashes, and dust
We give unto dust, in our gloom,
The light of salvation, we trust,
Is hung like a lamp in the tomb.

The sky will be burnt as a scroll, —
The earth, wrapped in flames, will expire;
But freed from all shackles, the soul
Will rise in the midst of the fire.
Then, brothers, mourn not for the dead,
Who rest from their labors, forgiven;
Learn this from your Bible instead,
The grave is the gateway to heaven.

O Lord God almighty! to thee
We turn as our solace above;
The waters may fail from the sea,
But not from thy fountains of love:
Oh, teach us thy will to obey,
And sing with one heart and accord,
“He gave and he taketh away,
And praised be the name of the Lord!”

GEORGE PERRINS MORRIS.

BEAR OUT THE DEAD.

Ay, carry out your dead !
They have won *rest* ; —

Theirs was the burden, and the heat of day —
Now smooth the shining hair, the white hands
lay
Folded upon the breast.

The fluttering heart is still !
No hope — no care !

In moveless calm — the gentle throbbings
cease ;
The marble forehead bears the seal of peace,
Its smile, the lips still wear.

Therefore, "bear out the dead,"
Where earthly calm

May image that which they have surely won,
Where careless feet the hallowed path shall
shun,
Nor careless hands work harm.

Daisies and violets,
The snow-white rose,

The trailing ivy, o'er their graves shall wreathe,
And solemn chants the lingering south-winds
breathe,
And fir and cypress grows.

No taint of sin or shame
The rippling tide

Bears from the distant city, clearly seen —
The waters roll their clear bright waves be-
tween,
And Life from Death divide.

They ask this rest of thee,
All faith to prove,

In the fair stillness, eloquent to teach —
The Sabbath calm of heaven, surpassing
speech —
The dead ye mourn and love !

ALICE BRADLEY HAVEN.

EARTH TO EARTH.

EARTH to earth, and dust to dust,
Lord, we own the sentence just ;
Head and tongue, and hand and heart,
All in guilt have borne their part ;
Righteous is the common doom,
All must moulder in the tomb.

Like the seed in spring-time sown,
Like the leaves in autumn strown,

Low these goodly frames must lie,
All our pomp and glory die ;
Soon the Spoiler seeks his prey,
Soon he bears us all away.

Yet the seed, upraised again,
Clothes with green the smiling plain ;
Onward as the seasons move,
Leaves and blossoms deck the grove ;
And shall we forgotten lie,
Lost forever, when we die ?

Lord, from Nature's gloomy night
Turn we to the Gospel's light ;
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Thou wilt all thy people save ;
Ransomed by thy blood, the just
Rise immortal from the dust.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY.

1851.

FOR A FUNERAL.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven !

Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay ;
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower ;
Each season hath its own disease,
Its peril, every hour !

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay ;
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb ;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come ?

Then, mortal, turn ! thy danger know :
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead !

Turn, Christian, turn ! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given :
The dead, who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven !

REGINALD HEBER.

1827.

OUT OF THE SHADOW.

"The Lord looseth the prisoners; the Lord openeth the eyes of the blind." — Ps. cxlvi. 7, 8.

GENTLE friends who gather here,
With no gloom surround this bier,
Drop no unavailing tear.

Bid this weary frame oppressed
Welcome to its longed-for rest
On the fair earth's sheltering breast.

And the spirit freed from clay
Give glad leave to soar away,
Singing, to the eternal day.

When this sentient life began,
Love of nature, love of man,
Through its kindling pulses ran;

Eagerly these eyes looked forth,
Questioning the teeming earth
For its stores of truth and worth;

Head and heart with schemes were rife,
Longing for some noble strife,
Planning for some perfect life.

But the Father's love decreed
Other work and other meed,
And by ways unsought did lead;

Turned aside the outstretched hand,
Bade the feet inactive stand,
Checked the task that thought had planned;

And on eyes that loved to gaze
Upon light's intensest rays
Dropped a veil of gentle haze.

How the musing spirit burned!
How the wilful nature yearned,
And its sacred limits spurned!

Known, O Father, unto thee
All the long captivity
Of the soul at last set free;

And how hard it was to see
Thy great harvests silently
Whitening upon land and lea;

And to watch the reapers' throng,
Filling all the vales with song,
As they bore their sheaves along.

And to thee, O pitying God,
Known thy grace that overflowed
All that still and sacred road,

Where thy patience brought relief,
Following in thy path of grief,
Thou of suffering souls the chief!

Yet since thou hast stooped to say,
"Cast thy out-worn robe away,
Come and rest with me to-day, —

"Come to larger life and power,
Come to truth's unfailing dower,
Come to strength renewed each hour"; —

To the dear ones gathered here
Make thy loving purpose clear,
And thy light shine round this bier.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

1872.

BURIAL HYMN.

Τὰ τῆς γῆς ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς.

THINGS of the earth in the earth will we lay,
Ashes with ashes, the dust with the clay:
Lift up the heart, and the eye, and the love,
Lift up thyself, to the regions above:
Since the Immortal hath entered of late,
Mortals may pass at the heavenly gate. —
Stand we on Olivet: mark Him ascend,
Whose is the glory and might without end;
There, with his own ones, the Giver of good,
Blessing them once more, a little while stood.
"Nothing can part us, — nor distance, nor
foes; —

Lo! I am for you, and who can oppose?"

JOSEPH of the Studium. Translated
by JOHN MASON NEALE.

THE STICHERA OF THE LAST KISS.

Δεῦτε τελευταίου ἀσπασμον δῶμεν.

The following Stichera, which are generally (though without any great cause) attributed to ST. JOHN DAMASCENE, form, perhaps, one of the most striking portions of the service of the Eastern Church. They are sung towards the conclusion of the Funeral Office, while the friends and relations are, in turns, kissing the corpse; the priest does so last of all. Immediately afterwards it is borne to the grave; the priest casts the first earth on the coffin, with the words, — "The earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is: the compass of the world, and they that dwell therein." — J. M. N.

TAKE the last kiss, — the last forever!

Yet render thanks amidst your gloom:

He, severed from his home and kindred,

Is passing onwards to the tomb:

For earthly labors, earthly pleasures,

And carnal joys, he cares no more:

Where are his kinsfolk and acquaintance?

They stand upon another shore.

Let us say, around him pressed,

Grant him, Lord eternal rest!

The hour of woe and separation,
 The hour of falling tears is this.
 Him that so lately was among us
 For the last time of all we kiss :
 Up to the grave to be surrendered,
 Sealed with the monumental stone,
 A dweller in the house of darkness,
 Amidst the dead to lie alone.
 Let us say, around him pressed,
 Grant him, Lord, eternal rest !

Life, and life's evil conversation,
 And all its dreams, are passed away.
 The soul hath left her tabernacle :
 Black and unsightly grows the clay :
 The golden vessel here lies broken :
 The tongue no voice of answer knows :
 Hushed is sensation, stilled is motion ;
 Toward the tomb the dead man goes.
 Let us cry with heart's endeavor,
 Grant him rest that is forever !

What is our life? A fading flower ;
 A vapor, passing soon away ;
 The dewdrops of the early morning :—
 Come, gaze upon the tombs to-day.
 Where now is youth? Where now is beauty,
 And grace of form, and sparkling eye ?
 All, like the summer grass, are withered ;
 All are abolished utterly !
 While our eyes with grief grow dim,
 Let us weep to Christ for him !

Woe for that bitter, bitter moment,
 The fearful start, the parting groan,
 The wrench of anguish, from the body
 When the poor soul goes forth alone !
 Hell and destruction are before her ;
 Earth in its truest worth she sees ;
 A flickering shade ; a dream of error ;
 A vanity of vanities.
 Sin in this world let us flee,
 That in heaven our place may be.

Draw nigh, ye sons of Adam ; viewing
 A likeness of yourselves in clay ;
 Its beauty gone ; its grace disfigured ;
 Dissolving in the tomb's decay ;
 The prey of worms and of corruption,
 In silent darkness mouldering on ;
 Earth gathers round the coffin, hiding
 The brother, now forever gone.
 Yet we cry, around him pressed,
 Grant him, Lord, eternal rest !

When, hurried forth by fearful angels,
 The soul forsakes her earthly frame,
 Then friends and kindred she forgetteth,
 And this world's cares have no more claim,

Then passed are vanity and labor ;
 She hears the Judge's voice alone ;
 She sees the ineffable tribunal :
 Where we, too, cry with suppliant moan,
 For the sins that soul hath done,
 Grant thy pardon, Holy One !

Now all the organs of the body,
 So full of energy before,
 Have lost perception, know not motion,
 Can suffer and can act no more.
 The eyes are closed in death's dark shadow ;
 The ear can never hear again ;
 The feet are bound ; the hands lie idle ;
 The tongue is fast as with a chain.
 Great and mighty though he be,
 Every man is vanity.

Behold and weep me, friends and brethren ! ;
 Voice, sense, and breath, and motion gone
 But yesterday I dwelt among you ;
 Then death's most fearful hour came on.
 Embrace me with the last embracement ;
 Kiss me with this, the latest kiss ;
 Never again shall I be with you ;
 Never with you share woe or bliss.
 I go toward the dread tribunal
 Where no man's person is preferred ;
 Where lord and slave, where chief and soldier,
 Where rich and poor, alike are heard :
 One is the manner of their judgment ;
 Their plea and their condition one :
 And they shall reap in woe or glory
 The earthly deeds that they have done.
 I pray you, brethren, I adjure you,
 Pour forth to Christ the ceaseless prayer,
 He would not doom me to Gehenna,
 But in his glory give me share !

JOHN of DAMASCUS (?). Translated by
 JOHN MASON NEALE, 1862.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

OVER the river on the hill
 Lieth a village white and still ;
 All around it the forest-trees
 Shiver and whisper in the breeze ;
 Over it sailing shadows go
 Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
 And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
 Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill
 Another village lieth still ;
 There I see in the cloudy night
 Twinkling stars of household light,

Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river's shore ;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill,
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers ;
Never a clock to tell the hours ;
The marble doors are always shut ;
You may not enter at hall or hut ;
All the village lie asleep ;
Never a grain to sow or reap ;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to *that* home, from this below ;
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall, —
“ Patience ! that village shall hold ye all ! ”

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CONSECRATION OF CAMBRIDGE
CEMETERY.

WILLIAM NEWELL was born in Littleton, Mass., Feb. 25, 1804, and after graduation at Harvard became, May 9, 1830, pastor of the First Church in Cambridge, a charge that he resigned in March, 1868. Dr. Newell still lives in Cambridge. He has a high reputation as a scholar and writer.

CHANGING, fading, falling, flying
From the homes that gave them birth,
Autumn leaves in beauty dying
Seek the mother-breast of earth.

Soon shall all the songless wood
Shiver in the deepening snow,
Mourning in its solitude,
Like some Rachel in her woe.

Slowly sinks yon evening sun,
Softly wanes the cheerful light,
And, the twelve hours' labor done,
Onward sweeps the solemn night.

So on many a home of gladness
Falls, O Death, thy winter gloom ;
Stands there still in doubt and sadness
Many a Mary at the tomb.

But the genial spring returning
Will the sylvan pomp renew,
And the new-born flame of morning
Kindle rainbows in the dew.

So shall God, his promise keeping
To the world by Jesus given,
Wake our loved ones, sweetly sleeping,
At the breaking dawn of heaven.

Light from darkness ! Life from death !
Dies the body, not the soul ;
From the chrysalis beneath
Soars the spirit to its goal.

Father, when the mourners come
With the slowly moving bier,
Weeping at the open tomb
For the lovely and the dear, —

Breathe into the bleeding heart
Hopes that die not with the dead ;
And the peace of Christ impart
When the joys of earth have fled.

WILLIAM NEWELL, D. D.

1854.

ODE ON THE CONSECRATION OF
SLEEPY-HOLLOW CEMETERY.

FRANKLIN BENJAMIN SANBORN, a prominent writer for the press and laborer in philanthropic movements, was born at Hampton Falls, N. H., Dec. 15, 1831, and graduated at Harvard College in 1855. The lines that follow were written at the request of Mr. Emerson, for delivery on the occasion of the consecration of the cemetery, Sept. 29, 1855. Mr. Emerson made a few remarks at the time, and the verses of Mr. Channing, found on the next page, were read. The cemetery is in Concord, Mass.

SHINE kindly forth, September sun,
From heavens calm and clear,
That no untimely cloud may run
Before thy golden sphere,
To vex our simple rites to-day
With one prophetic tear.

With steady voices let us raise
The fitting psalm and prayer ; —
Remembered grief of other days
Breathes softening in the air :
Who knows not death, who mourns no loss,
He has with us no share.

To holy sorrow — solemn joy,
We consecrate the place
Where soon shall sleep the maid and boy,
The father and his race,
The mother with her tender babe,
The venerable face.

These waving woods — these valleys low
 Between these tufted knolls,
 Year after year shall dearer grow
 To many loving souls;
 And flowers be sweeter here than blow
 Elsewhere between the poles.

For deathless love and blessed grief
 Shall guard these wooded aisles,
 When either autumn casts the leaf,
 Or blushing summer smiles,
 Or winter whitens o'er the land,
 Or spring the buds uncoils.

FRANKLIN BENJAMIN SANBORN.

—◆—

EPITAPH IN AN OLD CHURCHYARD.

FRANK FOXCROFT was born in Boston, Jan. 21, 1850. His first volume was entitled "Transcript Pieces," from the fact that the poems it comprised had been mainly published in the Boston Transcript. It appeared in 1867. He graduated at Williams College in 1871, and soon became editorial writer and literary editor of the Boston Journal, which post he still occupies. His second volume was "Resurgit," a collection of Easter poems, issued in 1879. Mr. Foxcroft has contributed to the Atlantic and other of the current periodicals. His home is in Cambridge.

I.

REST under the overarching trees,
 Rustled by evening and morning breeze.

Rest, under the waving blades of grass,
 And the myriad shapes that through them
 pass ;

Under the blood-red autumn leaves,
 And the patter of rain when 'spring-time
 grieves.

Under the deep-lying drifts of snow,
 Under the summer's gentle glow.

Yet the seasons move with steps too light
 To break the dreams of this endless night.

Over my head the sky is blue,
 And down through the boughs the stars shine
 through.

Yet heedless and reckless of all I lie,
 Deep in the earth, with face to the sky.

Pomp and power, passion and pride,
 And all life's numberless ills beside,

These, all these are for other men,
 I shall know them never again.

Till the day dawn and the Day-star rise,
 Under this stone my body lies.

II.

Up measureless heights, through far-stretch-
 ing space,
 Where mind cannot reach and eye cannot
 trace.

Glad with a gladness that knoweth no bound,
 While infinite raptures encircle me round.

Sorrowless, weariless, sinless and free,
 What marvel of rest hath fallen to me !

In these fair regions which now I know,
 By these still waters where now I go.

The curtains of darkness are folded away,
 We are buried in the light of a shadowless
 day.

He whom on earth we in feebleness knew,
 Yet into whose image we silently grew,

Here grants us the sight of his radiant face,
 And gladdens our hearts with ineffable grace.

And now in our love and service to him,
 Feet do not falter nor eyes grow dim.

Swift as the eagle, true as the dove,
 We pass through the measureless spaces
 above ;

New-found strength fills every breast,
 Inaction is weariness, labor is rest.

FRANK FOXCROFT.

—◆—

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

No abbey's gloom, nor dark cathedral stoops,
 No winding torches paint the midnight air ;
 Here the green pines delight, the aspen droops
 Along the modest pathways, and those fair
 Pale asters of the season spread their plumes
 Around this field, fit garden for our tombs.

And shalt thou pause to hear some funeral
 bell

Slow stealing o'er thy heart in this calm
 place,

Not with a throb of pain, a feverish knell,
 But in its kind and supplicating grace,
 It says, Go, pilgrim, on thy march, be more
 Friend to the friendless than thou wast be-
 fore ;

Learn from the loved one's rest serenity :
 To-morrow that soft bell for thee shall sound,
 And thou repose beneath the whispering tree,
 One tribute more to this submissive
 ground ; —

Prison thy soul from malice, bar out pride,
Nor these pale flowers nor this still field
deride :

Rather to those ascents of being turn,
Where a ne'er-setting sun illumes the year
Eternal, and the incessant watch-fires burn
Of unspent holiness and goodness clear, —
Forget man's littleness, deserve the best,
God's mercy in thy thought and life con-
fest.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

ON THE GRAVE OF BISHOP KEN, AT
FROME, SOMERSETSHIRE.

LET other thoughts, where'er I roam,
Ne'er from my memory cancel
The coffin-fashioned tomb at Frome,
That lies behind the chancel ;
A basket-work where bars are bent,
Iron in place of ozier,
And shapes above that represent
A mitre and a crosier.

These signs of him that slumbers there
The dignity betoken ;
These iron bars a heart declare
Hard bent but never broken ;
This form portrays how souls like his,
Their pride and passion quelling,
Preferred to earth's high palaces
This calm and narrow dwelling.

There with the churchyard's common dust
He loved his own to mingle ;
The faith in which he placed his trust
Was nothing rare or single :
Yet laid he to the sacred wall
As close as he was able,
The blessed crumbs might almost fall
Upon him from God's table.

Who was this father of the Church,
So secret in his glory ?
In vain might antiquarians search
For record of his story ;
But precious tradition keeps
The fame of holy men ;
So there the Christian smiles or weeps
For love of Bishop Ken.

A name his country once forsook,
But now with joy inherits,
Confessor in the Church's book,
And martyr in the Spirit's !

That dared with royal power to cope,
In peaceful faith persisting,
A braver Becket — who could hope
To conquer unresisting.

LORD HOUGHTON.

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

WITHIN this lowly grave a conqueror lies,
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel
wrought

The emblems of a fame that never dies,
Ivy and amaranth, in a graceful sheaf,
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.
A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild-flowers, rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mould and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless
heart ;
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentle, in mien and mind,
Of gentle womankind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame :
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in
May,
Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand that moulders
here
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled
with fear,

And armies mustered at the sign, as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East —
Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that
gave

The victory to her who fills this grave :
Alone her task was wrought,
Alone the battle fought ;
Through that long strife her constant hope
was stayed
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they
wore,

And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and
took,
Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no
more.

Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her path.
By that victorious hand despair was slain.
With love she vanquished hate and overcame
Evil with good in her Great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
Glory that with the fleeting season dies ;
But when she entered at the sapphire gate
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes !
How heaven's bright depths with sounding
welcome rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were
flung.

And he who, long before,
Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,
The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat ;
He who returning, glorious, from the grave,
Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a
crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low ;
Cool airs are murmuring that the night is
near.

O gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go
Consoled though sad, in hope and yet in
fear.

Brief is the time, I know,
The warfare scarce begun ;
Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.
Still flows the fount whose waters strength-
ened thee ;

The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll ; the glorious armory,
That ministered to thee, is open still.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD MAID.

The following lines came to us attributed to the English-
woman's Journal, and we are glad to give the original text
and add the author's name to them after their long wan-
derings, during which they have been somewhat altered.

REST, gentle traveller, on life's toilsome way ;
Pause here awhile ; yet o'er this lifeless clay
No weeping, but a joyful tribute pay.

For this green nook, by sun and showers
made warm,

Gives welcome rest to an o'erwearied form,
Whose mortal life knew many a wintry storm.

Yet, ere the spirit gained a full release
From earth, she had attained that land of
peace
Where seldom clouds obscure, and tempests
cease.

No chosen spot of ground she called her own ;
In pilgrim guise o'er earth she wandered on ;
Yet always in her path some flowers were
strown.

No dear ones were her own peculiar care,
So was her bounty free as heaven's air ;
For every claim she had enough to spare.

And loving more the heart to give than lend,
Though oft deceived in many a trusted friend,
She hoped, believed, and trusted to the end.

She had her joys : 't was joy to live, to love,
To labor in the world with God above,
And tender hearts that ever near did move.

She had her griefs ; but why recount them
here, —
The heartsick lonesome, the onlooking fear,
The days of desolation, dark and drear,

Since every agony left peace behind,
And healing came on every stormy wind,
And with pure brightness every cloud was
lined.

And every loss sublimed some low desire,
And every sorrow helped her to aspire,
Till waiting angels bade her go up higher !

ELIZA SCUDDER.

A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day ;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

'T is but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

1866.

THE FINAL JOY.

"Wachet auf ! ruft uns die Stimme."

WAKE, awake, for night is flying,
The watchmen on the heights are crying ;
Awake, Jerusalem, at last !
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices :

Come forth, ye virgins, night is past !
The Bridegroom comes, awake,
Your lamps with gladness take ;
Hallelujah !

And for his marriage-feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet him there.

Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom ;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come !
Ah, come, thou blessed Lord,
O Jesus, Son of God,
Hallelujah !

We follow till the halls we see
Where thou hast bid us sup with thee.

Now let all the heavens adore thee,
And men and angels sing before thee

With harp and cymbal's clearest tone ;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round thy dazzling throne ;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear
What there is ours,
But we rejoice, and sing to thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

PHILIPP NIKOLAI, 1598. Translated by
CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858.

THE GRAVES OF OCEAN.

"The sea gave up the dead which were in it."

REV. XX. 13.

DEEP down beneath the unresting surge
There is a peaceful tomb ;
Storm raves above, calm reigns below ;
Safe, safe from ocean's wreck and woe,
Safe from its tide's unceasing flow,
The weary find a home.

Calm shelter from time's vexing winds ;
Sure anchorage at last !
The blinding sea-drift blinds not here ;
No breaker's boom the sleepers fear ;
No angry typhoon hovers near, —
Their latest storm is past.

Done now with peril and with toil,
They sleep the blessed sleep.
The last wild hurricane is o'er,
All silent now life's thunder-roar,
All quiet now the wreck-strewn shore ; —
'T is *we*, not *they*, who weep.

Who dies in Christ the Lord dies well,
Though on the lonely main ;
As soft the pillow of the deep,
As tranquil the uncurtained sleep
As on the couch where fond ones weep ; —
And they shall rise again.

Not safer on the sea of glass
Before the throne of God !
As sacred is that ocean-cave,
Where weeds instead of myrtles wave,
As near to God that unknown grave,
As the dear churchyard's sod.

O'er the loved clay God sets his watch,
The angels guard it well,
Till summoned by the trumpet loud,
Like star emerging from the cloud,
Or blossom from its sheltering shroud,
It leaves its ocean-cell.

The sea shall give them back, though death

The well-known form destroy ;
Nor rock, nor sand, nor foam can chain,
Nor mortal prison-house retain ;
Each atom shall awake again,
And rise with song and joy.

The cold sea's coldest, hardest depths
Shall hear the trump of God,
Death's reign on sea and land is o'er,
God's treasured dust he must restore,
God's buried gems he holds no more,
Beneath or wave or clod.

When the cold billow covered them,
No solemn prayer was said ;
Yet not the less their crown shall be
In the great morn of victory,
When, from their mortal fetters free,
They leave their peaceful bed.

What though to speak the words of love
No dear ones then could come ;
Without a name upon their bier,
A brother's or a sister's tear,
Their heaven will be as bright and near
As from their boyhood's home.

Star of the promised morning, rise !
Star of the throbbing wave,
Ascend ! and o'er the sable brine
With resurrection-splendor shine ;
Burst through the clouds with beams divine,
Mighty to shine and save.

O Morning Star ! O risen Lord !
Destroyer of the tomb !
Star of the living and the dead,
Lift up at length thy long-veiled head,
O'er land and sea thy glories shed ;—
Light of the morning, come !

Into each tomb thy radiance pour.
Let life, not death, prevail.
Make haste, great Conqueror, make haste !
Call up the dead of ages past,
Gather thy precious gems at last
From ocean's deepest vale !

Speak, mighty Life, and wake the dead !
Like statue from the stone,
Like music from long-broken strings,
Like gushings from deserted springs,
Like dew upon the dawn's soft wings,
Rouse each beloved one !

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

1861.

THE JUDGMENT.

"He cometh to judge the earth."

Ps. xcvi. 13.

THE Lord will come, the earth shall quake.
The hills their fixed seat forsake,
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come, a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of humankind.

Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride,
O God, is this the Crucified ?

Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain ;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain :
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come !"

REGINALD HEBER.

1811.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

EARTH to earth, and dust to dust !
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron, and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid ;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering ;
Here the sword and sceptre rust :
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust !"

Age on age shall roll along,
O'er this pale and mighty throng ;
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep ;
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more ;
Death shall keep his silent trust :
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust !"

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last ;

It shall come in fear and wonder,
 Heralded by trump and thunder;
 It shall come in strife and spoil;
 It shall come in blood and toil;
 It shall come in empire's groans,
 Burning temples, trampled thrones;
 Then, ambition, rule thy lust:
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign;—
 In the east, the King shall shine,
 Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
 Thousands, thousands round his state,
 Spirits with the crown and plume.
 Tremble, then, thou sullen tomb;
 Heaven shall open on our sight,
 Earth be turned to living light,
 Kingdoms of the ransomed just:
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then thy Mount, Jerusalem,
 Shall be gorgeous as a gem;
 Then, shall in the desert rise
 Fruits of more than Paradise;
 Earth by angel feet be trod,
 One great garden of her God;—
 Till are dried the martyrs' tears,
 Through a thousand glorious years.
 Now in hope of him we trust:
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

GEORGE CROLY

GOD AND HEAVEN.

FROM "LYRA CATHOLICA."

THE silver cord in twain is snapped,
 The golden bowl is broken,
 The mortal mould in darkness wrapped,
 The words funereal spoken;
 The tomb is built, or the rock is cleft,
 Or derved is the grassy clod,
 And what for mourning man is left?
 Oh, what is left—but God!

The tears are shed that mourned the dead,
 The flowers they wore are faded;
 The twilight dun hath veiled the sun,
 And hope's sweet dreamings shaded:
 And the thoughts of joy that were planted
 deep
 From our heart of hearts are riven;
 And what is left us when we weep?
 Oh, what is left—but Heaven!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

I.

A PAGAN king tormented fiercely all
 Who would not on his senseless idols call,
 Nor worship them; and him were brought
 before

A mother and her child, with many more.
 The child, fast bound, was flung into the
 flame,

Her faith the mother did in fear disclaim:
 But when she cried, "O Sweetest, live
 as I,"

He answered, "Mother dear, I do not die;
 Come, mother, bliss of heaven is here my
 gain,

Although I seem to you in fiery pain.
 This fire serves only for your eyes to cheat,
 Like Jesus' breath of balm 'tis cool and sweet.
 Come, learn what riches with our God are
 stored,

And how he feeds me at the angelic board.
 Come, prove this fire; like water-floods it
 cools,

While your world's water burns like sulphur
 pools.

Come, Abraham's secret, when he found
 alone

Sweet roses in the furnace, here is known.
 Into a world of death thou barest me;
 O mother, death, not life, I owed to thee.
 Fair world I deemed it once of glorious pride,
 Till in this furnace I was defied;

But now I know it for a dungeon-tomb,
 Since God has brought me into larger room.
 Oh, now at length I live: from my pure
 heaven

Each cloud, that stained it once, away is
 driven:

Come, mother, come, and with thee many
 bring;

Cry, 'Here is spread the banquet of the
 King';

Come, all ye faithful, come, and dare to
 prove

The bitter-sweet, the pain and bliss of love."
 So cried the child unto that crowd of men;
 All hearts with fiery longings kindled then;
 Toward the pile they headlong rushing came,
 And soon their souls fed sweetly on the flame.

II.

A dewdrop falling on the wild sea-wave,
 Exclaimed in fear, "I perish in this grave";
 But in a shell received, that drop of dew
 Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;

And, happy now, the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth, as it had feared, to die;—
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed:
O unbelieving!—so it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

III.

The seed must die, before the corn appears
Out of the ground, in blade and fruitful ears.
Low have those ears before the sickle lain,
Ere thou hast treasure up the golden grain.
The grain is crushed, before the bread is
made;
And the bread broke, ere life to man conveyed.
Oh, be content to die, to be laid low,
And to be crushed, and to be broken so,
If thou upon God's table mayst be bread,
Life-giving food for souls an-hungeréd.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D.

◆

TRANSPLANTED.

THEN Christ, the Gardener, said, "These
many years
Behold how I have waited
For fruit upon this barren tree, which bears
But leaves! With unabated
Patience I have nurtured it; have fed
Its roots with choicest juices;
The sweetest suns their tender warmth have
shed
On it; still it refuses
Its blossom: all the balmiest summer rain
Has bathed it; unrepaying,
Still, its green and glittering leaves, in vain
And empty show arraying,
It flaunts, contented in its uselessness,
Ever my eye offending.
Uproot it! Set it in the wilderness!
There no more gentle tending
Shall it receive; but, pricked by nettle stings,
And bruised and hurt, and crowded
By stones, and weeds, and noxious growths
of things
That kill, and chilled 'neath shrouded
And sunless skies, from whose black clouds
no rain
Shall fall to soothè its anguish,
Bearing the utmost it can feel of pain,
Unsuccored, it shall languish!"

When next across the wilderness Christ came,
Seeking his Royal Garden,

A tree stood in his pathway, all aflame,
And bending with its burden
Of burnished gold. — No fruit inside the wall
Had grown to such perfection!
It was the outcast tree! Deprived of all
Kind nurture and protection,
Thrust out among vile things of poisonous
growth,
Condemned, disgraced, and banished,
Lonely and scorned, its energies put forth
Anew. All false show vanished;
Its roots struck downward with determined
hold,
No more the surface roaming;
And from the unfriendly soil, a thousand-fold
Of yield compelled.

The coming

Of the Gardener now in sweet humility
It waited, trusting; trembling;
Then Christ, the Gardener, smiled and said:
"O tree,

This day, in the assembling
Of mine, in Paradise, shalt thou be found.
Henceforth in me abiding,
More golden fruit shalt thou bring forth:
and round

Thy root the living waters gliding
Shall give the greenness which can never fade.
While angels, with thy new name sealing
Thee, shall come, and gather in thy shade
Leaves for the nations' healing!"

HELEN FISKE JACKSON.

1874.

◆

RIPE WHEAT.

The following verses were written by MRS. ELIZA O PEIR-
SON, who has contributed much to the press under the name
"Aliqua." Her home is in Newark, N. Y.

WE bent o'er a coffined form,
And our tears fell softly down;
We looked our last on the aged face,
With its look of peace, its patient grace,
And hair like a silver crown.

We touched our own to the clay-cold hands,
From life's long labor at rest;
And among the blossoms white and sweet,
We noted a bunch of golden wheat,
Clasped close to the silent breast.

The blossoms whispered of fadeless bloom,
Of a land where fall no tears;
The ripe wheat told of toil and care,
The patient waiting, the trusting pray,
The garnered good of the years.

We knew not what work her hands had found,
 What rugged places at her feet ;
 What cross was hers, what blackness of night ;
 We saw but the peace, the blossoms white,
 And the bunch of ripened wheat.

As each goes up from the field of earth,
 Bearing the treasure of life,
 God looks for some gathered grain of good,
 From the ripe harvest that shining stood,
 But waiting the reaper's knife.

Then labor well, that in death you go
 Not only with blossoms sweet, —
 Not bent with doubt, and burdened with fears,
 And dead, dry husks of the wasted years, —
 But laden with golden wheat.

ELIZA O. PEIRSON.

THE HOPE OF THE RESURRECTION.

SUGGESTED BY THE REMARK OF AN AFRICAN
 CHIEF TO A MISSIONARY.

FRANCES BROWNE was born in Ireland in 1816. When eighteen months old she lost her eyesight by the small-pox, and is known as "the blind poet of Ulster." Her poems were collected and published in 1844 and 1847. Many of them appeared in the *Irish Penny Journal* and the *Athe-neum*. Miss Browne died in 1864.

THY voice hath filled our forest shades,
 Child of the sunless shore !
 For never heard the ancient glades
 Such wondrous words before.
 Though bards our land of palms have filled
 With tales of joy or dread,
 Yet thou alone our souls hast thrilled
 With tidings of her dead.

The men of old, who slept in death
 Before the forests grew,
 Whose glory faded here beneath,
 While yet the hills were new ;
 The warriors famed in battles o'er,
 Of whom our fathers spake ;
 The wise, whose wisdom shines no more, —
 Stranger, will they awake ?

The foes who fell in thousand fights
 Beneath my conquering brand, —
 Whose bones have strewn the Caffer's heights,
 The Bushman's lonely land, —
 The young, who shared my warrior-way,
 But found an early urn, —
 And the roses of my youth's bright day, —
 Stranger, will they return ?

My mother's face was fair to see —
 My father's glance was bright, —

But long ago the grave from me
 Hath hid their blessed light ;
 Still sweeter was the sunshine shed
 By my lost children's eyes,
 That beam upon me from the dead, —
 Stranger, will they arise ?

Was it some green grave's early guest,
 Who loved thee long and well,
 That left the land of dreamless rest,
 Such blessed truths to tell ?
 For we have had our wise ones, too,
 Who feared not death's abyss, —
 The strong in hope, in love the true, —
 But none that dreamed of this !

Yet, if the grave restore to life
 Her ransomed spoils again,
 And ever hide the hate and strife
 That died with wayward men ; —
 How hath my spirit missed the star
 That guides our steps above ; —
 Since only earth was given to war, —
 That better land to love !

FRANCES BROWNE.

WITH TERROR THOU DOST STRIKE.

"Gravi me terrore pulsas, vitæ dies ultima."

PETER DAMIANI was born at Ravenna about 988, and died at Faenza, February, 1072. He was a pious and learned priest, and was made Cardinal and Bishop of Ostia in 1058, in which positions he aided Pope Hildebrand in his church reforms. His Latin verse gives him a prominent place among Christian poets. In courts and everywhere he lived in poverty, after the rules of the religious orders.

WITH terror thou dost strike me now,
 Life's fearful dying day !
 My heart is sad, my loins are weak,
 My spirit faints away ;
 While to my saddened soul, thy sight
 My anxious thoughts display.

Who can that dreadful sight describe,
 Or without trembling see,
 When from the ended course of life
 The weary soul would flee ;
 And, sick of all the bonds of flesh,
 It struggles to be free !

The senses fail, the tongue is stiff,
 The eyes uncertain stray ;
 The panting breath and gasping throat
 The coming end betray ;
 From palsied limbs and pallid lips
 All charm has fled away.

Now spring at once to view past thoughts
 And words and deeds and life,
 Before unwilling eyes they come,
 All crowding fresh and rife,
 And stand revealed before the mind
 That shrinks with timid strife.

And biting conscience tortures now
 The trembling guilty breast,
 And weeps the loss of perished hours,
 That might have given rest:
 Too late repentance, full of grief,
 No proper fruit has blessed.

Of the false sweetness of the flesh,
 What bitterness remains,
 When the brief pleasure of this life
 Is turned to endless pains,
 And all life's idols here below
 The dying hour disdains.

I pray thee, Jesus, grant me, then,
 Thine own almighty aid,
 When I shall enter, at the last,
 In death's dark valley shade;
 Let not the tyrant foe, I pray,
 My trembling soul invade.

Oh, from the prince of darkness, then,
 And hell's dark prison save!
 And take me ransomed to thy home,
 Good Shepherd, now I crave,
 Where I may live in endless life,
 With thee, beyond the grave.

PETER DAMIANI. Translated by
 ERASTUS C. BENEDICT, 1868.

THE ALARM.

RICHARD KEMPENFELT, admiral in the British navy, and an associate of Whitefield and the Wesleys, a man of strong religious feeling, was born Oct. 17, 1718, and was lost with the Royal George, which was capsized off Spithead, England, Aug. 29, 1782. The following seems almost like a prophetic utterance.

HARK! 't is the trump of God
 Sounds through the realms abroad,
 Time is no more.
 Horrors invest the skies;
 Graves burst, and myriads rise;
 Nature, in agonies,
 Yields up her store.

Changed in a moment's space,
 Lo! the affrighted race
 Shriek and despair;
 Now they attempt to flee,
 Curse immortality,
 And eye their misery
 Dreadfully near.

Quick reels the bursting earth,
 Rocked by a storm of wrath,
 Hurl'd from her sphere;
 Heart-rending thunders roll,
 Demons tormented howl,
 Great God! support my soul,
 Yielding to fear.

O my Redeemer, come!
 And through the fearful gloom
 Brighten thy way;
 How would our souls arise,
 Soar through the flaming skies,
 Join the solemnities
 Of this great day!

See! see! the incarnate God
 Swiftly emits abroad
 Glories benign;
 Lo! lo! he comes—he's here;
 Angels and saints appear,
 Fled is my every fear,
 Jesus is mine.

High on a flaming throne
 Rides the eternal Son,
 Sovereign august!
 Worlds from his presence fly,
 Shrink at his majesty;
 Stars, dashed along the sky,
 Awfully burst.

Thousands of thousands wait
 Round the judicial seat,
 Glorified there;
 Prostrate the elders fall:
 Winged is my raptured soul;
 High to the Judge of all,
 Lo! I draw near.

O my approving God!
 Washed in thy precious blood,
 Bold I advance;
 Fearless we range along,
 Join the triumphant throng,
 Shout an ecstatic song
 Through the expanse.

RICHARD KEMPENFELT.

AT LAST.

In youth, when blood was warm and fancy
 high,
 I mocked at Death. How many a quaint
 conceit
 I wove about his veiled head and feet,
 Vaunting aloud, "Why need we dread to die?"

But now, enthralled by deep solemnity,
 Death's pale, phantasmal shade I darkly
 greet ;
 Ghostlike it haunts the hearth, it haunts the
 street,
 Or drearier makes drear midnight's mystery.
 Ah, soul-perplexing vision ! oft I deem
 That antique myth is true which pictured
 Death
 A masked and hideous form all shrank to see ;
 But at the last slow ebb of mortal breath,
 Death, his mask melting like a nightmare
 dream,
 Smiled, — heaven's High-Priest of Immor-
 tality !

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

THE VOICE AT MIDNIGHT.

"Wachet auf ! ruft uns die Stimme."

The midnight call of a Christian watchman, full of majesty and solemnity, composed in 1599, at Unna, in Westphalia, during the raging of a pestilence which carried off more than fourteen hundred persons. The tune, which is called the "king of German chorals," and was introduced by Mendelssohn into his "Elijah," is said to have been composed by Nikolai.

PHILIPP NIKOLAI was a Lutheran pastor born in Waldeck, Aug. 10, 1556. He wrote three hymns, two of which are famous. His death occurred at Hamburg, Oct. 26, 1608.

WAKE, the startling watch-cry pealeth,
 While slumber deep each eyelid scaleth ;
 Awake ! Jerusalem, awake !
 Midnight's solemn hour is tolling,
 And cherub notes are onward rolling ;
 They call on us our part to take.
 Come forth, ye virgins wise !
 The Bridegroom comes, arise !
 Alleluia !
 Each lamp be bright,
 With ready light,
 To grace the marriage-feast to-night !
 Zion hears the watchman singing ;
 With sudden joy her heart is springing ;
 At once she wakes, she stands arrayed ;
 See her light, her star ascending,
 Lo ! girt with truth, with mercy blending,
 Her Bridegroom there, so long delayed !
 All hail, our Joy and Crown !
 God's Son, from heaven come down !
 Alleluia !
 The joyful call
 We answer all,
 And follow to the nuptial hall.

Praise to him who went before us !
 Let men and angels join in chorus,

Let harp and cymbal add their sound !
 Twelve the gates, a pearl each portal,
 We haste to join the choir immortal,
 Within the holy city's bound.
 Ear ne'er heard aught like this,
 Nor heart conceived such bliss,
 Alleluia !
 We raise the song,
 We swell the throng,
 To praise thee ages all along.

PHILIPP NIKOLAI, †599. Translated by
 FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

THAT DAY OF WRATH

"Dies iræ, dies illa."

The "Dies Iræ" is an act of humiliation and prayer for mercy in view of the impending day of judgment, based upon Zeph. i. 15, 16 ; Matt xxv. ; 2 Peter iii. 10-12. It was written for private devotion, in a lonely monastic cell, about 1250, by THOMAS of Celano, the friend and biographer of St. Francis of Assisi. It is the acknowledged masterpiece of Latin poetry, and the most sublime of all uninspired hymns, often translated, reproduced, and imitated, but never equalled. It is one of those rare productions which can never die, which increase in value as the ages advance. It has commanded the admiration of poets and men of letters, like Goethe, Walter Scott, and Macaulay, and has inspired some of the greatest musicians, from Palestrina down to Mozart. The secret of the irresistible power of the "Dies Iræ" lies in the awful grandeur of the theme, the intense earnestness and pathos of the poet, the simple majesty and solemn music of its language, the stately metre, the triple rhyme, and the vowel assonances chosen in striking adaptation to the sense, — all combining to produce an overwhelming effect, as if we heard the final crash of the universe, the commotion of the opening graves, the trumpet of the archangel that summons the quick and the dead, and as if we saw the "King of tremendous majesty" seated on the throne of justice and mercy, and ready to dispense everlasting life or everlasting woe. Goethe describes its effect upon the guilty conscience in the Cathedral-scene of "Faust" : —

"Horror seizes thee !
 The trump sounds !
 The grave trembles !
 And thy heart
 From the repose of its ashes,
 For fiery torment
 Brought to life again,
 Trembles up !"

The opening line, which is literally borrowed from the Vulgate version of Zeph. i. 15, strikes the key-note to the whole with a startling sound, and brings up at once the judgment-scene as an awful, impending reality. The feeling of terror occasioned by the contemplation of that event culminates in the cry of repentance, verse 7, "Quid sum, miser, tunc dicturus" ; but from this the poet rises at once to the prayer of faith, and takes refuge from the wrath to come in the infinite mercy of Him who suffered nameless pain for a guilty world, who pardoned the sinful Magdalene, and saved the dying robber. — This note is taken substantially from Schaff's "Christ in Song." For further information, see Lisco's "Dies Iræ," Berlin, 1840 ; and two articles by Dr. Schaff, in the Hours at Home, New York, May and July, 1868, with specimens of many translations.

DAY of anger, that dread day
 Shall the sign in heaven display,
 And the earth in ashes lay.

Oh, what trembling shall appear,
When his coming shall be near,
Who shall all things strictly clear!

When the trumpet shall command
Through the tombs of every land
All before the throne to stand.

Death shall shrink and Nature quake,
When all creatures shall awake,
Answer to their God to make.

See the book divinely penned,
In which all is found contained,
Whence the world shall be arraigned!

When the Judge is on his throne,
All that's hidden shall be shown,
Nought unpunished or unknown!

What shall I before him say?
How shall I be safe that day,
When the righteous scarcely may?

King of awful majesty,
Saving sinners graciously,
Fount of mercy, save thou me!

Leave me not, my Saviour, one
For whose soul thy course was run,
Lest I be that day undone.

Thou didst toil my soul to gain;
Didst redeem me with thy pain;
Be such labor not in vain!

Thou just Judge of wrath severe,
Grant my sins remission here,
Ere thy reckoning-day appear.

My transgressions grievous are;
Scarce look up for shame I dare;
Lord, thy guilty suppliant spare!

Thou didst heal the sinner's grief,
And didst hear the dying thief:
Even I may hope relief.

All unworthy is my prayer;
Make my soul thy mercy's care,
And from fire eternal spare!

Place me with thy sheep, that band
Who shall separated stand
From the goats, at thy right hand!

When thy voice in wrath shall say,
"Cursed ones, depart away!"
Call me with the blest, I pray!

Lord, thine ear in mercy bow!
Broken is my heart and low:
Guard of my last end be thou!

In that day, that mournful day,
When to judgment wakes our clay,
Show me mercy, Lord, I pray!

THOMAS of Celano. Translated by
HENRY ALFORD, D. D.

1845.

DAY OF WRATH.

"Dies iræ, dies illa."

This is the accepted version of the "Dies Iræ" in Great Britain.

DAY of wrath! oh, day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophets' warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth!

Death is struck, and nature quaking;
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making!

Lo, the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing!

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

Think, kind Jesu! — my salvation
Caused thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

Faint and weary thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me:
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reckoning-day's conclusion!

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning:
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning!

Thou the sinful woman savedst ;
Thou the dying thief forgavest ;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying !

With thy favored sheep, oh, place me !
Nor among the goats abase me ;
But to thy right hand praise me !

While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with thy saints surrounded.

Low I kneel, with heart-submission :
See, like ashes, my contrition ;
Help me, in my last condition !

Ah ! that day of tears and mourning !
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him.

Spare, O God ! in mercy spare him !
Lord, who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessed requiem !

THOMAS of Celano. Translated
by W. J. IRONS, D. D., 1848.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

“ Dies iræ, dies illa.”

SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRIDGES was born Nov. 30, 1762, and died near Geneva, Sept. 8, 1837. His long life was industriously occupied with literary labors, especially in researches among the earlier writers of English.

Lo ! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain :
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train :
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Jesus Christ shall ever reign !

See the universe in motion,
Sinking on her funeral pyre, —
Earth dissolving, and the ocean
Vanishing in final fire : —
Hark, the trumpet ! hark, the trumpet !
Loud proclaims that Day of Ire !

Graves have yawned in countless numbers, —
From the dust the dead arise :
Millions, out of silent slumbers,
Wake in overwhelmed surprise ;
Where creation, where creation,
Wrecked and torn in ruin lies !

See the Judge our nature wearing,
Pure, ineffable, divine : —
See the great archangel bearing
High in heaven the mystic sign :
Cross of Glory ! cross of Glory !
Christ be in that moment mine !

See Redemption,¹ long expected,
In transcendent pomp appear, —
All his saints by man rejected,
Throng in gathering legions near :
Melt, ye mountains ! melt, ye mountains !
Into smoke, for God is here !

Every eye shall then behold him
Robed in awful majesty :
Those that set at nought, and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to a tree, —
Deeply wailing, deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see !

Lo ! the last long separation !
As the cleaving crowds divide ;
And one dread adjudication
Sends each soul to either side !
Lord of mercy ! Lord of mercy !
How shall I that day abide !

Oh, may thine own Bride and Spirit
Then avert a dreadful doom, —
And me summon to inherit
An eternal blissful home : —
Ah, come quickly ! ah, come quickly !
Let thy second advent come !

Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,
On thine amaranthine throne !
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own !
Men and angels, men and angels,
Kneel and bow to thee alone !

SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRIDGES.

THE JUDGMENT.

“ Dies iræ, dies illa.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT, the great novelist, was born in Edinburgh, Aug. 15, 1771, and after a remarkable literary career, first as a poet and then as a writer of romance, died Sept. 21, 1832. This small portion of the “ Dies Iræ ” was given in his “ Lay of the Last Minstrel.”

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

¹ Romans viii. 23.

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

THOMAS of Celano. Translated by
SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1805.

ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

"Dies iræ, dies illa."

WENTWORTH DILLON nephew of Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, was born in Ireland about 1633, and died in London, Jan. 17, 1684. Dr. Johnson was wont to say that religious verses were "cold and feeble, and unworthy their object," but he was never able to repeat the "Dies Iræ" without bursting into tears at the stanza, —

"Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not these agonies be vain."

This version excels all others in the fervor of devotion.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find !

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

Nature and death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

The Judge ascends his awful throne ;
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

Oh, then, what interest shall I make
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake ?

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring !

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost
In storms of guilty terror tost.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not these agonies be in vain !

Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt, too great to pay,
Before the sad accounting day !

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep, accept my tears !

Thou who wert moved with Mary's grief,
And by absolving of the thief
Hast given me hope, now give relief !

Reject not my unworthy prayer ;
Preserve me from the dangerous snare
Which death and gaping hell prepare.

Give my exalted soul a place
Among thy chosen right-hand race,
The sons of God and heirs of grace.

From that insatiable abyss,
Where flames devour and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy seat of bliss.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end !

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death :
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find !

THOMAS of Celano. Translated by
WENTWORTH DILLON, *Earl of Roscommon*.

IN MEDITATION OF THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

"Dies iræ, dies illa."

No translation of the "Dies Iræ" compares with the following in strength. It is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, in the English language.

HEAR'ST thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and Sibyl sings,
Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp ray
The world in flames shall fly away ?

Oh, that Fire ! before whose face
Heaven and earth shall find no place :
Oh, these Eyes ! whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread night.

Oh, that Trump ! whose blast shall run
An even round with the circling sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

Horror of nature, hell and death !
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry, "We come, we come," and all
The caves of night answer one call.

Day of
California



Addison

NEW YORK: LEONARD REED & COMPANY

70 vml
assorted

Oh, that Book ! whose leaves so bright
Will set the world in severe light.
Oh, that Judge ! whose hand, whose eye
None can endure, yet none can fly.

Ah, then, poor soul ! what wilt thou say ?
And to what patron choose to pray,
When stars themselves shall stagger, and
The most firm foot no more than stand ?

But thou giv'st leave, dread Lord, that we
Take shelter from thyself in thee ;
And with the wings of thine own dove
Fly to thy sceptre of soft love !

Dear [Lord], remember in that day
Who was the cause thou cam'st this way ;
Thy sheep was strayed, and thou wouldst be
Even lost thyself in seeking me !

Shall all that labor, all that cost
Of love, and even that loss, be lost ?
And this loved soul judged worth no less
Than all that way and weariness ?

Just Mercy, then, thy reckoning be
With my price, and not with me ;
'T was paid at first with too much pain,
To be paid twice, or once in vain.

Mercy, my Judge, mercy, I cry,
With blushing cheek and bleeding eye ;
The conscious colors of my sin
Are red without, and pale within.

Oh, let thine own soft bowels pay
Thyself, and so discharge that day !
If sin can sigh, love can forgive,
Oh, say the word, my soul shall live !

Those mercies which thy Mary found,
Or who thy cross confessed and crowned,
Hope tells my heart the same loves be
Still alive, and still for me.

Though both my prayers and tears combine,
Both worthless are, for they are mine ;
But thou thy bounteous self still be,
And show thou art by saving me.

Oh, when thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let "Come, ye blessed" then call me !

When the dread "Ite !" shall divide
Those limbs of death from thy left side,
Let those life-speaking lips command
That I inherit thy right hand !

Oh, hear a suppliant heart, all crushed
And crumbled into contrite dust !
My hope, my fear ! my Judge, my Friend !
Take charge of me, and of my end !

THOMAS OF Celano. Translated by
RICHARD CRASHAW.

HOW SHALL I APPEAR ?

JOSEPH ADDISON, the essayist, was born May 1, 1672, and died June 17, 1719. The following hymn appeared in the *Spectator* of Oct. 18, 1712; and in the same paper were some reflections upon recovering from illness, in which were these words: "Among all the reflections that usually arise in the mind of a sick man who has time and inclination to consider his approaching end, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and unbodied before Him who made him."

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh, how shall I appear ?

If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought ;

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear ?

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late,
And add my Saviour's dying groans
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died
To make her pardon sure.

1712 JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE JUDGMENT.

"Es ist gewisslich an Jer Zeit."
"Dies iræ, dies illa"

BARTHOLOMEW RINGWALDT was born at Frankfort-on-the-Oder in 1530, and was the Lutheran pastor at Langfield, in Prussia, where he died in 1598. He wrote hymns of excellence. The following was inspired by the "Dies Irae."

GREAT God, what do I see and hear ?
The end of things created ;
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated !

The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
And greet the archangel's warning,
To meet the Saviour in the skies,
On this auspicious morning:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

Far over space, to distant spheres,
The lightnings are prevailing:
The ungodly rise, and all their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
They shake before the Judge's throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings,
Repress thy flight too daring! —
One wondrous sight my comfort brings, —
The Judge my nature wearing.
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

BARTHOLOMEW RINGWALDT, 1585. Translated
by WILLIAM BENGOLLYER, 1812.

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, an English clergyman and novelist of note, was born June 12, 1819, and in 1844 became rector of Eversley, Hampshire, where he resided through life. He was a graduate of Magdalen College, Cambridge. At the time of his death, which occurred Jan. 24, 1875, he was canon of Westminster and chaplain to the Queen.

THE Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand!
Its storms roll up the sky:
A nation sleeps starving on heaps of gold;
All dreamers toss and sigh;
The night is darkest before the dawn —
When the pain is sorest the child is born,
And the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God, —
Freedom, and Mercy, and Truth;
Come! for the earth is grown coward and
old, —
Come down and renew us her youth.
Wisdom, self-sacrifice, daring and love,
Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above,
To the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell —
Famine, and plague, and war;
Idleness, bigotry, cant, and misrule,
Gather, and fall in the snare!

Hirelings and Mammonites, pedants and
knaves,
Crawl to the battle-field, — sneak to your
graves,

In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age
of gold,

While the Lord of all ages is here?

True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
And those who can suffer, can dare.

Each old age of gold was an iron age too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern
work to do,

In the Day of the Lord at hand.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

1850.

THE JUDGMENT.

This popular hymn, says Sir R. Palmer, is a cento, composed by Martin Madan, with some variations, out of two hymns by Charles Wesley (Nos. 38 and 39 of "Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind"), and one by John Cennick (No. 965 in the "Collection of Hymns for the Use of the Protestant Church of the United Brethren, revised and enlarged," Bath, 1801). The choice and arrangement of the stanzas, as made by Madan, is here preserved, as are his variations of the third and fourth stanzas (Cennick's), of which the last lines do not rhyme in the original. The first two stanzas and the last are from Wesley's No. 39, a hymn of four stanzas. Madan made some alterations in the first and the last, which (with the exception of "Oh, come quickly," instead of Wesley's "Jah, Jehovah!") are not retained. The second and the fifth (which is the concluding stanza of Wesley's No. 38) he did not alter. (See page 901.)

Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain:
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
God appears, on earth to reign!

Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
"Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!"

Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

Answer thine own Bride and Spirit ;
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom ;
 The new heaven and earth to inherit
 Take thy pining exiles home :
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come !

Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne :
 Saviour, take the power and glory ;
 Claim the kingdom for thine own :
 O, come quickly,
 Everlasting God, come down !

Variation by MARTIN MADAN, 1760. From
 CHARLES WESLEY, 1758, and JOHN CENNICK, 1752.

THE JUDGMENT.

THEODORE was at the head of the great abbey of the Studium, in Constantinople, probably the most influential that ever existed in the world. Dr. Neale ranks his hymns above those of Theophanes, and nearly equal to those of Cosmas. Theodore died in banishment, Nov. 11, 826.

Τὴν ἡμέραν τὴν φρικτὴν.

THAT fearful day, that day of speechless dread,
 When thou shalt come to judge the quick
 and dead —
 I shudder to foresee,
 O God ! what then shall be !

When thou shalt come, angelic legions round,
 With thousand thousands, and with trumpet
 sound ;
 Christ, grant me in the air
 With saints to meet thee there !

Weep, O my soul, ere that great hour and day,
 When God shall shine in manifest array,
 Thy sin, that thou mayst be
 In that strict judgment free !

The terror ! — hell-fire fierce and unsufficed :
 The bitter worm : the gnashing teeth : — O
 Christ,
 Forgive, remit, protect ;
 And set me with the elect !

That I may hear the blessed voice that calls
 The righteous to the joy of heavenly halls :
 And, King of heaven, may reach
 The realm that passeth speech !

Enter thou not in judgment with each deed,
 Nor each intent and thought in strictness
 read :
 Forgive, and save me then,
 O thou that lovest men !

Thee, One in Three blest Persons ! Lord
 o'er all !
 Essence of essence, Power of power, we call :
 Save us, O Father, Son,
 And Spirit, ever One !

Ὁ Κύριος ἔρχεται.

God comes ; — and who shall stand before
 his fear ?
 Who bide his presence, when he draweth near ?
 My soul, my soul, prèpare
 To kneel before him there !

Haste, — weep, — be reconciled to him before
 The fearful judgment knocketh at the door :
 Where, in the Judge's eyes,
 All bare and naked lies.

Have mercy, Lord, have mercy, Lord, I cry,
 When with thine angels thou appear'st on
 high :
 And each shall doom inherit,
 According to his merit.

How can I bear thy fearful anger, Lord ?
 I, that so often have transgressed thy word ?
 But put my sins away,
 And spare me in that day !

O miserable soul, return, lament,
 Ere earthly converse end, and life be spent :
 Ere, time for sorrow o'er,
 The Bridegroom close the door !

Yea, I have sinned, as no man sinned beside :
 With more than human guilt my soul is dyed :
 But spare, and save me here,
 Before that day appear !

Three Persons in one Essence uncreate,
 On whom, both Three and One, our praises
 wait,
 Give everlasting light
 To them that sing thy might !

Ἐφέστηκεν ἡ ἡμέρα.

The day is near, the judgment is at hand,
 Awake, my soul, awake, and ready stand !
 Where chiefs shall go with them that filled
 the throne,
 Where rich and poor the same tribunal own ;
 And every thought and deed
 Shall find its righteous meed.

There with the sheep the shepherd of the fold
 Shall stand together ; there the young and old ;

Master and slave one doom shall undergo ;
Widow and maiden one tribunal know.

Oh, woe, oh, woe, to them
Whom lawless lives condemn !

That judgment-seat, impartial in decree,
Accepts no bribe, admits no subtlety :
No orator persuasion may exert,
No perjured witness wrong to right convert :
But all things, hid in night,
Shall then be dragged to light.

Let me not enter in the land of woe ;
Let me not realms of outer darkness know !
Nor from the wedding-feast reject thou me,
For my soiled vest of immortality ;
Bound hand and foot, and cast
In anguish that shall last !

When thou, the nations ranged on either side,
The righteous from the sinners shalt divide,
Then give me to be found amongst thy sheep,
Then from the goats thy trembling servant
keep :
That I may hear the voice
That bids thy saints rejoice !

When righteous inquisition shall be made,
And the books opened, and the thrones ar-
rayed,
My soul, what plea to shield thee canst thou
know,
Who hast no fruit of righteousness to show,
No holy deeds to bring
To Christ the Lord and King ?

I hear the rich man's wail and bitter cry,
Out of the torments of eternity ;
I know, beholding that devouring flame,
My guilt and condemnation are the same ;
And spare me, Lord, I say,
In the great judgment day !

The Word and Spirit, with the Father One,
One light and emanation of one Sun,
The Word by generation, we adore,
The Spirit by procession, evermore ;
And with creation raise
The thankful hymn of praise.

'Ο Κύριος ἔρχεται.

The Lord draws nigh, the righteous throne's
Assessor,
The just to save, to punish the transgressor :
Weep we, and mourn, and pray,
Regardful of that day ;
When all the secrets of all hearts shall be
Lit with the blaze of full eternity.

Clouds and thick darkness o'er the Mount
assembling,
Moses beheld the Eternal's glory, trembling,
And yet he might but see
God's feeblèr majesty.

And I — I needs must view his fullest face : —
Oh, spare me, Lord ! Oh, take me to thy grace !

David of old beheld, in speechless terror,
The session of the Judge — the doom of error :
And what have I to plead
For mercy in my need ?

Nothing save this : Oh, grant me yet to be,
Ere that day come, renewed and true to thee !

Here, fires of deep damnation roar and glitter :
The worm is deathless, and the cup is bitter :
There, day that hath no morrow,
And joy that hath no sorrow :
And who so blest that he shall fly the abyss,
Raised up to God's right hand and speechless
bliss !

My soul with many an act of sin is wounded :
With mortal weakness is my frame sur-
rounded :

My life is wellnigh o'er :
The Judge is at the door :
How wilt thou, miserable spirit, fare,
What time he sends his summons through
the air ?

THEODORE of the Studium. Translated by
JOHN MASON NEALE, 1862, 1866.

THE JUDGMENT.

"Apparebit repentina magna Dies Domini."

"This rugged but grand judgment-hymn is at least as early as the seventh century, because quoted by the Venerable Bede. It manifestly contains the germ of the 'Dies Iræ,' to which, however inferior in lyric fervor and effect, it scarcely yields in devotion and simple realization of its subject." — J. M. N.

THAT great day of wrath and terror,
That last day of woe and doom,
Like a thief at darkest midnight
On the sons of men shall come ;
When the pride and pomp of ages
All shall utterly have passed,
And they stand in anguish, owning
That the end is here at last ;
And the trumpet's pealing clangor,
Through the earth's four quarters spread,
Waxing loud and ever louder,
Shall convoke the quick and dead :
And the King of heavenly glory
Shall assume his throne on high,
And the cohorts of his angels

Shall be near him in the sky :
Then the sun shall turn to darkness,
And the moon be red as blood,
Pallid stars shall fall from heaven,
Whelmed beneath destruction's flood :
Flame and fire and desolation
At the Judge's feet shall go :
Earth and sea and all abysses
Shall his mighty sentence know.

Then the elect upon the right hand
Of the Lord shall stand around ;
But, like goats, the evil-doers
Shall upon the left be found.
"Come, ye blessed, take the kingdom,"
Shall be there the King's award,
"Which for you before the world was
Of my Father was prepared :
I was naked, and ye clothed me ;
Poor, and ye relieved me ; hence
Take the riches of my glory
For your endless recompense."
Then the righteous shall make question,
"When have we beheld thee poor,
Lord of glory ? When relieved thee
Lying needy at our door ?"
Whom the blessed King shall answer,
"When ye showed your charity,
Giving bread and home and raiment,
What ye did was done to me."
In like manner to the left hand
That most righteous Judge shall say,
"Go, ye cursed, to Gehenna,
And the fire that is for aye:
For in prison ye came not nigh me, —
Poor, ye pitied not my lot,
Naked, ye have never clothed me ;
Sick, ye visited me not."
They shall say, "O Christ, when saw we
That thou calledst for our aid,
And in prison or sick or hungry,
To relieve have we delayed ?"
Whom again the Judge shall answer,
"Since ye never cast your eyes
On the sick and poor and needy,
It was me ye did despise."

Backward, backward, at the sentence,
To Gehenna they shall fly,
Where the fire is never quenched,
Where the worm can never die ;
Where are Satan and his angels
In profoundest dungeon bound,
Where are cries and chains and gnashing,
Where are quenchless flames around.

But the righteous, upward soaring,
To the heavenly land shall go,

Midst the cohorts of the angels,
Where is joy forevermo :
To Jerusalem exulting
They with shouts shall enter in,
That true "sight of peace" and glory
That sets free from grief and sin.
Christ shall they behold forever,
Seated at the Father's hand,
As in beatific vision
His elect before him stand.

Wherefore, man, while yet thou mayest,
From the dragon's malice fly ;
Give thy bread to feed the hungry,
If thou seek'st to win the sky ;
Let thy loins be straitly girded,
Life be pure, and heart be right,
At the coming of the Bridegroom,
That thy lamp may glitter bright.

Translated from the Latin of an unknown
author by JOHN MASON NEALE,

LORD, WHO SHALL BEAR THAT DAY ?

LORD, who shall bear that day, so dread, so
splendid,

When we shall see thy angel, hovering o'er
This sinful world, with hand to heaven extended,

And hear him swear by thee that time's no
more ?

When earth shall feel thy fast consuming ray —
Who, mighty God, oh, who shall bear that day ?

When through the world thy awful call hath
sounded —

"Wake, all ye dead, to judgment wake, ye
dead !"

And from the clouds, by seraph eyes sur-
rounded,

The Saviour shall put forth his radiant
head ;

While earth and heaven before him pass
away —

Who, mighty God, oh, who shall bear that day ?

When, with a glance, the eternal Judge shall
sever

Earth's evil spirits from the pure and
bright,

And say to *those*, "Depart from me forever !"

To *these*, "Come, dwell with me in endless
light !"

When each and all in silence take their way —
Who, mighty God, oh, who shall bear that
day ?

THE DAY OF LIFE.

"Dies illa, dies vitæ."

This poem is a counterpart of the "Dies Iræ," although perhaps of earlier date, and presents the cheerful aspect of the day of judgment, as the day of the complete redemption of the faithful.

Lo, the day! — the day of life,
Day of unimagined light,
Day when death itself shall die,
And there shall be no more night!

Steadily that day approacheth,
When the just shall find their rest,
When the wicked cease from troubling,
And the patient reign most blest.

See the King desired for ages,
By the just expected long,
Long implored, at length he hasteth,
Cometh with salvation strong.

Oh, how past all utterance happy,
Sweet, and joyful it will be
When they who, unseen, have loved him,
Jesus face to face shall see!

In that day, how good and pleasant
This poor world to have despised!
And how mournful, and how bitter,
Dear that lost world to have prized!

Blessed, then, earth's patient mourners,
Who for Christ have toiled and died,
Driven by the world's rough pressure
In those mansions to abide!

There shall be no sighs or weeping,
Not a shade of doubt or fear;
No old age, no want or sorrow,
Nothing sick or lacking there.

There the peace will be unbroken,
Deep and solemn joy be shed,
Youth in fadeless flower and freshness,
And salvation perfected.

What will be the bliss and rapture
None can dream and none can tell,
There to reign among the angels,
In that heavenly home to dwell.

To those realms, just Judge, oh, call me!
Deign to open that blest gate,
Thou whom, seeking, looking, longing,
I, with eager hope, await!

Translated from an unknown Latin author by
ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES.

THE JUDGMENT

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on
fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his
ire;

Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of God-
head are bowed.

The glory! the glory! By myriads are
poured
The hosts of the angels to wait on their Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are
there,
And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear.

The trumpet! the trumpet! The dead have
all heard.
Lo! the depths of the stone-covered charnels
are stirred;
From the sea, from the land, from the south
and the north,

The vast generations of man are come forth!
The judgment! the judgment! The thrones
are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders
are met;
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word!

Oh, mercy! oh, mercy! Look down from
above,
Creator! on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked
are driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in
heaven!

HENRY HART MILMAN, D. D.





THE POET'S VISION OF HELL, PURGATORY,
AND PARADISE.



ON DANTE.

THERE is no tongue to speak his eulogy;
Too brightly burned his splendor for our eyes:
Far easier to condemn his injuries,
Than for the tongue to reach his smallest worth.
He to the realms of sinfulness came down,
To teach mankind; ascending then to God,
Heaven unbarred to him her lofty gates,
To whom his country hers refused to ope.
Ungrateful land, to its own injury
Nurse of his fate! Well, too, does this instruct
That greatest ills fall to the perfectest.
And, midst a thousand proofs, let this suffice, —
That, as his exile had no parallel,
So never was there man more great than he!

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI. Trans-
lated by JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR.



Engraved by W. B. Smith, N. Y.

Dante

no. 274
ANSONIA

THE POET'S VISION OF HELL, PURGATORY, AND PARADISE.

HELL.

DANTE ALIGHIERI, the great mediæval epic poet, and one of the greatest poets of all ages, was born in Florence, Italy, of an ancient family, May 14, 1265, and died at Ravenna, Sept. 14, 1321. Up to the age of twenty-five he lived in his native city engaged in study, associating with men of genius in art and letters. His early life was clouded by the loss of Beatrice Portinari, a lady with whom his name will ever be associated. Like Milton, Dante took an earnest interest in the welfare of his country, and was for twelve years involved in the clash of political parties. At the age of thirty-seven he found himself condemned to perpetual exile, his property confiscated, and himself threatened with death at the stake should he enter the city of his birth. The last nineteen years of his life were spent in wanderings. In his "Vita Nuovo," Dante has given an account of his early life and romantic devotion to Beatrice, who is also enshrined in the "Divina Commedia," from which the following extracts are taken.

The translation used is that by the REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY, said by the Edinburgh Review to have been executed "with a fidelity almost without example." Cary was born at Birmingham, England, in 1772. He graduated at Oxford and took orders in the Established Church. From 1826 to 1832 he was assistant librarian of the British Museum. He died in London, Aug. 14, 1844. His translation of Dante appeared from 1805 to 1814. The noteworthy version of the "Divina Commedia" by Mr. Longfellow is the only complete translation by an American.

OFT have I seen, at some cathedral door,
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er ;
Far off the noises of the world retreat ;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to
prayer,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

How strange the sculptures that adorn these
towers !

This crowd of statues, in whose folded
sleeves

Birds build their nests ; while canopied with
leaves

Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bow-
ers,

And the vast minster seems a cross of
flowers !

But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled
eaves

Watch the dead Christ between the living
thieves,

And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers !

Ah ! from what agonies of heart and brain,

What exultations trampling on despair,

What tenderness, what tears, what hate of
wrong,

What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,

Uprose this poem of the earth and air,

This mediæval miracle of song !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

VIRGIL APPEARS.

The poet indicates the era of the poem by the fiction that, having in the thirty-fifth year of his life (A. D. 1300) lost his way in a gloomy forest, and being hindered by certain wild beasts from ascending a mountain, he is met by Virgil, who promises to show him the punishments of Hell, and afterwards of Purgatory ; and that he shall then be conducted by Beatrice into Paradise.

In the midway of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray
Gone from the path direct : and e'en to tell,
It were no easy task, how savage wild
That forest, how robust and rough its growth
Which to remember only, my dismay
Renews, in bitterness not far from death.

Yet, to discourse of what there good befell,
All else will I relate discovered there. . . .
My ken discerned the form of one
Whose voice seemed faint through long dis-
use of speech.

When him in that great desert I espied,
"Have mercy on me," cried I out aloud,
"Spirit! or living man! whate'er thou be."

He answered: "Now not man, man once
I was,

And born of Lombard parents, Mantuans both
By country, when the power of Julius yet
Was scarcely firm. At Rome my life was
past,

Beneath the mild Augustus, in the time
Of fabled deities and false. A bard
Was I, and made Anchises' upright son
The subject of my song, who came from Troy,
When the flames preyed on Ilium's haughty
towers.

But thou, say wherefore to such perils past
Return'st thou? wherefore not this pleasant
mount

Ascendest, cause and source of all delight?"
"And art thou then that Virgil, that well-
spring,

From which such copious floods of eloquence
Have issued?" I with front abashed replied.
"Glory and light of all the tuneful train!

May it avail me, that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love im-
mense

Have conned it o'er. My master thou, and
guide!

Thou he from whom alone I have derived
That style, which for its beauty into fame
Exalts me. See the beast from whom I fled.
Oh, save me from her, thou illustrious sage!
For every vein and pulse throughout my frame
She hath made tremble." He, soon as he
saw

That I was weeping, answered, "Thou must
needs

Another way pursue, if thou wouldst 'scape
From out that savage wilderness."

Canto i. lines 1-9, 58-90.

THE PILGRIMAGE PROPOSED.

I, FOR thy profit pondering, now devise
That thou mayst follow me; and I, thy guide,
Will lead thee hence through an eternal space,
Where thou shalt hear despairing shrieks,
and see

Spirits of old tormented, who invoke
A second death; and those next view, who
dwell

Content in fire, for that they hope to come,
Whene'er the time may be, among the blest,
Into whose regions if thou then desire
To ascend, a spirit worthier than I
Must lead thee, in whose charge, when I de-
part,

Thou shalt be left: for that Almighty King,
Who reigns above, a rebel to his law
Adjudges me; and therefore hath decreed
That, to his city, none through me should
come.

He in all parts hath sway; there rules, there
holds

His citadel and throne. Oh, happy those,
Whom there he chuses!" I to him in few:
"Bard! by that God, whom thou didst not
adore,

I do beseech thee (that this ill and worse
I may escape) to lead me where thou saidst,
That I Saint Peter's gate may view, and those
Who, as thou tell'st, are in such dismal plight."

Onward he moved, I close his steps pursued.
i. 109-132.

INSCRIPTION OVER HELL'S GATE.

Dante, following Virgil, comes to the gate of Hell; where,
after having read the dreadful words that are written there-
on, they both enter.

"THROUGH me you pass into the city of
woe:

Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric moved:
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save
things

Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

iii. 1-9.

WAILINGS IN ANTE-HELL.

HERE sighs, with lamentations and loud
moans,
Resounded through the air pierced by no
star,

That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swelled the
sounds,

Made up a tumult, that forever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness
stained,

Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.

iii. 21-29.

THE DIVINERS.

The poet having passed through Limbo and other circles of Hell, arrives at the place of torment of such as presumed, while living, to predict future events. They were to have their faces reversed and set the contrary way on their limbs, so that, being deprived of the power to see before them, they are constrained ever to walk backwards.

Now, reader! think within thyself, so God Fruit of thy reading give thee! how I long Could keep my visage dry, when I beheld Near me our form distorted in such guise, That on the hinder parts fallen from the face The tears down-streaming rolled. Against a rock

I leant and wept, so that my guide exclaimed: "What, and art thou, too, witless as the rest? Here pity most doth show herself alive, When she is dead. What guilt exceedeth his, Who with Heaven's judgment in his passion strives?"

xx. 18-28.

LUCIFER DISCOVERED.

In the fourth and last round of the ninth circle, those who have betrayed their benefactors are wholly covered with ice. And in the midst is Lucifer, at the centre of gravity, at whose back Dante and Virgil ascend, till by a secret path they reach the surface of the other hemisphere of the earth, and once more obtain sight of the stars.

"THE banners of Hell's Monarch do come forth

Toward us; therefore look," so spake my guide,

"If thou discern him." As, when breathes a cloud

Heavy and dense, or when the shades of night Fall on our hemisphere. seems viewed from far A windmill, which the blast stirs briskly round; Such was the fabric then methought I saw.

To shield me from the wind, forthwith I drew

Behind my guide: no covert else was there.

Now came I (and with fear I bid my strain Record the marvel) where the souls were all Whelmed underneath, transparent, as through glass

Pellucid the frail stem. Some prone were laid; Others stood upright, this upon the soles, That on his head, a third with face to feet Arched like a bow. When to the point we came,

Whereat my guide was pleased that I should see

The creature eminent in beauty once, He from before me stepped and made me pause.

"Lo!" he exclaimed, "lo Dis; and lo the place,

Where thou hast need to arm thy heart with strength."

How frozen and how faint I then became, Ask me not, reader! for I write it not: Since words would fail to tell thee of my state. I was not dead nor living. Think thyself, If quick conception work in thee at all, How I did feel. That emperor, who sways The realm of sorrow, at mid breast from the ice Stood forth; and I in stature am more like A giant, than the giants are his arms. Mark now how great that whole must be, which suits

With such a part. If he were beautiful As he is hideous now, and yet did dare To scowl upon his Maker, well from him May all our misery flow. Oh, what a sight! How passing strange it seemed, when I did spy Upon his head three faces: one in front Of hue vermilion, the other two with this Midway each shoulder joined and at the crest; The right 'twixt wan and yellow seemed; the left

To look on, such as come from whence old Nile

Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth

Two mighty wings, enormous as became A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw Outstretched on the wide sea. No plumes had they,

But were in texture like a bat; and these He flapped i' th' air, that from him issued still Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depth Was frozen. At six eyes he wept: the tears Adown three chins distilled with bloody foam. At every mouth his teeth a sinner champed, Bruised as with ponderous engine; so that three

Were in this guise tormented. But far more Than from that gnawing, was the foremost panged

By the fierce rending, whence oftentimes the back

Was stript of all its skin. "That upper spirit, Who hath worst punishment," so spake my guide,

"Is Judas, he that hath his head within And plies the feet without. Of the other two, Whose heads are under, from the murky jaw Who hangs, is Brutus: lo! how he doth writhe

And speaks not. The other, Cassius, that appears

So large of limb. But night now reascends; And it is time for parting. All is seen."

xxxiv. 1-64.

EARTH'S CENTRE PASSED.

"ERE from the abyss
I separate," thus when risen I began :
" My guide ! vouchsafe few words to set me
free

From error's thraldom. Where is now the ice?
How standeth he in posture thus reversed ?
And how from eve to morn in space so brief
Hath the sun made his transit ?" He in few
Thus answering spake : " Thou deemest thou
art still

On the other side the centre, where I grasped
The abhorred worm that boreth through the
world.

Thou wast on the other side, so long as I
Descended ; when I turned, thou didst o'er-
pass
That point, to which from every part is
dragged

All heavy substance. Thou art now arrived
Under the hemisphere opposed to that,
Which the great continent doth overspread,
And underneath whose canopy expired
The Man, that was born sinless and so lived.
Thy feet are planted on the smallest sphere,
Whose other aspect is Judecca. Morn
Here rises, when there evening sets : and he,
Whose shaggy pile we scaled, yet standeth
fixed,
As at the first."

xxxiv. 93-115.

SATAN'S FALL.

" ON this part he fell down
From heaven ; and the earth, here prominent
before,

Through fear of him did veil her with the sea,
And to our hemisphere retired. Perchance,
To shun him, was the vacant space left here,
By what of firm land on this side appears,
That sprang aloof." There is a place beneath,
From Belzebug as distant, as extends
The vaulted tomb ; discovered not by sight,
But by the sound of brooklet, that descends
This way along the hollow of a rock,
Which, as it winds with no precipitous course,
The wave hath eaten. By that hidden way
My guide and I did enter, to return
To the fair world : and heedless of repose
We climbed, he first, I following his steps,
Till on our view the beautiful lights of heaven
Dawned through a circular opening in the
cave :

Thence issuing we again beheld the stars.

xxxiv. 115-133.

PURGATORY.

I ENTER, and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine !
And strive to make my steps keep pace
with thine.

The air is filled with some unknown per-
fume ;

The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass ; the votive tapers shine :
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of
pine

The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.
From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below ;
And then a voice celestial, that begins

With the pathetic words, " Although your
sins

As scarlet be," and ends with " as the
snow."

With snow-white veil and garments as of
flame,

She stands before thee, who so long ago
Filled thy young heart with passion and the
woe

From which thy song and all its splendor
came ;

And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy
name,

The ice about thy heart melts as the snow
On mountain heights, and the swift overflow
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of
shame.

Thou makest full confession ; and a gleam,
As if the dawn on some dark forest cast,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase ;
Lethe and Eunoe — the remembered dream
And the forgotten sorrow — bring at last
That perfect pardon which is perfect peace.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE STEEP ASCENT.

In the first canto the poet describes the delight he experi-
enced at assuing a little before dawn from the infernal regions,
into the pure air that surrounds the isle of Purgatory ; and
then relates how he met the shade of Cato of Utica, who,
having warned him and Virgil what was needful to be done
before they proceeded on their way through Purgatory, dis-
appeared ; and the two poets went towards the shore, where
Virgil cleansed Dante's face with the dew, and girded him
with a reed, as Cato had commanded. In the second canto
occurs the vision of " The Celestial Pilot," given in Mr.
Longfellow's version, on page 628. In the third canto the
mountain of Purgatory is reached, the antipodes of Jerusalem.

ON Sanleo's road
Who journeys, or to Noli low descends,
Or mounts Bismantua's height, must use his
feet ;
But here a man had need to fly, I mean

With the swift wing and plumes of high desire,
Conducted by his aid, who gave me hope,
And with light furnished to direct my way.

We through the broken rock ascended, close
Pent on each side, while underneath the
ground

Asked help of hands and feet. When we
arrived

Near on the highest ridge of the steep bank,
Where the plain level opened, I exclaimed,
"O Master! say, which way can we proceed."

He answered, "Let no step of thine recede.
Behind me gain the mountain, till to us
Some practised guide appear." . . .

"Such is this steep ascent,
That it is ever difficult at first,
But more a man proceeds, less evil grows.
When pleasant it shall seem to thee, so much
That upward going shall be easy to thee
As in a vessel to go down the tide,
Then of this path thou wilt have reached the
end.

There hope to rest thee from thy toil. No
more

I answer, and thus far for certain know."

iv. 23-38, 85-93.

THE EFFECT OF PRAYER.

WHEN I was freed

From all those spirits, who prayed for others'
prayers

To hasten on their state of blessedness;
Straight I began: "O thou, my luminary!
It seems expressly in thy text denied,
That heaven's supreme decree can ever bend
To supplication; yet with this design
Do these entreat. Can then their hope be
vain?

Or is thy saying not to me revealed?"

He thus to me: "Both what I write is
plain,

And these deceived not in their hope; if well
Thy mind consider, that the sacred height
Of judgment doth not stoop, because love's
flame

In a short moment all fulfils, which he,
Who sojourns here, in right should satisfy.
Besides, when I this point concluded thus,
By praying no defect could be supplied;
Because the prayer had none access to God.
Yet in this deep suspicion rest thou not
Contented, unless she assure thee so,
Who betwixt truth and mind infuses light:
I know not if thou take me right; I mean
Beatrice. Her thou shalt behold above.
Upon this mountain's crown, fair seat of joy."

vi 26-49

VIRTUE NOT HEREDITARY.

RARELY into the branches of the tree
Doth human worth mount up: and so ordains
He who bestows it, that as his free gift
It may be called.

vii. 122-125.

THE SERPENT TEMPTER.

Under the guidance of Sordello of Mantua the journey con-
tinues. The poet sees three stars (Faith, Hope, and Charity)
as the first day in Purgatory closes.

"WHAT there aloft, my son, has caught thy
gaze?"

I answered: "The three torches, with
which here

The pole is all on fire." He then to me:

"The four resplendent stars, thou saw'st this
morn,

Are there beneath; and these, risen in their
stead."

While yet he spoke, Sordello to himself
Drew him, and cried: "Lo, there our enemy!"
And with his hand pointed that way to look.

Along the side, where barrier none arose
Around the little vale, a serpent lay,
Such haply as gave Eve the bitter food.
Between the grass and flowers, the evil snake
Came on, reverting oft his lifted head;
And, as a beast that smooths its polished coat,
Licking his back.

viii. 88-102.

THE GATE OF ST. PETER.

READER! thou markest how my theme doth
rise;

Nor wonder therefore, if more artfully
I prop the structure. Nearer now we drew,
Arrived whence, in that part, where first a
breach

As of a wall appeared, I could descry
A portal, and three steps beneath, that led
For inlet there, of different color each;
And one who watched, but spake not yet a
word.

As more and more mine eye did stretch its
view,

I marked him seated on the highest step,
In visage such, as past my power to bear.
Grasped in his hand, a naked sword glanced
back

The rays so towards me, that I oft in vain
My sight directed. "Speak, from whence ye
stand";

He cried: "What would ye? Where is your
escort?

Take heed your coming upward harm ye not."

"A heavenly dame, not skilless of these things,"
 Replied the instructor, "told us, even now,
 'Pass that way: here the gate is.'"— "And
 may she,
 Befriending, prosper your ascent," resumed
 The courteous keeper of the gate: "Come
 then
 Before our steps." We straightway thither
 came.

ix. 64-85.

THE ENTRANCE BY THE GATE.

THE lowest stair was marble white, so
 smooth
 And polished, that therein my mirrored form
 Distinct I saw. The next of hue more dark
 Than sablest grain, a rough and singed block,
 Cracked lengthwise and across. The third,
 that lay
 Massy above, seemed porphyry, that flamed
 Red as the life-blood spouting from a vein.
 On this God's angel either foot sustained,
 Upon the threshold seated, which appeared
 A rock of diamond. Up the trinal steps
 My leader cheerly drew me. "Ask," said he,
 "With humble heart, that he unbar the bolt."
 Piously at his holy feet devolved
 I cast me, praying him for pity's sake
 That he would open to me; but first fell
 Thrice on my bosom prostrate. Seven times
 The letter, that denotes the inward stain,
 He, on my forehead, with the blunted point
 Of his drawn sword, inscribed. And "Look,"
 he cried,
 "When entered, that thou wash these scars
 away."
 Ashes, or earth ta'en dry out of the ground,
 Were of one color with the robe he wore.
 From underneath that vestment forth he drew
 Two keys, of metal twain: the one was gold,
 Its fellow silver. With the pallid first,
 And next the burnished, he so ply'd the gate,
 As to content me well. "Whenever one
 Faileth of these, that in the key-hole straight
 It turn not, to this alley then expect
 Access in vain." Such were the words he
 spake.
 "One is more precious: but the other needs
 Skill and sagacity, large share of each,
 Ere its good task to disengage the knot
 Be worthily performed. From Peter these
 I hold, of him instructed that I err
 Rather in opening, than in keeping fast;
 So but the suppliant at my feet implore."
 Then of that hallowed gate he thrust the
 door,

Exclaiming, "Enter, but this warning hear:
 He forth again departs who looks behind."

As in the hinges of that sacred ward
 The swivels turned, sonorous metal strong,
 Harsh was the grating; nor so surlily
 Roared the Tarpeian, when by force bereft
 Of good Metellus, thenceforth from his loss
 To leanness doomed. Attentively I turned,
 Listening the thunder that first issued forth;
 And "We praise thee, O God," methought I
 heard,
 In accents blended with sweet melody.

The strains came o'er mine ear, e'en as the
 sound

Of choral voices, that in solemn chant
 With organ mingle, and, now high and clear
 Come swelling, now float indistinct away.

ix. 86-138

SCENES IN PURGATORY.

Being admitted at the gate of Purgatory, our poets ascend
 a winding path up the rock, till they reach an open and level
 space that extends each way round the mountain. On the
 side that rises, and which is of white marble, are seen artfully
 engraven many stories of humility, which whilst they are
 contemplating, there approach the souls of those who expiate
 the sin of pride, and who are bent down beneath the weight
 of heavy stones.

WHEN we had past the threshold of the gate,
 (Which the soul's ill affection doth disuse,
 Making the crooked seem the straighter path.)
 I heard its closing sound. Had mine eyes
 turned,
 For that offence what plea might have
 availed?

We mounted up the riven rock, that wound
 On either side alternate, as the wave
 Flies and advances. "Here some little art
 Behoves us," said my leader, "that our steps
 Observe the varying flexure of the path."

Thus we so slowly sped, that with cleft orb
 The moon once more o'erhangs her watery
 couch,

Ere we that strait have threaded. But when
 free,

We came, and open, where the mount above
 One solid mass retires: I spent with toil,
 And both uncertain of the way, we stood,
 Upon a plain more lonesome than the roads
 That traverse desert wilds. From whence the
 brink

Borders upon vacuity, to foot
 Of the steep bank that rises still, the space
 Had measured thrice the stature of a man:
 And, distant as mine eye could wing its flight,
 To leftward now and now to right dispatched,
 That cornice equal in extent appeared.

Not yet our feet had on that summit moved,

When I discovered that the bank, around,
Whose proud uprising all ascent denied,
Was marble white; and so exactly wrought
With quaint sculpture, that not there alone
Had Polycletus, but e'en nature's self
Been shamed. The angel (who came down
to earth

With tidings of the peace so many years
Wept for in vain, that oped the heavenly gates
From their long interdiction) before us seemed,
In a sweet act, so sculptured to the life,
He looked no silent image. One had sworn
He had said "Hail!" for she was imaged
there.

By whom the key did open to God's love;
And in her act as sensibly imprest
That word, "Behold the handmaid of the
Lord,"

As figure sealed on wax. "Fix not thy mind
On one place only," said the guide beloved,
Who had me near him on that part where lies
The heart of man. My sight forthwith I
turned,

And marked, behind the virgin mother's form,
Upon that side where he that moved me stood,
Another story graven on the rock.

I past athwart the bard, and drew me near,
That it might stand more aptly for my view.
There, in the self-same marble, were engraved
The cart and kine, drawing the sacred ark,
That from unbidden office awes mankind.
Before it came much people; and the whole
Parted in seven quires. One sense cried
"Nay,"

Another, "Yes, they sing." Like doubt arose
Betwixt the eye and smell, from the curled
fume

Of incense breathing up the well-wrought
toil.

Preceding the blest vessel, onward came
With light dance leaping, girl in humble guise,
Israel's sweet harper: in that hap he seemed
Less, and yet more, than kingly. Opposite,
At a great palace, from the lattice forth
Looked Michol, like a lady full of scorn
And sorrow. To behold the tablet next,
Which, at the back of Michol, whitely shone,
I moved me. There, was storied on the rock
The exalted glory of the Roman prince,
Whose mighty worth moved Gregory to earn
His mighty conquest, Trajan the Emperor.
A widow at his bridle stood, attired
In tears and mourning. Round about them
trooped

Full throng of knights; and overhead in gold
The eagles floated, struggling with the wind.
The wretch appeared amid all these to say:

"Grant vengeance, Sire! for, woe beshrew
this heart,

My son is murdered." He replying seemed:
"Wait now till I return." And she, as one
Made hasty by her grief: "O Sire! if thou
Dost not return?"—"Where I am, who then
is,

May right thee."—"What to thee is other's
good.

If thou neglect thy own?"—"Now comfort
thee";

At length he answers. "It beseemeth well
My duty be performed, ere I move hence:
So justice wills; and pity bids me stay."

He, whose ken nothing new surveys, produced

That visible speaking, new to us and strange,
The like not found on earth. Fondly I gazed
Upon those patterns of meek humbleness,
Shapes yet more precious for their artist's sake;
When, "Lo!" the poet whispered, "where this
way

(But slack their pace) a multitude advance.
These to the lofty steps shall guide us on."

Mine eyes, though bent on view of novel
sights,

Their loved allurements, were not slow to turn.

Reader! I would not that amazed thou miss
Of thy good purpose, hearing how just God
Decreases our debts be cancelled. Ponder not
The form of suffering. Think on what suc-
ceeds:

Think that, at worst, beyond the mighty
doom

It cannot pass. "Instructor!" I began,
"What I see hither tending, bears no trace
Of human semblance, nor of aught beside
That my foiled sight can guess." He an-
swering thus:

"So courbed to earth, beneath their heavy
terms

Of torment stoop they, that mine eye at first
Struggled as thine. But look intently thither:
And disentangle with thy laboring view,
What, underneath those stones, approacheth:
now,

E'en now, mayst thou discern the pangs of
each."

X. 1-109.

PENITENTS FOR PRIDE.

CHRISTIANS and proud! O poor and
wretched ones!

That, feeble in the mind's eye, lean your trust
Upon unsteadfast perverseness: know ye not
That we are worms, yet made at last to form
The winged insect, impèd with angel plumes,

That to heaven's justice unobstructed soars ?
Why buoy ye up aloft your unfledged souls ?
Abortive then and shapeless ye remain,
Like the untimely embryo of a worm.

As, to support incumbent floor or roof,
For corbel, is a figure sometimes seen,
That crumples up its knees unto its breast ;
With the feigned posture, stirring ruth un-
feigned

In the beholder's fancy ; so I saw
These fashioned, when I noted well their
guise.

Each, as his back was laden, came indeed
Or more or less contracted ; and it seemed
As he, who showed most patience in his look,
Wailing exclaimed : " I can endure no more."

x. 110-128.

PRAYER OF THE PENITENTS FOR PRIDE.

" O THOU Almighty Father ! who dost make
The heavens thy dwelling, not in bounds con-
fined,

But that, with love intenser, there thou view'st
Thy primal effluence ; hallowed be thy name :
Join, each created being, to extol
Thy might ; for worthy humblest thanks and
praise

Is thy blest Spirit. May thy kingdom's peace
Come unto us ; for we, unless it come,
With all our striving, thither tend in vain.
As, of their will, the angels unto thee
Tender meet sacrifice, circling thy throne
With loud hosannas ; so of theirs be done
By saintly men on earth. Grant us, this day,
Our daily manna, without which he roams
Through this rough desert retrograde, who
most

Toils to advance his steps. As we to each
Pardon the evil done us, pardon thou
Benign, and of our merit take no count.
'Gainst the old adversary, prove thou not
Our virtue, easily subdued ; but free
From his incitements, and defeat his wiles.
This last petition, dearest Lord ! is made
Not for ourselves ; since that were needless
now ;

But for their sakes who after us remain."

xi. 1-24.

THE PASSAGE THROUGH THE SMOKE OF THE THIRD TERRACE.

HELL's dunnest gloom, or night unglorious,
dark,

Of every planet 'reft, and palled in clouds,
Did never spread before the sight a veil

In thickness like that fog, nor to the sense
So palpable and gross. Entering its shade,
Mine eye endured not with unclosed lids ;
Which marking, near me drew the faithful
guide,

Offering me his shoulder for a stay.

As the blind man behind his leader walks,
Lest he should err, or stumble unawares
On what might harm him or perhaps destroy ;
I journeyed through that bitter air and foul,
Still listening to my escort's warning voice,
" Look that from me thou part not." Straight

I heard

Voices, and each one seemed to pray for peace,
And for compassion, to the Lamb of God
That taketh sins away. Their prelude still
Was " Agnus Dei " ; and through all the
choir,

One voice, one measure ran, that perfect
seemed

The concord of their song. " Are these I
hear

Spirits, O master ? " I exclaimed ; and he,
" Thou aim'st aright : these loose the bonds
of wrath."

xvi. 1-22

FREE-WILL.

" YE, who live,

Do so each cause refer to heaven above,
E'en as its motion, of necessity,
Drew with it all that moves. If this were so,
Free choice in you were none ; nor justice
would

There should be joy for virtue, woe for ill.
Your movements have their primal bent from
heaven ;

Not all : yet said I all ; what then ensues ?
Light have ye still to follow evil or good,
And of the will free power, which, if it stand
Firm and unwearied in Heaven's first assay,
Conquers at last, so it be cherished well,
Triumphant over all. To mightier force,
To better nature subject, ye abide
Free, not constrained by that which forms
in you

The reasoning mind uninfluenced of the stars.
If then the present race of mankind err,
Seek in yourselves the cause, and find it there.

xvi. 67-85.

ON THE FIFTH TERRACE.

ILL strives the will, 'gainst will more wise
that strives :

His pleasure therefore to mine own preferred,
I drew the sponge yet thirsty from the wave.

Onward I moved : he also onward moved,
 Who led me, coasting still, wherever place
 Along the rock was vacant ; as a man
 Walks near the battlements on narrow wall.
 For those on the other part, who drop by drop
 Wring out their all-infecting malady,
 Too closely press the verge.

xx. 1-10.

THE HYMN.

The following hymn occurs after a record of illustrious instances of voluntary poverty and bounty.

FORTHWITH from every side a shout arose
 So vehement, that suddenly my guide
 Drew near, and cried : "Doubt not, while I
 conduct thee."

"Glory !" all shouted (such the sounds mine
 ear

Gathered from those, who near me swelled
 the sounds)

"Glory in the highest be to God." We stood
 Immovably suspended, like to those,

The shepherds, who first heard in Bethle-
 hem's field

That song : till ceased the trembling, and
 the song

Was ended : then our hallowed path resumed,
 Eying the prostrate shadows, who renewed
 Their custom'd mourning. Never in my
 breast

Did ignorance so struggle with desire
 Of knowledge, if my memory do not err,

As in that moment ; nor through haste dared I
 To question, nor myself could aught discern.

So on I fared, in thoughtfulness and dread.

xx. 128-144.

THE TREE OF TEMPTATION.

MIDWAY of the road

A tree we found, with goodly fruitage hung,
 And pleasant to the smell : and as a fir,
 Upward from bough to bough, less ample
 spreads ;

So downward this less ample spread ; that
 none,

Methinks, aloft may climb. Upon the side,
 That closed our path, a liquid crystal fell
 From the steep rock, and through the sprays
 above

Streamed showering. With associate step
 the bards

Drew near the plant ; and, from amidst the
 leaves,

A voice was heard : "Ye shall be chary of
 me" ;

And after added : "Mary took more thought
 For joy and honor of the nuptial feast,
 Than for herself, who answers now for you.
 The women of old Rome were satisfied
 With water for their beverage. Daniel fed
 On pulse, and wisdom gained. The primal age
 Was beautiful as gold : and hunger then
 Made acorns tasteful ; thirst, each rivulet
 Run nectar. Honey and locusts were the
 food,

Whereon the Baptist in the wilderness
 Fed, and that eminence of glory reached
 And greatness, which the Evangelist records."

xxii. 128-150.

TEMPERANCE.

After a conversation with Forese, who, with others, was
 purifying himself from the vice of gluttony, the poet says, —

As when, to harbinger the dawn, springs up
 On freshened wing the air of May, and breathes
 Of fragrance, all impregn'd with herb and
 flowers ;

E'en such a wind I felt upon my front
 Blow gently, and the moving of a wing

Perceived, that, moving, shed ambrosial smell ;
 And then a voice : "Blessed are they, whom
 grace

Doth so illumine, that appetite in them
 Exhaleth no inordinate desire,

Still hungering as the rule of temperance
 wills."

xxiv. 142-151.

THE PURIFYING FIRE.

Having passed through the seventh circle, in which the sin
 of incontinence is purged with fire, an angel sends them for-
 ward through the fire to the last ascent, which leads to the
 terrestrial Paradise, situated on the summit of the mountain.

Now was the sun so stationed, as when first
 His early radiance quivers on the heights,
 Where streamed his Maker's blood ; while
 Libra hangs

Above Hesperian Ebro ; and new fires,
 Meridian, flash on Ganges' yellow tide.

So day was sinking, when the angel of God
 Appeared before us. Joy was in his mien.

Forth of the flame he stood upon the brink ;
 And with a voice, whose lively clearness far

Surpassed our human, "Blessed are the pure
 In heart," he sang : then near him as we
 came,

"Go ye not further, holy spirits !" he cried,
 "Ere the fire pierce you : enter in ; and list

Attentive to the song ye hear from thence."
 I, when I heard his saying, was as one

Laid in the grave. My hands together clasped,

And upward stretching, on the fire I looked;
And busy fancy conjured up the forms
Erewhile beheld alive consumed in flames.

The escorting spirits turned with gentle
looks

Toward me; and the Mantuan spake: "My
son,

Here torment thou mayst feel, but canst not
death.

Remember thee, remember thee, if I
Safe e'en on Geryon brought thee; now I come
More near to God, wilt thou not trust me now?
Of this be sure; though in its womb that flame
A thousand years contained thee; from thy
head

No hair should perish. If thou doubt my
truth,

Approach; and with thy hands thy vesture's
hem

Stretch forth, and for thyself confirm belief.
Lay now all fear, oh! lay all fear aside.

Turn hither, and come onward undismayed."
I still, though conscience urged, no step
advanced.

When still he saw me fixed and obstinate,
Somewhat disturbed he cried: "Mark now,
my son,

From Beatrice thou art by this wall
Divided." As at Thisbe's name the eye
Of Pyramus was opened, (when life ebbed
Fast from his veins,) and took one parting
glance,

While vermeil dyed the mulberry; thus I
turned

To my sage guide, relenting, when I heard
The name that springs forever in my breast.

He shook his forehead; and, "How long,"
he said,

"Linger we now?" then smiled, as one
would smile

Upon a child that eyes the fruit and yields.
Into the fire before me then he walked;
And Statius, who erewhile no little space
Had parted us, he prayed to come behind.

I would have cast me into molten glass
To cool me, when I entered; so intense
Raged the conflagrant mass. The sire be-
loved,

To comfort me, as he proceeded, still
Of Beatrice talked. "Her eyes," saith he,
"E'en now I seem to view." From the
other side

A voice, that sang, did guide us; and the
voice

Following, with heedful ear, we issued forth,
There where the path led upward. "Come,"
we heard,

"Come, blessed of my Father." Such the
sounds,

That hailed us from within a light, which
shone

So radiant, I could not endure the view.
"The sun," it added, "hastes: and evening
comes.

Delay not: ere the western sky is hung
With blackness, strive ye for the pass." Our
way

Upright within the rock arose, and faced
Such part of heaven, that from before my
steps

The beams were shrouded of the sinking
sun.

xxvii. 1-66.

HAPPINESS.

After a vision of Leah and Rachel, representing the active
and the contemplative life, Dante awakes, and is enfranchised.

AND now as glimmering dawn appeared,
that breaks

More welcome to the pilgrim still, as he
Sojourns less distant on his homeward way,
Darkness from all sides fled, and with it fled
My slumber; whence I rose, and saw my
guide

Already risen. "That delicious fruit,
Which through so many a branch the zealous
care

Of mortals roams in quest of, shall this day
Appease thy hunger." Such the words I
heard

From Virgil's lip; and never greeting heard,
So pleasant as the sounds. Within me
straight

Desire so grew upon desire to mount,
Thenceforward at each step I felt the wings
Increasing for my flight. When we had run
O'er all the ladder to its topmost round,
As there we stood, on me the Mantuan fixed
His eyes, and thus he spake: "Both fires,
my son,

The temporal and eternal, thou hast seen;
And art arrived, where of itself my ken
No further reaches. I, with skill and art,
Thus far have drawn thee. Now thy pleasure
take

For guide. Thou hast o'ercome the steeper
way,

O'ercome the straiter. Lo! the sun, that
darts

His beam upon thy forehead: lo! the herb,
The arborets and flowers, which of itself
This land pours forth profuse. Till those
bright eyes

With gladness come, which, weeping, made
me haste

To succor thee, thou mayst or seat thee down,
Or wander where thou wilt. Expect no more
Sanction of warning voice or sign from me,
Free of thy own arbitrement to chuse,
Discreet, judicious. To distrust thy sense
Were henceforth error. I invest thee then
With crown and mitre, sovereign o'er thyself."

xxvii. 110-143.

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

THROUGH that celestial forest, whose thick
shade

With lively greenness the new-springing day
Attempered, eager now to roam, and search
Its limits round, forthwith I left the bank;
Along the champain leisurly my way
Pursuing, o'er the ground, that on all sides
Delicious odor breathed. A pleasant air,
That intermitted never, never veered,
Smote on my temples, gently, as a wind
Of softest influence: at which the sprays,
Obedient all, leaned trembling to that part
Where first the holy mountain casts his shade;
Yet were not so disordered, but that still
Upon their top the feathered quiristers
Applied their wonted art, and with full joy
Welcomed those hours of prime, and warbled
shrill

Amid the leaves, that to their jocund lays
Kept tenor; even as from branch to branch,
Along the piny forests on the shore
Of Chiassi, rolls the gathering melody,
When Eolus hath from his cavern loosed
The dripping south. Already had my steps,
Though slow, so far into that ancient wood
Transported me, I could not ken the place
Where I had entered; when, behold! my
path

Was bounded by a rill, which, to the left,
With little rippling waters bent the grass
That issued from its brink. On earth no wave,
How clean soe'er, that would not seem to
have

Some mixture in itself, compared with this,
Transpicuous clear; yet darkly on it rolled,
Darkly beneath perpetual gloom, which ne'er
Admits or sun or moon-light there to shine.

My feet advanced not; but my wondering
eyes
Passed onward, o'er the streamlet, to survey,
The tender may-bloom, flushed through many
a hue,
In prodigal variety.

xxviii. 1-37.

LIGHT AND MUSIC.

A lady, called Matilda, introduced in the previous canto,
is singing.

SINGING, as if enamored, she resumed
And closed the song, with "Blessed they
whose sins
Are covered." Like the wood-nymphs then,
that tripped

Singly across the sylvan shadows; one
Eager to view, and one to escape the sun;
So moved she on, against the current, up
The verdant rivage. I, her mincing step
Observing, with as tardy step pursued.

Between us not an hundred paces trod,
The bank, on each side bending equally,
Gave me to face the orient. Nor our way
Far onward brought us, when to me at once
She turned, and cried: "My brother! look,
and hearken."

And lo! a sudden lustre ran across
Through the great forest on all parts, so
bright,

I doubted whether lightning were abroad;
But that, expiring ever in the spleen
That doth unfold it, and this during still,
And waxing still in splendor, made me ques-
tion

What it might be: and a sweet melody
Ran through the luminous air. Then did I
chide,

With warrantable zeal, the hardihood
Of our first parent; for that there, where earth
Stood in obedience to the heavens, she only,
Woman, the creature of an hour, endured not
Restraint of any veil, which had she borne
Devoutly, joys, ineffable as these,
Had from the first, and long time since, been
mine.

While, through that wilderness of primy
sweets

That never fade, suspense I walked, and yet
Expectant of beatitude more high;
Before us, like a blazing fire, the air
Under the green boughs glowed; and, for a
song,

Distinct the sound of melody was heard.

xxix. 1-34.

BEATRICE DESCENDS TO TAKE THE PLACE OF VIRGIL.

I HAVE beheld, ere now, at break of day,
The eastern clime all roseate; and the sky
Opposed, one deep and beautiful serene;
And the sun's face so shaded, and with mists
Attempered, at his rising, that the eye
Long while endured the sight: thus, in a cloud

Of flowers, that from those hands angelic rose,
And down within and outside of the car
Fell showering, in white veil with olive
wreathed,

A virgin in my view appeared, beneath
Green mantle, robed in hue of living flame:
And o'er my spirit, that so long a time
Had from her presence felt no shuddering
dread,

Albeit mine eyes discerned her not, there
moved

A hidden virtue from her, at whose touch
The power of ancient love was strong within
me.

No sooner on my vision streaming, smote
The heavenly influence, which, years past,
and e'en

In childhood, thrilled me, than towards
Virgil I

Turned me to leftward; panting, like a babe,
That flees for refuge to his mother's breast,
If aught have terrified or worked him woe;
And would have cried, "There is no dram of
blood,

That doth not quiver in me. The old flame
Throws out clear tokens of reviving fire."
But Virgil had bereaved us of himself;
Virgil, my best-loved father; Virgil, he
To whom I gave me up for safety: nor
All, our prime mother lost, availed to save
My undewed cheeks from blur of soiling tears.

xxx. 23-52.

PARADISE.

I LIFT mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of saints and holy men who
died,

Here martyred and hereafter glorified;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic rounde-
lays,

With splendor upon splendor multiplied;
And Beatrice again at Dante's side
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of
praise.

And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love,
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;
And the melodious bells among the spires
O'er all the house-tops and through heaven
above

Proclaim the elevation of the Host!

O star of morning and of liberty!

O bringer of the light, whose splendor
shines

Above the darkness of the Apennines,
Forerunner of the day that is to be!
The voices of the city and the sea,
The voices of the mountains and the pines,
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!

Thy fame is blown abroad from all the
heights,

Through all the nations, and a sound is
heard,

As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,
In their own language hear thy wondrous
word,

And many are amazed and many doubt.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BEATRICE AND DANTE GAZE AT THE SUN.

THROUGH divers passages, the world's
bright lamp

Rises to mortals but through that which joins
Four circles with the threefold cross, in best
Course, and in happiest constellation set,
He comes; and, to the worldly wax, best gives
Its temper and impression. Morning there,
Here eve was wellnigh by such passage made;
And whiteness had o'erspread that hemisphere,
Blackness the other part; when to the left
I saw Beatrice turned, and on the sun
Gazing, as never eagle fixed his ken.

As from the first a second beam is wont
To issue, and reflected upwards rise,
Even as a pilgrim bent on his return;
So of her act, that through the eyesight passed
Into my fancy, mine was formed: and straight,
Beyond our mortal wont, I fixed mine eyes
Upon the sun. Much is allowed us there,
That here exceeds our power; thanks to the
place

Made for the dwelling of the human kind.

i. 36-55.

MAN'S TENDENCY TO GOD.

"AMONG themselves all things
Have order; and from hence the form, which
makes

The universe resemble God. In this
The higher creatures see the printed steps
Of that eternal worth, which is the end
Whither the line is drawn. All natures lean,
In this their order, diversely; some more,
Some less approaching to their primal source.
Thus they to different havens are moved on
Through the vast sea of being, and each one
With instinct given, that bears it in its course:

This to the lunar sphere directs the fire ;
 This moves the hearts of mortal animals ;
 This the brute earth together knits, and binds.
 Nor only creatures, void of intellect,
 Are aimed at by this bow ; but even those
 That have intelligence and love, are pierced.
 That Providence, who so well orders all,
 With her own light makes ever calm the
 heaven,

In which the substance, that hath greatest
 speed,

Is turned : and thither now, as to our seat
 Predestined, we are carried by the force
 Of that strong cord, that never looses dart
 But at fair aim and glad Yet it is true,
 That as, oftentimes, but ill accords the form
 To the design of art, through sluggishness
 Or unreplying matter ; so this course
 Is sometimes quitted by the creature, who
 Hath power, directed thus, to bend elsewhere ;
 As from a cloud the fire is seen to fall,
 From its original impulse warped to earth,
 By vicious fondness. Thou no more admire
 Thy soaring (if I rightly deem), than lapse
 Of torrent downwards from a mountain's
 height.

There would in thee for wonder be more
 cause,

If, free of hindrance, thou hadst stayed below,
 As living fire unmoved upon the earth."

i. 100-136.

CONTENT IN PARADISE.

"OUR hearts, whose high affections burn alone
 With pleasure from the Holy Spirit conceived,
 Admitted to his order, dwell in joy.
 And this condition, which appears so low,
 Is for this cause assigned us, that our vows
 Were, in some part, neglected and made void."

Whence I to her replied : " Something di-
 vine
 Beams in your countenances wondrous fair ;
 From former knowledge quite transmuted
 you.

Therefore to recollect was I so slow.
 But what thou say'st hath to my memory
 Given now such aid, that to retrace your forms
 Is easier. Yet inform me, ye, who here
 Are happy ; long ye for a higher place,
 More to behold, and more in love to dwell ? "

She with those other spirits gently smiled ;
 Then answered with such gladness, that she
 seemed

With love's first flame to glow : " Brother !
 our will

Is, in composure, settled by the power

Of charity, who makes us will alone
 What we possess, and nought beyond desire :
 If we should wish to be exalted more,
 Then must our wishes jar with the high will
 Of him, who sets us here ; which in these orbs
 Thou wilt confess not possible, if here
 To be in charity must needs befall,
 And if her nature well thou contemplate.
 Rather it is inherent in this state
 Of blessedness, to keep ourselves within
 The divine will, by which our wills with his
 Are one. So that as we, from step to step,
 Are placed throughout this kingdom, pleases
 all,

Even as our King, who in us plants his will ;
 And in his will is our tranquillity :
 It is the mighty ocean, whither tends
 Whatever it creates and nature makes."

iii. 52-86.

THE ABODE OF THE BLESSED.

"OF seraphim he who is most enskied,
 Moses and Samuel, and either John,
 Chuse which thou wilt, nor even Mary's self,
 Have not in any other heaven their seats,
 Than have those spirits which so late thou
 saw'st ;

Nor more or fewer years exist ; but all
 Make the first circle beauteous, diversely
 Partaking of sweet life, as more or less
 Afflation of eternal bliss pervades them.
 Here were they shown thee, not that fate
 assigns

This for their sphere, but for a sign to thee
 Of that celestial furthest from the height.
 Thus needs, that ye may apprehend, we
 speak :

Since from things sensible alone ye learn
 That which, digested rightly, after turns
 To intellectual. For no other cause
 The Scripture, condescending graciously
 To your perception, hands and feet to God
 Attributes, nor so means : and holy church
 Doth represent with human countenance
 Gabriel, and Michael, and him who made
 Tobias whole."

iv. 28-49.

THE REDEMPTION BY CHRIST.

Hosanna Sanctus Deus Sabaoth
Superillustrans claritate tua,
Felices ignes horum malakoth.
 Thus chanting saw I turn that substance bright,
 With fourfold lustre to its orb again,
 Revolving ; and the rest, unto their dance,
 With it, moved also ; and, like swiftest sparks,
 In sudden distance from my sight were veiled.

Me doubt possessed ; and "Speak," it
whispered me,
"Speak, speak unto thy lady ; that she quench
Thy thirst with drops of sweetness." Yet
blank awe,
Which lords it o'er me, even at the sound
Of Beatrice's name, did bow me down
As one in slumber held. Not long that mood
Beatrice suffered : she, with such a smile,
As might have made one blest amid the
flames,
Beaming upon me, thus her words began :
"Thou in thy thought art pondering (as I
deem,
And what I deem is truth) how just revenge
Could be with justice punished : from which
doubt
I soon will free thee : so thou mark my words ;
For they of weighty matter shall possess thee.
Through suffering not a curb upon the power
That willed in him, to his own profiting,
That man, who was unborn, condemned him-
self ;
And, in himself, all, who since him have lived,
His offspring : whence, below, the human
kind
Lay sick in grievous error many an age ;
Until it pleased the Word of God to come
Amongst them down, to his own person join-
ing
The nature from its Maker far estranged,
By the mere act of his eternal love.
Contemplate here the wonder I unfold.
The nature with its Maker thus conjoined,
Created first was blameless, pure and good ;
But, through itself alone, was driven forth
From Paradise because it had eschewed
The way of truth and life, to evil turned.
Ne'er then was penalty so just as that
Inflicted by the cross, if thou regard
The nature in assumption doomed ; ne'er
wrong
So great, in reference to him, who took
Such nature on him, and endured the doom.
So different effects flowed from one act :
For by one death God and the Jews were
pleased ;
And heaven was opened, though the earth
did quake.
Count it not hard henceforth, when thou dost
hear
That a just vengeance was, by righteous court,
Justly revenged. But yet I see thy mind,
By thought on thought arising, sore per-
plexed ;
And, with how vehement desire, it asks
Solution of the maze. What I have heard,

Is plain, thou say'st : but wherefore God this
way
For our redemption chose, eludes my search.
"Brother ! no eye of man not perfected,
Nor fully ripened in the flame of love,
May fathom this decree. It is a mark,
In sooth, much aimed at, and but little
kenned :
And I will therefore show thee why such way
Was worthiest. The celestial love, that
spurns
All envying in its bounty, in itself
With such effulgence blazeth, as sends forth
All beauteous things eternal. What distils
Immediate thence, no end of being knows ;
Bearing its seal immutably imprest.
Whatever thence immediate falls, is free,
Free wholly, uncontrollable by power
Of each thing new : by such conformity
More grateful to its author, whose bright
beams,
Though all partake their shining, yet in those
Are liveliest, which resemble him the most.
These tokens of pre-eminence on man
Largely bestowed, if any of them fail,
He needs must forfeit his nobility,
No longer stainless. Sin alone is that,
Which doth disfranchise him, and make un-
like
To the chief good ; for that its light in him
Is darkened. And to dignity thus lost
Is no return ; unless, where guilt makes void,
He for ill pleasure pay with equal pain.
Your nature, which entirely in its seed
Transgressed, from these distinctions fell, no
less
Than from its state in Paradise ; nor means
Found of recovery (search all methods out
As strictly as thou may) save one of these.
The only fords were left through which to
wade :
Either, that God had of h's courtesy
Released him merely ; or else, man himself
For his own folly by himself atoned.
"Fix now thine eye, intently as thou canst,
On the everlasting counsel ; and explore,
Instructed by my words, the dread abyss
"Man in himself had ever lacked the means
Of satisfaction, for he could not stoop
Obeying, in humility so low.
As high, he, disobeying, thought to soar :
And, for this reason, he had vainly tried,
Out of his own sufficiency, to pay
The rigid satisfaction. Then behoved
That God should by his own ways lead him
back
Unto the life, from whence he fell, restored :

By both his ways, I mean, or one alone.
 But since the deed is ever prized the more,
 The more the doer's good intent appears :
 Goodness celestial, whose broad signature
 Is on the universe, of all its ways
 To raise ye up, was fain to leave out none.
 Nor aught so vast or so magnificent,
 Either for him who gave or who received,
 Between the last night and the primal day,
 Was or can be. For God more bounty
 showed,
 Giving himself to make man capable
 Of his return to life, than had the terms
 Been mere and unconditional release.
 And for his justice, every method else
 Were all too scant, had not the Son of God
 Humbled himself to put on mortal flesh."

vii. 1-117.

THE SAINTS AFTER THE RESUR- RECTION.

WHOSO laments. that we must doff this garb
 Of frail mortality. thenceforth to live
 Immortally above ; he hath not seen
 The sweet refreshing of that heavenly shower.

Him, who lives ever, and forever reigns
 In mystic union of the Three in One,
 Unbounded, bounding all, each spirit thrice
 Sang, with such melody, as, but to hear,
 For highest merit were an ample meed.
 And from the lesser orb the goodliest light,
 With gentle voice and mild, such as perhaps
 The angel's once to Mary, thus replied :
 " Long as the joy of Paradise shall last,
 Our love shall shine around that raiment,
 bright

As fervent ; fervent as, in vision, blest ;
 And that as far, in blessedness, exceeding,
 As it hath grace, beyond its virtue, great.
 Our shape, regarmented with glorious weeds
 Of saintly flesh, must, being thus entire,
 Show yet more gracious. Therefore shall
 increase

Whate'er, of light. gratuitous imparts
 The Supreme Good ; light, ministering aid,
 The better to disclose his glory : whence,
 The vision needs increasing, must increase
 The fervor, which it kindles ; and that too
 The ray, that comes from it. But as the gleed
 Which gives out flame, yet in its whiteness
 shines

More lively than that, and so preserves
 Its proper semblance ; thus this circling
 sphere

Of splendor shall to view less radiant seem,
 Than shall our fleshly robe, which yonder earth

Now covers. Nor will such excess of light
 O'erpower us, in corporeal organs made
 Firm, and susceptible of all delight."

So ready and so cordial an "Amen"
 Followed from either choir, as plainly spoke
 Desire of their dead bodies ; yet perchance
 Not for themselves, but for their kindred
 dear,
 Mothers and sires, and those whom best
 they loved,
 Ere they were made imperishable flame.

And lo ! forthwith there rose up round
 about

A lustre, over that already there ;
 Of equal clearness, like the brightening up
 Of the horizon. As at evening hour
 Of twilight, new appearances through heaven
 Peer with faint glimmer, doubtfully descried ;
 So, there, new substances, methought, began
 To rise in view beyond the other twain,
 And wheeling, sweep their ampler circuit,
 wide.

O genuine glitter of eternal Beam !
 With what a sudden whiteness did it flow,
 O'erpowering vision in me. But so fair,
 So passing lovely, Beatrice showed,
 Mind cannot follow it, nor words express
 Her infinite sweetness. Thence mine eyes
 regained.

Power to look up ; and I beheld myself,
 Sole with my lady, to more lofty bliss
 Translated : for the star, with warmer smile
 Impurpled, well denoted our ascent.

With all the heart, and with that tongue
 which speaks

The same in all, an holocaust I made
 To God befitting the new grace vouchsafed.
 And from my bosom had not yet upsteamed
 The fuming of that incense, when I knew
 The rite accepted. With such mighty sheen
 And mantling crimson, in two listed rays
 The splendors shot before me, that I cried,
 " God of Sabaoth ! that dost prank them
 thus ! "

As leads the galaxy from pole to pole,
 Distinguished into greater lights and less,
 Its pathway, which the wisest fail to spell ;
 So thickly studded, in the depth of Mars,
 Those rays described the venerable sign,
 That quadrants in the round conjoining frame.

Here memory mocks the toil of genius.
 Christ "

Beamed on that cross ; and pattern fails me
 now.

But whoso takes his cross, and follows Christ,
 Will pardon me for that I leave untold,
 When in the fleckered dawning he shall spy

The glitterance of Christ. From horn to horn,
 And 'tween the summit and the base, did move
 Lights, scintillating, as they met and passed.
 Thus oft are seen with ever-changeful glance,
 Straight or athwart, now rapid and now slow,
 The atomies of bodies, long or short,
 To move along the sunbeam, whose slant line
 Checkers the shadow interposed by art
 Against the noontide heat. And as the chime
 Of minstrel music, dulcimer, and harp
 With many strings, a pleasant dinning makes
 To him, who heareth not distinct the note ;
 So from the lights, which there appeared
 to me,

Gathered along the cross a melody,
 That, indistinctly heard, with ravishment
 Possessed me. Yet I marked it was a hymn
 Of lofty praises ; for there came to me
 "Arise," and "Conquer," as to one who hears
 And comprehends not. Me such ecstasy
 O'ercame, that never, till that hour, was thing
 That held me in so sweet imprisonment.

xiv. 22-121.

NO SALVATION WITHOUT CHRIST.

"LIGHT is none,
 Save that which cometh from the pure serene
 Of ne'er disturbed ether : for the rest,
 'T is darkness all ; or shadow of the flesh,
 Or else its poison. Here confess revealed
 That covert, which hath hidden from thy
 search

The living justice, of the which thou madest
 Such frequent question ; for thou saidst—
 'A man

Is born on Indus' banks, and none is there
 Who speaks of Christ, nor who doth read nor
 write ;

And all his inclinations and his acts,
 As far as human reason sees, are good ;
 And he offendeth not in word or deed :
 But unbaptized he dies, and void of faith.
 Where is the justice that condemns him ?
 where

His blame, if he believeth not ?—What then,
 And who art thou, that on the stool wouldst
 sit

To judge at distance of a thousand miles
 With the short-sighted vision of a span ?
 To him, who subtilizes thus with me,
 There would assuredly be room for doubt
 Even to wonder, did not the safe word
 Of Scripture hold supreme authority.

"O animals of clay ! O spirits gross !

The primal will, that in itself is good,
 Hath from itself, the chief Good, ne'er been
 moved.

Justice consists in consonance with it,
 Derivable by no created good,
 Whose very cause depends upon its beam."

As on her nest the stork, that turns about
 Unto her young, whom lately she hath fed,
 Whiles they with upward eyes do look on her ;
 So lifted I my gaze ; and, bending so,
 The ever-blessed image waved its wings,
 Laboring with such deep counsel. Wheel-
 ing round

It warbled, and did say : "As are my notes
 To thee, who understand'st them not ; such is
 The eternal judgment unto mortal ken."

Then still abiding in that ensign ranged,
 Wherewith the Romans overawed the world,
 Those burning splendors of the Holy Spirit
 Took up the strain ; and thus it spake again :
 "None ever hath ascended to this realm,
 Who hath not a believer been in Christ,
 Either before or after the blest limbs
 Were nailed upon the wood. But lo ! of
 those

Who call 'Christ, Christ,' there shall be many
 found,
 In judgment, further off from him by far,
 Than such to whom his name was never
 known.

Christians like these the Æthiop shall con-
 demn :

When that the two assemblages shall part ;
 One rich eternally, the other poor."

xix. 59-110.

THE TRIUMPH OF CHRIST.

E'EN as the bird, who midst the leafy bower
 Has, in her nest, sat darkling through the night,
 With her sweet brood ; impatient to descry
 Their wished looks, and to bring home their
 food,

In the fond quest unconscious of her toil :
 She, of the time prevenient, on the spray.
 That overhangs their couch, with wakeful gaze
 Expects the sun ; nor ever, till the dawn,
 Removeth from the east her eager ken :
 So stood the dame erect, and bent her glance
 Wistfully on that region, where the sun
 Abateth most his speed ; that, seeing her
 Suspense and wondering, I became as one,
 In whom desire is wakened, and the hope
 Of somewhat new to come fills with delight.

Short space ensued ; I was not held, I say,
 Long in expectance, when I saw the heaven
 Wax more and more resplendent ; and,
 "Behold,"

Cried Beatrice, "the triumphal hosts
Of Christ, and all the harvest gathered in,
Made ripe by these revolving spheres."

Meseemed,

That, while she spake, her image all did burn;
And in her eyes such fulness was of joy,
As I am fain to pass unconstrued by.

As in the calm full moon, when Trivia
smiles,

In peerless beauty, mid the eternal nymphs,
That paint through all its gulfs the blue pro-
found;

In bright pre-eminence so saw I there
O'er million lamps a sun, from whom all drew
Their radiance, as from ours the starry train:
And, through the living light, so lustrous
glowed

The substance, that my ken endured it not.

O Beatrice! sweet and precious guide,
Who cheered me with her comfortable words:
"Against the virtue, that o'erpowereth thee,
Avails not to resist. Here is the Might,
And here the Wisdom, which did open lay
The path, that had been yearned for so long,
Betwixt the heaven and earth." Like to the
fire,

That, in a cloud imprisoned, doth break out
Expansive, so that from its womb enlarged,
It falleth against nature to the ground;
Thus, in that heavenly banqueting, my soul
Outgrew herself; and, in the transport lost,
Holds now remembrance none of what she
was.

xxiii. 1-78.

DANTE'S CREED.

"I IN one God believe;
One sole eternal Godhead, of whose love
All heaven is moved, himself unmoved the
while.

Nor demonstration physical alone,
Or more intelligential and abstruse,
Persuades me to this faith: but from that
truth

It cometh to me rather, which is shed
Through Moses; the rapt Prophets; and the
Psalms;

The Gospel; and what ye yourselves did
write,

When ye were gifted of the Holy Ghost.

In three eternal Persons I believe;
Essence threefold and one; mysterious league
Of union absolute, which, many a time,
The word of gospel lore upon my mind
Imprints: and from this germ, this firstling
spark

The lively flame dilates; and, like heaven's star,

Doth glitter in me." As the master hears,
Well pleased, and then enfoldeth in his arms
The servant, who hath joyful tidings brought,
And having told the errand keeps his peace;
Thus benediction uttering with song,
Soon as my peace I held, compassed me thrice
The apostolic radiance, whose behest
Had oped my lips: so well their answer
pleased.

xxiv. 128-151

DANTE'S HOPE.

"HOPE," said I,

"Is of the joy to come a sure expectance,
The effect of grace divine and merit pre-
ceding.

This light from many a star visits my heart;
But flowed to me, the first, from him who sang
The songs of the Supreme; himself supreme
Among his tuneful brethren. 'Let all hope
In thee,' so spake his anthem, 'who have
known

Thy name'; and, with my faith, who know
not that?

From thee, the next, distilling from his spring,
In thine epistle, fell on me the drops
So plenteously, that I on others shower
The influence of their dew." Whileas I spake,
A lamping, as of quick and volleyed lightning,
Within the bosom of that mighty sheen
Played tremulous; then forth these accents
breathed:

"Love for the virtue, which attended me
E'en to the palm, and issuing from the field,
Glows vigorous yet within me; and inspires
To ask of thee, whom also it delights,
What promise thou from hope, in chief, dost
win."

"Both scriptures, new and ancient," I re-
plied,

"Propose the mark (which even now I view)
For souls beloved of God. Isaias saith,
'That, in their own land, each one must be
clad

In twofold vesture'; and their proper land
Is this delicious life. In terms more full,
And clearer far, thy brother hath set forth
This revelation to us, where he tells
Of the white raiment destined to the saints."

xxv. 67-97.

DANTE'S LOVE.

I ANSWERING thus:

"Be to mine eyes the remedy, or late
Or early, at her pleasure; for they were
The gates, at which she entered, and did light

Her never-dying fire. My wishes here
Are centred : in this palace is the weal,
That Alpha and Omega is, to all
The lessons love can read me." Yet again
The voice, which had dispersed my fear when
dazed

With that excess, to converse urged, and
spake :

"Behoves thee sift more narrowly thy terms ;
And say, who levelled at this scope thy bow."

"Philosophy," said I, "hath arguments,
And this place hath authority enough,
To imprint in me such love : for, of constraint,
Good, inasmuch as we perceive the good,
Kindles our love ; and in degree the more,
As it comprises more of goodness in 't.
The essence then, where such advantage is,
That each good, found without it, is nought
else

But of his light the beam, must needs attract
The soul of each one, loving, who the truth
Discerns, on which this proof is built. Such
truth

Learn I from him, who shows me the first love
Of all intelligential substances

Eternal : from his voice I learn, whose word
Is truth ; that of himself to Moses saith,
'I will make all my good before thee pass' :
Lastly, from thee I learn, who chief pro-
claim'st

E'en at the outset of thy heralding,
In mortal ears the mystery of heaven."

"Through human wisdom, and the au-
thority

Therewithagreeing," heard I answered, "keep
The choicest of thy love for God. But say,
If thou yet other cords within thee feel'st,
That draw thee towards him ; so that thou
report

How many are the fangs, with which this
love

Is grappled to thy soul." I did not miss,
To what intent the eagle of our Lord
Had pointed his demand ; yea, noted well
The avowal which he led to ; and resumed :
"All grappling bonds, that knit the heart to
God,

Confederate to make fast our charity.
The being of the world ; and mine own being ;
The death which He endured, that I should
live ;

And that, which all the faithful hope, as I do ;
To the forementioned lively knowledge joined ;
Have from the sea of ill love saved my bark,
And on the coast secured it of the right.
As for the leaves, that in the garden bloom,
My love for them is great, as is the good

Dealt by the eternal hand, that tends them
all."

I ended : and therewith a song most sweet
Rang through the spheres.

xxvi. 14-66.

THE PRIMUM MOBILE.

"HERE is the goal, whence motion on his race
Starts : motionless the centre, and the rest
All moved around. Except the soul divine,
Place in this heaven is none ; the soul divine,
Wherein the love, which ruleth o'er its orb,
Is kindled, and the virtue, that it sheds :
One circle, light and love, enclaspng it,
As this doth clasp the others ; and to Him,
Who draws the bound, its limit only known.
Measured itself by none, it doth divide
Motion to all, counted unto them forth,
As by the fifth or half ye count forth ten.
The vase, wherein time's roots are plunged,
thou seest :

Look elsewhere for the leaves."

xxvii. 100-113.

WHY ANGELS WERE CREATED.

"NOT for increase to himself
Of good, which may not be increased, but
forth

To manifest his glory by its beams ;
Inhabiting his own eternity,
Beyond time's limit or what bound soe'er
To circumscribe his being ; as he willed,
Into new natures, like unto himself,
Eternal love unfolded : nor before,
As if in dull inaction, torpid, lay,
For, not in process of before or aft,
Upon these waters moved the Spirit of God."

xxix. 13-23.

THE FALLEN ANGELS.

"ERE one had reckoned twenty, e'en so soon,
Part of the angels fell : and, in their fall,
Confusion to your elements ensued.
The others kept their station and this task,
Whereon thou look'st, began, with such
delight,

That they surcease not ever, day nor night.
Their circling. Of that fatal lapse the cause
Was the curst pride of him, whom thou hast
seen

Pent with the world's incumbrance. Those,
whom here

Thou seest, were lowly to confess themselves
Of his free bounty, who had made them apt
For ministries so high : therefore their views

Were, by enlightening grace and their own merit,
Exalted; so that in their will confirmed
They stand, nor fear to fall.

xxix. 49-63.

THE TENTH HEAVEN.

I LOOKED;

And, in the likeness of a river, saw
Light flowing, from whose amber-seeming waves

Flashed up effulgence, as they glided on
'Twixt banks, on either side, painted with spring,

Incredible how fair: and, from the tide,
There ever and anon, outstarting, flew
Sparkles instinct with life; and in the flowers
Did set them, like to rubies chased in gold:
Then, as if drunk with odors, plunged again
Into the wondrous flood; from which, as one
Re-entered, still another rose. "The thirst
Of knowledge high, whereby thou art inflamed,
To search the meaning of what here thou seest,

The more it warms thee, pleases me the more.

But first behoves thee of this water drink,
Or e'er that longing be allayed." So spake
The day-star of mine eyes: then thus sub-joined:

"This stream; and these, forth issuing from its gulf,

And diving back, a living topaz each;
With all this laughter on its bloomy shores;
Are but a preface, shadowy of the truth
They emblem: not that, in themselves, the things

Are crude; but on thy part is the defect,
For that thy views not yet aspire so high."

Never did babe that had outslept his wont,
Rush, with such eager straining, to the milk,
As I toward the water; bending me,
To make the better mirrors of mine eyes
In the refining wave: and as the eaves
Of mine eyelids did drink of it, forthwith
Seemed it unto me turned from length to round.

Then as a troop of maskers, when they put
Their vizors off, look other than before;
The counterfeited semblance thrown aside:
So into greater jubilee were changed
Those flowers and sparkles; and distinct I saw,

Before me, either court of heaven displayed.

O prime enlightener! thou who gavest me strength

On the high triumph of thy realm to gaze;
Grant virtue now to utter what I kened.

There is in heaven a light, whose goodly shine

Makes the Creator visible to all
Created, that in seeing him alone
Have peace; and in a circle spreads so far,
That the circumference were too loose a zone
To girdle in the sun. All is one beam,
Reflected from the summit of the first,
That moves, which being hence and vigor takes.

And as some cliff, that from the bottom eyes
His image mirrored in the crystal flood,
As if to admire his brave apparelling
Of verdure and of flowers; so, round about,
Eying the light, on more than million thrones,
Stood, eminent, whatever from our earth
Has to the skies returned. How wide the leaves,

Extended to their utmost, of this rose,
Whose lowest step embosoms such a space
Of ample radiance! Yet, nor amplitude
Nor height impeded, but my view with ease
Took in the full dimensions of that joy.

Near or remote, what there avails, where God
Immediate rules, and Nature, awed, suspends
Her sway?

xxx. 59-122.

THE GLORIFIED SAINTS.

The poet expatiates on the glorious vision of the saints. On looking round for Beatrice, he finds that she has left him, and that an old man is at his side. This proves to be Saint Bernard, who shows him that Beatrice has returned to her throne.

In fashion, as a snow white rose, lay then
Before my view the saintly multitude,
Which in his own blood Christ espoused.

Meanwhile,

That other host, that soar aloft to gaze
And celebrate his glory, whom they love,
Hovered around; and, like a troop of bees,
Amid the vernal sweets alighting now,
Now, clustering, where their fragrant labor glows,

Flew downward to the mighty flower, or rose

From the redundant petals, streaming back
Unto the steadfast dwelling of their joy.
Faces had they of flame, and wings of gold:
The rest was whiter than the driven snow;
And, as they fitted down into the flower,
From range to range, fanning their plummy loins,

Whispered the peace and ardor, which they won

From that soft winnowing. Shadow none, the
vast

Interposition of such numerous flight
Cast, from above, upon the flower, or view
Obstructed aught. For, through the universe,
Wherever merited, celestial light
Glides freely, and no obstacle prevents.

All there, who reign in safety and in bliss,
Ages long past or new, on one sole mark
Their love and vision fixed. O trinal beam
Of individual star, that charm'st them thus !
Vouchsafe one glance to gild our storm below.

If the grim brood, from Arctic shores that
roamed

(Where Helice forever, as she wheels,
Sparkles a mother's fondness on her son),
Stood in mute wonder mid the works of
Rome,

When to their view the Lateran arose
In greatness more than earthly ; I, who then
From human to divine had passed, from time
Unto eternity, and out of Florence
To justice and to truth, how might I chuse
But marvel too ? 'Twixt gladness and amaze,
In sooth, no will had I to utter aught,
Or hear. And, as a pilgrim, when he rests
Within the temple of his vow, looks round
In breathless awe, and hopes some time to tell
Of all its goodly state ; e'en so mine eyes
Coursed up and down along the living light,
Now low, and now aloft, and now around,
Visiting every step. Looks I beheld,
Where charity in soft persuasion sat ;
Smiles from within, and radiance from above ;
And, in each gesture, grace and honor high.

So roved my ken, and in its general form
All Paradise surveyed.

xxxii. 1-50.

THE TRIUNE GOD.

IN that abyss
Of radiance, clear and lofty, seemed, methought,

Three orbs of triple hue, clipt in one bound :
And, from another, one reflected seemed,
As rainbow is from rainbow : and the third
Seemed fire, breathed equally from both. O
speech !

How feeble and how faint art thou, to give
Conception birth ! Yet this to what I saw
Is less than little. O eternal light !
Sole in thyself that dwell'st ; and of thyself
Sole understood, past, present, or to come ;
Thou smiledst, on that circling, which in
thee

Seemed as reflected splendor, while I mused ;
For I therein, methought, in its own hue
Beheld our image painted : stedfastly
I therefore pored upon the view. As one,
Who, versed in geometric lore, would fain
Measure the circle ; and, though pondering
long

And deeply, that beginning, which he needs,
Finds not : e'en such was I, intent to scan
The novel wonder, and trace out the form,
How to the circle fitted, and therein
How placed : but the flight was not for my
wing :

Had not a flash darted athwart my mind,
And, in the spleen, unfolded what it sought.

Here vigor failed the towering fantasy :
But yet the will rolled onward, like a wheel
In even motion, by the love impelled,
That moves the sun in heaven and all the
stars !

xxxiii. 108-135.



THE POET IN VIEW OF HEAVEN.

THE POET IN VIEW OF HEAVEN.



THE POET IN VIEW OF HEAVEN.



THE RETURN HOME.

SAFE home, safe home in port!
— Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck:
But oh! the joy upon the shore,
To tell our voyage-perils o'er!

The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

No more the foe can harm:
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night-alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly he had failed,—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

The lamb is in the fold
In perfect safety penned:
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home!
— O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins, and doubts, and fears,—
What matter now, when (so men say)
The King has wiped those tears away?

O happy, happy Bride!
Thy widowed hours are past,
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all his own at last!
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up!

JOSEPH of the Studium. Translated by
JOHN MASON NEALE 1862.

THE POET IN VIEW OF HEAVEN.

ETERNITY.

O YEARS and age, farewell !
Behold I go
Where I do know
Infinity to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see
All times, how they
Are lost i' th' sea
Of vast eternity,

Where never moon shall sway
The stars ; but she
And night shall be
Drowned in one endless day.

ROBERT HERRICK.

1647.

THE WORLD.

I SAW eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright ;
And round beneath it, time, in hours, days,
years,
Driven by the spheres
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
And all her train were hurled.
The dotting lover, in his quaintest strain,
Did there complain ;
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his slights,
Wit's sour delights ;
With gloves and knots, the silly snares of
pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights
and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there so
slow,

He did not stay nor go ;
Condemning thoughts, like mad eclipses, scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digged the mole, and, lest his ways be
found,
Workt under ground,
Where did he clutch his prey ; but one did
see that policy ;
Churches and altars fed him ; perjuries
Were gnats and flies ;
It rained about him blood and tears ; but he
drank them as free.

The fearful miser, on a heap of rust
Sat pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust ;
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were, as frantic as himself,
And hugged each one his pelf ;
The downright epicure placed heaven in sense,
And scorned pretence ;
While others, slipt into a wide excess,
Said little less ;
The weaker sort, slight, trivial wares enslave,
Who think them brave ;
And poor, despised Truth sat counting by
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing
And sing and weep, soared up into the ring .
But most would use no wing.
"O fools," said I, " thus to prefer dark night
Before true light !
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way, —
The way which, from this dead and dark abode,
Leads up to God ;
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he !"

But, as I did their madness so discuss,
 One whispered thus,
 "This ring the bridegroom did for none provide,
 But for his bride."

HENRY VAUGHAN.

1650.

◆

ETERNITY.

"O Ewigkeit, O Ewigkeit!"

DANIEL WÜLFER (1617-1685) was born at Nürnberg, and became a professor and minister in that city. The hymn "O Ewigkeit, O Ewigkeit" is a serious and pious consideration of, and apostrophe to, Eternity, which in the last verse replies to man. The first seven verses, as far as the words "O lange Freud, O langes Leid," Wülfer found in an old hymn-book, perhaps that of Cologne; he improved them, and added the spirited conclusion.

ETERNITY! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 And yet to thee Time hastes away,
 Like as the war-horse to the fray,
 Or swift as couriers homeward go,
 Or ship to port, or shaft from bow.
 Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 For even as on a perfect sphere
 End nor beginning can appear,
 Even so, Eternity, in thee
 Entrance nor exit can there be.
 Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 A circle infinite art thou,
 Thy centre an Eternal Now,
 Never, we name thy outward bound,
 For never end therein is found.
 Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 A little bird with fretting beak
 Might wear to nought the loftiest peak,
 Though but each thousand years it came,
 Yet thou wert then, as now, the same.
 Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 As long as God is God, so long
 Endure the pains of hell and wrong,
 So long the joys of heaven remain;
 O lasting joy, O lasting pain!
 Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 O Man, full oft thy thoughts should dwell
 Upon the pains of sin and hell,
 And on the glories of the pure,
 That both beyond all time endure.
 Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 How terrible art thou in woe,
 How fair where joys forever glow!
 God's goodness sheddeth gladness here,
 His justice there wakes bitter fear.
 Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 They who lived poor and naked rest
 With God forever rich and blest,
 And love and praise the highest good,
 In perfect bliss and gladsome mood.
 Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 A moment lasts all joy below,
 Whereby man sinks to endless woe,
 A moment lasts all earthly pain,
 Whereby an endless joy we gain.
 Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 Who ponders oft on thee is wise,
 All fleshly lusts shall he despise,
 The world finds place with him no more;
 The love of vain delights is o'er.
 Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 Who marks thee well would say to God,
 Here, judge, burn, smite me with thy rod,
 Here, let me all thy justice bear,
 When time of grace is past, then spare!
 Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 Lo, I, Eternity, warn thee,
 O Man, that oft thou think on me,
 The sinner's punishment and pain,
 To them who love their God, rich gain!
 Ponder, O man, Eternity!

DANIEL WÜLFER, 1648. Translated by
 CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1855.

AWAKENING.

Down to the borders of the silent land
 He goes with halting feet ;
 He dares not trust ; he cannot understand
 The blessedness complete
 That waits for God's beloved at his right hand.

He dreads to see God's face, for though the
 pure
 Beholding him are blest,
 Yet in his sight no evil can endure ;
 And still with fear oppressed
 He looks within and cries, "Who can be
 sure?"

The world beyond is strange ; the golden
 streets,
 The palaces so fair,
 The seraphs singing in the shining seats,
 The glory everywhere, —
 And to his soul he solemnly repeats

The visions of the Book. "Alas!" he cries,
 "That world is all too grand ;
 Among those splendors and those majesties
 I would not dare to stand ;
 For me a lowlier heaven would well suffice!"

Yet, faithful in his lot this saint has stood
 Through service and through pain ;
 The Lord Christ he has followed, doing good ;
 Sure, dying must be gain
 To one who living hath done what he could.

The light is fading in the tired eyes,
 The weary race is run ;
 Not as the victor that doth seize the prize,
 But as the fainting one,
 He nears the verge of the eternities.

And now the end has come, and now he sees
 The happy, happy shore ;
 O fearful, faint, distrustful soul, are these
 The things thou fearest before —
 The awful majesties that spoiled thy peace?

This land is home ; no stranger art thou here ;
 Sweet and familiar words
 From voices silent long salute thine ear ;
 And winds and songs of birds,
 And bees and blooms and sweet perfumes
 are near.

The seraphs — they are men of kindly mien ;
 The gems and robes — but signs
 Of minds all radiant and of hearts washed
 clean ;
 The glory — such as shines
 Wherever faith or hope or love is seen.

And he, O doubting child ! the Lord of grace
 Whom thou didst fear to see —
 He knows thy sin — but look upon his face !
 Doth it not shine on thee
 With a great light of love that fills the place?

O happy soul, be thankful now and rest !
 Heaven is a goodly land ;
 And God is love ; and those he loves are
 blest ; —
 Now thou dost understand ;
 The least thou hast is better than the best

That thou didst hope for ; now upon thine
 eyes
 The new life opens fair ;
 Before thy feet the blessed journey lies
 Through homelands everywhere ;
 And heaven to thee is all a sweet surprise.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

1879.

 HERE AND THERE.

"Was kein Auge hat gesehen."

WHAT no human eye hath seen,
 What no mortal ear hath heard,
 What on thought hath never been
 In its noblest flights conferred —
 This hath God prepared in store
 For his people evermore !

When the shaded pilgrim-land
 Fades before my closing eye,
 Then revealed on either hand
 Heaven's own scenery shall lie ;
 Then the veil of flesh shall fall,
 Now concealing, darkening all.

Heavenly landscapes, calmly bright,
 Life's pure river murmuring low,
 Forms of loveliness and light,
 Lost to earth long time ago ;
 Yes, mine own, lamented long,
 Shine amid the angel throng !

Many a joyful sight was given,
 Many a lovely vision here —
 Hill, and vale, and starry even,
 Friendship's smile, Affection's tear ;
 These were shadows, sent in love,
 Of realities above !

When upon my wearied ear
 Earth's last echoes faintly die,

Then shall angel-harps draw near —
 All the chorus of the sky;
 Long-hushed voices blend again,
 Sweetly, in that welcome-strain.

Here were sweet and varied tones,
 Bird and breeze and fountain's fall,
 Yet creation's travail-groans
 Ever sadly sighed through all.
 There no discord jars the air —
 Harmony is perfect there!

When this aching heart shall rest,
 All its busy pulses o'er,
 From her mortal robes undrest
 Shall my spirit upward soar.
 Then shall unimagined joy
 All my thoughts and powers employ.

Here devotion's healing balm
 Often came to soothe my breast —
 Hours of deep and holy calm,
 Earnests of eternal rest.
 But the bliss was here unknown,
 Which shall there be all my own!

Jesus reigns, the Life, the Sun
 Of that wondrous world above;
 All the clouds and storms are gone,
 All is light, and all is love.
 All the shadows melt away
 In the blaze of perfect day!

JOHANN PETER LANGE. Trans-
 lated by JANE BORTHWICK.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
 The brightness of the day,
 The crimson of the sunset sky,
 How fast they fade away!
 Oh for the pearly gates of heaven!
 Oh for the golden floor!
 Oh for the Sun of Righteousness
 That setteth nevermore!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How fast they tire and faint!
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint!
 Oh for a heart that never sins!
 Oh for a soul washed white!
 Oh for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day or night!

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
 And grace to lead us higher;

But there are perfectness and peace
 Beyond our best desire.
 Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord!
 Oh, by thy life laid down!
 Oh, that we fall not from thy grace,
 Nor cast away our crown!

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

COMPENSATION.

TEARS wash away the atoms in the eye
 That smarted for a day;
 Rain-clouds that spoiled the splendors of the
 sky
 The fields with flowers array.

No chamber of pain but has some hidden door
 That promises release;
 No solitude so drear but yields its store
 Of thought and inward peace.

No night so wild but brings the constant sun
 With love and power untold;
 No time so dark but through its woof there
 run
 Some blessed threads of gold.

And through the long and storm-tost centuries
 burn
 In changing calm and strife
 The Pharos-lights of truth, where'er we turn,—
 The unquenched lamps of life.

O Love supreme! O Providence divine!
 What self-adjusting springs
 Of law and life, what even scales, are thine,
 What sure-returning wings

Of hopes and joys that flit like birds away,
 When chilling autumn blows,
 But come again, long ere the buds of May
 Their rosy lips uncloze!

What wondrous play of mood and accident
 Through shifting days and years;
 What fresh returns of vigor overspent
 In feverish dreams and fears!

What wholesome air of conscience and of
 thought
 When doubts and forms oppress;
 What vistas opening to the gates we sought
 Beyond the wilderness;

Beyond the narrow cells where self-involved,
 Like chrysalids, we wait
 The unknown births, the mysteries unsolved
 Of death and change and fate!

O Light divine ! we need no fuller test
That all is ordered well ;
We know enough to trust that all is best
Where love and wisdom dwell.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

1874.

THE HORIZON.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A CHILD AND ITS MOTHER.

FRANZ MICHAEL FRANZÉN, a poet resembling in some respects Wordsworth, was born in Finland in 1772, and became Bishop of Hörnöсанд, where he died in 1847. Tegnér compares his poems to the song of the nightingale. He is best known by fragments of an epic, entitled "Gustavus Adolphus in Germany."

"SEE ! where to earth bends down the sky !
See how the morning clouds uprolled
Tinge the far forest with their gold.
And we delay — both thou and I,
To go to heaven, my mother dear,
When every day it is so near."

"Come," said the mother, "no delaying —
Come, let us go then." And they went,
On heavenly objects both intent, —
And onwards through the woodlands straying,
Mid shadows soft and purple light
Seemed Paradise itself in sight.

"How beautiful ! This sure must be
Eden itself ; what fruit ! what flowers ;
And yet — heaven is not in these bowers,
O'er church and moor it seems to flee.
Far off, I see the golden cloud
With splendor all the village shroud."

"My child, while thou on earth sojournest
Will heaven elude thy eager quest ;
Where'er thy steps may be addressed ;
Whether to north or south thou turnest.
Where the sun rises, or descends,
Still to heaven's gate thy travel tends.

"Hear'st thou that voice in mid-air pealing ?
Us doth it to God's house invite.
This is his day ; on this his light,
Comfort, and peace he is revealing.
There stands his church in day's clear flame ;
Thy heart within it glow the same.

"Come, child, the world thou must explore,
From Paradise thou too must go :
And as we thus roam onward, so
Thy whole life's region travel o'er.
And when thy pilgrimage is done
Heaven will not fly thee, but be — won."

FRANZ MICHAEL FRANZÉN. Translated by MARY HOWITT.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

IN a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender ;
Waving when the wind crept down so low ;
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round
it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned
it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way ;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain ;
Nature revelled in grand mysteries ;
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way, —
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty
motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean ;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
Oh the long, long centuries since that day !
Oh the agony, oh, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost !

Useless ! Lost ! There came a thoughtful
man

Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep ;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line !
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

MARY BOLLES BRANCH

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud, —
A world we do not see ;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek ;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence — awful, sweet, and calm —
They have no power to break ;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem, —
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring
'T is easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream in loving arms
To swoon to that — from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us ! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as nought,
A dried and vanished stream :
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

1860.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

COULD we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows
low ;
Ah ! if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go ?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and
clear

One radiant vista of the realm before us, —
With one rapt moment given to see and
hear,
Ah, who would fear ?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only, —
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure ?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THE ANSWER.

" WHO would not go "
With buoyant steps, to gain that blessed
portal,
Which opens to the land we long to know ?
Where shall be satisfied the soul's immortal,
Where we shall drop the wearying and
the woe
In resting so ?

" Ah, who would fear ? "
Since, sometimes through the distant pearly
portal,
Unclosing to some happy soul a-near,
We catch a gleam of glorious light immortal,
And strains of heavenly music faintly hear,
Breathing good cheer !

" Who would endure "
To walk in doubt and darkness with misgiving,
When he whose tender promises are sure —
The Crucified, the Lord, the Ever-living —
Keeps us those " mansions " evermore secure
By waters pure ?

Oh, wondrous land !
Fairer than all our spirit's fairest dreaming :
" Eye hath not seen, " no heart can under-
stand
The things prepared, the cloudless radiance
streaming.

How longingly we wait our Lord's com-
mand —
His opening hand !
O dear ones there !
Whose voices, hushed, have left our pathway
lonely,
We come, erelong, your blessed home to
share ;

We take the guiding hand, we trust it only —
Seeing, by faith, beyond this clouded air,
That land so fair !

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

IN CÆLO QUIES.

JONATHAN HUNTINGTON BRIGHT was born at Salem, Mass., in 1804, and died in Manchester, Miss., in 1837. Under the name "Viator" he contributed to the press, but his poetry has not been collected.

SHOULD sorrow o'er thy brow
Its darkened shadow fling,
And hopes that cheer thee now
Die in their early spring;
Should pleasure at its birth
Fade, like the hues of even,
Turn thou away from earth;
There's rest for thee in heaven.

If ever life shall seem
To thee a toilsome way,
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day;
If, like the weary dove,
O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Raise thou thine eye above;
There's rest for thee in heaven.

But oh, if thornless flowers
Throughout thy pathway bloom,
And gayly fleet the hours,
Unstained by earthly gloom,
Still let not every thought
To this poor world be given,
Nor always be forgot
Thy better rest in heaven.

When sickness pales thy cheek
And dims thy lustrous eye,
And pulses low and weak
Tell of a time to die,
Sweet Hope shall whisper then,
"Though thou from earth be riven,
There's bliss beyond thy ken,
There's rest for thee in heaven."

J. HUNTINGTON BRIGHT.

THE FATHERLAND.

CLAUS HARMS, a Lutheran minister at Kiel, was born in 1778, and died in 1855. The following translation was made by the late Prof. Henry Mills, of Auburn, N. Y. Harms was one of the most original and effective German preachers of the century. The poem is suggested by Goethe's "Kennst du das Land?" (Mignon's Song.)

KNOW ye the land? — On earth 't were vainly
sought —
To which the heart in sorrows turns its
thought;
Where no complaint is heard, tears never
flow,
The good are blest, the weak with vigor
glow,
Know ye it well?

For this, for this
All earthly wish or care, my friends, dis-
miss!

Know ye the way, — the rugged path of
thorns?
His lagging progress there, the traveller
mourns;
He faints, he sinks, — from dust he cries to
God, —
"Relieve me, Father, from the weary road!"
Know ye it well?

It guides, it guides,
To that dear land, where all we hope abides.

Know ye that Friend? — In him a man you
see;
Yet more than man, more than all men is he;
Himself before us trod the path of thorns,
To pilgrims now his heart with pity turns.
Know ye him well?

His hand, his hand
Will safely bring us to that Fatherland.
From the German of CLAUS HARMS
Translated by HENRY MILLS.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

STILL abide the heaven-born three,
Faith and hope and charity!
Faith, to point our heavenly goal,
Hope, an anchor to the soul:
Faith and hope must pass away;
Charity endure for aye!

Hope must in possession die;
Faith, in blissful certainty:
These to gladden each were given;
Love, or charity, for heaven!
For, in brighter realms above,
Charity survives as love.

Love to him, the great I AM!
Love to him, the atoning Lamb!
Love unto the Holy Ghost!
Love to all the heavenly host!
Love to all the human race,
Sanctified by saving grace!

In that pure and perfect love,
Treasured up for heaven above,
Christian! may thy grateful heart
Have its everlasting part;
And when faith and hope are mute,
Find in endless love their fruit!

BERNARD BARTON.

LINKS WITH HEAVEN.

OUR God in heaven, from that holy place,
To each of us an angel guide has given;
But mothers of dead children have more
grace, —

For they give angels to their God and
heaven.

How can a mother's heart feel cold or weary
Knowing her dearer self safe, happy, warm?
How can she feel her road too dark or dreary,
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the
storm?

How can she sin? Our hearts may be un-
heeding,

Our God forgot, our holy saints defied;
But can a mother hear her dead child pleading,
And thrust those little angel hands aside?

Those little hands stretched down to draw her
ever

Nearer to God by mother love : — we all
Are blind and weak, yet surely she can never,
With such a stake in heaven, fail or fall.

She knows that when the mighty angels raise
Chorus in heaven, one little silver tone
Is hers forever, that one little praise,
One little happy voice, is all her own.

We may not see her sacred crown of honor,
But all the angels fitting to and fro
Pause smiling as they pass, — they look upon
her

As mother of an angel whom they know,

One whom they left nestled at Mary's feet, —
The children's place in heaven, — who
softly sings

A little chant to please them, slow and sweet,
Or smiling strokes their little folded wings ;

Or gives them her white lilies or her beads
To play with : — yet, in spite of flower or
song,

They often lift a wistful look that pleads
And asks her why their mother stays so long.

Then our dear Queen makes answer she will
call

Her very soon : meanwhile they are be-
guiled

To wait and listen while she tells them all
A story of her Jesus as a child.

Ah, saints in heaven may pray with earnest
will

And pity for their weak and erring brothers :

Yet there is prayer in heaven more tender
still, —

The little children pleading for their moth-
ers.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

AT EVENING THERE SHALL BE
LIGHT.

BERNARD BARTON was born Jan 31, 1784. He was a correspondent of Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Lord Byron, and Coleridge. His father was a Friend of a literary turn, and lived at Carlisle when the poet was born, but soon after that event he removed to London. Barton was for forty years clerk in a bank at Woodbridge, but found time to write several volumes of verse, mostly of a religious character. Sir Robert Peel obtained for him a pension of one hundred pounds a year in 1841. He died Feb. 19, 1849.

We journey through a vale of tears,

By many a cloud o'ercast,
And worldly cares and worldly fears
Go with us to the last!

Not to the last! God's word hath said,

Could we but read aright :
O pilgrim! lift in hope thy head,
At eve it shall be light!

Though earth-born shadows now may shroud

Our thorny path awhile,
God's blessed word can rend each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.

Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power divine,
And, ere life's sun shall set in death,
His light shall round us shine.

When tempest-clouds are dark on high,

His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,
Betokening storms shall cease.

Walk on thy way with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And we shall own his word fulfilled, —
At eve it shall be light!

BERNARD BARTON.

HEAVEN.

THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
 Good angels know it well,
 Glad songs that never cease
 Within its portals swell;
 Around its glorious throne
 Ten thousand saints adore
 Christ, with the Father One
 And Spirit evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
 To see the Lamb who died,
 And count each sacred wound
 In hands and feet and side;
 To give to him the praise
 Of every triumph won,
 And sing through endless days
 The great things he hath done.

Look up, ye saints of God,
 Nor fear to tread below
 The path your Saviour trod
 Of daily toil and woe;
 Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love,
 His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above.

SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER.

1861.

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

LUCY LARCOM, a favorite American poet, was born at Beverly Farms, Mass., in 1826, and has been in literary life for a number of years. She was one of the contributors to the Lowell Offering, a periodical conducted by workers in the factories of Lowell, and she was associate editor of *Our Young Folks*, a magazine for the young which had an enviable reputation.

LORD, open the door, for I falter,
 I faint in this stifled air;
 In dust and straitness I lose my breath:
 This life of self is a living death;
 Let me into thy pastures broad and fair,
 To the sun and the wind from thy mountains
 free;
 Lord, open the door to me!

There is holier life, and truer,
 Than ever my heart has found;
 There is nobler work than is wrought within
 These walls so charred by the fires of sin,
 Where I toil like a captive blind and bound—
 An open door to a freer task
 In thy nearer smile, I ask.

Yet the world is thy field, thy garden;
 On earth art thou still at home.
 When thou bendest hither thy hallowing eye,

My narrow work-room seems vast and high,
 Its dingy ceiling a rainbow dome,—
 Stand ever thus at my wide-swung door,
 And toil will be toil no more.

Through the rosy portals of morning
 Now the tides of sunshine flow,
 O'er the blossoming earth and the glistening
 sea,

The praise thou inspirest rolls back to thee;
 Its tones through the infinite arches go;
 Yet, crippled and dumb, behold me wait,
 Dear Lord, at the Beautiful Gate.

I wait for thy hand of healing—
 For vigor and hope in thee.
 Open wide the door—let me feel the sun—
 Let me touch thy robe—I shall rise and run
 Through thy happy universe, safe and free,
 Where in and out thy beloved go,
 Nor want nor wandering know.

Thyself art the Door, Most Holy!
 By thee let me enter in.

I press toward thee with my failing strength:
 Unfold thy love in its breadth and length!
 True life from thine let my spirit win!
 To the saints' fair city, the Father's throne,
 Thou, Lord, art the way alone.

From the deeps of unseen glory,
 Now I feel the flooding light.
 O rare sweet winds from thy hills that blow!
 O river so calm in its crystal flow!
 O love unfathomed—the depth, the height!
 What joy wilt thou not unto me impart,
 When thou shalt enlarge my heart!

To be made with thee one spirit,
 Is the boon that I lingering ask,
 To have no bar 'twixt my soul and thine;
 My thoughts to echo thy will divine;
 Myself thy-servant for any task.
 Life! life! I may enter, through thee, the
 Door,—
 Saved, sheltered forevermore!

LUCY LARCOM.

1879.

THE LOST CHURCH.

FAR in the deep and lonely wood,—
 So deep, and still, and lonely all,
 Nought breaks the silent solitude,
 Save chirp of bird or light leaf's fall,—
 At times, when all is hushed, the ear
 Catches a low and solemn knell,
 Borne on the breezes, sweet and clear,
 As from some near, unearthly bell.

No living memory knows the time,
 In vain tradition seeks to tell,
 When first was heard that deep, low chime
 Down in the silent, lonely dell.
 There the Lost Church, 't is said, once stood,
 And through these shades a pathway
 wound,
 And pilgrims sought the lonely wood ; —
 But now no footpath can be found.

As late I sought that lonely wood,
 And mused where holy feet had trod,
 And there, in the still solitude,
 Breathed out my yearning soul to God, —
 When all was wrapped in deep repose,
 I caught that solemn peal again ;
 The higher my devotion rose,
 The nearer, clearer swelled the strain.

My soul so wakeful grew and free,
 Each sense so chained by that sweet sound,
 What mighty power thus wrought in me
 Is still a mystery profound.
 It seemed as many a hundred year
 On wing of dream had fled away, —
 When, lo ! above the clouds, more clear
 Than noontide light, broke heavenly day.

The sun poured down a sparkling flood,
 The dark, blue heavens beamed full and
 bright,
 And there a stately minster stood,
 Glittering on high in golden light.
 Methought gay clouds the pile upbore,
 Like floating wings spread out on high ;
 I saw the spire still heavenward soar,
 And vanish in the boundless sky.

I heard the bell, with solemn swing,
 Thrill out through all the trembling tower ;
 No hand of mortal drew the string ;
 The tongue was swayed by heavenly power.
 Wild rapture whelmed me like a flood,
 A tempest wafted me on high,
 Till in that lofty dome I stood,
 With trembling joy, in upper sky.

The wonders of each boundless hall
 In vain would mortal tongue portray ;
 Dark gleamed from window and from wall,
 With mystic light, in long array,
 Forms of the martyrs, sainted men,
 Who shed their blood in sacred strife ;
 And holy women, a bright train,
 Rose to my eye in heavenly life.

Low at the altar's base I kneeled,
 Burning with love and mute with awe ;

High o'er me, in bright hues revealed,
 Heaven's glory on the roof I saw.
 But, when I raised my eyes once more,
 Arches and dome and roof had sprung ;
 The veil was rent — the golden door
 Of heaven itself wide open flung.

What peerless visions met my eye, —
 Still rapt in ecstasy profound, —
 What blessed music floated by,
 Holier than trump, than organ's sound, —
 In vain my feeble tongue would tell :
 Let him whose bosom yearns to know,
 Go listen, in the lonely dell,
 To that sweet pealing, wild and low !

LUDWIG UHLAND. Translated by
 CHARLES T. BROOKS.

SOON AND FOREVER.

Soon and forever !
 Such promise our trust,
 Though ashes to ashes
 And dust unto dust ;
 Soon, and forever
 Our union shall be
 Made perfect, our glorious
 Redeemer, in thee :
 When the sins and the sorrows
 Of time shall be o'er ;
 Its pangs and its partings
 Remembered no more ;
 Where life cannot fail, and where
 Death cannot sever,
 Christians with Christ shall be
 Soon and forever.

Soon and forever
 The breaking of day
 Shall drive all the night-clouds
 Of sorrow away.
 Soon and forever
 We'll see as we're seen,
 And learn the deep meaning
 Of things that have been :
 When fightings without us,
 And fears from within,
 Shall weary no more
 In the warfare of sin ;
 Where fears, and where tears, and where
 Death shall be never,
 Christians with Christ shall be
 Soon and forever.

Soon and forever
 The work shall be done,
 The warfare accomplished,
 The victory won ;

Soon and forever
 The soldier lay down
 His sword for a harp,
 And his cross for a crown.
 Then droop not in sorrow,
 Despond not in fear,
 A glorious to-morrow
 Is brightening and near;
 When, blessed reward
 Of each faithful endeavor,
 Christians with Christ shall be
 Soon and forever.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

—◆—
 REST.

I.

WHEN round the earth the Father's hands
 Have gently drawn the dark;
 Sent off the sun to fresher lands,
 And curtained in the lark;
 'T is sweet, all tired with glowing day,
 To fade with fading light;
 To lie once more, the old weary way,
 Upfolded in the night.

If mothers o'er our slumbers bend,
 And unripe kisses reap,
 In soothing dreams with sleep they blend,
 Till even in dreams we sleep.
 And if we wake while night is dumb,
 'T is sweet to turn and say,
 It is an hour ere dawning come,
 And I will sleep till day.

II.

There is a dearer, warmer bed,
 Where one all day may lie,
 Earth's bosom pillowing the head,
 And let the world go by.
 There come no watching mother's eyes;
 The stars instead look down;
 Upon it breaks, and silent dies
 The murmur of the town.

The great world, shouting, forward fares;
 This chamber, hid from none,
 Hides safe from all, for no one cares
 For him whose work is done.
 Cheer thee, my friend; bethink thee how
 A certain unknown place,
 Or here or there, is waiting now,
 To rest thee from thy race.

III.

Nay, nay, not there the rest from harms,
 The slow composed breath!

Not there the folding of the arms!
 Not there the sleep of death!
 It needs no curtained bed to hide
 The world with all its wars;
 No grassy cover to divide
 From sun and moon and stars.

There is a rest that deeper grows
 In midst of pain and strife;
 A mighty, conscious, willed repose,
 The death of deepest life.
 To have and hold the precious prize
 No need of jealous bars;
 But windows open to the skies,
 And skill to read the stars.

IV.

Who dwelleth in that secret place,
 Where tumult enters not,
 Is never cold with terror base,
 Never with anger hot.
 For if an evil host should dare
 His very heart invest,
 God is his deeper heart, and there
 He enters in to rest.

When mighty sea-winds madly blow,
 And tear the scattered waves,
 Peaceful as summer woods, below
 Lie darkling ocean caves:
 The wind of words may toss my heart,
 But what is that to me!
 'T is but a surface storm—thou art
 My deep, still, resting sea.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

—◆—
 O SWEET HOME—ECHO!

“Wir werden bei dem Herrn sein allezeit.”

O SWEET home-echo on the pilgrim's way,
 Thrice welcome message from a land of
 light!
 As through a clouded sky the moonbeams
 stray,

So on eternity's deep shrouded night
 Streams a mild radiance, from that cheering
 word:

“So shall we be forever with the Lord.”

At home with Jesus? He who went before,
 For his own people mansions to prepare;
 The soul's deep longings stilled, its conflicts
 o'er,

All rest and blessedness with Jesus there.
 What home like this can the wide earth
 afford?

“So shall we be forever with the Lord.”

With him all gathered ! to that blessed home,
Through all its windings, still the pathway
tends ;

While ever and anon bright glimpses come
Of that fair city where the journey ends.
Where all of bliss is centred in one word :
"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

Here, kindred hearts are severed far and wide,
By many a weary mile of land and sea,
Or life's all varied cares and paths divide ;
But yet a joyful gathering shall be,
The broken links repaired, the lost restored,
"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

And is there ever perfect union here ?
Ah, daily sins, lamented and confessed,
They come between us and the friends most
dear,

They mar our blessedness and break our
rest.

With life we leave the evils long deplored :
"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

All prone to error, none set wholly free
From the old serpent's soul-ensnaring chain,
The truths one child of God can clearly see,
He seeks to make his brother feel in vain ;
But all shall harmonize in heaven's full chord ;
"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

O blessed promise ! mercifully given,
Well may it hush the wail of earthly woe ;
O'er the dark passage to the gates of heaven
The light of hope and resurrection throw !
Thanks for the blessed, life-inspiring word :
"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

MRS. META HEUSSER-SCHWEIZER. Trans-
lated by JANE BORTHWICK.

AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

1 THESS. iv. 17.

PART I.

"FOREVER with the Lord !"
Amen, so let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'T is immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !

Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies ;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds dispart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that he
(Remembered or forgot),
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

PART II.

IN darkness as in light
Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake within his sight,
Who looks existence through.

From the dim hour of birth,
Through every changing state
Of mortal pilgrimage on earth,
Till its appointed date ;

All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as he hath seen
And shall forever see.

How can I meet his eyes ?
Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize,
Mercy from first to last.

"Forever with the Lord !"
— Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.

Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail ;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "Forever with the Lord!"

Then though the soul enjoy
 Communion high and sweet,
 While worms this body must destroy,
 Both shall in glory meet.

The trump of final doom
 Will speak the self-same word,
 And heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,
 "Forever with the Lord!"

The tomb shall echo deep
 That death-awakening sound;
 The saints shall hear it in their sleep
 And answer from the ground.

Then upward as they fly,
 That resurrection-word
 Shall be their shout of victory,
 "Forever with the Lord!"

That resurrection-word,
 That shout of victory,
 Once more, — "Forever with the Lord!"
 Amen, so let it be!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

TO THE SOUL.

This hymn was written when the author was in affliction,
 and was sent by him to Lady Huntingdon.

DEATHLESS principle, arise,
 Soar, thou native of the skies!
 Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
 To his glorious likeness wrought,
 Go, to shine before his throne;
 Deck his mediatorial crown;
 Go, his triumphs to adorn;
 Made for God, to God return.

Lo, he beckons from on high,
 Fearless to his presence fly:
 Thine the merit of his blood,
 Thine the righteousness of God.
 Angels, joyful to attend,
 Hovering round thy pillow, bend:
 Wait to catch the signal given,
 And escort thee quick to heaven.

Is thy earthly house distrest,
 Willing to retain her guest?
 'T is not thou, but she must die —
 Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
 Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay;
 Sweetly breathe thyself away.
 Singing, to thy crown remove,
 Swift of wing, and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream;
 Venture all thy care on him;
 Him, whose dying love and power
 Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar;
 Safe is the expanded wave,
 Gentle as a summer's eve;
 Not one object of his care
 Ever suffered shipwreck there.

See the haven fu'l in view;
 Love divine shall bear thee through;
 Trust to that propitious gale;
 Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.
 Saints in glory perfect made,
 Wait thy passage through the shade;
 Ardent for thy coming o'er,
 See, they throng the blissful shore.

Mount, the transports to improve
 Join the longing choir above;
 Swiftly to their wish be given,
 Kindle higher joy in heaven!
 Such the prospects that arise
 To the dying Christian's eyes!
 Such the glorious vista faith
 Opens through the shades of death!

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

1776.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given;
 There is a joy for souls distrest,
 A balm for every wounded breast,
 'T is found above, in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
 'T is fair as breath of even;
 A couch for weary mortals spread,
 Where they may rest the aching head,
 And find repose — in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls
 By sin and sorrow driven;
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.

There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
 To brighter prospects given ;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.

There, fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There, rays divine disperse the gloom :
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

WILLIAM BINGHAM TAPPAN.

1822, 1846.

THE WAY TO THE CITY.

SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, senior editor of the New York Observer since 1840, is son of Dr. Nathaniel Scudder Prime, and was born at Ballston, N. Y., Nov. 4, 1812. After graduating at Williams College in 1829, he studied at the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., and for a few years preached as a minister of the Presbyterian Church. He has published many volumes that have had a wide circulation, and has exerted a great influence through his journal.

THE city of the Lord I see,
 Beyond the firmament afar ;
 In every dome a noonday sun,
 And every pinnacle a star.

How shall I scale those shining heights,
 And in his beauty see the King,
 And hear the anthems of the skies, —
 Those songs celestial voices sing ?

Lead me, thou spotless Lamb of God,
 And place me near thy wounded side ;
 With thee in glory let me live
 Immortal, since thou once hast died.

Thou art my Saviour ! there is none
 But thee on whom I dare rely :
 For thee, O Christ, 't is mine to live,
 In thee my joy shall be to die.

Then, while this crumbling body sleeps
 In hope beneath its native sod,
 My soul, redeemed, will rise to see
 The shining city of my God.

SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME.

1872.

THE LYRE RESTRUNG.

FAIR faces beaming round the household
 hearth,

Young joyous tones in melody of mirth,
 The sire doubly living in his boy,
 And she, the crown of all that wealth of joy ;
 These make the home like some sweet lyre,
 given

To sound on earth the harmonies of heaven.

A sudden discord breaks the swelling strain,
 One chord has snapped ; the harmony again
 Subdued and slower moves, but never more
 Can pour the same glad music as of yore ;
 Less and less full the strains successive wake,
 Chord after chord must break — and break —
 and break :

Until on earth the lyre, dumb and riven,
 Finds all its chords restrung to loftier notes
 in heaven.

JAMES W. MILES.

THE LIFE ABOVE, THE LIFE ON HIGH.

"Vivo sin vivir en mi."

Part of a post-communion hymn of ST TERESA, of Spain, one of the greatest saints of the Roman Catholic Church, who was born at Avila, in Castile, March 28, 1515. She was much impressed by the writings of Augustine and Jerome, and at the age of twenty devoted herself to the conventual life. She died Oct. 5, 1582.

THE life above, the life on high,
 Alone is life in verity ;
 Nor can we life at all enjoy,
 Till this poor life is o'er ;
 Then, O sweet Death ! no longer fly
 From me, who, ere my time to die,
 Am dying evermore ;
 Forevermore I weep and sigh,
 Dying, because I do not die.

To him, who deigns in me to live,
 What better gift have I to give,
 O my poor earthly life, than thee ?
 Too glad of thy decay,
 So but I may the sooner see
 That face of sweetest majesty,
 For which I pine away ;
 While evermore I weep and sigh,
 Dying, because I do not die.

Absent from thee, my Saviour dear,
 I call not life this living here,
 But a long dying agony,
 The sharpest I have known ;
 And I myself, myself to see
 In such a rack of misery,
 For very pity moan ;
 And ever, ever weep and sigh,
 Dying, because I do not die.

Ah ! Lord, my light and living breath,
 Take me, oh, take me from this death,
 And burst the bars that sever me
 From my true life above !
 Think how I die thy face to see,
 And cannot live away from thee,
 O my eternal Love !
 And ever, ever weep and sigh,
 Dying, because I do not die.

I weary of this endless strife ;
 I weary of this dying life,
 This living death, this heavy chain,
 This torment of delay,
 In which her sins my soul detain.
 Ah! when shall it be mine? Ah! when,
 With my last breath to say, —
 No more I weep, no more I sigh ;
 I'm dying of desire to die.

ST. TERESA. Translated by
 EDWARD CASWALL.

THE WEDDING FEAST.

COURAGE. O faithful heart ;
 Steadfast forever !
 In the eternal love
 Faltering never :
 Courage, O downcast eyes,
 Bitter tears shedding ;
 Hark ! how the chimes ring out
 Joy for the wedding !

Open the golden doors ;
 Through the high portal
 Let the rich glory stream
 Sea-like, immortal !
 Open the golden doors
 Wide from the centre ; —
 Countless the multitude
 Hither must enter !

Light up the palace halls,
 From roof-tree to basement,
 Bid the warm festal glow
 Flood every casement :
 Chant ye the bridal song
 Solemn and holy,
 Waking to Paradise
 Souls that lie lowly.

Out of old battle-fields
 No man remembers ;
 Out of still village yards
 And dank charnel-chambers,
 From the chill ocean-graves
 Under far waters,
 And the dear sepulchres
 Where sleep the martyrs.

Dives and Lazarus
 One with the other ;
 Peasant and emperor,
 Foeman and brother,
 Men with long century-lives
 Braving death's shadow,
 And sweet baby blossoms, — fresh
 As flower in the meadow : —

Out of the million haunts
 Where dead men lie idle,
 Out of life's thousand ways : —
 Call to the bridal :
 Open the golden doors
 Wide from the centre !
 For they that are ready
 To glory shall enter !

W. E. LITTLEWOOD.

A MEDITATION OF HEAVEN.

O BEAUTEOUS God, uncircumscribed treasure
 Of an eternal pleasure,
 Thy throne is seated far
 Above the highest star,
 Where thou preparest a glorious place
 Within the brightness of thy face
 For every spirit
 To inherit,
 That builds his hopes on thy merit,
 And loves thee with a holy charity.
 What ravisht heart, seraphic tongue or eyes,
 Clear as the morning's rise,
 Can speak, or think, or see
 That bright eternity ?
 Where the great King's transparent throne
 Is of an entire jasper stone ;
 There the eye
 O' the chrysolite,
 And a sky
 Of diamonds, rubies, chryso-prase,
 And above all, thy holy face
 Makes an eternal clarity.
 When thou thy jewels up dost bind ; that day
 Remember us, we pray —
 That where the beryl lies
 And the crystal, 'bove the skies,
 There thou mayst appoint us place
 Within the brightness of thy face ;
 And our soul
 In the scroll
 Of life and blissfulness enroll,
 That we may praise thee to eternity.

Allelujah !

JEREMY TAYLOR.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of sirens, pledges of heaven's joy.
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and
 Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power
 employ
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to
 pierce :

And to our high-raised phantasy present
 That undisturbed song of pure concert,
 Aye sung before the sapphire-colored throne
 To him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
 Where the bright seraphim in burning row
 Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits that wear victorious
 palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly :
 That we on earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
 As once we did, till disproportioned sin
 Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh
 din

Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion
 swayed

In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 Oh, may we soon again renew that song,
 And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere-
 long

To his celestial consort us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn
 of light.

1630.

JOHN MILTON.

PANTING FOR HEAVEN.

MARIA DE FLEURY was a lady who did not have the advantages of a liberal education, but wrote a volume entitled "Divine Poems," published in 1791.

YE angels who stand around the throne,
 And view my Immanuel's face,
 In rapturous songs make him known,
 Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise ;
 He formed you the spirits you are,
 So happy, so noble, so good ;
 When others sunk down in despair,
 Confirmed by his power, ye stood.

Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
 His grace and his glory display,
 And all his rich mercy repeat :
 He snatched you from hell and the grave,
 He ransomed from death and despair ;
 For you he was mighty to save,
 Almighty to bring you safe there.

Oh, when will the period appear,
 When I shall unite in your song ?

I'm weary of lingering here,
 And I to your Saviour belong :
 I'm fettered, and chained up in clay ;
 I struggle, and pant to be free ;
 I long to be soaring away,
 My God and my Saviour to see.

I want to put on my attire,
 Washed white in the blood of the Lamb ;
 I want to be one of your choir,
 And tune my sweet harp to his name ;
 I want, oh, I want to be there,
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
 Your joy and your friendship to share,
 To wonder, and worship with you.

MARIA DE FLEURY.

1791.

WHAT SHALL WE BE ?

"Wie wird uns sein, wenn endlich nach dem Schweren."

WHAT shall we be, and whither shall we go,
 When the last conflict of our life is o'er,
 And we return from wandering to and fro
 To our dear home through heaven's eternal
 door !

When we shake off the last dust from our
 feet,

When we wipe off the last drop from our
 brow,

And our departed friends once more shall
 greet,

The hope which cheers and comforts us
 below !

What shall we be, when we ourselves shall
 see

Bathed in the flood of everlasting light,
 And from all guilt and sin entirely free,
 Stand pure and blameless in our Maker's
 sight ;

No longer from his holy presence driven,
 Conscious of guilt, and stung with inward
 pain,

But friends of God and citizens of heaven,
 To join the ranks of his celestial train !

What shall we be, when we drink in the sound
 Of heavenly music from the spheres above,
 When golden harps to listening hosts around
 Declare the wonders of redeeming love ;
 When far and wide through the resounding air
 Loud hallelujahs from the ransomed rise,
 And holy incense, sweet with praise and
 prayer,

Is wafted to the Highest through the skies !

What shall we be, when the freed soul can rise

With unrestrained and bold aspiring flight
To him, who by his wondrous sacrifice
Hath opened heaven, and scattered sin's
dark night;

When from the eye of faith the thin veil
drops,

Like wreaths of mist before the morning's
rays,

And we behold, the end of all our hopes,
The Son of God in full refulgent blaze!

What shall we be, when we shall hear him
say:

"Come, O ye blessed," when we see him
stand,

Robed in the light of everlasting day,
Before the throne of God at his right hand;
When we behold the eyes from which once
flowed

Tears o'er the sin and misery of man,
And the deep wounds from which the pre-
cious blood,

That made atonement for the world, once
ran;

What shall we be, when hand in hand we go
With blessed spirits risen from the tomb,

Where streams of living water softly flow,
And trees still flourish in primeval bloom;
Where in perpetual youth no cheek looks old,

By the sharp tooth of cruel time imprest,
Where no bright eye is dimmed, no heart
grows cold,

No grief, no pain, no death invades the
blest!

What shall we be, when every glance we cast
At the dark valley underneath our feet,

And every retrospect of troubles past
Makes heaven brighter and its joys more
sweet;

When the remembrance of our former woe
Gives a new relish to our present peace,
And draws our heart to him, to whom we
owe

Our past deliverance and our present bliss!

What shall we be, who have in Christ be-
lieved!

What through his grace will be our sweet
reward!

Eye hath not seen, ear heard, or heart con-
ceived,

What God for those who love him hath
prepared:

Let us the steep ascent then boldly climb,
Our toil and labor will be well repaid;
Let us haste onward, till in God's good time
We reap the fruit, a crown that doth not
fade.

KARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA. Trans-
lated by RICHARD MASSIE.

HIS NAME SHALL BE IN THEIR FOREHEADS.

WHEN I shall go where my Redeemer is,
In the far city on the other side,
And at the threshold of his palaces
Shall loose my sandals, ever to abide;
I know my heavenly King will smiling wait
To give me welcome as I touch the gate.

Oh, joy! oh, bliss! for I shall see his face,
And wear his blessed name upon my brow!
The name that stands for pardon, love, and
grace,

That name before which every knee shall
bow.

No music half so sweet can ever be
As that dear name which he shall write for me!

Crowned with this royal signet, I shall walk
With lifted forehead through the eternal
street;

And with a holier mien, and gentler talk,
Will tell my story to the friends I meet—
Of how the King did stoop his name to write
Upon my brow, in characters of light!

Then, till I go to meet my Father's smile,
I'll keep my forehead smooth from pas-
sion's scars,

From angry frowns that trample and defile,
And every sin that desecrates or mars;
That I may lift a face unflushed with shame,
Whereon my Lord may write his holy name.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

FROM THE "DISCIPLES' HYMN-BOOK."

SHE stood outside the gate of heaven, and
saw them entering in,
A world-long train of shining ones, all washed
in blood from sin.

The hero-martyr in that blaze uplifted his
strong eye,
And trod firm the reconquered soil of his
nativity!

And he who had despised his life, and laid
it down in pain,
Now triumphed in its worthiness, and took it
up again.

The holy one, who had met God in desert
cave alone,
Feared not to stand with brethren around
the Father's throne.

They who had done, in darkest night, the
deeds of light and flame,
Circled with them about as with a glowing
halo came.

And humble souls, who held themselves too
dear for earth to buy,
Now passed through the golden gate, to live
eternally.

And when into the glory the last of all did go,
"Thank God! there *is* a heaven," she cried,
"though mine is endless woe."

The angel of the golden gate said, "Where,
then, dost thou dwell?
And who art thou that interest not?" — "A
soul escaped from hell."

"Who knows to bless with prayer like thine,
in hell can never be;
God's angel could not, if he would, bar up
this door from thee."

She left her sin outside the gate, she meekly
entered there,
Breathed free the blessed air of heaven, and
knew her native air.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE CITY GOD HATH MADE.

As usually printed, the second, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth,
and ninth stanzas are omitted; and the following chorus,
which is no part of the original, is used:—

"Oh, the beauty of that city,
The wonderful, the wonderful city,
With its gates of pearl ever open,
That who will may enter in."

DAILY, daily sing the praises
Of the city God hath made;
In the beauteous fields of Eden
Its foundation-stones are laid.

CHORUS.

Oh that I had wings of angels
Here to spread and heavenward fly,
I would seek the gates of Zion
Far beyond the starry sky.

All the walls of that dear city
Are of bright and burnished gold;
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.

In the midst of that dear city
Christ is reigning on his seat,
And the angels swing their censers
In a ring about his feet.

From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the city
Like a sudden beam of light.

Where it waters leafy Eden,
Rolling over silver sands,
Sit the angels softly chiming
On the harps between their hands.

There the meadows, green and dewy,
Shine with lilies wondrous fair,
Thousand, thousand are the colors
Of the waving flowers there.

There the forests ever blossom,
Like our orchards here in May;
There the gardens never wither,
But eternally are gay.

There are roses and carnations,
There the honeysuckles twine;
There, along the river edges,
Golden jonquils ever shine.

There the water-lilies open,
Lying on the sea of glass,
There the yellow crocus glimmers
Like a flame amidst the grass.

There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the seraphs and the elders
And the great redeemed throng.

Oh, I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain;
Oh, I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

1867.

THE WORLD OF LIGHT.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear;

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove —
Or those faint beams in which this hill is
drest

After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days, —
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility, —
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed
them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death, the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest
may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair grove or dell he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our
wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up gives
room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and
fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

1650.

THE TOMBS OF THE BISHOPS.

IN the dim cathedral chancel, where the organ-
notes are pealing,
And the strangely solemn echoes through
the marble arches pour;

Where the light of peace and blessing, like
the golden sunlight, stealing
Through the fair old jewelled windows,
seems to hover evermore!

Where the choristers come softly, with their
quiet reverent faces,
To stand there, so near the altar, in Christ's
presence, day by day;
And in holy awe and rapture, kneeling hum-
bly in their places,
Priests and people, young and aged, rich
and lowly, come to pray.

With those hands so meekly folded — plead-
ing evermore! — reclining;
And the canopy all carven and emblazoned
overhead; —
Where the early, gentle, stainless light of
morning-time is shining, —
Type of "glory everlasting," that will dawn
upon the dead,

Resting calmly, sweetly sleeping, in those
aisles so fair and stately,
Which their feet, in earnest service and
communion, once trod;
In that sweet and quiet shadow, which in life
they loved so greatly,
When they stood beside the altar as the
ministers of God.

O ye waiting ones! where we kneel ye have
often knelt as gladly,
When the gift of benediction has been
poured upon the bride;
And ye too have often wept within the sanctu-
ary sadly,
When strange, wild storms have burst upon
the Church ye had to guide.

Past and gone is all the labor, and the min-
gled joy and sorrow,
All the struggles that, for sake of Christ,
so patiently ye bore!
It is only rest and peace, until the glorious
to-morrow, —
Till the saintly life be perfected in him for-
evermore!

O ye spirits of the righteous! in the calm,
pure air around us,
It would seem that ye are lingering in this
mighty temple now!
That the solemn choral music, whose exulting
notes surround us,
Breathes a message of your gladness to the
weary hearts below;

Bidding us to work in patience, and the cross
to carry humbly,
At the altar never ceasing for the grace of
God to plead ;
(Even those hands of stone are praying and
the cold lips asking dumbly
That the Father will have mercy on the
souls that Jesus freed !)

Telling, in those hallowed echoes, what a
marvellous awaking
Will the last sweet Easter-morning to the
faithful-hearted be !

With what untold joy and rapture they will
hail the glory breaking,
And before the unveiled Presence, in its
glory stand with thee.

ADA CAMBRIDGE* CROSS.

TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

CHARLES MACKAY, an English poet and journalist, was born in Scotland in 1814, and long lived in Glasgow, though he was in New York from 1862 to 1865. He is a writer of animation, and, in the words of his own poem, is looking for the "good time coming."

TELL me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more ?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest ?

The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs, —
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies ?

The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer,
"No."

And thou, serenest moon,
That, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace ;
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot ?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, "No."

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death ?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest ?

Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals
given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered,
"Yes, in heaven !"

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE BETTER LAND.

"They shall behold the land that is very far off."
ISA. xxxiii. 17.

THE vale of tears your footsteps press,
Ye pilgrims worn and weak ;
Ye journey through the wilderness
The heavenly land who seek.

What mountains tower ! what foes assail !
How long, how drear the road !
What clouds forbid your eyes to hail
The city of your God !

Ye look, ye listen eagerly,
Of the far land to learn,
And dimly from some mountain high
The glory ye discern.

Yet will ye find the vision true
And reach the far-off land ;
The heavenly city will for you
Its pearly gates expand.

The golden city ye shall tread
That faintly ye discerned,
And up the eternal hills be led
Whose distance dim ye mourned.

Amidst the glory ye shall walk
With glad, familiar feet ;
With saints and angels shall ye talk
And each forerunner greet.

The great Forerunner's smile divine
Your gladness will fulfil ;
Before your eyes he full will shine
And lead his people still.

Lord ! shall I tread that far-off land
And reach that bright abode ?
Unite me to thy pilgrim-band !
Uphold me on the road !

Help me each terror to defy,
Each hindrance to o'ercome ;
Through thickest clouds on mountains high
Fix, fix my gaze on home !

Then shall I with familiar feet
The land far-off explore,
And there the great Forerunner greet,
The heavenly King adore.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL.

THE DAWN OF HEAVEN.

THOMAS GIBBONS was born near Newmarket, England, May 31, 1720. He was minister of an Independent congregation from 1743 to the end of his life. He was one of the ablest Congregational ministers of his day, and a friend of Dr. Johnson. He died Feb. 22, 1785.

Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

Shall aught beguile us on the road,
While we are travelling back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge!
That sets my longing soul at large,
Unbinds my chains, breaks up my cell,
And gives me with my God to dwell.

To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

THOMAS GIBBONS.

1762.

THE LATTER DAY.

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morn-
ing;

Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourn-
ing;

Zion in triumph begins her mild reign!

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold!

Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are
ringing;

Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky!

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1830.

JAMES AND JOHN.

Two brothers freely cast their lot
With David's royal Son;
The cost of conquest counting not,
They deem the battle won.

Brothers in heart, they hope to gain
An undivided joy;
That man may one with man remain,
As boy was one with boy.

Christ heard; and willed that James should fall,
First prey of Satan's rage;
John linger out his fellows all,
And die in bloodless age.

Now they join hands once more above,
Before the Conqueror's throne;
Thus God grants prayer, but in his love
Makes times and ways his own.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

HINDER ME NOT.

HINDER me not!—the path is long and
dreary,

I may not pause nor tarry by the way—
Night cometh, when no man may journey on-
ward,

For we must walk as children of the day.

I know the city lieth far behind me,
The very brightest gem in all the plain;—
But thick and fast the lurid clouds are rising,
Which soon shall scatter into fiery hail.

I must press on, until I reach my Zoar,
And there find refuge from the fearful blast!
In thy cleft side, O smitten Saviour! hide me,
Till this calamity be overpast!

Ye cannot tempt me back with pomp or
pleasure,

All, in my eager grasp, has turned to dust;
The shield of love around my heart is
broken,—

How shall I place on man's frail life my trust?

But my heart lingers when I pass the dwellings
Where children play about the open door;
And pleasant voices waken up the echoes
From silent lips of those I see no more.

For through their chambers swept the solemn
warning,

Arise! depart! for "this is not your rest!"
They folded their meek hands, and sought the
Presence:

I only bore the arrow in my breast!

But there is balm in Gilead, and a Healer,
Whose sovereign power can cure our every
ill;

And to the soul, more wildly tempest-tossing
Than ever Galilee, say, "Peace, be still!"

Who, showing his own name thereon engraven,
With bleeding hands, will draw the dart
again,

And whisper: "Should the true disciple mur-
mur,
To taste the cup his Master's lip could
drain?"

And then lead me until we reach the river,
Which all must cross, and some must cross
alone;

Oh! ye, who in the land of peace are wearied,
How will ye breast the Jordan's swelling
moan?

I know not if the wave shall rage or slumber,
When I shall stand upon the nearer shore;
But One, whose form the Son of God resem-
bleth,

Will cross with me, and I shall ask no more!

O weary heads! rest on your Saviour's
bosom;

O weary feet! press on the path he trod;
O weary souls! your rest shall be remaining,
When ye have gained the city of your God!

O glorious city! jasper-built, and shining
With God's own glory in effulgent light,
Wherein no manner of defilement cometh,
Nor any shadow flung from passing night.

Then shall ye pluck fruits from that tree
immortal,

And be like gods, but find no curse therein:
There, shall ye slake your thirst in that full
fountain,

Whose distant streams suffice to cleanse
your sin.

There, shall ye find your dead in Christ,
arisen,

And learn from them to sing the angel's
song;

Well may ye echo, from earth's waiting prison,
The martyr's cry: "How long, O Lord!
how long!"

HELEN L. PARMLEE.

MEANS AND ENDS.

The writer of the following stanza lived in the sixteenth century, but the most careful investigation has failed to discover any particulars of his life, except that he was a citizen of London, and an author of considerable originality. His words and forms of expression have been traced in Shakespeare and other poets, among whom Tennyson may be mentioned. His principal work is entitled "A Posie of Gilloflowers."

WE till to sow, we sow to reap,
We reap and grind it by and by:
We grind to bake, we bake to eat,
We eat to live, we live to die.
We die with Christ to rest in joy
In heaven, made free from all annoy.

HUMFREY GIFFORD.

1580.

VALENTINE TO A LITTLE GIRL.

LITTLE maiden, dost thou pine
For a faithful valentine?
Art thou scanning timidly
Every face that meets thine eye?
Art thou fancying there may be
Fairer face than thou dost see?
Little maiden, scholar mine,
Wouldst thou have a valentine?

Go and ask, my little child,
Ask the Mother undefiled:
Ask, for she will draw thee near,
And will whisper in thine ear:—
"Valentine! the name is good;
For it comes of lineage high,
And a famous family:
And it tells of gentle blood,
Noble blood,—and nobler still,
For its owner freely poured
Every drop there was to spill
In the quarrel of his Lord.
Valentine! I know the name,
Many martyrs bear the same;
And they stand in glittering ring,
Round their warrior God and King,—
Who before and for them bled,—
With their robes of ruby red,
And their swords of cherub flame."

Yes! there is a plenty there,
Knights without reproach or fear,—
Such St. Denys, such St. George,
Martin, Maurice, Theodore,
And a hundred thousand more;
Guerdon gained and warfare o'er,
By that sea without a surge
And beneath the eternal sky,
And the beatific sun,

In Jerusalem above,
Valentine is every one ;
Choose from out that company
Whom to serve, and whom to love.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

The Oratory, 1850.

THE PROMISED LAND.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Oh the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight !

There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow :
There rock and hill and brook and vale
With milk and honey flow.

All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Sun forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore :
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay :
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

1787.

A COUNTLESS THRONG.

REV. vii. 9-17.

I SAW, and lo ! a countless throng,
The elect of every nation, name, and tongue,
Assembled round the everlasting throne ;
With robes of white endued,
The righteousness of God ;
And each a palm sustained
In his victorious hand ;

When thus the bright melodious choir begun :

" Salvation to thy name,
Eternal God, and co-eternal Lamb !
In power, in glory, and in essence, One ! "

So sung the saints. The angelic train
Second the anthem with a loud Amen :
(These in the outer circle stood,
The saints were nearest God ;)
And prostrate fall, with glory overpowered,
And hide their faces with their wings,
And thus address the King of kings :
" All hail ! by thy triumphant Church adored !
Blessing and thanks and honor too
Are thy supreme, thy everlasting due,
Our Triune Sovereign, our propitious Lord ! "

While I beheld the amazing sight,
A seraph pointed to the saints in white,
And told me who they were, and whence they
came :

" These are they, whose lot below
Was persecution, pain, and woe :
These are the chosen purchased flock,
Who ne'er their Lord forsook ;
Through his imputed merit free from blame ;
Redeemed from every sin ;
And, as thou seest, whose garments were
made clean,
Washed in the blood of yon exalted Lamb.

" Saved by his righteousness alone,
Spotless they stand before the throne,
And in the ethereal temple chant his praise :
Himself among them deigns to dwell,
And face to face his light reveal :
Hunger and thirst, as heretofore,
And pain, and heat, they know no more,
Nor need, as once, the sun's prolific rays :
Immanuel here his people feeds,
To streams of joy perennial leads,
And wipes forever wipes, the tears from every
face."

Happy the souls released from fear,
And safely landed there !
Some of the shining number once I knew,
And travelled with them here :
Nay, some, my elder brethren now,
Set later out for heaven, my junior saints be-
low :

Long after me, they heard the call of Grace
Which waked them unto righteousness :
How have they got beyond !
Converted last, yet first with glory crowned !
Little, once, I thought that these
Would first the summit gain,
And leave me far behind, slow journeying
through the plain.

Loved while on earth ! nor less beloved, though
gone !

Think not I envy you your crown :

No! if I could, I would not call you down!
 Though slower is my pace,
 To you I'll follow on,
 Leaning on Jesus all the way;
 Who, now and then, lets fall a ray
 Of comfort from his throne:
 The shinings of his grace
 Soften my passage through the wilderness;
 And vines, nectareous, spring where briars
 grew:
 The sweet unveilings of his face
 Make me, at times, near half as blest as you!
 Oh, might his beauty feast my ravished eyes,
 His gladdening presence ever stay,
 And cheer me all my journey through!
 But soon the clouds return; my triumph dies;
 Damp vapors from the valley rise,
 And hide the hill of Sion from my view.

Spirit of Light! thrice holy Dove!
 Brighten my sense of interest in that love
 Which knew no birth, and never shall ex-
 pire!
 Electing Goodness, firm and free,
 My whole salvation hangs on thee,
 Eldest and fairest daughter of eternity!
 Redemption, grace, and glory too,
 Our bliss above, and hopes below,
 From her, their parent-fountain, flow.
 Ah! tell me, Lord, that thou hast chosen
 me!
 Thou, who hast kindled my intense desire,
 Fulfil the wish thy influence did inspire,
 And let me my election know!
 Then, when thy summons bids me come up
 higher,
 Well pleased I shall from life retire,
 And join the burning hosts, beheld at distance
 now!

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

THE SONG OF THE HUNDRED AND FORTY AND FOUR THOUSAND.

WHAT are these in bright array,
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar night and day,
 Hymning one triumphant song:
 "Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod,
 These from great affliction came;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his almighty name,

Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them, the Lamb amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead:
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels all fears,
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tears.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SEE, THE RANSOMED MILLIONS.

SEE, the ransomed millions stand,
 Palms of conquest in their hand;
 This before the throne their strain:
 "Hell is vanquished; death is slain;
 Blessing, honor, glory, might,
 Are the Conqueror's native right;
 Thrones and powers before him fall;
 Lamb of God, and Lord of all!"

Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;
 Come in glory and in power;
 Still thy foes are unsubdued;
 Nature sighs to be renewed:
 Time has nearly reached its sum,
 All things with thy Bride say, "Come,
 Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
 Come, and reign forevermore!"

JOIAH CONDER.

1856.

THE SERAPHS' SONG.

"On his head were many crowns."

REV. XIX. 12.

Crown him with many crowns,
 The Lamb upon his throne!
 Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
 All music but its own!

Awake, my soul, and sing
 Of him who died for thee;
 And hail him as the matchless King
 Through all eternity.

Crown him, the Virgin's Son!
 The God incarnate born,
 Whose arms those crimson trophies won
 Which now his brow adorn.

Fruit of the mystic rose,
As of that rose the stem ;
The root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

Crown him the Lord of love !
Behold his hands and side, —
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.

No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Lord of peace !
Whose power a sceptre sways,
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise.

His reign shall know no end ;
And round his pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime !

Glassed in a sea of light
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect his form — the Infinite !
Who lives, and loves, and saves.

Crown him the Lord of heaven !
One with the Father known, —
And the blest Spirit, through him given
From yonder Triune throne !

All hail ! Redeemer, hail !
For thou hast died for me :
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

1847.

AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD IN HEAVEN.

ANNE, daughter of the Rev. Edward H. Houlditch, was born at Cowes, Isle of Wight, and became the wife of Mr. Shepherd. She was the author of two novels that attracted attention, and of a book of hymns for children. She died in 1857.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand ;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed :
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

Once they were little things like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise as now they do
The Lord who loved them so,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love ?
How came those children there,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory ?

Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin ;
Bathed in that precious purple flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name ;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

ANNE SHEPHERD.

SILENCE IN HEAVEN.

COME, Holy Ghost ; the Lamb has broke
The hidden Scripture's seals ;
Yet from the throne no thunders woke,
No golden trumpet peals :
Mysterious rest of light repress, —
As when the day was won,
The sun stood still on Gibeon's hill,
The moon on Ajalon !

'T is silence still in all the heaven,
Above, below, around ;
The angels with the trumpets seven,
Who stand prepared to sound,
The saint before the golden shrine,
The river by the tree,
And where the pictured harps recline
Upon the glassy sea.

Hold fast the rock, thou little flock,
So fainting, and so few ;
Lift, lift your hands, — the angel stands
With incense lit for you :
Those prayers shall be a cloudy sea,
From myriad censers hurled ;
Earth's utmost space your meeting-place,
Your upper-room the world.

HERBERT KYNASTON, D. D.

THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, clothed in white;
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more!

Released from sin and toil and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An opened cage, to let them fly
And build their happy nest on high.

And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.

They gaze upon his beauteous face,
His lovely mind and charming grace,
And gazing hard with ravished eyes,
His form they catch and taste his joys.

He cheers them with eternal smile;
They sing hosannas all the while;
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
Sit down, adoring, at his feet.

Ah, Lord, with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

JOHN BERRIDGE

1785.

THE REDEEMED IN GLORY.

WILLIAM CAMERON was born in 1751, and died in 1811.
He studied at Aberdeen, Scotland, and was ordained in 1785.
A volume of his poems was issued by subscription in 1813.

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

WILLIAM CAMERON, 1770. Variation
from ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

NOT to the mount that burned with fire,
To darkness, tempest, and the sound
Of trumpet, sounding higher and higher,
Nor voice of words that rent the ground,
While Israel heard, with trembling awe,
Jehovah thunder forth his law;

But to Mount Zion we are come,
The city of the living God,
Jerusalem, our heavenly home,
The courts by angel-legions trod,
Where meet in everlasting love
The Church of the first-born above:

To God, the judge of quick and dead,
The perfect spirits of the just,
Jesus, our great new-covenant Head,
The blood of sprinkling, — from the dust,
That better things than Abel's cries,
And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.

Oh, hearken to the healing voice,
That speaks from heaven in tones so mild!
To-day are life and death our choice;
To-day, through mercy reconciled,
Our all to God we yet may give:
Now let us hear his voice and live!

1820.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE CHORUS OF ALL SAINTS.

SUGGESTED WHILE HEARING HAYDN'S IMPERIAL MASS.

THE choral song of a mighty throng
Comes sounding down the ages;
'T is a pealing anthem borne along,
Like the roar of the sea that rages;

Like the shout of winds when the storm awakes,

Or the echoing distant thunder,
Sublime on the listening ear it breaks,
And enchains the soul in wonder.

And in that song as it onward rolls
There are countless voices blended, —
Voices of myriads of holy souls
Since Abel from earth ascended ;
Of patriarchs old in the world's dim morn,
Of seers from the centuries hoary,
Of angels who chimed when the Lord was born, —
"To God in the highest, glory!"

Of the wise that, led by the mystic star,
Found the babe in Bethlehem's manger,
And gifts, from the Orient lands afar,
Bestowed on the new-born stranger ;
Of Mary, the blessed of God Most High ;
Of the Marys that watch were keeping
At the cross where he hung for the world to die,
And stood by the sepulchre weeping.

The voices of holy apostles rise,
The symphony grandly swelling,
And land to land with the strain replies,
As they go of Messiah telling ;
And with them the martyr host conspire, —
A host as the stars for number, —
They sing from the rack and from out the fire,
From the dust in which they slumber.

From the saints obscure, that in every age
Have fought the good fight unheeded,
Whose names ne'er graced the historic page,
Who thought not of fame, nor needed,
Come tones that tell of a tender love,
Of a spirit calm and holy ;
Oh, sweet to the ear of the Lord above
Is the praise of the meek and lowly!

He hath heard, well pleased, when the psalm
awoke
Dark caves and the dismal prison ;
When the stillness of lonely glens it broke,
Or on damp night-winds has risen ;
When up from the cot of the poor it came,
Or from meanest cabins stealing,
'T was an offering dearer than altar's flame,
The love of true hearts revealing.

And hark! from the joyous infant choir,
Which the Lord to his arms hath taken,
Notes sweet as breathe from the trembling lyre
That the softest touch doth waken!

And from childhood's band who, when life's
fresh glow

On their early bloom was lying,
Felt the shaft of death to their young hearts go,
And his love infold them dying!

So onward, long as the queenly moon
Shall float through the azure nightly,
Or the sun ascend to his throne at noon,
Or the evening star burn brightly,
Shall the choral hymn of the saints resound
That chants of the cross the story ;
It shall rise and blend with the trumpet's
soud
When the Lord shall come in glory!

RAY PALMER, D. D.

1867.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULFINCH was born in Boston, June 18, 1809. In 1830 he graduated from the Theological School of Harvard College, and the next year was ordained by Rev. Samuel Gilman, at Charleston, S. C. After having been minister to several societies in various cities, he died at East Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 12, 1870. He added largely to the literature of the religious body to which he belonged, and was a superior writer of hymns.

WE gather to the sacred board,
Perchance a scanty band ;
But with us in sublime accord
What mighty armies stand!

In creed and rite howe'er apart,
One Saviour still we own,
And pour the worship of the heart
Before our Father's throne.

A thousand spires o'er hill and vale
Point to the same blue heaven ;
A thousand voices tell the tale
Of grace through Jesus given.

High choirs, in Europe's ancient fanes,
Praise him for man who died ;
And o'er our boundless Western plains
His name is glorified.

Around his tomb, on Salem's height,
Greek and Arminian bend ;
And through all Lapland's months of night
The peasant's hymns ascend.

Are we not brethren? Saviour dear!
Then may we walk in love,
Joint subjects of thy kingdom here,
Joint heirs of bliss above!

STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULFINCH.

1852.

ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE
BAPTISM.

EPH. iv. 5.

ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
Zion, one faith is thine,
One only watchword, love :
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our Sacrifice is one :
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone :
Thou who didst raise him from the dead,
Unite thy people in their Head.

Oh, may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and his last,
His constant, latest care
Ere to his throne he passed,
No longer unfulfilled remain,
The world's offence, his people's stain !

Head of thy church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew :
Then shall thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one !

GEORGE ROBINSON.

1842.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF ALL THE
SAINTS.

FOR all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confest,
Thy name, O Jesu, be forever blest.

Alleluia.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their
Light ;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought
fight ;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of
light.

Alleluia.

Oh, may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victors' crown of gold.

Alleluia.

O blest communion, fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

Alleluia.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are
strong.

Alleluia.

The golden evening brightens in the west ;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia.

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day ;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;
The King of Glory passes on his way.

Alleluia.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's far-
thest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the count-
less host,

Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Alleluia.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

1854.

THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

"Sanctorum meritis inclyta gaudia."

SING we the peerless deeds of martyred saints,
Their glorious merits, and their portion blest ;
Of all the conquerors the world has seen,
The greatest and the best.

Them in their day the insensate world ab-
horred,

And joyfully renounced it, Lord, for thee ;
Finding it all a barren waste, devoid
Of fruit, or flower, or tree.

They trod beneath them every threat of man,
And came victorious all torments through ;
The iron hooks, that piecemeal tore their flesh,
Could not their souls subdue.

Scourged, crucified, like sheep to slaughter led,
Unmurmuring they met their cruel fate ;
For conscious innocence their souls upheld,
In patient virtue great.

What tongue those joys, O Jesu, can disclose,
Which for thy martyred saints thou dost pre-
pare !

Happy who in thy pains, thrice happy those
Who in thy glory share !

Our faults, our sins, our miseries remove,
Great Deity supreme, immortal King !
Grant us thy peace, grant us thine endless love
In endless life to sing !

Translated from an unknown Latin author
by EDWARD CASWALL.

THE SAINTS IN GLORY.

THOMAS RAFFLES, long minister of Great St. George Street Chapel, Liverpool, a Non-conformist of eminence, was born in London, May 17, 1788, and died Aug. 18, 1863. He possessed a collection of autographs of remarkable extent. His poems were published in 1813, in connection with those of two others, as the "Poems of Three Friends."

HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
Heaven's unfading mansions rise ;
Built of pure and massy gold,
Strong and durable are they ;
Decked with gems of worth untold,
Subjected to no decay.

Glad within these blest abodes
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes,
Happy in Emmanuel's love.
Once indeed, like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears ;
Torturing pain and heavy woe,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears.

These, alas ! full well they knew,
Sad companions of their way ;
Oft on them the tempest blew,
Through the long, the cheerless day !
Oft their vileness they deplored,
Wills perverse and hearts untrue ;
Grieved they could not love the Lord,
Love him as they wished to do !

Oft the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak ;
But, these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.

Mid the chorus of the skies,
Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark ! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love !
Happy spirits ! ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find ;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose,
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows :

Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.

THOMAS RAFFLES, D. D.

1812.

GLORY OF THE SAINTS.

ROWLAND HILL, a useful but eccentric clergyman of the Church of England, was born at Hawkstone, Aug. 23, 1744, and educated at Cambridge. From 1782 to 1833, he was minister of Surrey Chapel, London. He died April 11, 1833.

EXALTED high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,
With glory crowned, in white array,
My wondering soul says, who are they ?

These are the saints beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesu's blood ;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

Brighter than angels, lo ! they shine,
Their glories great, and all divine ;
Tell me their origin, and say
Their order what, and whence came they.

Through tribulation great they came ;
They bore the cross and scorned the shame ;
Within the living temple blest,
In God they dwell, and on him rest.

And does the cross thus prove their gain ?
And shall they thus forever reign,
Seated on sapphire thrones, to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace ?

Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain ;
To wells of living waters led,
By God, the Lamb, forever fed.

Unknown to mortal ears, they sing
The secret glories of their King.
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud, exalted praise.

Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme ;
They sing the wonders of his name ;
To him ascribing power and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.

Amen they cry to him alone,
Who dares to fill his Father's throne ;
They give him glory, and again
Repeat his praise, and say Amen !

ROWLAND HILL.

SAINTS' DAYS.

FROM all thy saints in warfare, for all thy
saints at rest,
To thee, O blessed Jesu, all praises be ad-
dressed.
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle that they
might conquerors be ;
Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays
from thee.

Saint Andrew.

Praise, Lord, for thine Apostle, the first to
welcome thee,
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to
see.
With hearts for thee made ready, watch we
throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own thine
advent near.

Saint Thomas.

All praise for thine Apostle, whose short-lived
doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of thy
love ;
On all who wait thy coming shed forth thy
peace, O Lord,
And grant us faith to know thee, true Man,
true God, adored.

Saint Stephen.

Praise for the first of Martyrs, who saw thee
ready stand
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's
right hand.
Share we with him, if summoned by death our
Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the
martyr crown.

Saint John the Evangelist.

Praise for the loved Disciple, exile on Patmos'
shore ;
Praise for the faithful record he to thy God-
head bore ;
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to
us revealed.
May we, in patience waiting, with thine elect
be sealed.

The Innocents' Day.

Praise for thine infant Martyrs, by thee with
tenderest love
Called early from the warfare to share the rest
above.

O Rachel! cease thy weeping, they rest from
pains and cares.
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns
as bright as theirs.

The Conversion of Saint Paul.

Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the
voice of awe,
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor
saw.
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify
to-day :
So lighten all our darkness with thy true
Spirit's ray.

Saint Matthias.

Lord, thine abiding presence directs the won-
drous choice ;
For one in place of Judas the faithful now
rejoice.
Thy Church from false apostles forevermore
defend,
And by thy parting promise be with her to the
end.

Saint Mark.

For him, O Lord, we praise thee, the weak by
grace made strong,
Whose labors and whose Gospel enrich our
triumph-song.
May we in all our weakness find strength from
thee supplied,
And all, as fruitful branches, in thee, the Vine,
abide.

Saint Philip and Saint James.

All praise for thine Apostle, blest guide to
Greek and Jew,
And him surnamed thy brother ; keep us thy
brethren true,
And grant the grace to know thee, the Way,
the Truth, the Life ;
To wrestle with temptations till victors in the
strife.

Saint Barnabas.

The Son of Consolation, moved by thy law of
love,
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches
from above,
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of
grace descend,
That thy true consolations may through the
world extend.

Saint John Baptist.

We praise thee for the Baptist, forerunner of
the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the
Lord.
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw thy
dawning ray.
Make us the rather blessed, who love thy
glorious day.

Saint Peter.

Praise for thy great Apostle, the eager and
the bold ;
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged
to keep thy fold.
Lord, make thy pastors faithful, to guard their
flocks from ill,
And grant them dauntless courage, with hum-
ble, earnest will.

Saint James.

For him, O Lord, we praise thee, who, slain
by Herod's sword,
Drank of thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus
thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read thy veiled
decree,
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer
thee.

Saint Bartholomew.

All praise for thine Apostle, the faithful, pure,
and true,
Whom underneath the fig-tree thine eye all-
seeing knew.
Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites
indeed,
That thy abiding presence our longing souls
may feed.

Saint Matthew.

Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel thy human
life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, thy path of
suffering shared.
From all unrighteous mammon, oh, give us
hearts set free,
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and
follow thee.

Saint Luke.

For that "Beloved Physician," all praise,
whose Gospel shows
The Healer of the nations, the sharer of our
woes.

Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts
deign to pour,
And with true balm of Gilead anoint us ever-
more.

Saint Simon and Saint Jude.

Praise, Lord, for thine Apostles, who sealed
their faith to-day :
One love, one zeal impelled them to tread the
sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ
maintain,
And, bound in love as brethren at length thy
rest attain.

Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the
sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the
ceaseless song ;
For these, passed on before us, Saviour, we
thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps, would serve
thee more and more.

Then praise we God the Father, and praise we
God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, Eternal Three in
One ;
Till all the ransomed number fall down before
the throne,
And honor, power, and glory ascribe to God
alone !

EARL NELSON.

1867.

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

FROM "FAUST."

RAPHAEL.

THE sun is still forever sounding
With brother spheres his rival song,
As on his destined journey bounding,
With thunder step he speeds along.
The sight gives angels strength, though greater
Than angels' utmost thought sublime ;
And all thy wondrous works, Creator,
Are glorious as in Eden's prime.

GABRIEL.

And fleetly, thought-surpassing fleetly,
The earth's green pomp is spinning round ;
There Paradise alternates sweetly
With Night terrific and profound ;
There foams the sea, its broad waves beating
Against the tall cliff's rocky base ;
And rock and sea away are fleeting
In everlasting spherical chase.

MICHAEL.

And storms with rival fury heaving
 From land to sea, from sea to land,
 Still, as they rave, a chain are weaving
 Of deepest efficacy grand.
 There burning Desolation blazes,
 Precursor of the Thunder's way ;
 But, Lord, thy servants own with praises
 The milder movement of thy day.

THE THREE.

The sight gives angels strength, though greater
 Than angels' utmost thought sublime ;
 And all thy wondrous works, Creator,
 Are glorious as in Eden's prime.

GOETHE. Translated by
 F. H. HEDGE, D. D.

OUR ANGELS.

OH, not with any sound they come, or sign,
 Which fleshly ear or eye can recognize ;
 No curiosity can compass or surprise
 The secret of that intercourse divine
 Which God permits, ordains, across the line,
 The changeless line which bars
 Our earth from other stars.

But they do come and go continually, —
 Our blessed angels, no less ours than his ;
 The blessed angels, whom we think we miss ;
 Whose empty graves we weep to name or see,
 And vainly watch, as once in Galilee
 One, weeping, watched in vain,
 Where her lost Christ had lain.

Whenever in some bitter grief we find,
 All unawares, a deep, mysterious sense
 Of hidden comfort come, we know not
 whence ;
 When suddenly we see, where we were blind ;
 Where we had struggled, are content, re-
 signed ;
 Are strong where we were weak, —
 And no more strive nor seek, —

Then we may know that from the far glad
 skies,
 To note our need, the watchful God has
 bent,
 And for our instant help has called and sent,
 Of all our loving angels, the most wise
 And tender one, to point to us where lies
 The path that will be best,
 The path of peace and rest.

And when we find on every sky and field
 A sudden, new, and mystic light, which fills
 Our every sense with speechless joy, and
 thrills
 Us, till we yield ourselves as children yield
 Themselves and watch the spells magicians
 wield,
 With tireless, sweet surprise,
 And rapture in their eyes, —

Then we may know our little ones have run
 Away for just one moment, from their play
 In heavenly gardens, and in their old way
 Are walking by our side, and one by one,
 At all sweet things beneath the earthly sun,
 Are pointing joyfully,
 And calling us to see !

Ah ! when we learn the spirit sound and sign,
 And instantly our angels recognize,
 No weariness can tire, no pain surprise
 Our souls rapt in the intercourse divine,
 Which God permits, ordains, across the line,
 The changeless line which bars
 Our earth from other stars.

HELEN FISKE JACKSON.

1874.

ANGELS.

WHAT means yon blaze on high ?
 The empyrean sky,
 Like the rich veil of some proud fane, is
 rending ;
 I see the star-paved land
 Where all the angels stand,
 Even to the highest height, in burning rows
 ascending.
 Some, with their wings disspread,
 And bowed the stately head,
 As on some mission of God's love departing,
 Like flames at midnight conflagration start-
 ing.
 Behold ! the appointed messengers are they,
 And nearest earth they wait, to waft our souls
 away.

Higher and higher still,
 More lofty statures fill
 The jasper-courts of the everlasting dwelling ;
 Cherubim and seraph pace
 The illimitable space,
 While sleep the folded plumes from their
 white shoulders swelling ;
 From all the harping through
 Bursts the tumultuous song,

Like the unceasing sound of cataracts pouring,
Hosanna o'er hosanna loudly soaring ;
That faintly echoing down to earthly ears
Hath seemed the concert sweet, of the harmonious spheres.

Still my rapt spirit mounts,
And lo ! beside the founts
Of flowing light, Christ's chosen saints reclining ;
Distinct among the blaze,
Their palm crowned heads they raise,
Their white robes, e'en through that o'erpowering lustre shining.
Each, in his place of state,
Long the bright twelve have sat,
O'er the celestial Zion, high uplifted ;
Which these with deep prophetic raptures gifted,
Where life's glad river rolls its tideless streams,
Enjoy the full completion of their heavenly dreams.

Again, I see again
The great victorious train,
The martyr-army, from their toils reposing,
The blood-red robes they wear
Empurpling all the air,
E'en their immortal limbs the signs of wounds disclosing ;
O holy Stephen ! thou
Art there, and on thy brow
Hast still the placid smile it wore in dying,
When, under the heaped stones in anguish lying,
Thy clasping hands were fondly spread to heaven,
And thy last accents prayed thy foes might be forgiven.

Beyond, ah ! who is there
With the white snowy hair ?
'T is he, 't is he, the Son of man, appearing
At the right hand of One,
The darkness of whose throne
That sun-eyed host behold with awe and fearing ;
O'er him the rainbow springs
And spreads its emerald wings
Down to the glassy sea, his loftiest seat o'er-arching.
Hark ! thunders from his throne, like steel-clad armies marching ;
The Christ ! the Christ commands us to his home !
Jesus, Redeemer, Lord, we come — we come !

HENRY HART MILMAN.

HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS.

HAND in hand with angels
Through the world we go ;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know ;
Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own ;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels,
In the busy street,
By the winter hearth-fires, —
Everywhere, — we meet.
Though unfledged and songless,
Birds of paradise ;
Heaven looks at us daily
Out of human eyes.

Hand in hand with angels,
Oft in menial guise ;
By the same strait pathway
Prince and beggar rise.
If we drop the fingers,
Toil-embrowned and worn,
Then one link with heaven
From our life is torn.

Hand in hand with angels :
Some are fallen, — alas !
Soiled wings trail pollution
Over all they pass.
Lift them into sunshine !
Bid them seek the sky !
Weaker is your soaring,
When they cease to fly.

Hand in hand with angels ;
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light.
Some dear hands are loosened
From our earthly clasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer grasp.

Hand in hand with angels, —
'T is a twisted chain,
Winding heavenward, earthward,
Linking joy and pain.
There's a mournful jarring,
There's a clank of doubt,
If a heart grows heavy,
Or a hand's left out.

Hand in hand with angels
Walking every day : —

How the chain may lengthen,
None of us can say,
But we know it reaches
From earth's lowliest one
To the shining seraph,
Throned beyond the sun.

Hand in hand with angels!
Blessed so to be!
Helped are all the helpers;
Giving light, they see.
He who aids another
Strengthens more than one;
Sinking earth he grapples
To the great white throne.

LUCY LARCOM.

ANGELIC GUIDANCE.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, the intellectual leader in the Tractarian movement, as Pusey was the spiritual and Keble the poetical leader, was born in London, Feb. 21, 1801, and graduated with honor at Trinity College, Oxford. He became a clergyman of the Church of England, but in 1845 was received into the Roman Catholic communion. In 1879 he was made a cardinal. His numerous writings have exerted a great influence upon the present generation. His prose is often semi-poetic.

ARE these the tracks of some unearthly friend,
His footprints, and his vesture-skirts of light,
Who, as I talk with men, confirms aright
Their sympathetic words, or deeds that blend
With my hid thought; or stoops him to attend
My doubtful-pleading grief; or blunts the
might

Of ill I see not; or in dreams of night
Figures the scope, in which what is will end?
Were I Christ's own, then fitly might I call
That vision real; for to the thoughtful mind
That walks with him, he half unveils his face;
But, when on earth-stained souls such tokens
fall,

These dare not claim as theirs what there
they find,
Yet, not all hopeless, eye his boundless grace.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.
WHITCHURCH, Dec. 3, 1832.

MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

A STATUETTE.

I.

My white archangel, with thy steadfast eyes
Beholding all this empty ghost-filled room,
Thy clasped hands resting on the sword of
doom,
Thy firm, close lips, not made for human sighs

Or smiles, or kisses sweet, or bitter cries,
But for divine exhorting, holy song
And righteous counsel, bold from seraph
tongue.

Beautiful angel, strong as thou art wise and
strong!

Would that this sheathed sword of thine,
which lies

Stonily idle, could gleam out among
The spiritual hosts of enemies

That tempting shriek, "Requite thou wrong
with wrong."

Lama Sabachthani, — how long, how long.

II.

Michael, the leader of the hosts of God,
Who warred with Satan for the body of him
Whom, living, God had loved, — if cherubim
With cherubim contended for one clod
Of human dust, for forty years that trod
The gloomy desert of heaven's chastisement,
Are there not ministering angels sent
To battle with the devils that roam abroad,
Clutching our living souls? "The living, still
The living, they shall praise thee!" — let some
great

Invisible spirit enter in and fill
The howling chambers of hearts desolate;
With looks like thine, O Michael, strong and
wise,

My white archangel with the steadfast eyes!
The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

HYMN TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

FOR CHILDREN.

This piece is frequently reprinted with alterations and with the omission of the seventh, eleventh, and twelfth stanzas. It is made to begin, "Dear Jesus, ever at my side."

DEAR Angel! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me!

Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child.

But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

And when, dear Spirit! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

But most of all I feel thee near,
When, from the good priest's feet,
I go absolved, in fearless love,
Fresh toils and cares to meet.

Ah me! how lovely they must be
Whom God has glorified;
Yet one of them, O sweetest thought!
Is ever at my side.

And thou in life's last hour wilt bring
A fresh supply of grace,
And afterwards wilt let me kiss
Thy beautiful bright face.

Then for thy sake, dear Angel! now
More humble will I be:
But I am weak, and when I fall,
Oh, weary not for me:

Oh, weary not, but love me still,
For Mary's sake, thy Queen;
She never tired of me, though I
Her worst of sons have been.

She will reward thee with a smile;
Thou know'st what it is worth!
For Mary's smiles each day convert
The hardest hearts on earth.

Then love me, love me, Angel dear!
And I will love thee more;
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon the eternal shore.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED.

REGION of life and light!
Land of the good whose earthly toils are o'er!
Nor frost nor heat may blight,
Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,
Yielding thy blessed fruits forevermore!

There, without crook or sling,
Walks the Good Shepherd; blossoms white
and red
Round his meek temples cling;
And, to sweet pastures led,
His own loved flock beneath his eye is fed.

He guides, and near him they
Follow delighted; for he makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And heavenly roses blow,
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

He leads them to the height
Named of the infinite and long-sought Good,
And fountains of delight;
And where his feet have stood,
Springs up, along the way, their tender food.

And when in the mid skies,
The climbing sun has reached his highest
bound,
Reposing as he lies,
With all his flock around,
He witches the still air with numerous sound.

From his sweet lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies, of power to still
All passions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

Might but a little part,
A wandering breath, of that high melody
Descend into my heart,
And change it till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, O love! in
thee:

Ah! then my soul should know,
Beloved! where thou liest at noon of day;
And from this place of woe
Released, should take its way
To mingle with thy flock, and never stray!

LUIS PONCE DE LEON. Translated by
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

HEAVEN'S MAGNIFICENCE.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG, an Episcopal clergyman and a practical philanthropist of the noblest type, was born in Philadelphia, Oct. 1, 1796, and died in May, 1877. Among his monuments are St. Luke's Hospital, New York, of which he was for years the superintendent and pastor, and St. Johnland, on Long Island.

SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strown,
Oh, what magnificence must glow,
My God, about thy throne!
So brilliant here these drops of light,
There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,

Hung like a royal canopy
 With glittering diamonds fraught,
 Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
 What splendor at the shrine must dwell !

The dazzling sun at noontide hour,
 Forth from his flaming vase
 Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
 Till vale and mountain blaze,—
 But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine :
 What, then, the day where thou dost shine !

Ah, how shall these dim eyes endure
 That noon of living rays !
 Or how my spirit, so impure,
 Upon thy brightness gaze !
 Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,
 And robe me for that world of light.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MÜHLEBERG, D. D.

1823.

ZION, CITY OF OUR GOD.

ISA. xxxiii. 20, 21.

JOHN NEWTON, "once an infidel and libertine," as he wrote of himself, trained by his mother, before her early death, for the ministry, was left to become a profligate and a dealer in slaves in Africa, and was converted in a severe storm on a voyage homewards from the scenes of his debauchery. In 1764 he entered the ministry of the Church of England, and was for a time curate of Olney and the friend of Cowper. In 1779 he became rector of a church in London. His hymns were, as he said, the fruit and expression of his experience, but as he wrote some of them to meet the requirements of public worship, they are not all poems, though they have been very useful. Newton was born in London in 1725, and died Dec. 21, 1807.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God !
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for his own abode :
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's wall surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fears of want remove :
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near.

Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night, and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which he gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood !
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God.
 'T is his love his people raises
 Over self to reign as kings,
 And as priests, his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I through grace a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name.
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

JOHN NEWTON.

1779.

HEAVEN.

THAT clime is not like this dull clime of ours ;
 All, all is brightness there ;
 A sweeter influence breathes around its flow-
 ers,
 And a benigner air.
 No calm below is like that calm above,
 No region here is like that realm of love ;
 Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a light,
 Earth's brightest summer never shone so
 bright.

That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,
 Tinged with earth's change and care ;
 No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers ;
 No broken sunshine there :
 One everlasting stretch of azure pours
 Its stainless splendor o'er those sinless
 shores ;
 For there Jehovah shines with heavenly ray,
 And Jesus reigns, dispensing endless day.

The dwellers there are not like those of
 earth,—
 No mortal stain they bear,—
 And yet they seem of kindred blood and birth ;
 Whence and how came they there ?
 Earth was their native soil ; from sin and
 shame,
 Through tribulation, they to glory came ;

Bond-slaves delivered from sin's crushing load,
Brands plucked from burning by the hand of
God.

Yon robes of theirs are not like those below ;
No angel's half so bright ;
Whence came that beauty, whence that living
glow,
And whence that radiant white ?
Washed in the blood of the atoning Lamb,
Fair as the light these robes of theirs became ;
And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,
They wander where the freshest pastures lie,
Through all the nightless day of that unfad-
ing sky !

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

HEAVEN — FOR THE BEREAVED.

THERE is a land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye ;
Where true love shall not droop nor be dis-
mayed,
And none shall ever die !
Where is that land, oh, where ?,
For I would hasten there !
Tell me, I fain would go,
For I am wearied with a heavy woe !
The beautiful have left me all alone :
The true, the tender, from my path hath gone !
Oh, guide me with thy hand,
If thou dost know the land,
For I am burdened with oppressive care,
And I am weak and fearful with despair !
Where is it ? Tell me where !
Thou that art kind and gentle, tell me where !
Friend, thou must trust in him who trod be-
fore
The desolate paths of life ;
Must bear in meekness, as he meekly bore,
Sorrow, and pain, and strife !
Think how the Son of God
These thorny paths hath trod ;
Think how he longed to go,
Yet tarried out for thee the appointed woe ;
Think of his weariness in places dim,
When no man comforted or cared for him !
Think of the blood-like sweat
With which his brow was wet,
Yet how he prayed, unaided and alone,
In that great agony, " Thy will be done !"
Friend, do not thou despair,
Christ from his heaven of heavens will hear
thy prayer.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.
Translator unknown.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

HIGH thoughts !
They come and go,
Like the soft breathings of a listening
maiden,
While round me flow
The winds, from woods and fields with
gladness laden :
When the corn's rustle on the ear doth
come —
When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy
hum —
When the stars, dew-drops of the summer sky,
Watch over all with soft and loving eye —
While the leaves quiver
By the lone river,
And the quiet heart
From depths doth call
And garners all —
Earth grows a shadow
Forgotten whole,
And heaven lives
In the blessed soul !

High thoughts !
They are with me
When, deep within the bosom of the forest,
Thy mourning melody
Abroad into the sky, thou, throstle ! pour-
est.
When the young sunbeams glance among the
trees —
When on the ear comes the soft song of
bees —
When every branch has its own favorite
bird
And songs of summer from each thicket
heard ! —
Where the owl flitteth,
Where the roe sitteth,
And holiness
Seems sleeping there ;
While nature's prayer
Goes up to heaven
In purity,
Till all is glory
And joy to me !

High thoughts !
They are my own
When I am resting on a mountain's
bosom,
And see below me strown
The huts and homes where humble vir-
tues blossom ;
When I can trace each streamlet through the
meadow,

When I can follow every fitful shadow —
 When I can watch the winds among the corn,
 And see the waves along the forest borne ;
 Where blue-bell and heather
 Are blooming together,
 And far doth come
 The Sabbath bell,
 O'er wood and fell ;
 I hear the beating
 Of nature's heart :
 Heaven is before me —
 God! thou art.

High thoughts !

They visit us

In moments when the soul is dim and
 darkened ;

They come to bless,

After the vanities to which we hearkened :

When weariness hath come upon the spirit —
 (Those hours of darkness which we all in-
 herit) —

Bursts there not through a glint of warm sun-
 shine,

A winged thought which bids us not repine ?

In joy and gladness,

In mirth and sadness,

Come signs and tokens ;

Life's angel brings,

Upon its wings,

Those bright communings

The soul doth keep —

Those thoughts of heaven

So pure and deep !

ROBERT NICOLL.

TO HEAVEN.

GREAT and good God, can I not think of thee,
 But it must straight my melancholy be ?
 Is it interpreted in me disease,
 That, laden with my sins, I seek for ease ?

Oh, be thou witness, that the reins dost know
 And hearts of all, if I be sad for show,
 And judge me after, if I dare pretend
 To aught but grace, or aim at other end.

As thou art all, so be thou all to me,
 First, midst, and last. converted one and three,
 My faith, my hope, my love : and in this state,
 My judge, my witness, and my advocate.

Where have I been this while exiled from thee,
 And whither rapt, now thou but stoop'st to me ?
 Dwell, dwell here still. O being everywhere,
 How can I doubt to find thee ever here ?

I know my state, both full of shame and scorn,
 Conceived in sin and unto labor born,
 Standing with fear and must with horror fall,
 And destined unto judgment after all.

I feel my griefs too, and there scarce is ground
 Upon my flesh to inflict another wound.
 Yet dare I not complain, or wish for death,
 With holy Paul, lest it be thought the breath
 Of discontent ; or that these prayers be
 For weariness of life, not love of thee.

BEN JONSON.

1616.

HEAVEN.

"For the hope that is laid up for you in heaven."—COL. i. 5

NOR eye, ear, thought, can take the height
 To which my song is taking flight ;

Yet raised on humble wing,

My guess of heaven I 'll sing ;

'T is love's reward, and love is fired
 By guessing at the bliss desired.

Guess then at saint's eternal lot,
 By due considering what 't is not ;

No misery, want, or care,

No death, no darkness there,

No troubles, storms, sighs, groans, or tears,
 No injury, pains, sickness, fears.

There souls no disappointments meet,
 No vanities the choice to cheat,

Nothing that can defile,

No hypocrite, no guile,

No need of prayer, or what implies,
 Or absence or vacuities.

There no ill conscience gnaws the breast,
 No tempters holy souls infest,

No curse, no weeds, no toil,

No errors to embroil.

No lustful thought can enter in,
 Or possibility of sin.

From all vexations here below,
 The region of sin, death, and woe.

Song, to your utmost stress

Now elevate your guess,

Sing what in sacred lines you read,
 Of bliss for pious souls decreed.

They dwell in pure ecstatic light,
 Of God triune have blissful sight,

Of fontal love, who gave

God filial. man to save :

Of Jesus' love, who death sustained,

By which the saints their glory gained ;



Engr. by E. B. Hall & Co. N.Y.

Wm. Myron

TO VIND
ADPOTIAO

Of love co-breathed the boundless source,
From which saints' love derives its force,
 Within the gracious shine
 Of the co-glorious trine,
The saints in happy mansions rest,
Of all they can desire possessed.

Saints' bodies there the sun outvie,
Tempered to feel the joys on high,
 Bright body and pure mind,
 In rapture unconfined,
Capacities expand, till fit
Deluge of Godhead to admit.

In all-sufficient bliss they joy,
Duration in sweet hymns employ ;
 With angels they converse,
 Their loves and joys rehearse,
Taste suavities of love immense,
Of all delights full confluence.

With God's own Son they reign coheirs,
Each saint with him in glory shares,
 Like Godhead, happy, pure,
 Against all change secure,
In boundless joys they sabbatize,
Which love triune will eternise.

By boundless love for souls refined,
Are joys unspeakable designed,
 When I those joys imbibe,
 I then may them describe ;
Joys to full pitch will hymn excite,
When from sensation I endite.

THOMAS KEN.

ST. AGNES.

ALFRED TENNYSON, the present poet-laureate of England, was born in 1809, in his father's parsonage, at Somerby, Lincolnshire, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. In conjunction with his brother Charles (now calling himself Charles Turner) he issued in 1827 a volume of anonymous poems by "two brothers." Since that time he has been a constant producer of most ornate and exact poems, that have given him a fame as extensive as the language.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon :
My breath to heaven like vapor goes :
 May my soul follow soon !
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord :
Make thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
 To yonder shining ground ;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
 To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee ;
So in my earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
 Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
 The flashes come and go ;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strews her lights below,
And deepens on and up ! the gates
 Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
 To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
 One sabbath deep and wide —
A light upon the shining sea —
 The Bridegroom with his bride !

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

LADY CAROLINA, BARONESS NAIRNE, called "The Flower of Strathearn," third daughter of Laurence Olyphant, was born in the County of Perth, Scotland, July 16, 1766. In 1806 she became the wife of Captain W. Murray Nairne, afterwards Lord Nairne. It is said that Lady Nairne was led to write from being offended at the coarseness of the words of the popular ballads. She was successful in wedding pure words to beautiful music. Lady Nairne died at Gask, the place of her birth, Oct. 27, 1845.

I'M wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And oh ! we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal !
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last,
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sifu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.

Oh! dry your glistening e'e, John,
My saul lings to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it 's wearin' through, John,
And I 'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We 'll meet, and we 'll be fain
In the land o' the leal.

LADY CAROLINA NAIRNE.

1798.

◆

MY AIN COUNTREE.

"But now, they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—HEB. xi. 16.

I 'm far frae my hame, an' I 'm weary aften-
whiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my
Father's welcome smiles;
I 'll ne'er be fu' content, until mine een do see
The shining gates o' heaven an' my ain coun-
tree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted,
fresh, an' gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father
made them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's will as
naething be to me,
When I hear the angels singing in my ain
countree.

I've his gude word of promise that some
gladsome day, the King
To his ain royal palace his banished hame
will bring:
Wi' een an' wi' hearts runnin' owre, we shall
see
The King in his beauty in our ain countree.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae
been sair,
But there they 'll never vex me, nor be re-
membered mair;
His bluid has made me white, his hand shall
dry mine e'e,
When he brings me hame at last, to my ain
countree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its
nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo, unto my Saviour's
breast;

For he gathers in his bosom, witless, worthless
lambs like me,
And carries them himsel' to his ain countree.

He 's faithfu' that hath promised, he 'll surely
come again,
He 'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I
dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.

So I 'm watching aye, an' singin' o' my hame
as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the
shining gate;
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo
to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain
countree.

MARY LEE DEMAREST.

◆

PEACE.

My soul, there is a Countrie
—Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged centrie
All skilfull in the wars.
There above noise and danger
Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend,
And (O my soul, awake!)
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flowre of Peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortresse, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure!

HENRY VAUGHAN.

1681.

◆

SOMETHING BEYOND.

MARY CLEMMER was born in Pennsylvania, in 1839. Her parents were of Huguenot descent, and came from the Isle of Man. She is probably the most successful and widely known lady newspaper correspondent in the country. Her home is in Washington.

SOMETHING beyond! though now, with joy
unfound,

The life-task falleth from thy weary hand,
Be brave. be patient! In the fair beyond
Thou 'lt understand.

Thou 'lt understand why our most royal hours
 Couch sorrowful slaves, bound by low nature's greed ;
 Why the celestial soul 's a minion made
 To narrowest need.

In this pent sphere of being incomplete,
 The imperfect fragment of a beauteous whole,
 For yon rare regions, where the perfect meet,
 Sighs the lone soul.

Sighs for the perfect ! Far and fair it lies :
 It hath no half-fed friendships perishing fleet,
 No partial insight, no averted eyes,
 No loves unmeet.

Something beyond ! Light for our clouded eyes !
 In this dark dwelling, in its shrouded beams,
 Our best waits masked ; few pierce the soul's disguise ;
 How sad it seems !

Something beyond ! Ah, if it were not so,
 Darker would be thy face, O brief To-day !
 Earthward we 'd bow beneath life's smiting woe,
 Powerless to pray.

Something beyond ! The immortal morning stands
 Above the night ; clear shines her precious brow :
 The pendulous star in her transfigured hands
 Brightens the Now.

MARY CLEMMER.

MORE LIFE.

Nor weary of thy world,
 So beautiful, O Father, in thy love, —
 Thy world, that, glory-lighted from above,
 Lies in thy hand impearled :

Not asking rest from toil ; —
 Sweet toil, that draws us nearer to thy side ;
 Ever to tend thy planting satisfied,
 Though in ungenial soil :

Nor to be freed from care,
 That lifts us out of self's lone hollowness ;
 Since unto thy dear feet we all may press,
 And leave our burdens there :

But, oh for tireless strength !
 A life untainted by the curse of sin,
 That spreads no vile contagion from within ; —
 Found without spot, at length !

For power, and stronger will
 To pour out love from the heart's inmost springs ;
 A constant freshness for all needy things ;
 In blessing, blessed still !

Oh, to be clothed upon
 With the white radiance of a heavenly form !
 To feel the winged Psyche quit the worm,
 Life, life eternal won !

Oh, to be free, heart-free
 From all that checks the right endeavor here !
 To drop the weariness, the pain, the fear,
 To know death cannot be !

Oh, but to breathe in air
 Where there can be no tyrant and no slave ;
 Where every thought is pure and high and brave,
 And all that is is fair !

More life ! the life of heaven !
 A perfect liberty to do thy will :
 Receiving all from thee, and giving still,
 Freely as thou hast given !

More life ! a prophecy
 Is in that thirsty cry, if read aright.
 Deep calleth unto deep : life infinite,
 O soul, awaiteth thee !

LUCY LARCOM.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN !

JERUSALEM the golden !
 I weary for one gleam
 Of all thy glory folden
 In distance and in dream !
 My thoughts, like palms in exile,
 Climb up to look and pray
 For a glimpse of thy dear country
 That lies so far away !

Jerusalem the golden !
 Methinks each flower that blows,
 And every bird a-singing
 Of thee some secret knows ;
 I know not what the flowers
 Can feel, or singers see ;
 But all these summer raptures
 Seem prophecies of thee.

Jerusalem the golden!
 When sunset 's in the west,
 It seems thy gate of glory,
 Thou city of the blest!
 And midnight's starry torches
 Through intermediate gloom
 Are waving with our welcome
 To thy eternal home!

Jerusalem the golden!
 Where loftily they sing,
 O'er pain and sorrow olden
 Forever triumphing;
 Lowly may be the portal
 And dark may be the door,
 The mansion is immortal, —
 God's palace for his poor!

Jerusalem the golden!
 There all our birds that flew, —
 Our flowers but half unfolden,
 Our pearls that turned to dew,
 And all the glad life-music,
 Now heard no longer here,
 Shall come again to greet us
 As we are drawing near.

Jerusalem the golden!
 I toil on day by day;
 Heart-sore each night with longing,
 I stretch my hands and pray,
 That mid thy leaves of healing
 My soul may find her nest;
 Where the wicked cease from troubling —
 The weary are at rest!

1870.

GERALD MASSEY.

—◆—
 PARADISE.

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
 Who doth not crave for rest,
 Who would not seek the happy land
 Where they that loved are blest?
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
 The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold?
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
 Wherefore doth death delay? —
 Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
 Of our eternal day;
 Where royal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
 'T is weary waiting here;
 I long to be where Jesus is,
 To feel, to see him near;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I want to sin no more,
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on thy spotless shore;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 Is destining for me;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I feel 't will not be long;
 Patience! I almost think I hear
 Faint fragments of thy song;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

—◆—
 HEAVEN.

SWEET place, sweet place alone!
 The court of God most High,
 The Heaven of heavens' throne,
 Of spotless majesty!
 O happy place!
 When shall I be,
 My God, with thee,
 To see thy face?

The stranger homeward bends,
And fighteth for his rest :
Heaven is my home, my friends
Lodge there in Abraham's breast :

O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face ?

Earth 's but a sorry tent
Pitched for a few frail days,
A short-leased tenement ;
Heaven 's still my song, my praise. .

O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face ?

No tears from any eyes
Drop in that holy choir ;
But Death itself there dies,
And sighs themselves expire.

O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face ?

There should temptations cease,
My frailties there should end ;
There should I rest in peace
In the arms of my best Friend.

O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face ?

Jerusalem on high
My song and city is,
My home when'er I die,
The centre of my bliss :

O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face ?

Thy walls, sweet city, thine,
With pearls are garnishéd ;
Thy gates with praises shine,
Thy streets with gold are spread ;

O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face ?

No sun by day shines there,
No moon by silent night ;
Oh, no ! these needless are ;
The Lamb's the city's light :

O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face ?

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live ;
There angels to him sing,
And lovely homage give :

O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face ?

The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease ;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of peace :

O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face ?

The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold :

O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face ?

The bleeding martyrs, they
Within these courts are found,
Clothéd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned :

O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face ?

Ah me ! Ah me ! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay !
No place like this on high !
Thither, Lord ! guide my way !

O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face ?

1664.

SAMUEL CROSSMAN.



THAT CITY!

I KNOW the walls are jasper,
The palaces are fair,
And to the sounds of harpings
The saints are singing there ;

I know that living waters
Flow under fruitful trees ;
But oh, to make my heaven,
It needeth more than these !

Read in the sacred story,
What more doth it unfold,
Beside the pearly gateways
And streets of shining gold ?
No temple hath that city,
For none is needed there,
No sun nor moon enlighteneth ; —
Can darkness then be fair ?

Ah, now the bright revealing,
The crowning joy of all !
What need of other sunshine
Where God is all in all ?
He fills the wide ethereal
With glory all his own, —
He, whom my soul adareth,
The Lamb amidst the throne !

Oh, heaven without my Saviour
Would be no heaven to me ;
Dim were the walls of jasper —
Rayless the crystal sea.
He gilds earth's darkest valleys
With light and joy and peace ;
What then must be the radiance
When night and death shall cease ?

Speed on, O lagging moments !
Come, birthday of the soul !
How long the night appeareth,
The hours, how slow they roll !
How sweet the welcome summons
That greets the willing bride !
And when mine eyes behold him,
"I shall be satisfied."

HELEN L. PARMLEE.

ARISE AND SHINE.

Φωτίζου, φωτίζου.

JOHN of Damascus, the last but one of the Fathers of the Eastern Church, was the greatest of her poets. He was born at Damascus, made great progress in philosophy, retired to the monastery of St. Sabas, and was late in life ordained priest of the Church of Jerusalem. He died after 754 and before 787.

THOU New Jerusalem, arise and shine !
The glory of the Lord on thee hath risen !
Sion, exult ! rejoice with joy divine,
Mother of God ! thy Son hath burst his prison.

O Heavenly Voice ! O word of purest love !
"Lo ! I am with you alway to the end " ;
This is the anchor, steadfast from above,
The golden anchor, whence our hopes depend.

O Christ, our Pascha ! greatest, holiest, best !
God's Word and Wisdom and effectual Might !
Thy fuller, lovelier presence manifest,
In that eternal realm, that knows no night !

JOHN of Damascus. Translated by
JOHN MASON NEALE, 1862.

PRAISE OF THE CITY ABOVE.

FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

"Urbs beata Jerusalem."

BLESSED City, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who, of living stones upbuilt,
Art the joy of heaven above :
And, with angel hosts encircled,
As a bride to earth dost move :

From celestial realms descending
Ready for the nuptial bed,
Decked with jewels, to his presence
By her Lord shall she be led :
All her streets and all her bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashioned.

Bright with pearls her portal glitters :
It is open evermore :
And by virtue of their merits
Thither faithful souls may soar
Who, for Christ's dear name, in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the Heavenly Architect ;
Who therewith hath willed forever
That his palace should be decked.

Christ is made the sure Foundation,
And the Precious Corner-stone :
Who, the twofold walls surmounting,
Binds them closely into one ;
Holy Sion's help forever,
And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved by God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody :
God the One and God the Trinal
Lauding everlastingly.

To this temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day !
With thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear thy servants as they pray :
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within these walls for aye.

Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
 That they supplicate to gain :
 Here to have and hold forever
 Those good things their prayers obtain :
 And hereafter, in thy glory,
 With thy blessed ones to reign.

Laud and honor to the Father,
 Laud and honor to the Son,
 Laud and honor to the Spirit,
 Ever Three and ever One :
 Consubstantial, co-eternal,
 While unending ages run

Translated from an unknown Latin author
 by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1851.

— • —
 ODE ON HEAVEN.

'BLEST land of promise! from what Pisgah
 height

May the entranced, the upborne spirit see
 Thine immaterial glories opening bright,
 And far extending to immensity ?
 Fair Canaan's land of living springs,
 Of palm-crowned hills, of verdant plains,
 Of olives, figs, and almond-blossomings,
 Of milk and honey, wine, and ripened
 grains,

Only a feeble type can be,
 To aid the soul's imaginings
 Of that celestial clime which none may see
 Until divested of mortality.

But fruits, like Eshcol's grapes, are sent
 From that far promised home, —
 A solace to earth's pilgrims lent,
 A foretaste of the sweets to come :
 The weary soul drinks in new wine
 From these rich clusters of delight, —
 The juices of the heavenly vine,
 And feels the influence divine
 Of sacred vineyards yet beyond his sight.

Heaven! charmed word! comprising all
 That heart desires, that thought conceives,
 Or faith in the unseen believes ;
 Sum of delights that never pall,
 Rejoicing more, the more the soul receives !
 We ask not heaven's locality,
 We ask not if a *place* it be ;
 Enough to know that 't is a state
 Of purity immaculate,
 Of freedom, blessedness supreme,
 Wherein the ransomed soul indeed is free,
 Which here of liberty did only dream,
 While groaning in corporeal slavery.

Heaven is deliverance from corruption's stain ;
 It is man's primal glory to regain, —
 Fair and eternally to shine
 An image of the perfect, the divine :
 Heaven is an absence from repulsive mind,
 From uncongenial fellowships of earth ;
 It is association free, refined,
 With spirits of co-equal birth :
 Heaven is exemption from encumbering care ;
 It is in that sublimer work to share,
 For which brief intervals the spirit found
 Mid human life's dull, weary round :
 Heaven is relief from every pain,
 From weakness, from decay ;
 It is unfailing strength to gain,
 And youth's unfading day :
 Heaven is release for those who weep ;
 It is to have God wipe away all tears,
 And harvests full of joy to reap
 From seed by sorrow watered lingering
 years ;
 Heaven is to dread no more
 The strife of parting breath ;
 It is to gain the victory o'er
 That last grim monster, Death !
 Heaven is to change all woe for weal,
 Nor fear that wasting time will bliss
 destroy ;
 It is immortal life to feel
 In every bounding pulse of joy !

Heaven is perpetual peace :
 Its pure, progressive joys begin
 When to the soul earth's tumults cease ;
 When distant is the din
 Of troublous throngs,
 Of babbling Babel-tongues ;
 When from the whirling, whizzing wheels
 Of daily toil the mind is clear ;
 When ribaldry, profanity, and laughter-peals,
 No longer vex the ear ;
 When no discordant sound or scene
 Breaks in upon the soul serene ;
 Then to its satisfaction will be given
 The rest, the true repose of heaven.

Heaven is the perfectness of love :
 Its warm outgoings, full, and free
 From selfishness or weak inconstancy ;
 Its sweet incomings, sweeter yet to be,
 Oft as the spirit their delights shall prove :
 If love, where'er to mortals given,
 Can make a heaven of earth,
 Then love the essence is of heaven,
 Immortal in its birth, —
 A part of the pervading soul above,
 For God himself is love.

These are the grateful glimpses given,
 But not the all in all of heaven !
 Ah ! where shall faith fit language find,
 Or how the Muse supernal rise
 To sing the higher ecstasies
 Of full communion with the Eternal Mind !
 If only veiled mortality can gaze
 Upon the earth-descending rays
 Of heaven's intenser glories,
 Which sometimes do the ravished spirit meet
 When, at the cherub-guarded mercy-seat,
 It enters to the Holiest of holies !
 What a full flood of radiant light will be
 The beatific vision it shall see,
 When mortal weakness all is past, —
 When Godhead's presence fills its vast,
 Its infinite capacity !
 What joy, what adoration will it feel,
 When heaven the Father's brightness shall
 reveal
 In him, whose sacrifice and righteousness
 Purchased such endless, such consummate
 bliss !

And is there not a heaven below,
 An oasis in earth's wide moral waste,
 Where trees immortal grow,
 And fruits divine the soul may taste ?
 Wherever pure affection taketh root,
 Where'er truth's living well is found,
 Where seeds of faith and hope do upward
 shoot, —
 Where true-born sympathies abound,
 Or spirit doth the sense control,
 That spot is heavenly ground ;
 A watered garden, fragrant, fair,
 Within a human heart is there, —
 A heaven is in that soul :
 There love, joy, goodness in the germ may be,
 Yet each shall grow to immortality.

But hark ! a voice behind me speaks, —
 It saith, " In spirit rise, and see
 That New Jerusalem the pilgrim seeks, —
 A symbol of the heaven to be " ;
 And lo ! to me —
 As unto him who did on Patmos stand —
 The eternal city's gates of pearl unfold,
 Its walls of jasper and its streets of gold
 Rise, like a vision glorious to behold,
 By precious stones of every color spanned :
 There the pure, crystal river flows,
 And there the tree of life for healing grows ;
 No light of sun, nor moon, nor lamp I see,
 But the full radiance of the Deity !
 Celestial city ! who would fear
 To cross death's river, deep and drear,

When just beyond its turbid tide
 Thy shining gates stand open wide ?
 Fair vision ! sense through thee receives
 Types of what sublimated faith conceives
 Of glories ne'er to sight material given, —
 The pure ideal of the perfect heaven !

ELIZABETH C. KINNEY.

—◆—
 A YEAR IN HEAVEN.

ONE year among the angels, beloved, thou
 hast been ;
 One year has heaven's white portal shut back
 the sound of sin :
 And yet no voice, no whisper, comes floating
 down from thee,
 To tell us what glad wonder a year of heaven
 may be.
 Our hearts before it listen, — the beautiful
 closed gate :
 The silence yearns around us ; we listen and
 we wait.
 It is thy heavenly birthday, on earth thy lilies
 bloom ;
 In thine immortal garland canst find for these
 no room ?
 Thou lovedst all things lovely when walking
 with us here ;
 Now, from the heights, of heaven, seems earth
 no longer dear ?
 We cannot paint thee moving in white-robed
 state afar,
 Nor dream our flower of comfort a cool and
 distant star.
 Heaven is but life made richer : therein can be
 no loss :
 To meet our love and longing thou hast no
 gulf to cross :
 No adamant between us uprears its rocky
 screen ;
 A veil before us only ; — thou in the light
 serene.
 That veil 'twixt earth and heaven a breath
 might waft aside ;
 We breathe one air, beloved, we follow one
 dear guide :
 Passed in to open vision, out of our mists and
 rain,
 Thou seest how sorrow blossoms ; how peace
 is won from pain.
 And half we feel thee leaning from thy deep
 calm of bliss,
 To say of earth, " Beloved, how beautiful it is !

The lilies in this splendor, — the green leaves
in this dew; —
Oh, earth is also heaven, with God's light
clothed anew!"

So, when the sky seems bluer, and when the
blossoms wear
Some tender, mystic shading we never knew
was there,
We'll say, "We see things earthly by light of
sainted eyes;
She bends where we are gazing, to-day, from
Paradise."

Because we know thee near us, and nearer
still to Him,
Who fills thy cup of being with glory to the
brim,
We will not stain with grieving our fair, though
fainter light,
But cling to thee in spirit as if thou wert in
sight.

And as in waves of beauty the swift years
come and go,
Upon celestial currents our deeper life shall
flow,
Hearing, from that sweet country where
blighting never came,
Love chime the hours immortal, in earth and
heaven the same.

LUCY LARCOM.

O HEAVEN! SWEET HEAVEN!

REV EDWIN H. NEVIN was born in 1814, at Shippens-
burg, Pa., and after 1868 was pastor of St. Paul's German
Reformed Church, Lancaster, Pa. The following hymn was
written and first printed in 1862, after the death of a beloved
son, which made heaven nearer and dearer from the convic-
tion that a member of his family was one of its inhabitants.

O HEAVEN! sweet Heaven! the home of the
blest,
Where hearts once in trouble are ever at rest;
Where eyes that could see not rejoice in the
light,
And beggars made princes are walking in
white.

O Heaven! sweet Heaven! the mansion of
love,
Where Christ in his beauty shines forth from
above,
The Lamb with his sceptre, to charm and
control,
And love is the sea that encircles the whole.

O Heaven! sweet Heaven! where purity
reigns,
Where error disturbs not, and sin never
stains;

Where holiness robes in its garments so fair
The great multitude that is worshipping there.

O Heaven! sweet Heaven! where music
ne'er dies,
But rich pealing anthems of glory arise;
Where saints with one feeling of rapture are
stirred,
And loud hallelujahs forever are heard.

O Heaven! sweet Heaven! where friends
never part,
But cords of true friendship bind firmly the
heart;
Where farewell shall nevermore fall on the ear,
Nor eyes that have sorrowed be dimmed with
a tear.

EDWIN H. NEVIN.

1862.

THE LOVELY LAND.

"Urit me Patriæ decor."

MATTHIAS CASIMIR SARBIEVIUS, the great Polish poet,
was born at Masovie, Poland, in 1595, and died at Varsovie,
April 2, 1640. He was renowned for his Latin poems, in
which he is said to be the equal of Coffin and Santeul in
genius and enthusiasm. He was chosen by Urban VIII. to
correct the hymns of the new Roman Breviary. In later
life he was professor in the University of Vilna, which is
now in Russian territory. Some of his hymns were translated
by Isaac Watts. Coleridge said of him, "If we except
Lucretius and Statius, I know no Latin poet, ancient or
modern, who has equalled Casimir in boldness of conception,
opulence of fancy, or beauty of versification."

It kindles all my soul,
My Country's loveliness! Those starry choirs
That watch around the pole,
And the moon's tender light, and heavenly fires
Through golden halls that roll.
O chorus of the night! O planets, sworn
The music of the spheres
To follow! Lovely watchers, that think scorn
To rest, till day appears!
Me, for celestial homes of glory born,
Why here, oh, why so long
Do ye behold an exile from on high?
Here, O ye shining throng,
With lilies spread the mound where I shall lie:
Here let me drop my chain,
And dust to dust returning, cast away
The trammels that remain:
The rest of me shall spring to endless day!

Translated from the Latin of CASIMIR by
JOHN MASON NEALE.

HEAVEN'S GLORIES.

" Ad perennis vitæ fontem."

IN the Fount of life perennial the parched
heart its thirst would slake,
And the soul, in flesh imprisoned, longs its
prison walls to break —

Exile, seeking, sighing, yearning, in her
Fatherland to wake.

When with cares oppressed and sorrows, only
groans her grief can tell,
Then she contemplates the glory which she
lost, when first she fell;

Present evil but the memory of the vanished
good can swell.

Who can utter what the pleasures and the
peace unbroken are,

Where arise the pearly mansions, shedding
silvery light afar?

Festive seats and golden roofs, which glitter
like the evening star!

Wholly of fair stones most precious are those
radiant structures made;

With pure gold, like glass transparent, are
those shining streets inlaid:

Nothing that defiles can enter, nothing that
can soil or fade.

Stormy winter, burning summer, rage within
those regions never,

But perpetual bloom of roses, and unfading
spring forever; —

Lilies gleam, the crocus glows, and dropping
balms their scents deliver.

Honey pure, and greenest pastures, this the
land of promise is;

Liquid odors soft distilling, perfumes breathing
on the breeze;

Fruits immortal cluster always, on the leafy,
fadeless trees.

There no moon shines chill and changing,
there no stars with twinkling ray,

For the Lamb of that blest city is at once the
Sun and Day;

Night and time are known no longer, day shall
never fade away.

There, the saints like suns are radiant, like
the sun at dawn they glow;

Crowned victors after conflict, all their joys
together flow,

And secure they count the battles where they
fought the prostrate foe.

Every stain of flesh is cleansed, every strife is
left behind,

Spiritual are their bodies, perfect unity of
mind;

Dwelling in deep peace forever, no offence or
grief they find.

Putting off their mortal vesture, in their Source
their souls they steep —

Truth by actual vision learning, on its form
their gaze they keep —

Drinking from the living Fountain draughts
of living waters deep.

Time, with all its alternations, enters not those
hosts among;

Glorious, wakeful, blest, — no shade of change
o'er them is flung;

Sickness cannot touch the deathless, nor old
age the ever young.

There, their being is eternal, things that cease
have ceased to be;

All corruption there has perished, there they
flourish strong and free:

Thus mortality is swallowed up of life eter-
nally.

Nought from them is hidden, knowing Him to
whom all is known,

All the spirit's deep recesses, sinless to each
other shown, —

Unity of will and purpose, heart and mind for-
ever one.

Divers as their varied labors, the rewards to
each that fall,

But Love, what she loves in others, evermore
her own doth call;

Thus the several joy of each becomes the
common joy of all.

Where the body is, there ever are the eagles
gathered;

For the saints and for the angels, one most
blessed feast is spread, —

Citizens of either country living on the self-
same bread.

Ever filled, and ever seeking, what they have
they all desire;

Hunger there shall fret them never, nor satiety
shall tire, —

Still enjoying whilst aspiring, in their joy they
still aspire.

There the new song, new forever, those melo-
dious voices sing,

Ceaseless streams of fullest music through
those blessed regions ring ;
Crowned victors ever bringing praises worthy
of the King !

Blessed who the King of heaven in his beauty
thus behold,
And beneath his throne rejoicing see the
universe unfold, —
Sun and moon, and stars and planets, radiant
in his light unrolled !

Christ, the Palm of faithful victors ! of that
city make me free ;
When my warfare is accomplished, to its
mansions lead thou me, —
Grant me, with its happy inmates, sharer of
thy gifts to be.

Let thy soldier, yet contending, still be with
thy strength supplied ;
Thou wilt not deny the quiet, when the arms
are laid aside ;
Make me meet with thee forever, in that
country to abide !

PETER DAMIANI Translated
by ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES.

THE SILENT LAND.

“Das stille Land.”

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALÍS, a friend of Goethe,
Schiller, Herder, and Wieland, was born at Seewis, Dec. 26,
1762, and died at Malans in 1834. He was a man of simple
tastes and pure character. For a time he was captain of the
Swiss guard, at Versailles. His poems are full of feeling,
but a spirit of melancholy pervades them.

INTO the Silent Land !
Ah, who shall lead us thither ?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the
strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land ?

Into the Silent Land !
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection ! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls ! The future's pledge
and band !

Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land !

O Land ! O Land !
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth
stand

To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land !

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS. Translated
by H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

“Hora novissima.”

BERNARD of Cluny lived in the twelfth century, and little
is known of him but that he wrote a poem of some three
thousand lines, “De Contemptu Mundi,” intended to per-
suade to the contempt of the world, and to the seeking of
those things that are above. Dr. Neale says that he looks
upon these verses as the most lovely in the same way that the
“Dies Iræ” is the most sublime and the “Stabat Mater”
the most pathetic of mediæval hymns. The poem of Bern-
nard was printed in 1483, at Paris. In 1865 Mr. William C.
Prime, in editing “The Seven Great Hymns of the Mediæval
Church,” stated that no copy of “De Contemptu Mundi”
was known to exist in the United States ; but Dr. Philip
Schaff owns a copy of the edition printed at Basel in 1557.
The poem begins as follows : —

“*Hora novissima, tempora fessima sunt, uigilemus.
Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille supremus.
Imminet, imminet, ut mala terminet, æqua coronet.
Recta remuneret, anxia liberet, æthera donet.*”

The original was written about 1145, and was divided into
three books. Dr. Neale has freely reproduced the principal
portions. It is a severe satire on the vices of the age.

THE world is very evil !
The times are waxing late :
Be sober, and keep vigil ;
The Judge is at the gate :
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God, shall doom.

Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed ;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead ;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun ;
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

And when the Sole-begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the Father
Whose own it was before,

Then glory yet unheard of
 Shall shed abroad its ray,
 Resolving all enigmas,
 An endless Sabbath-day.

Then, then from his oppressors
 The Hebrew shall go free,
 And celebrate in triumph
 The year of jubilee ;
 And the sunlit land that reckns not
 Of tempest nor of fight,
 Shall fold within its bosom
 Each happy Israelite :
 The home of fadeless splendor,
 Of flowers that fear no thorn,
 Where they shall dwell as children,
 Who here as exiles mourn.

Midst power that knows no limit,
 And wisdom free from bound,
 The beatific vision
 Shall glad the saints around :
 The peace of all the faithful,
 The calm of all the blest,
 Inviolatè, unvaried,
 Divinest, sweetest, best.
 Yes, peace ! for war is needless, —
 Yes, calm ! for storm is past, —
 And goal from finished labor,
 And anchorage at last.

That peace — but who may claim it ?
 The guileless in their way,
 Who keep the ranks of battle,
 Who mean the thing they say :
 The peace that is for heaven,
 And shall be for the earth :
 The palace that re-echoes
 With festal song and mirth ;
 The garden, breathing spices,
 The paradise on high ;
 Grace beautified to glory,
 Unceasing minstrelsy.

There nothing can be feeble,
 There none can ever mourn,
 There nothing is divided,
 There nothing can be torn :
 'T is fury, ill, and scandal,
 'T is peaceless peace below ;
 Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
 The halls of Syon know.

O happy, holy portion,
 Refection for the blest ;
 True vision of true beauty,
 Sweet cure of all distress !

Strive, man, to win that glory ;
 Toil, man, to gain that light ;
 Send hope before to grasp it,
 Till hope be lost in sight :
 Till Jesus gives the portion
 Those blessed souls to fill,
 The insatiate, yet satisfied,
 The full, yet craving still.

That fulness and that craving
 Alike are free from pain,
 Where thou midst heavenly citizens
 A home like theirs shalt gain.
 Here is the warlike trumpet ;
 There, life set free from sin ;
 When to the last Great Supper
 The faithful shall come in :
 When the heavenly net is laden
 With fishes many and great ;
 So glorious in its fulness,
 Yet so inviolatè :
 And perfect from unperfected,
 And fallen from those that stand,
 And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd
 Shall part on either hand :
 And these shall pass to torment,
 And those shall triumph, then ;
 The new peculiar nation,
 Blest number of blest men.
 Jerusalem demands them :
 They paid the price on earth,
 And now shall reap the harvest
 In blissfulness and mirth :
 The glorious holy people,
 Who evermore relied
 Upon their Chief and Father,
 The King, the Crucified :
 The sacred ransomed number,
 Now bright with endless sheen,
 Who made the cross their watch-word
 Of Jesus Nazarene :
 Who, fed with heavenly nectar,
 Where foul-like odors play,
 Draw out the endless leisure
 Of that long vernal day :
 And through the sacred lilies,
 And flowers on every side,
 The happy dear-bought people
 Go wandering far and wide.
 Their breasts are filled with gladness,
 Their mouths are tuned to praise,
 What time, now safe forever,
 On former sins they gaze :
 The fouler was the error,
 The sadder was the fall,
 The ampler are the praises
 Of him who pardoned all.

Their one and only anthem,
 The fulness of his love,
 Who gives, instead of torment,
 Eternal joys above :
 Instead of torment, glory ;
 Instead of death, that life
 Wherewith your happy country,
 True Israelites ! is rife.

Brief life is here our portion ;
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care :
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life, is *there*.

O happy retribution !
 Short toil, eternal rest ;
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest !
 That we should look, poor wanderers,
 To have our home on high !
 That worms should seek for dwellings
 Beyond the starry sky !
 To all one happy guerdon
 Of one celestial grace ;
 For all, for all, who mourn their fall,
 Is one eternal place :
 And martyrdom hath roses
 Upon that heavenly ground :
 And white and virgin lilies
 For virgin souls abound.
 There grief is turned to pleasure,
 Such pleasure as below
 No human voice can utter,
 No human heart can know ;
 And after fleshly scandal,
 And after this world's night,
 And after storm and whirlwind,
 Is calm and joy and light.

And now we fight the battle,
 But then shall wear the crown
 Of full and everlasting
 And passionless renown :
 And now we watch and struggle,
 And now we live in hope,
 And Syon, in her anguish,
 With Babylon must cope :
 But he whom now we trust in
 Shall then be seen and known,
 And they that know and see him
 Shall have him for their own.

The miserable pleasures
 Of the body shall decay :
 The bland and flattering struggles
 Of the flesh shall pass away :

And none shall there be jealous ;
 And none shall there contend :
 Fraud, clamor, guile — what say I ?
 All ill, all ill shall end !

And there is David's fountain,
 And life in fullest glow,
 And there the light is golden,
 And milk and honey flow :
 The light that hath no evening,
 The health that hath no sore,
 The life that hath no ending,
 But lasteth evermore.

There Jesus shall embrace us,
 There Jesus be embraced, —
 That spirit's food and sunshine
 Whence earthly love is chased.
 Amidst the happy chorus,
 A place, however low,
 Shall show him us, and, showing,
 Shall satiate evermo.

By hope we struggle onward.
 While here we must be fed
 By milk, as tender infants,
 But there by Living Bread.
 The night was full of terror,
 The morn is bright with gladness ;
 The Cross becomes our harbor,
 And we triumph after sadness :
 And Jesus to his true ones
 Brings trophies fair to see :
 And Jesus shall be loved, and
 Beheld in Galilee :
 Beheld, when morn shall waken,
 And shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day ;
 And every ear shall hear it : —
Behold thy King's array :
Behold thy God in beauty,
The Law hath past away !

Yes ! God my King and portion,
 In fulness of thy grace,
 We then shall see forever,
 And worship face to face.
 Then Jacob into Israel,
 From earthlier self estranged,
 And Leah into Rachel
 Forever shall be changed :
 Then all the halls of Syon
 For aye shall be complete,
 And, in the Land of Beauty
 All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear, dear country !
 Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep :
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O onely mansion !
 O Paradise of Joy !
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy ;
 Beside thy living waters
 All plants are, great and small,
 The cedar of the forest,
 The hyssop of the wall :
 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays :
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced :
 Thy saints build up its fabric,
 And the corner-stone is Christ.

The cross is all thy splendor,
 The Crucified thy praise :
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise :
Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,
True God and Man, they sing,
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring :
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of his Court :
The Day-star of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
 Thou hast no time, bright day !
 Dear Fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away !
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower :
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower :
 Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
 O Bride that know'st no guile,
 The Prince's sweetest kisses,
 The Prince's loveliest smile ;
 Unfading lilies, bracelets
 Of living pearl thine own ;
 The Lamb is ever near thee,
 The Bridegroom thine alone ;
 The crown is he to guerdon,
 The buckler to protect,

And he himself the mansion,
 And he the architect.
 The only art thou needest,
 Thanksgiving for thy lot :
 The only joy thou seekest,
 The life where death is not.
 And all thine endless leisure
 In sweetest accents sings,
 The ill that was thy merit, —
 The wealth that is thy King's !

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed :
I know not, oh, I know not,
What social joys are there ;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare !

And when I fain would sing them,
 My spirit fails and faints ;
 And vainly would it image
 The assembly of the saints.

They stand, those halls of Syon,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng :
The Prince is ever in them ;
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David, —
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast :
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white !

O holy, placid harp-notes
 Of that eternal hymn !
 O sacred, sweet refection,
 And peace of Seraphim !
 O thirst, forever ardent,
 Yet evermore content !
 O true peculiar vision
 Of God cunctipotent !
 Ye know the many mansions
 For many a glorious name,
 And divers retributions
 That divers merits claim :

For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter, —
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect;
Even now by faith I see thee;
Even here thy walls discern:
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn:

Jerusalem the onely,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe:
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.

Oh, none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise:
Oh, none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device:
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart;
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art.

New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
Thou City of the Angels!
Thou City of the Lord!
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord!¹

And there the band of prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelve-fold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes:
The lily-beds of virgins,
The roses' martyr-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the faith below.

And there the Sole-begotten
Is Lord in regal state;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb immaculate.

O fields that know no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!

Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I:
But yet with faith I venture
And hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
I labor night and day.

The best and dearest Father
Who made me and who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved:
When in his strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep:
But grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Syon!
O lovelier far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe, victorious fold:
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
Oh, tell me, tell me, Yes!

*Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, his forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!*

*Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, his forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!*

¹ *Decachord*. With reference to the mystical explanation, which, seeing in the number *ten* a type of perfection, understands the "instrument of ten strings" of the perfect harmony of heaven.

HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

"Cœlestis O Jerusalem."

O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou storest in thy walls.

Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints forever sing;
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

There God forever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

Nought to this seat approacheth,
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God forever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

Sure Hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

To Christ the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below;
To Father and to Spirit,
All things created bow.

1839.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

A SONG BY F. B. P., TO THE TUNE
OF DIANA.PUBLISHED BY DR. HORATIUS BONAR FROM MSS. IN THE
BRITISH MUSEUM.

The grand hymn known as "O Mother dear, Jerusalem," "Jerusalem the Golden," and "Jerusalem, my Happy Home," which is a portion of the great poem of Bernard, "De Contemptu Mundi" (see page 981), is of uncertain origin, and seems to have grown out of a number of metrical productions by different authors. See the hymns of Damiani, Hildebert, and Bernard of Cluny. As it appears in the hymn-books, it has long been ascribed to David Dickson, of Scotland, 1583-1663, though it is thought now that he gave it a Presbyterian character, it having been of Catholic origin. Dr. Bonar and Mr. William C. Prime have written brochures on the origin of the hymn.

HIERUSALEM, my happy home!
When shall I come to thee!
When shall my sorrowes have an end,
Thy joyes when shall I see?

In thee noe sicknesse may be seene,
Noe hurt, noe ache, noe sore;
There is noe death, nor uglie Devill,
There is life forevermore.

Noe dampish mist is seene in thee,
Noe colde nor darksome night;
There everie soule shines as the sunne,
There God himselfe gives light.

There lust and lukar cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heate, nor colde,
But pleasure everie way.

Hierusalem! Hierusalem!
God grant I soon may see
Thy endless joyes; and of the same
Partaker aye to bee.

Thy walls are made of pretious stones,
Thy bulwarkes diamondes square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearle,
Exceedinge riche and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles doe shine;
Thy verrie streets are paved with gould,
Surpassinge cleare and fine.

Thy houses are of yvorie,
Thy windows crystal cleare,
Thy tyles are made of beaten gould,
O God! that I were there.

Within thy gates nothinge doth come
That is not passinge cleane,
Noe spider's web, noe durt, noe dust,
Noe filthe may there be seene.

Ah! my sweete home, Hierusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joyes that I might see.

Thy saints are crowned with glorie great,
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still reioyce,
Most happie is their case.

Wee that are heere in banishment,
Continuallie doe moane;
We sigh, and sobbe, we weepe, and weale,
Perpetuallie we groane.

Our sweete is mixt with bitter gaule,
Our pleasure is but paine;
Our joyes scarce last the lookeing on,
Our sorrowes still remaine.

O happie harbour of the saints!
 O sweete and pleasant soyle!
 In thee no sorrow may be found,
 Noe greefe, noe care, noe toyle.

But there they live in such delight,
 Such pleasure and such play,
 As that to them a thousand yeares
 Doth seeme as yesterday.

Thy vineyardes and thy orchardes are
 Most beautifull and faire;
 Full furnished with trees and fruits,
 Most wonderful and rare.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes
 Continually are greene;
 There grow such sweete and pleasant flowers
 As nowhere else are seene.

There is nectar and ambrosia made,
 There is muske and civette sweete;
 There manie a faire and daintie drugges
 Are trodden under feete.

There cinomon, there sugar grow,
 There narde and balme abound;
 What tounge can tell, or harte containe,
 The ioyes that there are found.

Quyt through the streetes with silver sound,
 The flood of life doe flowe;
 Upon whose bankes on everie syde,
 The wood of life doth growe.

There trees forevermore beare fruite,
 And evermore doe springe;
 There evermore the angels sit,
 And evermore doe singe.

There David stands with harpe in hand,
 As Master of the Queere;
 Tenne thousand times that man were blest,
 That might this musicke heare.

Our Ladie singes Magnificat,
 With tunes surpassinge sweete;
 And all the virginns beare their parte,
 Siting above her feete.

Te Deum doth Sant Ambrose singe,
 Saint Augustine doth the like;
 Ould Simeon and Zacharie
 Have not their songes to seeke.

There Magdalene hath left her mone,
 And cheerfullie doth singe,
 With blessed saints, whose harmonie
 In everie street doth ringe.

Hierusalem! my happie home!
 Would God I were in thee!
 Would God my woes were at an end,
 Thy joys that I might see!

1616. Attributed to F[RANCIS] B[AKER], P[riest].

LIGHT'S ABODE, CELESTIAL SALEM.

"Jerusalem luminosa."

LIGHT's abode, celestial Salem,
 Vision dear, whence peace hath spring,
 Brighter than the heart can fancy,
 Mansion of the highest King;
 Oh, how glorious are the praises
 Which of thee the prophets sing.

Thou with beauteous stones and polished
 Wondrously art reared on high;
 Thou with precious gems and crystal
 Decorated gloriously:
 And with pearls thy portals glitter,
 And with gold thy streets may vie.

There forever and forever
 Alleluia is outpoured:
 For unending, for unbroken,
 Is the feast-day of the Lord;
 All is pure, and all is holy
 That within thy walls is stored.

There no cloud or passing vapor
 Dims the brightness of the air;
 Endless noonday, glorious noonday
 From the Sun of suns is there;
 There no night brings rest from labor,
 There unknown are toil and care.

Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
 Fragile body, shalt thou be,
 When endowed with so much beauty,
 Full of health, and strong, and free,
 Full of vigor, full of pleasure
 That shall last eternally!

Now with gladness, now with courage,
 Bear the burden on thee laid,
 That hereafter these thy labors
 May with endless gifts be paid:
 And in everlasting glory
 Thou with joy mayst be arrayed.

Laud and honor to the Father;
 Laud and honor to the Son;
 Laud and honor to the Spirit;
 Ever Three, and ever One:
 Consubstantial, co-eternal,
 While unending ages run. Amen.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

JERUSALEM! HIGH TOWER.

"Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt."

WILLIAM ROLLINSON WHITTINGHAM, the late Bishop of Maryland, was born in New York City, Dec. 2, 1805. Educated entirely by his mother until he entered the General Theological Seminary of New York, he graduated from it a year in advance of the canonical age for ordination. He became Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the seminary from which he had graduated, in 1835, and in 1840 was chosen Bishop of Maryland. His death occurred in 1879.

JOHANN MATTHÆUS MEYFART, from whom this is translated, was professor at Erfurt; born in 1590, and died in 1636.

JERUSALEM! high tower thy glorious walls,

Would God I were in thee!

Desire of thee my longing heart enthalls,
Desire at home to be:

Wide from the world outleaping,
O'er hill and vale and plain,
My soul's strong wing is sweeping,
Thy portals to attain.

O gladsome day, and yet more gladsome
hour!

When shall that hour have come,
When my rejoicing soul its own free power,
May use in going home?

Itself to Jesus giving,
In trust to his own hand,
To dwell among the living
In that blest Fatherland.

A moment's time, the twinkling of an eye,
Shall be enough to soar,
In buoyant exultation, through the sky,
And reach the heavenly shore.
Elijah's chariot bringing
The homeward traveller there;
Glad troops of angels winging
It onward through the air.

Great fastness thou of honor! thee I greet!
Throw wide thy gracious gate,
An entrance free to give these longing feet;
At last released, though late,

From wretchedness and sinning,
And life's long, weary way;
And now, of God's gift, winning
Eternity's bright day.

What throng is this, what noble troop, that
pours,

Arrayed in beauteous guise,
Out through the glorious city's open doors,
To greet my wondering eyes?
The hosts of Christ's elected,
The jewels that he bears
In his own crown, selected
To wipe away my tears.

Of prophets great, and patriarchs high, a
band

That once has borne the cross,
With all the company that won that land,
By counting gain for loss,
Now float in freedom's lightness,
From tyrants' chains set free;
And shine like suns in brightness,
Arrayed to welcome me.

One more at last arrived they welcome there,
To beauteous Paradise,
Where sense can scarce its full fruition bear,
Or tongue for praise suffice;
Glad hallelujahs ringing
With rapturous rebound,
And rich hosannas singing
Eternity's long round.

Unnumbered choirs before the Lamb's high
throne

There shout the jubilee,
With loud resounding peal and sweetest tone,
In blissful ecstasy:
A hundred thousand voices
Take up the wondrous song;
Eternity rejoices
God's praises to prolong.

JOHANN MATTHÆUS MEYFART, 1634 Translated by W. R. WHITTINGHAM, D. D.



INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE		PAGE
A BETTER love than mine	594	According to thy gracious word	794
A blameless fancy it perchance might be	702	Across the German Ocean	274
A branch of yellow autumn leaves	306	Across the sea, along the shore	621
A charge to keep I have	342	Adam the while, waiting	456
A child! beneath the overhanging night	317	Again the Lord of Life and Light	772
A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun	288	Again the Sunday morn	573
A comet dangling in the air	718	Again thou reignest in thy golden hall	254
A fair and stately scene of roof and walls	470	Ah! many a time we look, on starlit nights	64
A few more years shall roll	892	Ah, Pilot! 'tis a fearful night	514
A friend stands at the door	247	Ah, there are mighty things under the sun	483
A gentle angel walketh throughout a world of woe	836	Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe	401
A handful of red sand, from the hot clime	73	Alas! Alas! why all the souls that were, were forfeit once	395
A hymn of glory let us sing	787	Alas, sir, in what have I offended you?	366
A little bird I am	7	All are not taken! there are left behind	830
A man prepared against all ills to come	377	All day among the cornfields of the plain	378
A mighty fortress is our God	384	All flesh is grass, doth therefore rot -- For why?	861
A mother sat with her children three	426	All grim and soiled and brown with tan	121
A pagan king tormented fiercely all	895	All hail the power of Jesu's name!	781
A pilgrim am I on my way	320	All is o'er; — the pain, — the sorrow	760
A pilgrim and a stranger	320	All nature hear the sacred song!	504
A pious friend one day of Rabia asked	84	All night the lonely suppliant prayed	552
A pleasant music floats along the mere	75	All people that on earth do dwell	535
A poor blind man was travelling one day	107	All praise to him of Nazareth	793
A poor wayfaring man of grief	159	All praise to Jesus' hallowed name	646
A pundit sat with knitted brows	74	All praise to thee, my God, this night	292
A rock in the wilderness welcomed our sires	172	All service ranks the same with God	331
A safe stronghold our God is still	510	All that in this wide world we see	475
A single star how bright	285	All things that are on earth shall wholly pass away	464
A slanting ray of evening light	119	All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom	319
A soldier's course, from battles won	380	"Allah, Allah!" cried the sick man	87
A sound of supplication	560	Alleluia! Alleluia!	771
A Sower went forth to sow	826	Almighty Father! let thy lowly child	6
A star shines forth in heaven suddenly	720	Almighty Framers of the skies!	261
A thousand eyes beheld the classmates range	441	Almighty! what is man?	393
A thousand years have fled	702	Alone I walked the ocean strand	61
A traveller fell among the thieves	238	Alone as I went up and down	335
A trodden daisy, from the sward	486	Although the vine its fruit deny	525
A vision of the bright Shiraz, of Persian bards the theme	158	Am I a soldier of the cross	379
A wayward son oft times I was to thee	420	Am'azing, beauteous change!	64
A weaver sat one day at his loom	104	Amid life's wild commotion	601
A wondrous star our pioneer	721	Among green pleasant meadows	227
A wounded hand doth knock upon thy door	664	Among themselves all things	922
Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide	599	An angel with a radiant face	433
About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)	79	And needest thou our prayers no more, safe folded mid the blest?	881
Above, below, in sky and sod	489	And now as glimmering dawn appeared, that breaks And now, behold! as at the approach of morn'ng	920 628
Above the storms and thunder-jars	554		

- And so I take mine onward path alone . . . 337
 And was it not enough that meekly growing . . . 51
 And wilt thou pardon, Lord . . . 346
 Angel of Pain, I think thy face . . . 837
 Angels holy . . . 543
 Angels, roll the rock away . . . 761
 "Anima Mundi" — of thyself existing . . . 473
 April 's gone, the king of showers . . . 249
 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat . . . 652
 Are these the tracks of some unearthly friend . . . 966
 Arise, my soul, awake from sleep ! . . . 771
 Arise, yes, yes, arise, O thou my dust . . . 774
 Around Bethesda's healing wave . . . 224
 Around the throne of God in heaven . . . 957
 Around the walls of Jericho . . . 206
 Arouse thee, Soul ! . . . 15
 Art thou the Life ? . . . 545
 Art thou weary, art thou languid . . . 698
 Art thou weary of our selfish prayers ? . . . 559
 As are those apples, pleasant to the eye . . . 61
 As due by many titles, I resign . . . 386
 As I in hoary winter's night . . . 736
 As Jesus went into Jericho town . . . 235
 As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed . . . 277
 As on the night before this blessed morn . . . 274
 As one dark morn I trod a forest glade . . . 57
 As palmers wont to hail the niched seat . . . 567
 As strangers, — glad for this good inn . . . 321
 As the church bells rolled forth their sonorous
 evangel . . . 587
 As virtuous men pass mildly away . . . 831
 As when to harbinger the dawn, springs up . . . 919
 As with gladness men of old . . . 614
 As yet this world was not, and chaos wild . . . 452
 Asleep ! asleep ! men talk of "sleep" . . . 857
 Asleep in Jesus ! blessed sleep . . . 683
 At dead of night, a southwest breeze . . . 297
 At morn I prayed, I fain would see . . . 110
 At the Lamb's high feast we sing . . . 794
 At this hushed hour, when all my children sleep . . . 427
 Ave Maria ! Maiden mild ! . . . 731
 Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose
 bones . . . 133
 Awake, and sing the song . . . 625
 Awake, my soul, and come away . . . 272
 Awake, my soul, and with the sun . . . 284
 Awake, sweet harp of Judah, wake ! . . . 677
 Awaked by Sinai's awful sound . . . 348
 Away with sorrow's sigh . . . 673
 Ay, carry out your dead ! . . . 886
 Baby Jesus, who dost lie . . . 733
 Back-looking Memory . . . 729
 Be absolute for death ; either death or life shall
 thereby be the sweeter . . . 406
 Be true, O poet, to your gift divine ! . . . 3
 Beautiful stories, by tongue and pen . . . 100
 Because I wear the swaddling-bands of Time . . . 545
 Before the footstool of the Lord . . . 880
 Before us our repast is spread . . . 391
 Begin, my soul, the exalted lay . . . 38
 Behold a silly, tender Babe . . . 735
 Behold a stranger's at the door ! . . . 665
 Behold ! how Nature is with teaching rife ! . . . 34
 Behold, I knock ! At holy Advent, see . . . 663
 Behold ! I stand at the door . . . 795
 Behold, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of
 the night . . . 710
 Behold the day the Lord hath made . . . 763
 Behold, the mountain of the Lord . . . 682
 Behold the western evening light ! . . . 252
 Behold, unto a monk the vision grew . . . 165
 Behold your King ! Though the moonlight steals . . . 746
 Beneath our feet and o'er our head . . . 886
 Be not afraid to pray, — to pray is right . . . 561
 Beside a lofty waterfall I've stood . . . 67
 Best image of myself and dearer half . . . 450
 Bethlehem, above all cities blest ! . . . 737
 Bethlehem ! of noblest cities . . . 710
 Beyond the smiling and the weeping . . . 864
 Beyond the glittering starry globe . . . 634
 Beyond where Cedron's waters flow . . . 756
 Birds have their quiet nest . . . 645
 Blessed City, heavenly Salem . . . 976
 Blessings, O Father, shower ! . . . 497
 Blest be the tie that binds . . . 376
 Blest land of Judæa ! thrice hallowed of song . . . 193
 Blest land of promise ! from what Pisgah height . . . 977
 Blest pair of sirens, pledges of heaven's joy . . . 947
 Blind Bartimeus at the gate . . . 235
 Blind with old age, the Venerable Bede . . . 101
 Blindfolded and alone I stand . . . 523
 Blow ye the trumpet, blow ! . . . 706
 Body of Jesus, O sweet food ! . . . 793
 Bound for Holy Palestine . . . 155
 Bound upon the accursed tree . . . 742
 Bread of the world, in mercy broken . . . 791
 Breath of the Lord, O Spirit blest . . . 815
 Bright portals of the sky . . . 783
 Bright shadows of true rest ! some shoots of bliss . . . 568
 Bright the vision that delighted . . . 705
 Bright was the guiding star that led . . . 711
 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning . . . 720
 "Bring out your dead !" The midnight street . . . 89
 Brother, thou art gone before us . . . 883
 Brother ! up to the breach . . . 380
 Brothers, the day declines . . . 47
 But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys . . . 583
 But to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book . . . 591
 But whence came they who for the Saviour Lord . . . 133
 By Alpine road, beneath an old fir-tree . . . 139
 By cool Siloam's shady rill . . . 425
 By faith in Christ I walk with God . . . 354
 By Nebo's lonely mountain . . . 204
 By thy sorrow and thy pain . . . 647
 Call Jehovah thy salvation . . . 493
 Calm lay the city in its double sleep . . . 796
 Calm on the listening ear of night . . . 272
 Calm was the hallowed night ! . . . 732
 Came a merchantman of yore . . . 86
 Came north and south and east and west . . . 84
 Can I make white enough my thought for thee . . . 39
 Can I see another's woe . . . 822
 Can nothing settle my uncertain breast . . . 753
 "Carry me across !" . . . 78
 Cease, ye tearful mourners . . . 872
 Changing, fading, falling, flying . . . 889
 Charlemagne, the mighty monarch . . . 123
 Chief of the household gods . . . 592
 Child, amidst the flowers at play . . . 557
 Child of sin and sorrow . . . 641
 Children dear, I heard ye say . . . 264
 Children of dew and sunshine, balmy flowers ! . . . 48
 Children of God high privilege have we . . . 374
 Children of the heavenly King . . . 326
 Children who read my lay . . . 430

Christ hath arisen !	765	Day will return with a fresher boon	351
Christ is arisen	765	Dead Petra in her hill-tomb sleeps	201
Christ is born ! Tell forth his fame !	269	Deal gently with the poet. Think that he	4
Christ is risen, Christ is risen	767	Dear angel ! ever at my side	966
Christ is our corner-stone	600	Dear Friend, whose presence in the house	408
Christ our sun on us arose	629	Dear Lord, of all the words of thine	559
Christ the Lord is risen again	769	Dear Saviour, in my hour of pride	360
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	766	Dear ties of mutual succor bind	373
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	280	Death, be not proud, though some have called thee	864
Christian, dost thou see them	783	Death found strange beauty on that infant brow	879
Christians and proud ! O poor and wretched ones !	917	Deathless principle, now arise	945
Christians, awake, salute the happy morn	724	Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness	798
Christians, carol sweetly	259	Deep down beneath the unresting surge	893
Christians may find in each scene of commotion	633	Deep in yon garden-shade	767
Church of the West, in whom we gladly trace	588	Deep on the convent-roof the snows	971
Clearer than vision of inspired dreamer	669	Delightful is this loneliness ; it calms	576
Cold on Torquato's silence fell	15	Depart awhile, each thought of care	271
Come, deck our feast to-day	803	Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining	397
Come forth, come forth, brave reapers !	253	Dewdrops shining in the grass	879
Come, Holy Ghost, and through each heart	802	Diabolus the devil, is the doubter	353
Come, Holy Ghost, come, Lord our God	810	Did Christ o'er sinners weep ?	666
Come, Holy Ghost, in love	810	Does the road wind up-hill all the way ?	852
Come, Holy Ghost, the Lamb has broke	958	Do not I love thee, O my Lord ?	614
Come, Holy Ghost, the Maker ; come	811	Do you confess the bond ?	396
Come, Holy Spirit, come	808	Dost thou come again, calm holy mother	295
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	560	Dost thou in a manger lie	734
Come, Holy Spirit, most blessed Lorde	813	Down to the borders of the silent land	935
Come, humble sinner in whose breast	632	Draw nigh, and take the body of the Lord	793
Come, labor on	333	Drink deep of the Spirit, and thou shalt be filled	802
Come, let us drink of that new river	763	Dropping down the troubled river	866
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	652	Dry, dry up those tears	858
Come, O Creator Spirit blest	808	Dry leaves upon the wall	254
Come, O thou Traveller unknown	200	Dwellers beyond Thule's bands	33
Come, says Jesu's sacred voice	609		
Come, son of Israel, scorned in every land	240	Each hath its place in the eternal plan	48
Come suddenly, O Lord, or slowly come	707	Earth has nothing sweet or fair	619
Come, thou almighty King !	468	Earth to earth, and dust to dust !	886
Come, thou fount of every blessing	659	Earth to earth, and dust to dust !	894
"Come unto me," the Master said	650	E'en as the bird, who midst the leafy bower	926
Come, wandering sheep, oh, come !	691	E'en such is time ; which takes on trust	440
Come, we shepherds, whose blest sight	713	Eighteen hundred years ago	738
Come, ye who love the Lord	638	Enough, my muse, of earthly things	750
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish	846	Ere down yon blue Carpathian hills	122
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	770	Ere from the abyss	914
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched	641	Ere last year's moon had left the sky	434
Come, ye thankful people, come	253	Ere one had reckoned twenty, e'en as soon	928
Comes it again, the sweet and solemn hour	263	Eternal Father, mighty God	177
Cometh sunshine after rain	847	Eternal Father, strong to save	834
Commit thou all thy griefs	511	Eternal glory of the heavens !	280
Could thy life, a pleasure boat	425	Eternal, Holy Spirit, bend	806
Could we but know	938	Eternal pyramids, built not with hands	44
Count each affliction, whether light or grave	838	Eternity ! Eternity !	934
Courage, brother, do not stumble	338	Ethereal race, inhabitants of air	61
Courage, my sorely tempted heart !	673	Every day has its dawn	277
Courage, O faithful heart	947	Exalted high at God's right hand	961
Creator Spirit, come ! thy dwelling-place	804		
Creator Spirit, by whose aid	809	Faint not, and fret not, for threatened woe	385
Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud	126	Faint not, poor traveller, though thy way	338
Crown him with many crowns	956	Faint on Rephaim's sultry side	214
Crowning a flowery slope, it stood alone	178	Fair eastern star, that art ordained to run	722
Curb for the stubborn steed	655	Fair faces beaming round the household hearth	946
Cyriac, this three years day these eyes, though clear	11	Fair in their sunny bed they grew	841
		Fair lilies of Jerusalem !	198
Daily, daily sing the praises	950	Fair shines the moon, Jerusalem	196
David and his three captains bold	216	Fair soul, created in the primal hour	662
Day of anger, that dread day	899	Fair stream of the peaceful valley	69
Day of wrath ! oh, day of mourning !	900	Fairest Lord Jesus	598

Faithless, perverse, and blind	351	From shore to shore the waters sleep	66
Far, far above	46	From the cross, uplifted high	747
Far from my heavenly home	802	From the deep shadow of the silent fir-grove	43
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee	42	From the deeps of grief and fear	495
Far have I clambered in my mind	361	From the near city comes the clang of bells	574
Far in the deep and lonely wood	941	From the recesses of a lowly spirit	22
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness	401	Gallery of sacred pictures manifold	591
Farewell, man's dark last journey o'er the deep	441	Gay, guiltless pair	51
Father, by thy love and power	290	Gentle friends who gather here	887
Father, enthroned above!	474	Gentle Jesus, meek and mild	435
Father, glorious with all splendor	468	Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us	820
Father, I call on thee!	186	Gently sloped the rugged pathway	867
Father, I know that all my life	529	Gently there, my child!	426
Father, I will not ask for wealth or fame	7	Gird me with the strength of thy steadfast hills!	40
Father in heaven! while friendless and alone	44	Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven	389
Father, in the dark I lay	827	Give me my scallop-shell of quiet	323
Father, into thy loving hands	441	Give me the lowest place; not that I dare	360
Father of all! in every age	593	Give me thy joy in sorrow, gracious Lord	848
Father of heaven and earth!	294	Give us our daily bread	791
"Father of lakes!" thy waters bend	68	Glorious God! on thee we call	473
Father of lights! what sunny seed	281	Glorious things of thee are spoken	968
Father, thine elect who lovest	468	Glory and honor and laud be to thee	705
Father, what portion of thy goods	310	Glory on glory compassed him around	697
Fever and fret and aimless stir	821	Glory to God, and praise, and love	347
Fear not, O little flock! the foe	186	Glory to God on high!	610
Fierce was the wild billow	651	Go forth, my heart, and seek for praise	249
Filled with weariness and pain	599	Go forth, my heart, nor linger here	21
First and last of faith's receiving	467	Go to dark Gethsemane	756
First, mightiest Deity! Eternal mind!	470	Go, worship at Immanuel's feet	683
Flee from the press, and dwell with Soothfastness	368	God bless my little one! how fair	423
Flowers! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye	50	God bless our fathers' land!	177
Flung to the heedless winds	384	God bless our native land!	175
Fog-wreaths of doubt in blinding eddies drifted	354	God bless our native land!	175
Follow that fervor, O devoted spirit	677	God bless ye, brothers! in the fight	120
For all the saints, who from their labors rest	960	God calling yet! and shall I never hearken	662
Forever hallowed be this morning fair	670	God comes, and who shall stand before his face	905
Forever with the Lord!	944	God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn	846
For summer's bloom and autumn's blight	34	God eternal, Lord of all	683
For the bread and for the wine	796	God gives to man five wits	342
For the dear love that kept us through the night	280	God, in the gospel of his Son	592
For the wealth of pathless forests	58	God is love; his mercy brightens	482
Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all	400	God liveth still!	518
Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness heaven	459	God moves in a mysterious way	498
Forth from the dark and stormy sky	582	God of my life, to thee I call	519
Forthwith from every side a shout arose	919	God of the earth's extended plains	319
Forward, a step or two, where'er we go	839	God of the spirits of mankind	866
Fountain of Light and living Breath	555	God of the thunder, from whose cloudy seat	539
Four lamps were burning o'er two mighty graves	195	God pity the wretched prisoners	315
Freeman! rise, and hail the morn	176	God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay	259
Freemen, we our chartered rights	189	God save our gracious king!	171
Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale	570	God sends us bitter, that the sweet	824
Fret not, poor soul: while doubt and fear	526	God sets some souls in shade, alone	278
From all thy saints in warfare, for all thy saints at rest	962	God shall be my hope	406
From death, Christ, on the Sabbath morn	564	God speaketh once, yea twice, things marvellous	502
From depths of dole wherein my soul doth dwell	533	God the all-terrible, thou who ordainest	187
From end to end we glance; from Adam's fall	591	"God wills but ill," the doubter said	481
From Egypt lately come	324	God's child in Christ adopted, Christ my all!	429
From every stormy wind that blows	553	God's goodness hath been great to thee	400
From full forgetfulness of pain	475	God's silence! Holiest speech that is	484
From Greenland's icy mountains	370	God's spirit falls on me as dewdrops on a rose	13
From heaven above to earth I come	716	Godminster? Is it Fancy's play?	92
From highest heaven the Father's Son	585	Going home from the house of God	359
From his home in an Eastern bungalow	73	Golden gleams of noonday fell	103
From my lips in their defilement	630	Good God, when thou thy inward grace dost shower	557
From out this dim and gloomy hollow	330		
From past regret, and present faithlessness	661		

Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord	400	He that goeth forth with weeping	335
Good night!	296	He that of greatest works is finisher	395
Good tidings every day	370	He who died at Azan sends	848
Graceful may seem the fairy form	412	Hear, Father, hear, thy faint afflicted flock	133
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me	803	Hear, gracious God! my humble moan	554
"Grand Dieu, pour ton plaisir"	7	Hear me, O God!	496
Grand rough old Martin Luther	137	Hear what God the Lord hath spoken	589
Grant now in peace (that by thy leave)	28	Hear ye, from Rama's ruined walls	737
Grant us thy peace, down from thy heavens falling	539	Hearken to me, ye mothers of my tent	199
Great and good God, can I not think of thee	970	Heavier the cross, the nearer heaven	758
Great God, what do I see and hear?	903	Hear'st thou, my soul, what serious things	902
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	502	Hearts of stone! relent, relent	754
		Heaven has an end in all	398
Had scientific genius only planned	500	Heaven is not reached at a single bound	336
Hail, Day of days! in peals of praise	766	Hell's dunnest gloom, or night unlustrous, dark	918
Hail, day of joyous rest	571	Helped by the Almighty's arm, at last	604
Hail! gladdening Light, of his pure glory poured	632	Hence, lying world, with all thy care	70
Hail, infant martyrs! new-born victims, hail!	736	Her eyes are homes of silent prayer	231
Hail! King of glory, clad in robes of light	787	"Her lot is on you" — woman's lot she meant	421
Hail, thou bright and sacred morn	571	Herald of Christ, the day is come	709
Hail, thou once despised Jesus!	702	Here a little child, I stand	424
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning	953	Here, in the silent forest solitudes	41
Hail to the Lord's anointed	644	Here is my heart! — my God, I give it thee	512
Hail wounds! which through eternal years	758	Here is the goal, whence motion on his race	928
Hallowed forever be that twilight hour	629	Here man with axe doth cut the bough in twain	507
Hand in hand with angels	965	Here's the smell of blood, still	404
Happy were they, the mothers, in whose sight	425	Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans	912
Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling	23	Hid are the saints of God	589
Hark, hark! the advent cry again	730	Hierusalem, my happy home!	986
Hark, hark, the notes of joy	660	High in heaven the sun was standing	692
Hark! how all the welkin rings!	272	High in the heavens, eternal God	492
Hark! how that eloquent note	882	High in yonder realms of light	961
Hark, my soul, how everything	32	High thoughts!	969
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord	619	High walls and huge the body may confine	316
Hark! ten thousand harps and voices	704	Hinder me not! — the path is long and dreary	953
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes	685	His courtiers of the Caliph crave	82
Hark, the nightly church-bell numbers	291	His sacred name with reverence profound	547
Hark, the song of jubilee	704	Hither, bright angels, wing your flight	418
Hark! the voice of love and mercy	742	Ho! ye who in the noble work	759
Hark! 't is the trump of God	898	Holiness on the head	205
Hark! what mean those holy voices	715	Holy Bible, book divine	594
Hark while I sing! our village clock	299	Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness	811
Has life no charm for thee?	20	Holy, holy, holy Lord	469
Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star	42	Holy, holy, holy Lord	470
Hast thou not heard it, the universal music?	30	Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty	467
Hast thou within a care so deep	551	Holy Moses, man of God, came to his tent one	202
Haste homewards, man! draw nearer to the shore	327	day	269
Haste, traveller, haste! the night comes on	324	Holy night, calmly bright!	269
Hasten, hasten, sweetest Dove	805	Holy Son of God most high	624
Have you not heard the poets tell	431	Holy Spirit, gently come	809
Hawaii! sea-girt land!	178	Holy Spirit! Lord of light!	810
He added not, for Adam at the news	460	Holy Spirit, once again	807
He blessed is who neither loosely treads	491	Holy Trinity, we confess with joy	466
He comes, no royal vesture wearing	724	Honey in the lion's mouth	791
He ended, and his words replete with guile	455	Hope evermore and believe, O man, for e'en as	531
He flies!	580	thy thought	927
He hides within the lily	50	"Hope," said I	694
He is gone beyond the skies	789	Hosanna to the living Lord!	923
He knows the bitter, weary way	516	Hosanna, sanctus Deus Sabaoth	541
He lives, the great Redeemer lives	668	How are thy servants blest, O Lord!	699
He saves the sheep, the goats he doth not save!	610	How beauteous are their feet	374
He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower	521	How blest the sacred tie, that binds	958
He sleeps not here; in hope and prayer	171	How bright these glorious spirits shine!	768
He sought them both, but wished his trap might	454	How calm and beautiful the morn	578
find	236	How calmly sinks the parting sun!	587
He stood before the Sanhedrim	201	How charming is the place	578
He stopped at last		How dazzling white the snowy scene! Deep, deep	578

- How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy
sovereign 403
- How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord 700
- How happy is he born and taught 308
- How long, great God, how long must I 16
- How many thousands of my poorest subjects 405
- How pleasant, how divinely fair 583
- How shall I sing that Majesty 532
- How shall we keep this holy day of gladness 762
- How sweet, how heavenly is the sight 375
- How sweet the name of Jesus sounds 652
- How weary and how worthless this life at times
appears! 833
- How welcome was the call 410
- Hues of the rich unfolding morn 283
- Hug me closer, closer, mother 880
- Humble, Lord, my haughty spirit 361
- Hush, dear child, lie still and slumber 435
- Hush, hush thee, my baby, hush, hush thee to rest 425
- I am alone: and yet 297
- I am but clay in thy hands, but thou art the all-
loving artist 498
- I am old and blind! 10
- I am rooted in the wall 51
- I am your sorrow's nurse 402
- I answering thus 927
- I asked for grace to lift me high 489
- I bless thy new-raised threshold: let us pray
I bore with thee long weary days and nights 757
- I cannot, cannot say 825
- I cannot find thee! still on restless pinion 488
- I cannot think but God must know 553
- I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be 20
- I do not think the providence unkind 516
- I enter, and I see thee in the gloom 914
- I entered not the church this good Lord's day 575
- I, for thy profit pondering, now advise 912
- I gave my life for thee 757
- I give my heart to thee 657
- I greet thee, my Redeemer sure 610
- I have a little kinsman 879
- I have been out to-day in field and wood 57
- I have beheld, ere now, at break of day 921
- I have found Peace in the bright earth 64
- I have not slept 403
- I heard one say but now: Shut up the book 58
- I hold that Christian grace abounds 373
- I in one God believe 927
- I know a flower so sweet and fair 672
- I know in whom I put my trust 670
- I know not how the right may be 352
- I know not if or dark or bright 521
- I know not what shall befall me 514
- I know the walls are jasper 975
- I lay my sins on Jesus 605
- I'll praise my Maker with my breath 535
- I leave thee not; thou art my Jesus ever 626
- I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze 922
- I looked 929
- I looked where the roses were blooming 48
- I love (and have some cause to love) the earth 504
- I love my God, but with no love of mine 474
- I love thy kingdom, Lord 588
- I love to rise ere gleams the tardy light 281
- I love to steal awhile away 536
- I loved them so 422
- I made a posy, while the day ran by 305
- I marked a child, — a pretty child 52
- I mourn no more my vanished years 530
- I never lay me down to sleep at night 126
- I read upon that book 558
- I said, Sweet Master, hear me pray 631
- I saw, and lo! a countless throng 955
- I saw eternity the other night 933
- I saw the mountain oak with towering form 781
- I say to thee, do thou repeat 489
- I serve not God from fear of grief 507
- "I serve the strongest" 76
- I shall the effect of this good lesson keep 398
- I sing the birth was born to-night 732
- I sing the name which none can say 615
- I sit within my room, and joy to find 490
- I stand beneath the tree whose branches shade 587
- I stand between the Future and the Past 302
- I stood by an open casement 303
- I stood by the Master's vineyard 340
- I take my pilgrim staff anew 248
- I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless 819
- I think that look of Christ might seem to say 753
- I think we are too ready with complaint 350
- I think when I read that sweet story of old 433
- I thought that prattling boys and girls 422
- I took a little good seed in my hand 516
- I trod once more that place of tombs 188
- I walk along the crowded streets and mark 708
- I walked the other day, to spend my hour 870
- I was sitting alone toward the twilight 167
- I watched a rosebud very long 366
- I wept and said, These crumbs cannot be worth 388
- I will praise Thee every day 620
- I worship thee, sweet will of God! 485
- I would have gone; God bade me stay 869
- I would I were an excellent divine 367
- I would not live away — live away below! 21
- I'm far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles 972
- "I'm of no use," said a little brown seed 52
- I'm wearin' 'awa', John 971
- I've watched the sea-bird calmly glide 366
- If as a flower doth spread and die 333
- If dead, we cease to be; if total gloom 307
- If, gracious God, in life's green ardent year 350
- If human kindness meets return 650
- If I am traduced by ignorant tongues 400
- If I had known, in the morning 419
- If I might guess, then guess I would 230
- If I were told that I must die to-morrow 19
- If Jesus came on earth again 777
- If only I have thee 605
- If sin be in the heart 366
- If suddenly upon the street 797
- If there be one whose thoughts delight to wander 376
- If there had anywhere appeared in space 477
- If, when I kneel to pray 555
- If ye would hear the angels sing 268
- If yon bright stars which gem the night 884
- Ill strives the will, 'gainst will more wise that strives 918
- Immortal love, forever full 674
- In a valley, centuries ago 937
- In Bethlehem, the Lord of glory 241
- In calm and cool and silence, once again 566
- In Christ I feel the heart of God 630
- In darkest hours I hear a voice 643
- In evil long I took delight 753

- In fashion, as a snow white rose, lay then 929
 In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes 50
 In my life's youth, while yet the deeper needs 9
 In open field King Solomon 223
 In our museum galleries 209
 In St. Luke's Gospel we are told 239
 In schools of wisdom all the day 79
 In some wild Eastern legend the story has been told 83
 In such a marvellous night, so fair 726
 In that abyss 930
 In the bitter waves of woe 26
 In the Cross of Christ I glory 738
 In the days of our forefathers, the gallant days of
 old 178
 In the dim cathedral chancel, where the organ
 notes are pealing 951
 In the Fount of life perennial, the parched heart
 its thirst would slake 980
 In the hour of my distress 816
 In the hours of pain and sorrow 684
 In the midway of this our mortal life 911
 In the name of God advancing 333
 In the shadow of the cloister, long ago 135
 In the silent midnight watches 663
 In the vineyard of our Father 330
 In times of want we feel what bliss 390
 In token that thou shalt not fear 429
 In trouble for my sin, I cried to God 834
 In what torn ship soever I embark 613
 In youth, when blood was warm and fancy high 898
 Interval of grateful shade 292
 Into my closet fleeing, as the dove 477
 Into our home one blessed day 421
 Into the Silent Land 981
 Is it so far from thee 212
 Is there a lone and dreary hour 479
 Is this the peace of God, this strange sweet calm? 639
 Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? rise and share it
 with another 841
 It came upon the midnight clear 714
 It chanced upon the merry, merry Christmas eve . 255
 It is a beautiful evening, calm and free 438
 It is a place where poets crowned may feel the
 heart's decaying 12
 It is not life upon thy gifts to live 306
 It is not mine to run 341
 It is religion that doth make vows kept 400
 It is the Christmas time 260
 It is the noon of night 778
 It is told me I must die 854
 It is wasting away — a beautiful flower 865
 It kindles all my soul 979
 It lies around us like a cloud 937
 It may be in the evening 649
 It was a time of sadness, and my heart 844
 It was not then a poet's dream 60
 It was the calm and silent night! 255
 It was the winter wild 256
- Jerusalem! high tower thy glorious walls 988
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem 195
 Jerusalem, that place divine 584
 Jerusalem the golden 973
 Jerusalem the golden 984
 Jerusalem, thou city blest 585
 Jesu! bless our slender boat 670
 Jesu, lover of my soul 612
- Jesu, name all names above 698
 Jesu, Redeemer of the world! 262
 Jesu, the very thought of thee 622
 Jesu! and shall it ever be 633
 Jesu came, the heavens adoring 699
 Jesu, cast a look on me 432
 Jesu Christ to-day is risen 760
 Jesu hath vanished: all in vain 774
 Jesu, how sweet thy memory is! 623
 Jesu, I my cross have taken 628
 Jesu, Jesu, the day is almost done 659
 Jesu, Jesu, visit me 612
 Jesu lives! no longer now 775
 Jesu, my all, to heaven is gone 600
 Jesu, my chief pleasure 696
 Jesu, my Lord, my chief delight! 606
 Jesu, my Lord, thy nearness does impart 660
 Jesu, my Redeemer, lives 770
 Jesu, my Saviour, look on me 648
 Jesu's name shall ever be 643
 Jesu shall reign where'er the sun 708
 Jesu, still lead on 884
 Jesu! the ladder of my faith 631
 Jesu! the rays divine 639
 Jesu, there is no dearer name than thine 600
 Jesu, these eyes have never seen 656
 Jesu, thou joy of loving hearts 656
 Jesu, thy blood and righteousness 690
 Jesu, thy church with longing eyes 606
 Jesu! when my soul is parting 684
 Jesu, where'er thy people meet 586
 Join all the glorious names 675
 Joy and gladness! joy and gladness! 691
 Just as I am, without one plea 637
 Just when each bud was big with bloom 421
- Karshish, the picker-up of learning's crumbs 231
 Knocking, knocking, ever knocking 665
 Know ye the land? On earth 't were vainly sought 939
 Knows he who tills this lonely field 858
- Lady, there is a hope that all men have 6
 Lamb, the once crucified! Lion, by triumph sur-
 rounded! 755
 Lamp of our feet! whereby we trace 593
 Late, late! so late! and dark the night and chill! 855
 Latest born of Jesse's race 211
 Launch thy bark, mariner! Christian, Heaven
 speed thee 329
 Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom . . 19
 Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us 467
 Lead us, O Lord, to Bethlehem 678
 Leave all to God 528
 Leave God to order all thy ways 528
 Leaves have their time to fall 862
 Led by kinder hand than ours 314
 Left to the Saviour's conquering foes 156
 Lessons sweet of spring returning 54
 Let all the world rejoice 500
 Let foreign nations of their language boast 639
 Let me be last with thee, with thee, my God 20
 Let me go, the day is breaking 442
 Let not your heart be faint 693
 Let other thoughts, where'er I roam 891
 Let our choir new anthems raise 385
 Let party names no more 374
 Let those who will, hang rapturously o'er 193

- Let us quit the leafy arbor 278
 Let us rise in early morning 763
 Life is unutterably dear 281
 Life of our life, and Light of all our seeing 69
 Life's mystery — deep, restless as the ocean 306
 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates 671
 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high 762
 Light for the dreary vales 371
 Light is none 926
 Light of the soul, O Saviour blest! 623
 Light's abode, celestial Salem 987
 Like a blind spinner in the sun 599
 Like a cradle, rocking, rocking 482
 Like as the armed knighte 355
 Like as the damask rose you see 855
 Like as the thief in prison cast 343
 Like Him, whilst friends and lovers slept 740
 Like Noah's weary dove 384
 Listen to the wondrous story 735
 Little face so sweet, so fair 432
 Little lamb, who made thee? 432
 Little maiden, dost thou pine 954
 Little pomp or earthly state 716
 Lo, fainter now lie spread the shades of night 286
 Lo, God is here! Let us adore 582
 Lo, he comes! let all adore him! 721
 Lo! he comes, with clouds descending 901
 Lo! he comes, with clouds descending 904
 Lo, here a little volume, but great book 537
 Lo! on the slope of yonder shore 160
 Lo! the day of rest declineth 288
 Lo, the day, the day of life 908
 Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest 627
 Long hast thou wept and sorrowed 640
 Look at me with thy large brown eyes 427
 Look from thy sphere of endless day 190
 Look on the white Alps round! 186
 Look, what thy soul holds dear 406
 Lord! as the hart embost with heat 492
 Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee 633
 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing 861
 Lord, for the erring thought 390
 Lord, from thy blessed throne 178
 Lord, I am like to mistletoe 480
 Lord, I would follow thee; but must I take 849
 Lord, in this dust thy sovereign voice 392
 Lord, in thy name thy servants plead 252
 Lord, it belongs not to my care 519
 Lord Jesu, when we stand afar 752
 Lord Jesus, God and man 609
 Lord, living here are we 413
 Lord of all being! throned afar 565
 Lord of eternal truth and might! 287
 Lord of the harvest! thee we hail 252
 Lord of the worlds above 585
 Lord, open the door, for I falter 941
 Lord, thou hast given me a cell 391
 Lord, thou hast sought this wayward heart in vain 676
 Lord! thou with an unerring beam 505
 Lord, what a change within us one short hour 552
 Lord, what am I that with unceasing care 667
 Lord, where thy many mansions be 499
 Lord, when we bend before thy throne 545
 Lord! who art merciful as well as just 549
 Lord, who shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid 907
 Lord, with a very tired mind 561
 Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round! 343
 Lost! lost! lost! 278
 Love divine, all love excelling 480
 Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings 687
 Lovely, lasting peace of mind! 363
 Low kneeleth the monk at prayer 127
 Low on the gray stone floor Paphnutius knelt 165
 Low on the marble floor I lie 265
 " Man dieth and wasteth away 885
 Man is permitted much 329
 Mark that swift arrow, how it cuts the air 854
 Mark the soft-falling snow 546
 Mark you this, Bassanio 398
 Men may construe things after their fashion 398
 Men must endure their going hence 403
 " Mercy, O thou son of David! " 236
 Methinks it is good to be here 239
 Methinks, when on the languid eye 438
 Methought I saw a prattling child 483
 Midnight came slowly sweeping on 223
 Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour 444
 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
 the Lord 175
 Midway of the road 919
 More love to thee, O Christ! 699
 More than all, one thing my heart is craving 707
 More than royal guest he lay 729
 More than the soul of ancient song is given 4
 Morning, evening, noon, and night 108
 Mortals, awake, with angels join 725
 Most glorious Lord of life, that on this day 566
 Mother, how still the baby lies! 880
 Mother, I see you w! the nursery light 419
 Mother, in the sunset glow 420
 Much be the place admired, the person more 454
 Much in sorrow, oft in woe 378
 Must Jesus bear the cross alone? 383
 My babe! my tiny babe! my only babe! 424
 My child is lying on my knees 419
 My country, 't is of thee 175
 My daughter, go and pray! See, night is come 546
 My ending is despair 460
 My faith looks up to thee 657
 My fairest child, I have no song to give you 433
 My Father is the mighty Lord, whose arm 513
 My God and Father, while I stray 518
 My God, how endless is thy love 481
 My God, how wonderful thou art! 481
 My God, I heard this day 305
 My God, I love thee, not because 517
 My God, I thank thee, who hast made 517
 My God! is any hour so sweet 556
 My God! lo, here before thy face 821
 My God, now I from sleep awake 297
 My Jesus, as thou wilt! 515
 My Jesus, if the seraphim 701
 My life 's a shade, my days 26
 My little doves have left a nest 55
 My long sickness of health and living now begins
 to mend 402
 My Lord and God 642
 My loved, my honored, much respected friend 415
 My mind to me a kingdom is 363
 My rest is in heaven; my rest is not here 321
 My Saviour, can it ever be 743
 My Saviour, dare I come to thee 627
 My Saviour, mid life's varied scene 634

- My soul, be on thy guard 385
 My soul doth magnify the Lord 812
 My soul doth pant towards thee 551
 My soul, there is a cuntrye 972
 My times are in thy hand ! 524
 My white archangel, with thy steadfast eyes 966
 Mysterious night ! when our first parent knew 299
 Mystery of mysteries ! on this holy morn 580
- Near the shore the bark lay floating, by the sunny
 waves caressed 429
 Nearer, my God, to thee 508
 Nearer my rest with each succeeding day 25
 'Neath hoary moss on crumbling stones 172
 Never, surely, was holier man 80
 Never yet could careless sleep 295
 New every morning is the love 283
 No abbey's gloom, nor dark cathedral stoops 890
 No ceremony that to great ones 'longs 397
 No human eyes thy face may see 486
 No marble statue, and no high 501
 No more, no more of the cares of time ! 28
 No, no, it is not dying 873
 Noon o'er Judea ! All the air was beating 79
 Nor eye, ear, thought, can take the height
 Not always as the whirlwind's rush 386
 Not charity we ask 310
 Not for increase to himself 928
 Not from the noble quarry 475
 Not in the sky 875
 Not in the world of light alone 304
 Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed 556
 Not that my hand could make of stubborn stone 856
 Not thou from us, O Lord, but we 551
 Not to the man of dollars 389
 Not to the mount that burned with fire 958
 Not weary of thy world 973
 Not what we think, but what we do 354
 Now begin the heavenly theme 696
 Now by the verdure on thy thousand hills 17
 Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all
 glories are ! 180
 Now God be praised that to believing souls 406
 " Now, Good-wife, bring your precious hoard " 275
 Now I draw near ; alone apart 602
 Now I have found a friend 638
 Now if I fall, will it be my lot 65
 Now, in myself, I notice take 381
 Now is ended our repast 391
 Now let our souls, on wings sublime 953
 Now may he who from the dead 782
 Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime 449
 Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile 401
 Now, reader ! think within thyself, so God 913
 Now the crucible is breaking 867
 Now the day is over 438
 Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted 398
 Now was the sun so stationed, as when first 919
- O beauteous God, uncircumscribed treasure 947
 O bottonless depths of God's infinite love ! 481
 O Bread to pilgrims given 792
 O Brother, who for us didst meekly wear 656
 O charity, divinely wise 356
 O child ! O child ! my soul, and not my child ! 403
 O Christ, our King, give ear ! 323
 O Christian soldier ! shouldst thou rue 381
 O Christmas stars ! your pregnant silentness 266
 O comrade bold of toil and pain ! 362
 O day most calm, most bright 572
 O day of days ! shall hearts set free 768
 O day of rest and gladness 568
 O day to sweet religious thought 564
 " O dreary life ! " we cry, " O dreary life ! " 33
 O fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted 878
 O faith, thou workest miracles 347
 O faithful God ! O pitying Heart 837
 O Father, O Supreme of heavenly thrones 452
 O Father-heart, who hast created all 437
 O fire of God, the Comforter, O life of all that live 804
 O Fountain eternal of life and of light 630
 O gentlemen, the time of life is short 398
 O God, beneath thy wing this night 280
 O God of love, O King of peace 559
 O God of truth, for whom alone I sigh 499
 O God, thou glorious God, what God is like to thee ? 488
 O God ! thy arm was here 395
 O God, who rul'st o'er earth 560
 O happy house ! where thou art loved the best 415
 O happy saints, who dwell in light 957
 O Head, blood-stained and wounded 745
 O Heaven ! sweet Heaven ! the home of the blest 979
 O heavenly Jerusalem 986
 O height that doth all height excel 479
 O holy, blessed, glorious Trinity 466
 O Holy Ghost ! thy heavenly dew 814
 O holy Saviour ! Friend unseen ! 634
 O Holy Spirit, blessed Comforter 801
 O ignorant, poor man ! what dost thou bear 308
 O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace 279
 O Jesu, thou art standing 664
 O Jesu ! Jesu ! dearest Lord 636
 O Jesu ! when I think of thee 605
 O lady fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and
 rare 134
 O little birds, that sit upon the wintry boughs 55
 O Lord, another day is flown 288
 O Lord, how happy should we be 521
 O Lord, how joyful 't is to see 374
 O Lord, in me there lieth nought 495
 O Lord most dear, with many a tear lamenting,
 lamenting 345
 O Lord my God, do thou thy holy will 522
 O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea 388
 O Lord of Hosts ! Almighty King ! 170
 O Lord of life, and truth, and grace 369
 O Lord, thy all-discerning eyes 495
 O Lord, thy wing outspread 813
 O Lord ! who seest, from yon starry height 475
 O Love divine, how sweet thou art 676
 O Love Divine, that stooped to share 513
 O Love, who formedst me to wear 671
 O maiden, heir of kings 185
 O Master and Maker ! my hope is in thee 534
 O Master, let me walk with thee 612
 O Merciful Father, my hope is in thee 535
 O miserable of happy ! is this the end 457
 O my lord ! must I then leave you ? 396
 O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven 400
 O my soul, what means this sadness 524
 O North, with all thy vales of green ! 624
 O Paradise, O Paradise 974
 O rare sweet autumn days, that linger still 254
 O sacred head, now wounded 744

- O sacred head, surrounded 746
 O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant 445
 O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose 449
 O sweet home-echo on the pilgrim's way 943
 O thou Almighty Father, who dost make 918
 O thou, by long experience tried 479
 O thou dread power, who reign'st above 499
 O thou eternal One! whose presence bright 471
 O thou, from whom all goodness flows 639
 O thou great Friend to all the sons of men 603
 O thou of purer eyes than to behold 828
 O thou that hearest prayer 806
 O thou, the contrite sinner's Friend 637
 O thou that judgest all things, stay thy thoughts 400
 O thou, the one supreme o'er all! 469
 O thou true life of all that lives 287
 O thou who dry'st the mourner's tear 845
 O thou, who givest to the woodland wren 539
 O thou whose bounty fills my cup 546
 O thou whose power o'er moving worlds presides 500
 O thou whose sacred feet have trod 824
 O thou whose tender mercy hears 349
 O time by holy prophets long foretold 261
 O time of tranquil joy and holy feeling! 568
 O trifling toys that toss the brains 307
 O watchman, will the night of sin 672
 O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth 398
 O wisdom! spreading mightily 719
 O wonderful! round whose birth-hour 710
 O Word of God incarnate 594
 O years and age, farewell! 933
 Oh, be in God's dear world no dark and troubled sprite! 367
 Oh, come, all ye faithful! 262
 Oh, come, all ye faithful 712
 Oh, come, oh, come, Emmanuel! 717
 "Oh, could thy grave at home, at Carthage, be!" 74
 Oh, deem not that earth's crowning bliss 840
 Oh, deem not they are blest alone 831
 Oh for a beam of heavenly light 607
 Oh for a closer walk with God 327
 Oh for that day, that day of bliss entrancing 204
 Oh for the happy days gone by 832
 Oh for the peace which floweth as a river 833
 Oh, happy day that fixed my choice 614
 Oh, holy is the golden light 177
 Oh, how could I forget him 690
 Oh, how blest are ye whose toils are ended! 869
 Oh, how wondrous is the story 723
 Oh, it is beautiful! Lifted so high 877
 Oh, leave the world 311
 Oh, may I join the choir invisible 17
 Oh, mean may seem this house of clay 607
 Oh! not by bread alone is manhood nourished 309
 Oh, not to fill the mouth of fame 6
 Oh! not with any sound they come, or sign 964
 Oh! regardez, ma noble et belle dame 134
 Oh, teach me, thou forest, to testify glad 31
 Oh, than the fairest day, thrice fairer night! 714
 Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt 405
 Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow 604
 Oh, wash thine eyes with many a bitter tear 849
 Oh, weep for those that wept by Babel's stream 213
 Oh, what is man, great Maker of mankind 308
 Oh, what the blessedness, dwelling alone 478
 Oh, where shall rest be found 863
 Oh, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north 182
 Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? 849
 Oh; wipe the death-dews from her brow! prop up her sinking head! 116
 Oh, worship the King all-glorious above 485
 Oh, yet we trust that somehow good 352
 O'er Kedron's stream and Salem's height 739
 O'er the distant mountains breaking 719
 O'er throngs of men around I cast mine eyes 487
 O'erwhelmed in depths of woe 757
 Of all the attributes whose starry rays 487
 Of all the thoughts of God that are 856
 Of comforts no man speak 401
 Of his high attributes, beyond the most 526
 Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit 445
 Of old, on priest and prophet came 369
 Of seraphim he who is most enskied 923
 Of the Father's love begotten 694
 Of the glorious body telling 793
 Oft have I seen, at some cathedral door 911
 On Jordan's bank, the Baptist's cry 225
 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand 955
 On Sanleo's road 914
 On Sunday morning early 564
 On the cross, the dying Saviour 142
 On the earth a Flower grew 316
 On the isle of Penikese 100
 On the mountain's top appearing 378
 On this part he fell down 914
 Once echoing down the shores of time 27
 Once — I've read in olden story 157
 Once more the church is seized with sudden fear 120
 Once more through storm and calm the changeful hours 263
 "One body, one spirit," "one Lord" 588
 One day, in stress of need, I prayed 561
 One day to Helbeck I had strolled 117
 One lifts aloft his vatic cry 353
 One little group was kneeling far down the silent nave 586
 One sole baptismal sign 960
 One sweetly solemn thought 25
 One there is above all others 651
 One thing's needful: then, Lord Jesus 618
 One voice the less to plead with men 115
 One year among the angels, beloved, thou hast been 978
 Only a word! a little winged word 840
 Onward, Christian soldiers 377
 Onward, ye men of prayer! 369
 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed 801
 Our Christ shall come in glory and in power 666
 Our eyes are attimes holden, Lord 884
 Our Father, which in heaven art 561
 Our God, a tower of Strength is he 138
 Our God in heaven, from that holy place 940
 Our God! our God! thou shinest here 814
 Our God, our help in ages past 493
 Our hearts, whose high affections burn alone 923
 Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well 395
 Our Lord, who knows full well 229
 Out of dust and darkness comes a cry of passion 773
 Outstretched beneath the leafy shade 113
 Over his keys the musing organist 161
 Over the river on the hill 888
 Over the river they beckon to me 17

Peace brooded o'er earth ; in the distance afar	718	Safely through another week	563
People of the living God	386	Said Abner, At last thou art come ! Ere I tell, ere thou speak	217
Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin	319	Said an ancient hermit, bending	75
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair	677	Said the corn to the lilies	48
Poor little Willie	882	Saint Augustine ! well hast thou said	137
Praise be thine, most Holy Spirit	812	St. Mark's hushed abbey heard	143
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow	498	Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	293
Praise, Lord, for thee in Zion waits	540	Saviour ! like a shepherd lead us	669
Praise, oh, praise our God and King	500	Saviour of them that trust in thee	418
Praise the Almighty, — the king of a glory un- bounded !	540	Saviour, sprinkle many nations	619
Praise the Lord, for he is gracious	827	Saviour, visit thy plantation	372
Praise to God, immortal praise	34	Saviour, when in dust to thee	647
Praise to Jesus ! Praise to God	703	Saviour, who exalted high	647
Praise ye the Lord	572	Searcher of hearts ! from mine erase	526
Prayer is the breath of God in man	559	Securely cabined in the ship below	356
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	556	See, far above the starry height	654
Prepare ! your festive rites prepare	216	See how the orient dew	68
Princess, what grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks ?	402	See the ransomed millions stand	956
Priethee, go in thyself ; seek thine own ease	394	See, the star that leads the day	282
Priethee, good Griffith, tell me how he died	399	See ! where to earth bends down the sky !	937
Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control	342	Seeing I am Jesus' lamb	436
Pure, precious drop of clear mortality	579	Seemeth not Love at times so occupied	686
Put on thy beautiful robes, bride of Christ	589	Servant of God, well done !	379
" Put up the sword ! " the voice of Christ once more	187	" Serve God and be cheerful "	334
Queen of Judæa's stricken land	197	Set love in order, thou that lovest me	658
Questioning, blind, unsatisfied	839	Shall we serve heaven with less respect	398
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	555	She gave up beauty in her tender youth	876
Raise, raise thine eyes a little way	750	She hath no beauty in her face	361
Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on earth Rarely into the branches of the tree	451	She is dead ! they said to him ; come away	859
Readr ! thou markest how my theme doth rise	915	She is my only girl	105
Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun	439	She left her pitcher at the well, and to her home returned	228
Region of life and light !	967	She mid ice mountains vast	47
Rejoice, all ye believers	829	She once was a lady of honor and wealth	387
Rejoice in Christ alway	695	She sat and wept beside his feet. The weight	229
Remember him, the Only One	332	She stood breast high amid the corn	208
Repent ! repent ! repent !	224	She stood in the harvest-field at noon	107
Rest, gentle travellers, on life's toilsome way	892	She stood outside the gate of heaven, and saw them entering in	949
Rest is not quitting	366	She stooped o'er earth's poor brink, light as a breeze	12
Rest under the overarching trees	890	She was his playmate when a child	91
Rest, weary soul !	841	Shepherd of tender youth	602
Return, O wanderer, return	345	Shepherd, that with thine amorous, sylvan song	692
Return, thou wished and welcome guest	569	Shine kindly forth, September sun	889
Richly, O richly have I been	343	Should sorrow o'er thy brow	939
Ride on ! ride on in majesty !	648	Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing	726
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky	247	Show you her picture ! Here it lies !	520
Ring, sweet bells of Christendom	725	Shun delays, they breed remorse	339
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise	776	Shut in a close and dreary sleep	838
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	322	Silent, like men in solemn haste	325
Rise, my soul, thy God directs thee	325	Since o'er thy footstool here below	967
Rise, royal Zion ! rise and sing	797	Since thy Father's arm sustains thee	525
Rise, said the Master, come unto the feast	607	Sing aloud ! — His praise rehearse	496
Rise up, my love, my fair one	225	Sing, and let your song be new	494
Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane	124	Sing, children, sing !	775
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	669	Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's battle	621
Room for another chorister !	870	Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice	604
" Room for the leper ! room." And, as he came	237	Sing victory, O ye seas and lands !	788
Round about my bed abide	294	Sing we the peerless deeds of martyred saints	960
Sabæan odors load the air	643	Sing with me ! sing with me !	853
Sabbath of the saints of old	567	Singing, as if enamored, she resumed	921
Safe home, safe home in port !	932	Sinks the sun and fades the light	24
		Sleep, Holy Babe !	731
		Sleep on, my baby, sleep and rest, while day to dusk is turning	422

- Sleep, sleep, mine Holy One! 727
 Sleep, sleep, old sun; thou canst not have re-past 776
 Sleep well, my dear, sleep safe and free 434
 Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hill-tops
 far away 118
 Slowly fashioned, link by link 336
 So Adam, and thus Eve to him replied 457
 So, Christmas is here again! 259
 So let it be! The prayer that Christ enjoins 562
 So may the outward shows be least themselves 399
 So part we sadly in this troublous world 406
 So soberly and softly 33
 So spake the archangel Michael, and then paused 461
 So spake the Son, and into terror changed 453
 Soft cloud, that while the breeze of May 780
 Softly now the light of day 291
 Softly the tuneful shepherd leads 211
 Soldiers of Christ, arise 383
 Soldiers of the cross, arise 381
 Sole partner and sole part of all these joys 448
 Some blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may 350
 Some murmur when their sky is clear 819
 Something beyond! though now, with joy unfound 972
 Sometime, when all life's lessons have been
 learned 365
 Sometimes a light surprises 526
 Songs of praise the angels sang 715
 Sons of renowned sires 173
 Soon and forever! 942
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight 450
 Soul, o'er life's sad ocean faring 608
 Soul's vow, not airy voice 532
 Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands 273
 Sound the loud timbral o'er Egypt's dark sea! 205
 Source of good, whose power controls 682
 Source of my life's refreshing springs 473
 Sovereign and Ruler of the skies 523
 Sow in the morn thy seed 371
 Speak and tell us, our Ximena 88
 Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet 625
 Speechless Sorrow sat with me 795
 Speed thy servants, Saviour, speed them! 370
 Spirit of Grace, of Truth, and Power 806
 Spirit of truth! on this thy day 807
 Spread, oh, spread, thou mighty Word 595
 Spirits of peace, where are ye? 405
 Stand still in bright array, ye saints, here stand 453
 Star of morn and even 657
 Star on the wide and pathless sea 730
 Starry hosts exalt by thousands my Creator's pomp
 and might 490
 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay 815
 Stern daughter of the voice of God! 332
 Still abide the heaven-born three 939
 Still linger in our noon of time 436
 Still on thy loving heart let me repose 695
 Still, still with Thee, when purple morning
 breaketh 283
 Still thy sorrow, Magdalena! 846
 Still will we trust, though earth seems dark and
 dreary 520
 Stones towards the earth descend 624
 Stood the mournful mother weeping 748
 Strange is it that our bloods 396
 Strong climber of the mountain side 45
 Strong Son of God, immortal Love 820
 Such was the might of Terra's giant son 380
 Suddenly a grievous sickness took him 493
 Sunlight upon Judæa's hills! 741
 Sunset should be the time, they said 8:6
 Surrounded by unnumbered foes 686
 Sweet baby, sleep! what ails my dear 437
 Sweet Day! so cool, so calm, so bright 365
 Sweet Dove, that homeward winging 535
 Sweet grows the world to-day and fair 842
 Sweet is the scene when virtue dies! 857
 Sweet is the solace of thy love 691
 Sweet is the solemn voice that calls 582
 Sweet is the work, my God, my King 566
 Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies 49
 Sweet peace, sweet peace alone! 974
 Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave 368
 Sweet Robin, I have heard thee say 57
 Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go 635
 Sweet Sunday bells! your measured sound 574
 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing 754
 "Sweet, thou art pale" 658
 Sweet voices! seldom mortal ear 334
 Take the last kiss — the last forever 887
 Tarry with me, O my Saviour 850
 Tauler, the preacher, walked one autumn day 131
 Teach me, my God and King 547
 Tears wash away the atoms in the eye 936
 Tel que je suis, sans aucune défense 637
 Tell me, ye winged winds 952
 Tell us, thou clear and heavenly tongue 712
 Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not 825
 Thanksgiving and the voice of melody 248
 That clime is not like this dull clime of ours 968
 That day of wrath, that dreadful day 901
 That day of wrath, that dreadful day 902
 That fearful day, that day of speechless dread 905
 That good, which does itself not know 413
 That great day of wrath and terror 906
 That height and godlike purity of mind 314
 That man, how dearly ever parted 394
 That which weeping ones were saying 762
 The abyss of many a former sin 345
 The ages come and go 243
 The air of death breathes through our souls 132
 The air was still o'er Bethlehem's plain 722
 The aloes grow upon the sand 315
 The archangel soon drew nigh 460
 The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold 213
 The baby wept 424
 The banners of Hell's Monarch do come forth 913
 The banners of the king appear 747
 The beautiful things of the May are dying 310
 The bells of the churches are ringing 428
 The black-hair'd gaunt Paulinus 102
 The breaking waves dashed high 173
 The breeze has swelled the whitening sail 174
 The calm of blessed night 772
 The chariot, the chariot! its wheels roll on fire 908
 The cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard 573
 The chimes, the chimes of motherland 183
 The choirs of ransomed Israel 788
 The choral song of a mighty throng 958
 The church bells were ringing, the Devil sat singing 142
 The church's one foundation 601
 The city of the Lord I see 946
 The clouds of sunset, fold on fold 289
 The clouds that wrap the setting sun 375

- The dawn is sprinkling in the east 285
 The day becomes more solemn and serene 289
 The day is done; the weary day of thought and
 toil is past 289
 The day is near, the judgment is at hand 905
 The day is past and gone 864
 The day is past and over 294
 The day is quenched, and the sun is fled 351
 The Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand! 904
 The dew is on the summer's greenest grass 865
 The earth was made; yet still, though full of light 83
 "The everlasting hills!" how calm they rise 40
 The face which duly as the sun 822
 The firste fadir and founder of gentilesse 313
 The foe behind, the deep before 769
 The future hides in it 322
 The glories of our birth and state 864
 The God of Abraham praise 653
 The good dame looked from her cottage 135
 The gray old father's task was done 130
 The great human whirlpool,—'t is seething and
 seething 112
 The head that once was crowned with thorns 703
 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord 594
 The holy children boldly stand 722
 The hour of my departure's come 869
 The Hymn for conquering martyrs raise 735
 The infant lies in blessed ease 427
 The last and greatest herald of heaven's King 709
 The leaves around me falling 251
 The life above, the life on high 946
 The lilled fields behold 53
 The Lord draws nigh, the righteous throne's As-
 sessor 906
 The Lord is king! Lift up thy voice 499
 The Lord my Maker, forming me of clay 198
 The Lord my pasture shall prepare 491
 The Lord of life is risen! 771
 The Lord, the Lord my Shepherd is 491
 The Lord will come, the earth shall quake 895
 The lowest stair was marble white, so smooth 916
 The man of life upright, whose guiltless heart is
 free 313
 The many-colored domes 208
 The midday sun, with fiercest glare 242
 The monk was preaching: strong his earnest word 101
 The morning broke. Light stole upon the
 clouds 207
 The morning light is breaking 372
 The morning of our rest is come 574
 The night comes softly down, my soul 164
 The night is come. Like to the day 477
 The night is far spent and the day is at hand 664
 The Pagan's myths through marble lips are spoken 535
 The pastor sits in his easy-chair 845
 The pathways of thy land are little changed 194
 The Pilgrim Fathers, — where are they? 174
 The poet does not dwell apart, enshrined in golden
 beams 5
 The poet hath the child's sight in his breast 2
 The poet in his vigil hears 8
 The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed 550
 The Rabbi Nathan, twoscore years and ten 85
 The roseate hues of early dawn 936
 The royal banners forward go 747
 The Sabbath day has reached its close 579
 The Sabbath morning was bright 189
 The sacred tree midst the fair orchard grew 314
 The Saviour looked on Peter. Ay, no word 753
 The scene around me disappears 227
 The Shadow of the Rock! 830
 The shepherds went their hasty way 260
 The ship went on with solemn face 565
 The shroud is yet unspread 184
 The silver cord in twain is snapped 895
 The snows of winter nurse the hopeful corn 530
 The solemn word had spread 56
 The Son of God goes forth to war 168
 The spacious firmament on high 33
 The Spirit breathes upon the word 596
 The Spirit, in our hearts 808
 The spring returns, — the wintry clouds are gone 250
 The spring-tide hour 249
 The starry firmament on high 595
 The strain upraise 706
 The strife was stern at Monterey 89
 The strongest light casts deepest shade 743
 The sudden storms that heave me to and fro 330
 The sun is rising in the east 282
 The sun is sinking fast 290
 The sun-orb sings in emulation 476
 The sun is still forever sounding 963
 The sunshine to the flower may give 834
 The tempest rages wild, and high 839
 The tempter all impassioned thus began 455
 The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain 68
 The time for toil is past, and night is come 342
 The tomb of God before us 159
 The tongue of the vigilant clock tolled one 142
 The torrent fills the air 67
 The truth lies round about us, all 312
 The two best gifts in all the perfect world 551
 The tyrannous and bloody deed is done 404
 The vale of tears your footsteps press 952
 The voice that breathed o'er Eden 412
 The waters were thy path 620
 The Will Divine that woke a waiting time 242
 The winds are hushed; the peaceful moon 792
 The woman singeth at her spinning-wheel 334
 The Word of God, the Eternal Son 244
 The words of Heaven; on whom it will, it will 395
 The World and Death one day them cross-disguised 860
 The world against me, I against the world 382
 The world can neither give nor take 661
 The world is very evil! 981
 The world is wise, for the world is old 611
 The world's a bubble; and the life of man 306
 The year draws near its golden-hearted prime 249
 Thee finds me in the garden, Hannah 98
 Thee, O great God, we praise 465
 Then Christ, the Gardener, said, These many years 896
 There are twelve hours in the day. If any man
 walk in the daytime 230
 There are who, darkling and alone 355
 There came a little child to earth 720
 There comes a galley laden 603
 There is a bleak desert, where daylight grows weary 316
 There is a blessed home 940
 There is a book, who runs may read 59
 There is a fountain filled with blood 620
 There is a land where beauty cannot fade 969
 There is a safe and secret place 515
 There is sound of war in Judah, and over Eph-
 rath's plain 215

There is a spot by the deep blue sea	12	Thou who didst for Peter's faith	700
There is a spot, of men believed to be	81	Thou, who didst stoop below	642
There is a thought so purely blest	389	Thou who, for forty days and nights, o'er-mastered all the might	658
There is an awe in mortals' joy	412	Thou, whom the world with heartless intercourse	11
There is an awful quiet in the air	562	Thou whom we seek in darkness still unseen	474
There is an hour of peaceful rest	945	Thou whose almighty word	468
There is in stillness oft a magic power	37	Though nature's strength decay	653
"There is no God," the fool in secret said	480	Three women crept at break of day	751
"There is no God," the foolish saith	544	Through all the changing scenes of life	317
There is no tongue to speak his eulogy	910	Through Baca's vale my way is cast	323
There's a song in the air !	268	Through divers passages the world's bright lamp	922
There was a little lowly upper room	800	Through me you pass into the city of woe	912
There was a marriage-table where one sate	410	Through paths of pleasant thought I ran	349
There was a poor old man	114	Through sorrowing night and danger's path	327
There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream	35	Through that celestial forest, whose thick shade	921
There were seven fishers, with nets in their hands	235	Through that pure virgin-shrine	298
There's not a bird, with lonely nest	503	Through the gray willows the bleak winds are rav- ing	18
These, as they change, Almighty Father, these	506	Through the night of doubt and sorrow	373
These hairs of age are messengers	439	Thus far the Lord has led us on, — in darkness and in day	326
They are all gone into the world of light	950	Thus measuring things in heaven by things on earth	454
"They have no more wine," she said	410	Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood	459
They have toiled all the night, the long weary night	617	Thy beauty, Israel, is fled	212
They sat in silent watchfulness	141	Thy mercy heard my infant prayer	440
They say that God lives very high !	430	Thy thoughts are here, my God	595
They talked of Jesus as they went	792	Thy voice hath filled our forest shades	897
They told me I was heir : I turned in haste	105	Thy way, not mine, O Lord	514
They who have kept their spirits' virgin whiteness	364	Thyself and thy belongings are not thy own	394
Things of the earth in the earth will we lay	887	Time sa'd to Pride	862
This book is all that's left me now	593	Tintagel bells ring o'er the tide	104
This did not once so trouble me	358	'T is a new life ; — thoughts move not as they did	348
This flower-like chamber, delicately walled	285	'T is a point I long to know	351
This I have heard from ancient sages	505	'T is done ! a father, mother gone	872
"This is a day the Lord hath made," thus spake	569	'T is evening now !	611
This is the day the Lord hath made	567	'T is gone, that bright and orb'd blaze	293
This is the feast-time of the year	253	'T is good for men to love their present pains	402
This is the month, and this the happy morn	256	'T is my happiness below	830
This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign	328	'T is sweet and commendable in your habit, Ham- let	403
This world I deem	39	'T is the Day of Resurrection	764
This world is all a fleeting show	317	'T is the hour of even, now	103
Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not de- plore thee	885	'T is true, of old the unchanging sun	357
Thou art gone up on high	782	To be, or not to be, that is the question	405
Thou art gone up on high	789	To Christ, the Lord, let every tongue	667
Thou art leaving the home of thy childhood	411	To God, ye choir above, begin	537
Thou art, O God, my East. In thee I dawned	488	To God thy way commending	510
Thou art, O God, the life and light	487	To heaven I lift mine eye	494
Thou art of all created things	476	To prayer, to prayer ; — for the morning breaks	548
Thou art the husbandman, and I	484	To the Almighty on his radiant throne	31
Thou art weary, Father : rest	102	To the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair	229
Thou brightness of the Father's ray	609	To the name that brings salvation	651
Thou God of glorious majesty	440	To the sound of timbrels sweet	410
Thou Grace Divine, encircling all	482	To thee, beneath whose eye	176
Thou hallowed, chosen morn of praise	763	To whom, O Saviour, shall we go	640
Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay ?	476	To whom the patriarch of mankind replied	451
Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie	409	To whom thus Michael with regard benign	461
Thou Holy Spirit, we pray to thee	814	To-day our Lord went up on high	790
Thou inevitable day	861	To-morrow, Lord, is thine !	313
Thou must be true thyself	311	Toss up your heads, ye everlasting gates	784
Thou New Jerusalem, arise and shine !	976	Tread softly, — bow the head	871
Thou, of earth desired, adored	613	Tree, which heaven has willed to dower	755
Thou shalt be crowned, O mother blest !	743	Trembling before thine awful throne	344
Thou soft-flowing Kedron, by thy silver stream	740	Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky	65
Thou standest between earth and heaven	734	'T was a dim, delicious night	270
Thou tellest truths unspoken yet by man	52		
Thou that once, on mother's knee	434		
Thou that from the heaven art	366		
Thou, who dost dwell alone	646		

'T was on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean	430	"Well," Saturday to Sunday said	563
'T was silence in thy temple, Lord	584	What are these in bright array	956
'T was the day when God's anointed	740	"What are you looking at?" the farmer said	53
Two brothers freely cast their lot	953	What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil	336
Two mites, two drops, yet all her house and land	388	What can I do for thee, Beloved	340
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall	447	What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?	276
Two sayings of the Holy Scriptures beat	754	What household thoughts around thee, as their shrine	592
Two thirsty travellers chanced one day to meet	72	"What is good for a bootless bene?"	549
Two thousand years ago a flower	774	What is the Christ of God?	273
Two travellers, meeting by the way	106	What is the existence of man's life	855
Unnumbered blessings, rich and free	835	What means ycn blaze on high?	964
Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring	397	What no human eye hath seen	935
Unto the winds and waves I now commit	171	What secret current of man's nature turns	192
"Unto us a Son is born!"	270	What shall I be, my Lord, when I behold thee	868
Up and away like the dew of the morning	16	What shall we be, and whither shall we go	948
Up from the sea came a chill gray mist	328	What stronger breastplate than a breast untainted	396
Up to the hill of Calvary	749	What sudden blaze of song	265
Up to the hills I lift mine eyes	494	What sweeter music can we bring	268
Upon my lips she laid her touch divine	819	What there aloft, my son, has caught thy gaze?	915
Upon the banks of Jordan	203	What though my frail eyelids refuse	287
Upward and upward still! — in pearly light	55	What though the field be lost?	446
Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old	126	What though the shades of night	78
Vile, and deformed by sin, I stand	309	What various hindrances we meet	562
Vital spark of heavenly flame	853	What wisdom more, what better life, than pleaseth God to send?	513
Voice of the Holy Spirit, making known	591	What wondrous noise is heard around?	680
Wake! the startling watch-cry pealeth	899	What wouldst thou have, O soul	697
Wake, wake, for night is flying	893	Whate'er God will, let that be done	523
Was it the chime of a tiny bell	874	Whate'er I be	401
Watchman, tell us of the night	625	Whate'er my God ordains is right!	528
We always called her "Poor Margaret"	111	What 's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod	183
We are scholars, nothing but scholars	335	When Adam's latest breath was nearly gone	12
We ask for peace, O Lord!	518	When all things thou hast made	419
We ask not that our path be always bright	820	When all thy mercies, O my God	541
We bent o'er a coffined form	896	When at midday my task I ply	286
We cannot see the wondrous Hand	815	When, before, my God commanded	349
We doubt the word that tells us, Ask	555	When came in flesh the Incarnate Word	606
We gather to the sacred board	959	When darkness long has veiled my mind	66
We journey through a vale of tears	940	When devils will the blackest sins put on	399
We need some charmer, for our hearts are sore	661	When first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame	615
We overstate the ills of life, and take	818	When first the sun dispels the cloudy night	35
We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord	465	When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave	550
We sat down and wept by the waters	213	When gathering clouds around I view	824
We see not, know not. All the way	529	When gladness gilds our prosperous day	840
We should fill the hours with the sweetest things	278	When God at first made man	367
We sing his love, who once was slain	704	When he, who from the scourge of wrong	202
We sing to thee, Emmanuel	678	When homeward bands their several ways disperse	577
We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move	246	"When I am weak, I 'm strong"	863
We till to sow, we sow to reap	954	When I consider how my light is spent	27
We welcome thee, dear Easter-day!	764	When I have said my quiet say	290
We were at school together	86	When I look back upon my former race	11
We will not weep; for God is standing by us	540	When I remember Christ our burden bears	693
Weary beside the well he sat	842	When I shall go where my Redeemer is	949
Weary of earth and laden with my sin	346	When I survey the wondrous cross	759
Weary, waiting to depart	873	When I wake from out that slumber	282
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb	860	When I wander by the ocean	497
Weeping Mary, bathed in sorrow	741	When I was freed	915
Weeping stood his mother sighing	748	When in the hour of lonely woe	621
Weigh me the fire; or canst thou find	477	When is the time for prayer?	557
Welcome, O day! in dazzling glory bright!	773	When Israel, of the Lord beloved	241
Welcome, sweet day, of days the best	570	When Jesus came to earth of old	626
Welcome! that star in Judah's sky	269	When Jordan hushed his waters still	731
Welcome, ye deep and silent shades	291	When languor and disease invade	826
		When Lazarus left his charnel-cave	231
		When, Lord, to this our western land	169
		When marshalled on the nightly plain	711

When Mary bids thee sleep, thou sleepest	733	Who is the angel that cometh?	875
When my tongue can sing no more	862	Who is the honest man?	339
When Nature tries her finest touch	358	Who is this, with garments gory	752
When nightly through the sky	63	Who shall be the last great Seer	27
When o'er Judea's vales and hills	685	Who, that a watcher doth remain	826
When on my ear your loss was knelled	835	"Who would not go"	938
When on Sinai's top I see	742	Whoso laments that we must doff this garb	925
When our heads are bowed with woe	756	Why art thou weary, O my soul?	632
When prayer delights thee least, then learn to say	552	Why comes this fragrance on the summer breeze	482
When rising from the bed of death	903	Why do I sigh to find	23
When round the earth the Father's hands	943	Why, here in dust, entice me with your spell	764
When sins and fears prevailing rise	668	Why looks your grace so heavily to-day	494
When some beloved voice that was to you	624	Why loses my flower so high reclined	362
When some Beloveds, 'neath whose eyelids lay	834	Why should I fear the darkest hour	860
When, streaming from the eastern skies	331	Why shouldst thou study in the month of June	251
When the baby died	876	Why will ye ever	829
When the worn spirit wants repose	581	Wild, wild wind, wilt thou never cease thy sighing?	377
When thou dost talk with God,—by prayer, I mean	553	Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?	397
When thou hast thanked thy God for every blessing sent	847	Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun	476
When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come	678	Wilt thou not visit me?	550
When time seems short, and death is near	752	Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile	398
When throughout the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming	328	With broken heart and contrite sigh	636
When we had past the threshold of the gate	916	With echoing steps, the worshippers	109
When we in our viciousness grow hard	395	With patient heart, O man, before	668
When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean	531	With tearful eyes I look around	836
When words are weak and foes encountering strong	341	With terror thou dost strike me now	897
When yonder glorious sky	62	With the soldiers, straitly bound	739
Whence shall my tears begin?	344	Within this lowly grave a conqueror lies	891
Whene'er a noble deed is wrought	90	Without haste! without rest!	322
Where are the countless crystals	365	Work, for it is a noble thing	331
Where hast thou been toiling all day, sweetheart	111	World Redeemer, Lord of glory! as of old to zealous Paul	603
Where is mercy and compassion	645	Wrecked, and struggling in mid-ocean	835
Where is this blessed babe	712	Yea! trouble springs not from the ground, yet must it ever be	842
Where is this infant? it is gone —	877	Yes! I do feel, my God, that I am thine!	532
Where shall we find a perfect life whereby	659	Yesterday, while I moved with the languid crowd on the Riva	93
Where the remote Bermudas ride	97	You asked, dear friend, the other day	97
Where'er I go, whate'er my task	527	You say, but with no touch of scorn	352
Wherefore groan the gates eternal? Wherefore quake the gates of Hell?	679	You that are of princely birth	492
Which is the happiest death to die?	871	Your harps, ye trembling saints	838
While shepherds watched their flocks by night	715	Ye angels who stand around the throne	948
While thee I seek, protecting Power	536	Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim	190
While thou, O my God, art my help and defender	478	Ye dying sons of men	608
While thus thy throne of grace we seek	666	Ye hermits blest, ye holy maids	337
While to Bethlem we are going	709	Ye holy angels bright	542
While young John runs to greet	732	Ye many twinkling stars, who yet do hold	41
While with ceaseless course the sun	300	Ye nymphs of Solyma! Begin the song	654
Whilst I dwell, O my God, in this valley of tears	868	Ye servants of the Lord	378
Who deems the Saviour dead?	783	Ye, who live	918
Who finds a woman good and wise	413	Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor	667
Who is she that stands triumphant	590		



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